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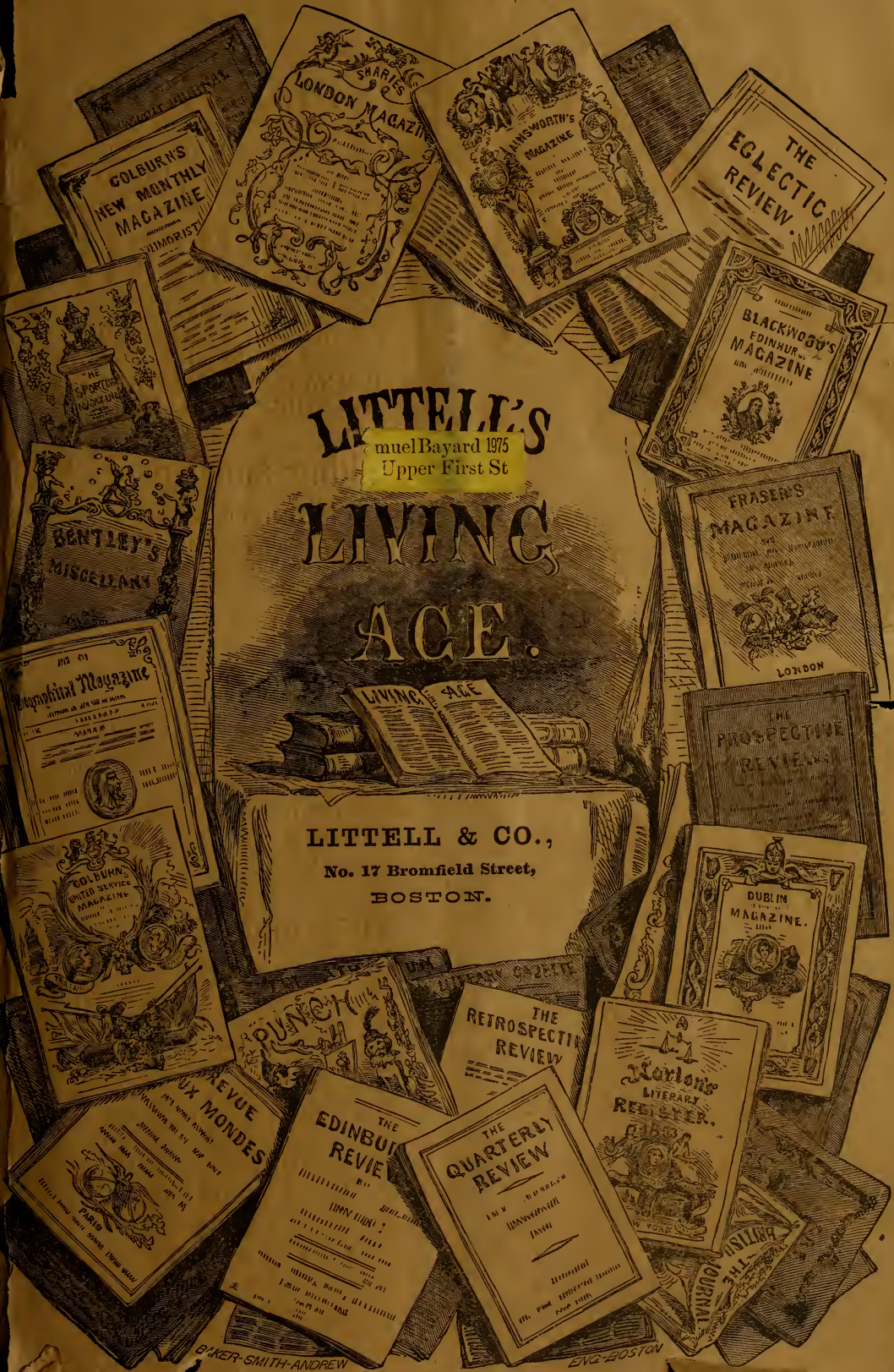


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From Beginning,
Vol. CLIII. }

CONTENTS.

I. SIR CHARLES LYELL,	<i>Quarterly Review</i> ,	3
II. THE FRERES. By Mrs. Alexander, author of "The Wooing O't." Part XXXI.,	<i>Temple Bar</i> ,	23
III. THE YELLOWSTONE GEYSERS,	<i>Nineteenth Century</i> ,	31
IV. ROBIN. By Mrs. Parr, author of "Adam and Eve." Part V.,	<i>Temple Bar</i> ,	36
V. JANE AUSTEN,	<i>Temple Bar</i> ,	43
VI. ON THE WHALE FISHERY OF THE BASQUE PROVINCES OF SPAIN,	<i>Nature</i> ,	52
VII. A FAMOUS QUAKER SCHOOL,	<i>All The Year Round</i> ,	56
VIII. AMERICAN ANTS,	<i>Nature</i> ,	60
IX. DESTRUCTION OF EGYPTIAN MONUMENTS, .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> ,	64

POETRY.

A TRACT FOR THE TIME, 2	THE SONNET'S VOICE, 2
CHRYSANTHEMUMS, 2	

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A TRACT FOR THE TIME.

"It is proposed to establish a children's branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."
— *Weekly Paper*.

AN elderly lady had had her boots blackt,
And gave to the blacker a nice little tract :
The following gives a *résumé* exact,
Of what may be found in this excellent tract :—

Speak gently to the herring, and kindly to the calf,
Be blithesome with the bunny, at barnacles don't laugh !
Give nuts unto the monkey, and buns unto the bear,
Ne'er hint at currant jelly if you chance to meet a hare !
Don't tantalize the tortoise, nor sacrifice the stoat,
Don't persecute the parrot, nor grumble at the goat ;
But give the stranded jelly-fish a shove into the sea —
Be always kind to animals wherever you may be !

Be lenient with lobsters, and ever kind to crabs,
And be not disrespectful to cuttle-fish or dabs ;
Chase not the cochon-china, chaff not the ox obese,
And babble not of feather-beds in company with geese !
Be tender with the tadpole and let the limpit thrive,
Be merciful to mussels, don't skin your eels alive ;
When talking to a turtle don't mention calipee —
Be always kind to animals wherever you may be !

Oh, make not game of sparrows, nor faces at the ram,
And ne'er allude to mint sauce when calling on a lamb !
Don't beard the thoughtful oyster, don't dare the cod to crimp,
And worry not the wrinkle, or scarify the shrimp.
Tread lightly on the turning worm, don't bruise the butterfly,
Don't ridicule the wry-neck, nor sneer at salmon-fry ;
Oh, ne'er delight to make dogs fight, nor bantams disagree —
Be always kind to animals wherever you may be !

Be patient with black-beetles, be courteous to cats,
And be not harsh with haddocks, nor rigorous with rats ;
Give welcome unto wopses, and comfort to the bee,
And be not hard upon the snail—let blue-bottles go free.

Be lively with the cricket, be merry with the grig,
And never quote from Bacon in the presence of a pig !
Don't contradict the moocow, nor argue with the gee —
Be always kind to animals wherever you may be !

Punch.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

NOT in the fairy freshness of the spring,
Nor when bright summer smiles upon the land,
Not when rich autumn with a lavish hand
Wreathes earth with golden corn and purple ling :
But then, when passage-birds have taken wing
For sunnier climes ; when the sere leaves lie dead,
And moaning through bare branches overhead,
The mournful wind their requiem seems to sing —
Yes, then, sweet flowers, when all around is drear,
Ye come, the heart to gladden with your smile,
A gleam of brightness ere the winter near,
Chasing our sadness with your magic wile.
Happy their lot, like you, who soothe and cheer,
And life's November brighten and beguile !
Chambers' Journal.

THE SONNET'S VOICE.

A METRICAL LESSON BY THE SEASHORE.

YON silvery billows breaking on the beach
Fall back in foam beneath the star-shine clear,
The while my rhymes are murmuring in your ear
A restless lore like that the billows teach ;
For on these sonnet-waves my soul would reach
From its own depths, and rest within you, dear,
As, through the billowy voices yearning here,
Great nature strives to find a human speech.

A sonnet is a wave of melody :
From heaving waters of the impassioned soul
A billow of tidal music one and whole
Flows in the "octave ;" then returning free,
Its ebbing surges in the "sestet" roll
Back to the deeps of life's tumultuous sea.
THEODORE WATTS.

From The Quarterly Review.
SIR CHARLES LYELL.*

THE life of a man of science can rarely or never present the same stirring interest or variety, as that of a man engaged in an active profession or who has taken a prominent part in public life. His life is to be found in his works, and his biography, if it is to be much more than a *catalogue raisonné* of these, must depend upon assuming something of an autobiographical interest from being based upon the journals or letters of its subject. In this respect Mrs. Lyell has been fortunate in finding ample materials ready to her hand. Sir Charles Lyell maintained through life an extensive correspondence, which was not confined to scientific subjects, but extended over a wide range of topics, while he possessed in no ordinary degree the gift of a fluent and agreeable letter-writer. On several occasions also he kept for a time a regular journal, especially during some of his many tours on the continent of Europe, in which he recorded his observations on men and things, as well as on geological facts. All these journals, as well as those of his letters that are not of a purely scientific character, are marked by a racy spirit and liveliness of observation, ever ready to seize on whatever was of real interest, combined with a sense of humor not often to be found in his countrymen. The great value of Mrs. Lyell's biography must of course consist in the light it throws upon the career of her brother-in-law as a man of science, but the non-scientific reader also will find in it much to interest and amuse him; and those whose memory goes back to the elder generation to which Lyell himself belonged will meet with many reminiscences of the past, recalled in a lively and agreeable manner.

Sir Charles Lyell's position as a geologist has long been securely established. In the words of one who was very competent to judge, written immediately after his death: "For upwards of half a century he exercised a most important influ-

ence on the progress of geological science, and for the last twenty-five years of his life he was the most prominent geologist in the world, equally eminent for the extent of his labors and the breadth of his philosophical views." He may be considered as holding much the same place in the history of geology that Charles Darwin has more recently assumed in that of biology, as the acknowledged leader of the science, who has marked out for the future the lines from which it is never likely to deviate, and on which alone true progress can be made. In neither case were their views strictly original. The doctrine of the transmutation of species had been put forward by Lamarck, many years before it was taken up by Darwin: and the theory that the operation of such causes as we now witness in action would suffice, if only time enough were allowed, to account for all geological changes, had been first advanced by Hutton before the close of the last century, and supported with much ability by Playfair a few years later.* But the contrary opinion generally prevailed both in this country and on the Continent, until the subject was taken up by Lyell, who, "with rare sagacity and great eloquence, with a wealth of illustration and most powerful reasoning," † established the truth of the long-neglected theory in a position that can hardly be shaken.

The only danger is that the younger generations of geologists, who have been trained up to regard Lyell's views as the orthodox and established faith, may be apt to forget how long and hard a struggle it cost to procure their recognition, and how much energy and perseverance were required before their author, while still a young man, could break through the formidable array of authorities opposed to him, which comprised at first all the leading geologists of Europe. It is here that Mrs. Lyell's book comes in most opportunely, and enables those who have no personal recollections of the earlier

* *Life, Letters and Journals of Sir Charles Lyell, Bart.*, Author of "Principles of Geology," etc. Edited by his Sister-in-Law, Mrs. Lyell. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1831.

* Hutton's "Theory of the Earth" was published in 1795; Playfair's "Illustrations of the Huttonian Theory" in 1802.

† Sir John Lubbock, "Address to the British Association," Sept. 1881.

days of geology to realize, to a degree that would not otherwise be possible, the struggles and difficulties which none but those who remember them can fully appreciate.

Charles Lyell was born on the 14th of November, 1797, at Kinnordy, in Forfarshire, an estate which had been for some time in his family. His father, who bore the same name, was not only a man of cultivation and refinement far beyond what was usually to be found in a Scotch laird of moderate fortune, but he had devoted himself to both literary and scientific pursuits with energy and success. In early life he had principally directed his attention to botany, especially to the more obscure portions of the study relating to the cryptogamous plants, which he pursued with such success as to render his name familiar to Humboldt and other *savans*, whom his son subsequently met at Paris. At one time he appears to have occupied himself almost as zealously with entomology; but this was but a short-lived taste. During the latter part of his life he was engaged principally in studies of a very different character, having been led to take so great an interest in Dante, that he not only devoted a large portion of his time to the study of the great Florentine poet, but published several works upon the subject, including translations of the minor poems contained in the "*Vita Nuova*" and the "*Convito*," which are in general but little familiar to the English reader. The influence which his highly cultivated mind, and enlarged interest in a variety of subjects, exercised over his son in early life, is clearly to be seen in the letters addressed by the young man to his father, which form a large portion of the first volume.

In common with many other men of eminence, whose lives have been of late years given to the public, the account of his earliest days is supplied by a fragment of an autobiography, which was written for the information of his wife, after he was first engaged to her. It does not, however, extend even to the end of his school-days, and though these early reminiscences are related with spirit and humor, the only real point of interest they

contain is the record of his early devotion to natural history. Entomology was in the first instance the special object of his attention, and though he himself owns, as might have been expected, that at this period mere *acquisitiveness* — the desire of forming a collection and adding to the number of his specimens — had more influence than any love of scientific knowledge, it is evident that this pursuit, ridiculed as it naturally was by his school-fellows, but encouraged and kept alive by his father and other relations during the holidays, contributed to nourish in him that turn for scientific observation which afterwards found so much wider a field for its exercise. A more questionable form of collection — in which, however, he had the full sympathy of his school-fellows — was that of birds' eggs, including those of pheasants and partridges from the adjoining manors, which frequently afforded them materials for a substantial breakfast: their enjoyment of the unusual treat being greatly heightened by "a vague notion that, if detected, they were liable to be transported to Botany Bay for this kind of poaching"! (Vol. i., p. 31).

Though he was born in Scotland, Lyell's education was entirely English. He was yet an infant when his father hired a place called Bartley Lodge, in the New Forest, where he continued to reside for twenty-eight years. The boy's earliest associations were thus connected with the beautiful scenery of that neighborhood, and the first school to which he was sent, at a very early age, was at Ringwood, a few miles from his home. From thence he was transferred to a school at Salisbury, and thence again, when about twelve years old, to one at Midhurst, where he appears to have imbibed about as much Latin and Greek as boys usually carry away from a public school.

At the age of seventeen he was entered at Exeter College, Oxford, and went through the regular university course; but he does not appear to have applied himself with much zeal to the pursuits of the place, though he ultimately obtained a second class in classics. Those who knew him only in after life, will be more surprised to learn that he was a candi-

date, though an unsuccessful one, for the prize for English poetry.

But if his residence at Oxford was not remarkable for his proficiency in the studies of the university, in another respect it undoubtedly influenced his whole subsequent career. For it was there that he first directed his attention to geology, having attended a course of Dr. Buckland's lectures, who was at that time at the height of his popularity. According to Mrs. Lyell, it was Bakewell's "Geology" — at that time a well-known, popular introduction to the subject, which he found in his father's library — that first excited his interest in what was to him a wholly new science, and led him to seek the opportunity of pursuing its study under the guidance of Dr. Buckland, whose animated and vigorous mode of treating his subject was well calculated to seize on the imagination of a youth like Charles Lyell.

From this moment he became a geologist, and though, of course, he could not devote himself wholly to his favorite pursuit, we find him, while still at Oxford, taking the opportunity of a visit to Mr. Dawson Turner at Yarmouth, to investigate the mode of formation of that singular port and the estuary of the Yare, and arriving at conclusions undoubtedly correct, though opposed to the obvious inference from present appearances, and combated as erroneous by his intelligent and highly cultivated host. In a short tour with his father, in the same year, we find him carefully noting all the geological peculiarities he met with on his way; while an excursion with some friends to Staffa and Iona gave him the opportunity of seeing some of the most interesting objects, in a geological point of view, to be met with in the British Islands. The next year (1818) he travelled with his father and other members of his family through France, Switzerland, and Italy, and the extracts given from his journal of this tour are characterized by that freshness of impression and variety of observation which he retained through life, and for which such a journey afforded ample scope in those days, when people really *travelled* in the countries that they visited,

instead of being whirled at railway speed from one end to another, without seeing or learning anything.

After taking his degree at Oxford in 1819, the young student was entered at Lincoln's Inn, and for a time devoted himself to the study of the law in a special pleader's office. But the weakness of his eyes, a disadvantage with which he had to struggle throughout his life, soon compelled him to desist from the pursuit of this laborious profession; and though, after a period of rest, he was able to resume his legal studies, so as to be called to the bar in 1825, and even went the western circuit for two years, his increasing devotion to geology made it abundantly manifest that his vocation was for science, and not for the law. As early as 1819 he had become a member of the Geological Society, then a body of very limited extent, but comprising a number of men full of zeal, talents, and energy: in 1823 he became secretary of that society, and in the same year contributed his first paper to their transactions. This, as well as one published by him in 1825, in Brewster's *Edinburgh Journal of Science*, related to the geological formation of his native county of Forfarshire: and throughout his letters it is interesting to observe how continually he refers to the geological phenomena in the immediate vicinity of his home, which he had thoroughly investigated at this early period. Prominent among these were the deposits of shell marl, found in certain small lakes in Forfarshire, which afforded him a clue to the formation of the far more extensive fresh-water deposits that in some countries occupy a large portion of the surface. It was fortunate for him also that during this period of his life his father continued to reside principally at the house which he had taken in the New Forest, a position which brought him into the immediate proximity of the interesting tertiary deposits of the coast of Hampshire and the Isle of Wight; and thus drew his attention to that branch of geology on which, above all others, he has left his mark.

In 1826 he was elected a fellow of the Royal Society, and in the following year

he contributed to this journal an article on Scrope's "Geology of Central France,"* which attracted general attention, and afforded the first evidence of the remarkable power he possessed of giving a popular form to his scientific views; a power which undoubtedly contributed in no small degree to the influence exercised by his writings over the general public as well as the scientific world.

Meantime his name was beginning to become generally known as that of a rising young geologist; and when he visited Paris in 1823, he was received with open arms by Humboldt, Cuvier, Brongniart, and other *savans*, and found himself at once admitted to all the scientific society of the French capital. But while he profited to the utmost by the opportunities thus afforded him, he was keenly alive to the other objects of interest that presented themselves, and his letters to his father give a lively picture of the state of political feeling at Paris, where the reaction that followed the restoration of the Bourbons was in full force, and the clerical party was continually increasing in power and influence.

The Duke of Angoulême was the hero of the hour, and the expedition into Spain, in which hardly a shot was fired, was regarded as an important advantage to the Bourbons, as tending to secure the attachment of the army! Talking of the unusually wet weather at Paris, a lady observed to Lyell, "There is a revolution in the heavens; and the Duc d'Angoulême should be sent to quell it, *for in truth he is too good for us here.*"

The men of science in general naturally took a more liberal view, and regarded the ultra-clerical movement with aversion and contempt. But there was unfortunately one exception, and that the most illustrious of all, Cuvier. Humboldt, who viewed the matter with more impartial eyes as a stranger, though half a Frenchman from habit and association, remarked of him:

"No, Cuvier gives no lectures, and the reason I regret to say is, that he is still a Politician. No, you were mistaken, if you imagined that the ministry have reached a pitch of ultraism beyond him, and sent him back to his books. That time is yet to come. You observe that his *soirées* are mostly attended by English; the truth is, the French *savans* have in general cut him; his continual changing over to each new party that came into power at length disgusted almost all, and you know that it has been long a charge against men of science, that they were pliant tools in the

hands of princes and ministers, and might be turned which way they pleased. That such a man as Cuvier should have given a sanction to such an accusation was felt by all as a deep wound to the whole body. . . . Cuvier's situation was a proud one while he stood in the very foremost rank of men of science in France, but when he betrayed the weakness of coveting ribbons, crosses, titles, and court favor, he fell down to the lowest among his new competitors." (Vol. i., pp. 126-7).

A striking picture was given at the same time by the great Prussian *savant* — whose unrivalled powers of conversation made the same impression upon the young English geologist that they did upon all who were fortunate enough to come in his way — of the state of French society in general at this time.

"You cannot conceive how striking and ludicrous a feature it is in Parisian society at present, that every other man one meets is either minister or ex-minister. So frequent have been the changes. They are scattered as thick as the leaves in autumn, stratum above stratum, and before one set have time to rot away, they are covered by another and another, and on the last are sure soon to fall those which are now blooming in full verdure above them. The instant a new ministry is formed, a body of sappers and miners is organized. They work industriously night and day. They are more religious, more constant at mass, more loyal, and, above all, they know better how to ape exactly not only the ideas and manners, but the very air and the expression, of their ancestors of some centuries back. At last the ministers, as Chateaubriand and Villèle for instance at this moment, find they are become heretics, Jacobins, infidels, revolutionists — in a word that they are supplanted by the very arts by which a few months ago they raised themselves to power." (Vol. i., pp. 127-8).

Some time afterwards, Lyell sums up his experience of the two great rivals in science, with the remark: "There are few heroes who lose so little by being approached, as Humboldt. Of Cuvier this cannot be said."

In 1828 he set out on a tour to Auvergne and the north of Italy, in company with Mr. (afterwards Sir Roderick) Murchison and his wife; and afterwards continued his journey alone to Rome, Naples, and Sicily. It was this tour that, more than any other in the course of his life, contributed to lay the foundation of his geological fame. He had already conceived the design of his great work, and made notes for, as well as sketched out the plan of, the "Principles of Geology;" but it was only by following out his views step by step in the countries which above all

* *Quarterly Review*, vol. xxxvi.

others afforded the true key to his system, that he was able to establish his theory upon a base that could not be shaken, and that continually acquired increasing confirmation from all his subsequent researches. It was undoubtedly also fortunate for him, that the greater part of this tour was made in company with a brother geologist, who, though far inferior to him in original power and that kind of imagination which can alone lead to great discoveries in science, was possessed of unrivalled powers of observation, and an amount of energy and activity in the pursuit of his objects, which did not yield to that of Lyell himself. Even his companion was obliged to admit that Murchison had "a little too much of what Mathews used to ridicule in his slang as 'the keep-moving, go-it-if-it-kills-you' system, and to fight sometimes, for the sake of geology, as his wife had for her strength, to make him proceed with somewhat less precipitation." When on one occasion his overtaken strength broke down, and he was for a time unable to take the field again, the two brother geologists occupied themselves in composing a joint paper on the excavation of valleys, which, as Charles Lyell jocosely informs his sister, "is intended to reform the Geological Society, and afterwards the world, on this hitherto-not-in-the-least-degree-understood subject." The boast, though uttered in jest, was no idle one. The views of the "fluvialists" — as the advocates of the new theory were called in derision by their adversaries, who adhered to the old idea (stoutly advocated by Buckland as well as by Conybeare and Greenough) that existing valleys were scooped out at once by a mighty rush of waters causing a gigantic, if not universal deluge — were vigorously combatted on their first announcement in the Geological Society, and on many subsequent occasions; but the new view gradually met with a tacit acquiescence, and ultimately came to be regarded as beyond the reach of controversy.

The geological phenomena of Auvergne were already in a certain sense well known to the scientific world, and had recently been made the subject of an elaborate investigation by Mr. Poulett Scrope, which may be considered as having given the *coup de grâce* to the long dominant Wernerian theory.* Nevertheless, there

still remained much to be done in the way of observation, as well as of interpretation. It was reserved for the English visitors, among other things, to point out the connection between the volcanic remains, which form so striking a feature of the whole country, and the extensive fresh-water formation which covers large portions of the adjoining plains and valleys. Here Lyell especially found himself quite at home, and he dwells with great interest upon the perfect correspondence of these deposits, demonstrably of an older date than all the volcanoes of the country, with the beds "which are at our own door in the marl loch" near Kinrordy.

He was not, however, so much engrossed with his scientific pursuits, as not to be fully alive to the natural beauties of the country through which they led him, and in one of his letters to his sisters he gives an animated description of one of the most beautiful districts in France — the Vivarais — still, we believe, almost entirely unknown to all English travellers who are not geologists.

Equally graphic and amusing are his sketches of his travelling experiences in Sicily, where he encountered almost all kinds of difficulties and *désagréments* which could well be met with, except what his friends seem most to have apprehended — banditti, of whom he neither saw nor heard anything in any part of the island he visited — about two-thirds of the whole. We can answer for the same having been the case a few years afterwards (in 1836), and we believe that, bad as the Bourbon government of the island was, it kept down this greatest of all pests to the security of life and property, far more effectually than has been accomplished since its overthrow.

In a geological point of view, his visit to Sicily was even more instructive than that to Auvergne, not only from the opportunities it afforded him for observing the operations of recent volcanic action, which could at the same time be traced back through a continuous series from a very remote period, but from the ample proofs of the extremely recent date (geologically speaking) of the extensive tertiary formations which constitute a large portion of that great island. It was undoubtedly to the observations made on this occasion that we owe the first conception of those general views, in regard

* See the preface to the second edition of his work on the "Geology and Extinct Volcanos of Central France," 8vo., 1858, in which he is able to boast with justice that the "Wernerian notion of the aqueous pre-

cipitation of 'trap' has since that date (the publication of his first edition in 1826) never held up its head."

to the classification of the tertiary formations, which speedily became a part of the received creed of all geologists; while they were gradually extended to the earlier strata, and formed the necessary foundation for the theories of Darwin, and the modern systems of evolution. It is interesting to trace in his letters at this period the gradual development of Lyell's views upon this subject, from the first dawning of his theory to its ultimate establishment in his own mind, in the definite form in which it appeared in the "Principles." The notion of the entire distinctness of the animal remains in different geological formations — even in strata of conformable position and no great thickness, as in the case of the Paris basin — sanctioned as it was by the high authority of Cuvier, had assumed so firm a hold upon the minds of all geologists, that it required no little courage on the part of a young man like Charles Lyell to take up a directly opposite view, and maintain that the transition was a gradual one, and that the successive assemblages of fossils in different tertiary strata, from those of the Paris basin to those of Sicily, presented a continually increasing approximation to the fauna of the existing seas.

Fortunately for him, the ground had been in some measure cleared before him by the labors of local Italian *savans* — for the most part very ignorant of geology, but good conchologists and diligent collectors of fossil shells. By this means they had prepared considerable materials for the use of the scientific observer, and in some instances even veteran collectors were stimulated to fresh zeal by the glimpses afforded them by their foreign visitor of his wider generalizations. Professor Guidotti at Parma told him he should collect the next winter with quite new eyes after his *cramming*. On the other hand, the examination of these extensive collections led Lyell himself to a more careful and accurate study of conchology than he had before bestowed upon a branch of science which, though apparently of little interest in itself, is an indispensable handmaid of geology, and is aptly compared by him to the demotic character of the ancient Egyptian in its relation with the hieroglyphics. After his Italian tour, Lyell worked with characteristic ardor at this branch of study under the direction of M. Deshayes at Paris, and at a later period under Dr. Beck at Copenhagen. It was only by this assiduous labor at what might be regarded at the

first glance as the *minutiae* of the science, that Lyell was able to arrive at that comprehensive classification of the tertiary formations, with which his name will ever be inseparably connected.

The germ of his theory was already in his mind before he started on his southern tour. He writes to his sister from Naples before his visit to Sicily: "My wish was to find this peninsula get younger and younger as I travelled towards the active volcanoes, and it has hitherto been all that I could desire, and I have little fear of bringing a great part of Trinacria into our own times, as it were, in regard to origin." His wish was amply fulfilled; and, before returning to England, he could boast of having "got full proof that half Sicily was formed since the Mediterranean was inhabited by present species of testacea," and that the island of Ischia and the Monte Mario near Rome were of equally recent date — mere things of yesterday in the eyes of the geologist! Very astounding were these results in the eyes of the Italian geologists, who belonged altogether to the old school. One of them, to whom Lyell communicated some of his facts before recrossing the Alps, was fain to admit: "I begin to think the day may come when the retiring of the ocean will be doubted and disputed by many." At the present day we believe there are many young geologists who have forgotten that such a theory was ever entertained.

In England, on the other hand, his views on this subject were admitted with little difficulty by his brother geologists. The field was in great measure new, the tertiary formations in England being of comparatively little interest; while the facts spoke for themselves, and the result of continued conchological researches only served to confirm the results previously obtained. Thus the classification first introduced by Lyell came to be universally accepted, and though the nomenclature was at first regarded as not very happily chosen, the names of eocene, miocene, and pliocene, have become indelibly fixed in geological science, and have been gradually extended to the tertiary formations in all parts of the world.

But if Lyell's authority was speedily established as paramount in respect to tertiary geology, it was far otherwise with his more general theory, which sought to refer all geological changes to the operation of known and existing causes: a departure from the spirit in which the science had been hitherto pursued, so

wide that we cannot wonder if it was long before it commanded general assent. The theories generally adopted by all the leading geologists up to that time were, indeed, uniformly based upon the assumption, that there existed in the early ages of the world a state of things wholly different from the present, and that the geological record bore witness to a series of great and violent changes, produced by causes either altogether different from any now in operation, or acting with an intensity so enormously exceeding anything now known to us, as to remove them altogether into a different class. As Lyell himself repeatedly observes, the occurrence of such catastrophes, wholly at variance as they were with the existing course of nature, had come to be regarded, not as a theoretical assumption requiring to be established by irrefragable proofs, but as a natural suggestion in order to account for any difficulties in the observed phenomena. Thus, when it was found that Buckland's theory of one universal deluge was absolutely disproved by the facts, Sedgwick had recourse to the supposition of three, or even four, successive deluges—all, of course, equally departures from any known order of things, and all, as subsequent investigation has shown, equally uncalled for as an hypothesis.

Still more remarkable was the eager adhesion given by the same eminent geologist to the bold theory advanced by Elie de Beaumont of the contemporaneous elevation of parallel mountain chains; certainly one of the most hasty generalizations that have been put forth in modern times. Yet the Cambridge professor, whose unquestionably powerful intellect gave him great influence over those around him, in an anniversary address to the Geological Society in 1831, "caught up and embraced the whole of what he termed De Beaumont's 'noble generalization;' declared that it was little short of physical demonstration, and that it had given him (Sedgwick) 'a new geological sense, a new faculty of induction.'"

This address was delivered within a few months after the publication of the first volume of the "Principles of Geology;" and De Beaumont's system was, as Lyell himself remarks, judiciously selected as directly opposed to his own. For a considerable period, the contests waged by the catastrophists and uniformitarians, as the rival sects were named by Dr. Whewell, were repeated at successive meetings of the Geological Society, and,

though it was long before the views of Lyell were formally adopted by any of the leading geologists of the older school, the opposition gradually waxed fainter and feebler, and theories that had at first been scouted, as absurd and unphilosophical came to be treated with respect, and regarded as worthy at least of attentive consideration. Writing in 1838, Lyell, after relating to his father-in-law, Mr. Leonard Horner, one of these animated debates, remarks:—

I was much struck with the different tone in which my theory of gradual causes was treated by all, even including De la Bêche, from that which they experienced in the same room four years ago, when Buckland, De la Bêche, Sedgwick, Whewell, and some others, treated them with as much ridicule as was consistent with personal politeness in my presence.

It has been the same with all the successive steps of real importance in geology. No one who was present when Agassiz first expounded his theory of glacial action at a meeting of the Geological Society in 1841—of which unfortunately no record is preserved in Lyell's letters—will forget the tone of mingled contempt and ridicule with which it was received by the greater part of those present, with Whewell at their head, who dealt with it at once in his sledge-hammer style of oratory. Yet the inexorable logic of facts has long since established the conclusions of Agassiz among those landmarks of geological theory, which are not likely again to be disputed, and certain never to be overthrown.

Other attacks were not wanting from a different quarter. The suspicion with which some narrow-minded zealots for the truth of Scripture (according to their own assumption of its meaning) had regarded geology from the first, was especially awakened by such a theory as Lyell's. Shortly before the appearance of the "Principles" Lyell writes to one of his sisters: "Longman has paid down five hundred guineas to Mr. Ure of Dublin for a popular work on geology, just coming out. It is to prove the Hebrew cosmogony, and that we ought all to be burnt in Smithfield." Of course the last words are a jocular exaggeration; but Mr. Ure and his book are alike utterly forgotten. The attack on the new theories was made with the greater confidence because the last book on geology that had made a great sensation in the world, Buckland's "*Reliquiæ Diluvianæ*," had been written with the express view of reconciling ex

isting appearances with the Mosaic account of the deluge, and so far at least might be considered as confirming, rather than impugning, the Scripture record. But when Lyell came out with his views, or rather with his statement of facts, proving to the conviction of all impartial minds, not only that there was no evidence of an universal deluge, but that it was certain that nothing of the kind had swept over the surface of the earth for countless ages; still more when he maintained that things had been going on in the same uniform manner as far back as the geological record extended, and that this comprised periods to which the supposed antiquity of the earth was a mere trifle: a feeling was excited which Lyell recognizes with his characteristic moderation in a letter to his friend Poulett Scrope: "Even some of the moderates have already hinted to members of our family, that my work, though certainly creditable to the author's talents, contains opinions that may well cause some alarm."

Whatever opposition might arise either from this or other quarters, one fact was certain. The book was from the first a complete success, and attracted the attention of a public far wider than the mere students of science. An able and well-written review of the first volume (by Mr. Poulett Scrope) which appeared in this journal* almost immediately after its publication, contributed greatly to its popularity; and Mr. Murray was soon able to announce to the author that, if he could give him the second volume within six months, he was convinced that within twelve months not a single copy of either volume would remain unsold. But Lyell was far too conscientious a laborer in the field of science to hurry over his work. He soon found that his second volume must be divided into two: one of which was published in January, 1832, at the same time with a second edition of the first volume, while the third did not make its appearance till April, 1833. A new edition of all three was called for in the following year; and from that time the position of Lyell was established, not only as one of the leading geologists of the day, but as the most popular exponent of a science which was continually attracting increased interest with the world at large. Much of this was undoubtedly owing to the merit of his style. He himself in one of his letters, written while he was engaged in the composition

of his first volume, complains how much harder it was to write for the general public than for men of science (vol. i., p. 260). This is a difficulty which all scientific writers feel, but very few overcome; hardly any conquer it to the degree that was attained by Lyell. But no one, who has had the advantage of being first introduced into the fascinating pursuits of geology by one of the earlier editions of his great work, can ever forget the charm of its perusal, or how he seemed to catch, as he read on and on, some portion of that enthusiasm and freshness of tone, which lighted up a mass of dry details, and kept them still subordinate to the grand conception of the whole.

Long before the publication of his "Principles," Lyell had made up his mind to abandon altogether the profession of the law, and devote his life wholly to the pursuit of geology; a resolution from which he never afterwards swerved. At first indeed he appears to have entertained the delusive hope, that science might become a profession to him in the ordinary sense of the word; and when, after the first success of his book, the booksellers told him that it would "prove an annuity to him," he writes to his sister that he has "the moral certainty of earning a small but honorable independence." Yet we believe that, popular as his works continued to be throughout the remainder of his life, he never realized from their profits a sufficient amount to pay the expenses which he incurred in his geological investigations, and the numerous tours that they necessarily required.

At first, indeed, he took a step which promised to secure him some immediate remuneration. He was persuaded in 1831, though with some reluctance, to accept the professorship of geology at King's College, London, an appointment certainly creditable to the liberality of those who selected him, as the nomination was entirely in the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London and Llandaff, and "two strictly orthodox doctors." Nor does he appear to have had reason to complain of any interference with the free expression of his views; but he soon found that, though his lectures were sufficiently popular to attract for a time a numerous and fashionable array of visitors, he could command but a very small class of real students; and that the utility to be derived from lecturing to such a small number was no equivalent for the demand upon his time, and the interference with his

* *Quarterly Review*, vol. xliii.

power of carrying on fresh scientific investigations. He therefore determined "to cut himself loose from King's College" after lecturing there for only two years, and he never afterwards entered into any engagement of a permanent kind that would interfere with the unfettered pursuit of his scientific objects.

Few people have ever been more independent than Charles Lyell of any craving after wealth or social position, other than what was justly due to his scientific celebrity. Before he had made up his mind to abandon the profession of the law, we find him writing to his father:—

I am quite clear, from all that I have yet seen of the world, that there is most real independence in that class of society who, possessing moderate means, are engaged in literary and scientific hobbies; and that in ascending from them upwards, the feeling of independence decreases pretty nearly in the same ratio as the fortunes increase. (Vol. i., p. 171.)

And again, after his engagement to Miss Horner, he writes to his future wife (after mentioning the case of an astronomer who had married and become rich, and was in consequence "doing nothing"):—

We have at least no danger on one score, that of being *rich*, which I am sure, much as money is wanted in science, does stop men's careers more than anything, and gives them innumerable duties, by which they become stewards of their property, rather than men who have time to devote to philosophical pursuits. (Vol. i., p. 385.)

Notwithstanding the labor of composing and passing through the press the three volumes of his "Principles," Lyell was still able to find time for successive tours, with a view to fresh geological observations. The first of these (in 1830), on which he started immediately after the publication of his first volume, was undertaken principally for the exploration of a group of extinct volcanoes, near Olot, in Catalonia; and the letters in which he gives an account of it are full of interest, not only as describing a corner of Europe almost utterly unknown to any but geologists, but because the locality was at that very time in a state of political disturbance which would have deterred most travellers from venturing to cross the frontier. He re-entered France to learn the news of the Revolution of July, and to find the towns of the south in an amusing state of excitement and confusion, and on his return through Paris he came across a specimen of what a Parisian

mob was like, when in a state of excitement, of which he gives in one of his letters a lively and characteristic picture (vol. i., p. 308).

His next tour, in 1831, to the volcanic district of the Eifel, between the Rhine and the Moselle, was of less interest in itself, but assumed a vital importance to Lyell, because in the course of it he became engaged to Miss Horner, the eldest daughter of Mr. Leonard Horner, who was at the time residing at Bonn on the Rhine. Their marriage was, however, delayed till the following summer; and in the mean time he kept a journal for her amusement, which is certainly one of the most interesting portions of the present work, both as placing in the fullest light his own amiable and affectionate character, and on account of the notices it contains of the society in which he lived, and of people whom he met, who will always be remembered with interest by the generation that is fast passing away, while they are known to their successors only by their works, or by such incidental notices as are contained in the present volumes.

Conspicuous among these stands the well-known name of Mrs. Somerville—which is indeed familiar to the rising generation as a name, though her earlier works, by which alone she achieved her real reputation, are known to but few at the present day, and, indeed, were never calculated to be popular. Her "Mechanism of the Heavens," which was at this time just come out, found indeed few readers, for there were very few whose mathematical attainments were equal to the task; and Lyell reports:—

Young Murray tells me Mrs. Somerville's book does not sell at all; [but he adds] The State might award her 5,000*l.* for the benefit conferred by a woman, who could thus teach what Dr. Johnson justly called "the most overbearing of all aristocracies, that of mathematicians," how most of them can be equalled and surpassed by a lady who was merely reading for her amusement. (Vol. i., p. 371.)

It was only those who were privileged to join her domestic circle, and go down, as Lyell frequently did at this time, to dine with the family at Chelsea, that could thoroughly appreciate the engaging simplicity and frankness of her character, combined with a gentleness of manner that is not often found to the same degree even in the most unlearned of women. So far from being in the slightest degree "blue," she was the very antithesis of all that is conveyed by that obnoxious but

expressive term — so absolutely free from every tinge of affectation, and so little disposed to put forward her great attainments in society, that those who were not admitted to her intimacy might rather complain of a difficulty in “drawing her out,” even upon her favorite subjects.

Babbage also, who — cantankerous as he unfortunately was in controversy — was one of the pleasantest and most sociable of companions in the society of his intimates, was at this time a constant member of the social circle frequented by Lyell, while all the elder geologists, Sedgwick, Conybeare, Buckland, etc., fiercely as they opposed his new heretical doctrines at the Geological Society, always met him at the club on the most friendly terms. When he was at length induced by the manner in which, as he says, “Buckland, Sedgwick, and Co. blazed away at him,” to retaliate with such effect that, as one of his friends phrased it, he “flooded Buckland,” and “tore his theory to tatters before his face,” the veteran Oxford professor was only more good-humored than before.

A visit to Edinburgh at this period introduced him to a different set of celebrities, among others to Lord Cockburn, then solicitor-general for Scotland, of whom he gives a charming account, doing complete justice to the genial simplicity of character for which he was so remarkable, while his conversation, if less brilliant than that of his contemporary Jeffrey, was not less varied and interesting. After a brief sketch of the topics of a long conversation which they had together at Bonaly (Cockburn's country-seat), Lyell writes: “On these and fifty other subjects did we enlarge, and I think exchanged more ideas than I have often done with men with whom I have been acquainted for years.”

A very different, though equally characteristic, picture does he draw of a foreign celebrity who visited England at this time — August von Schlegel, who was well known to his correspondent Miss Horner, from her residence at Bonn, and she was naturally desirous to know the impression he had made.

You asked me in one of your letters how I liked Schlegel — so little, that I avoided him. I met him three times, and exchanged some words each time. He is full of conceit, talks incessantly and of everything, not like Humboldt, whose loquacity bored some people, but never me, because unminged with self-conceit, like Schlegel's. He called at Chelsea and annoyed Mrs. Somerville. He wanted to be

pressed, he said, to lecture at the Royal Institution, and wished to know if *he* could be seen from all parts of the theatre, because *the change* of the expression of his countenance would add great effect to his delivery of certain passages; and, “I will lecture in French, for although I read and speak English *well*, I should be more at home in French.” (Vol. i, p. 378.)

In July, 1832, Lyell was married to Miss Horner; and never did a man of science find more cause to congratulate himself on the choice he had made of a partner for life. With great personal attractions, and a charm of manner that made her welcome in every society that she entered, she devoted herself heart and soul to the furtherance of her husband's pursuits; and when the weakness of his eyes interfered, as it frequently did, with his laborious studies, she was ever ready to act as his amanuensis, or rather as a most intelligent secretary. With an understanding fully capable of comprehending and appreciating all her husband's discoveries, she was so little disposed to put herself forward, that none but their most intimate friends would suspect how much knowledge she really possessed on the subjects of their common interest. As his father and sisters — of whom six out of seven remained always unmarried — continued to reside almost entirely at Kinnordy, while they warmly sympathized with Charles Lyell's scientific pursuits, he constantly maintained with them an active correspondence, which at the same time ranged over a great variety of topics. In his father-in-law, Leonard Horner, one of the earliest members of the Geological Society, and, somewhat later, in his brother-in-law, Sir Charles Bunbury, a distinguished authority in fossil botany, he found correspondents of a more strictly scientific character, besides frequent letters to Sir John Herschel, the present Sir Joseph Hooker, and Charles Darwin, with whom he had been from an early period on a footing of intimate friendship.

In 1834 he made a tour of three months to Denmark and Sweden, principally with the view of investigating for himself the question of the alleged gradual rise of the land in Sweden: a fact of which he had expressed his doubts in the earliest editions of his works, but which he considered as fully established by the evidences he saw on this occasion. His altered views, and the facts upon which they were based, were embodied in a paper read before the Royal Society in November, 1834,

and were afterwards incorporated in the later editions of his "Principles." But it must be admitted that subsequent observations have thrown considerable doubt on the extent and permanence of the supposed changes of level; a phenomenon to which Lyell himself continually referred in his later writings, as an undoubted proof of the elevation of land still in progress in our own times.

Another line of research [he writes to Mr. Horner from Stockholm] has been the huge drift blocks, or Baltic boulders, or "erratic blocks," which cover all Denmark and Sweden. Their size is often enormous. Some I have ascertained have been placed where they are in times exceedingly modern, geologically speaking, certainly late in the Newer Pliocene period. I believe that ice has brought them. I have questioned the pilots closely about the agency of ice, in which they believe. *I am persuaded that ice can do much for us.* (Vol. i., p. 437.)

These last words are remarkable, as one of the earliest references to the operation, as a geological cause, of that which is now regarded as one of the most important of all geological agencies. At the time when Lyell wrote these words, all such transported blocks were universally ascribed to some great *débâcle* or diluvial wave sweeping over the whole of northern Europe.

On this tour he was not accompanied by his wife; but this was the last occasion for many years on which they were thus separated. From this time she was the constant partner of his travels: ever ready to bear the fatigues and discomfort incident to geological explorations, and to put up with a kind of accommodation very different from what is required by most ladies in these days of luxurious travelling. But for some years after this, none of his journeys have any special interest, though they were all directed to some field of geological research, with a view to clearing up doubts, or obtaining fresh proofs in support of his theories. Meanwhile he was continually employed in preparing fresh editions of his great work, in each of which he incorporated all the additional information that he had acquired since the one preceding it, while he endeavored at the same time to meet any arguments that had been put forward by his adversaries, and occasionally modified his views in deference to well-considered criticisms. It was indeed one of the peculiarities of Lyell's mind that, enthusiastic as he was in the pursuit of his own theories, he was always unwilling to enter

into controversy, rightly estimating that much of the time thus occupied was in reality wasted, without any real advancement of scientific truth. In an able letter to Dr. Fleming—a Scotch geologist of considerable note in his day, but who unfortunately belonged to the *genus irritabile*, a class not unknown among men of science as well as literature—he writes:

... I dare say I shall not keep my resolution, but I shall try to do it firmly, that when my book is attacked,—as it will be by a greater hornets' nest than a small sally of yours in Jamieson can be, however pointedly against popular doctrines,—I will not go to the expense of time in pamphleteering. I shall work steadily on at vol. ii., and afterwards, if the work succeeds, at edition 2, and I have sworn to myself that I will not go to the expense of giving time to combat in controversy. It is interminable work. (Vol. i., p. 260.)

Again at a later period we find him writing to Sir J. Herschel in reference to the attacks of some German writers:—

I have not wasted time in controversies with them or others, except so far as modifying in new editions some opinions or expressions, and fortifying others, and by this means I have spared a great deal of inkshed, and have upon the whole been very fairly treated by the critics. (Vol. i., p. 468.)

But while he thus avoided public controversy in print, he naturally did not shrink from defending his views in his private letters, as well as at the Geological Society. Two letters in the early part of the second volume may be taken as models of able but temperate argument; the one addressed to Dr. Whewell, who was at this time engaged in writing his "History of the Inductive Sciences," in which Lyell naturally desired to see justice done to his own views; the other to Dr. Fitton, who in an otherwise favorable and friendly article in the *Edinburgh Review* had accused him of not having done justice to Hutton, who was the first to suggest the theory of "actual causes," so ably followed out by Lyell himself. Far from being disposed to ignore the merits of his predecessor, or his able expounder Playfair, Lyell had, as he himself points out, placed on the very title-page of his work a motto taken from the latter writer, which contains in a few words the germ of his whole theory.

The celebrity which Lyell had now attained naturally became the means of introducing him to a much wider circle of society than he had before frequented; and though no man ever was less disposed

to play the "lion," no one, on the other hand, could more keenly appreciate and enjoy the charm of social intercourse with a circle that comprised all the leading celebrities of his day, literary as well as scientific. Milman, Lockhart, Hallam, Rogers, Sydney Smith, Macaulay, Lord Lansdowne, and the Chevalier Bunsen, were among his friends or habitual associates, and rarely have better materials for society been brought together. From this time we find him, in his letters to his father and sisters, who continued to lead a secluded life at Kinnordy, not unfrequently giving them his reminiscences of people and conversations, which show no slight amount of the rare gift of "Boswellizing," as he himself terms it. A few instances are all that we can afford to give. At a dinner at Miss Rogers's (the sister of the well-known poet) he met for the first time Lord and Lady Holland, with their constant attendant, Mr. Allen, whom he describes as an "agreeable man of Lord Holland's age." Of Lord Holland himself he says that—

He has a cheerful, good-humored expression, talking in a lively way, but never too much, of literary rather than political subjects, and of anecdotes of political men, rather than politics. Mr. Allen was saying how strange a contrast Erskine used to be in and out of his lawyer's wig and gown. Out of it he talked in a most *gauche* and foolish way, in it so that you would trust your life and fortune in his hands. Lord Holland, among other stories to confirm this, said that one day when he and Lord Erskine were in council in the Cabinet, and Lord Erskine's opinion on a measure was asked, he said in a hasty manner, "Oh, yes, depend upon it, it must be, for I remember it was in an old Presbyterian book of prophecies which my mother had." When Erskine first came to the bar, he spoke very broad Scotch; he had never read more than the Bible, Shakespeare, Milton; and in three years he spoke eloquent English, and was quite a gentleman in manners. (Vol. ii., p. 8.)

After touching upon various topics of conversation, such as the authorship of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, the Etruscan tombs, Niebuhr and his Roman history—of which Lord Holland remarked "that he never would give up the real existence of such men as Romulus and Numa, however much fable might be mixed up with them"—they came to Buckland's "*Bridgewater Treatise*," then just published. This led to a talk on new species, and "that mystery of mysteries, the creation of man." Lord Holland said "that we were no further on that point than Lucretius, out of whom he could

take mottoes that would have done for each of my volumes." Then follows a characteristic portrait of Lady Holland, a remarkable personage whose memory is fast fading with the generation that is now dying out:—

I have said nothing of Lady Holland, who took her share in the talk. She asked me about the Danes and Swedes, knew the names, at least, of many of them distinguished in science, said how much energy and love of truth there was in the Northern men of letters, as compared to her favorites the French and Italians, yet the French could be deep and persevering. I spoke of La Place and Cuvier. She said that the latter once wished her to compliment him on his promotion to a higher political place, but she gave him fairly to understand how much she lamented his having abandoned the line in which he was so great, to meddle with politics, in which he played so inferior and, in her opinion, unworthy a part. It is impossible to say in a letter anything which will give an idea of the singularity of Lady Holland's way of questioning people, like a royal personage. It is impossible not to be sometimes amused, and sometimes a little indignant, with her. I cannot say I formed so high an estimate of her talent and power as to explain to me how she has righted herself to such an extent, and got on in society after all that happened more than thirty years ago. No doubt she has been in the interval prudent, and more strict in the choice of her society than others who had infinitely more right to be so. She had wealth and beauty, of which last there are still some remains yet, with an expression of temper. But then she had a husband who had not only talent, rank, and political station, but an infinite fund of both wit and good humor. (Vol. ii., p. 39.)

With Rogers he was particularly intimate, and these pages contain many additions to the "table talk" of the veteran poet, which must still remain but imperfectly reported.

Our party at Mr. Rogers' on Monday was brilliant, and no one engrossed too much. Mr. Empson, now editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, and Mrs. Empson (Miss Jeffrey), Hallam, Babbage, Eastlake, and Mr. Luttrell; the latter, though oldish now, came in now and then with his witty sayings. Lord Campbell's "Chancellors," in which a letter of Lady Philip Francis, acknowledging her husband to be Junius, is given, brought up that old controversy, and Rogers confessed the truth of the tale, that when he was set on at Holland House to ask Sir Philip Francis if he might put a question to him, Sir Philip replied "At your peril!" in so forbidding a tone, that Rogers retreated to the rest, and said "If he is Junius, it is Junius *Brutus*." On some one calling in question the great superiority of Junius, Rogers cited in support of it an able passage on

the difference between injuries and insults; but Hallam said, "After all, there is nothing in Junius so powerful as the comment of Dr. Johnson on it, when he said 'that some people mistake the venom of the shaft for the vigor of the bow.'" When Luttrell complained of cold, Hallam said, "Don't let Rogers hear you, for his maxim is that no man can be cold except he be a fool or a beggar." (Vol. ii., p. 136.)

In another letter he tells us:—

We had a pleasant call at Mr. Rogers', whose sister is recovering from her fall. We found on the old man's table a speech of Charles II. to his Parliament, printed in 1661, in bad English, which he observed could never have been shown to Clarendon. Alluding to Macaulay, he said, "he had found him once writing a review with five folios open, each on separate chairs, but unfortunately, though conscious that the article would be known to be his, he was writing with that confidence and rapidity which if he had had to sign his name at length to the pages, he would not have presumed to do. Such was the unfortunate tendency of anonymous historical literature." He then repeated, what I had often heard him declare, that Hallam wrote history as a judge and Macaulay as an advocate, and he blamed the latter for giving a set-down to Charles Fox's "Life of James II.," for which Samuel Rogers stood up manfully, taking the book down from his shelf, and, without spectacles, pointed to three or four of his favorite passages. (Vol. ii., p. 123.)

On one occasion, after a lively account of a dinner at the Milmans', Lyell adds:

I was not sorry that Sydney Smith happened to be engaged, for though such a party would have drawn out some of his best fun, he would have overpowered Rogers with his boisterous laugh and sonorous voice, and it is a great pleasure to enjoy quietly some rays of Rogers' sunset; everything he says has a remarkably fine finish in it, but he is very mild and indulgent, and no remains of the epigrammatical sarcasm for which he seems to have been famous. (Vol. ii., p. 34.)

The same experience with regard to the rival wits must have been observed by all who were well acquainted with them both; but we can hardly assent to the disappearance of sarcasm in Rogers's later days: subdued it was by age, but by no means extinct. To the last he could never resist the temptation to *say* an ill-natured thing; though he was always ready to *do* a kind or good-natured one.

Of Sydney Smith less is reported; but one of his *bons mots* may be cited, which we believe will be new to many of our readers:

The article on "Centralization" in the *Ed-*

inburgh is by John Austin; they tell me it is "good, but dry." I remember when Lord Melbourne was considering the best way of dispersing a mob which they were anticipating, Sydney Smith recommended him to get John Austin to go and read them a chapter out of his "Jurisprudence," then just published. (Vol. ii., p. 122.)

In another place we have a characteristic notice of Macaulay in one of his best moods:—

Macaulay was most entertaining at Milman's last dinner, giving and taking, and not overpowering. He is hard at work with his "History of England." I asked him if he had read "Constantinople," in the last *Quarterly Review*. He said, "No, but all about St. Chrysostom is got out of the edition of his works, which I read at Calcutta, and ended by liking the old saint, which is more than one can say of most of the old Fathers." Milman remarked, that at Oxford such high prices are no longer obtained for editions of the Fathers or Puseyite mediæval books, but they are selling at Cambridge. A few days before, Herman Merivale told me he had heard the same, and that there was an extraordinary spread of scepticism and rationalism at Oxford. In large parties, men holding forth that as a high admiration of the beauty of form was the characteristic of the Greeks as a nation, so the Jews had the religious instinct very largely developed, and hence they developed Judaism, Christianity, etc. To get back to Dean's Yard, Milman was talking of the fortune he could have made if he had had the gift of prophecy for five years, as, when he came to Westminster, whole streets of houses were offered him for a fifth of what they let for, when railway companies were bidding for offices near the Houses of Parliament, etc. On which Macaulay, recurring to the former talk about Chrysostom, said, "But think if one could have bought up the Fathers at their value in 1800 (when they were fairly appreciated), and sold them at the Oxford price of 1840!" Some one at the other end of the table, where there was a dish of larks, was talking of the destruction of life, such small birds, when Macaulay said, "On that principle you ought to feed on blubber." Would not old Dr. Johnson have just said that, if Boz had been sentimental? (Vol. ii., p. 115.)

Again he writes to his sister, in 1848, an animated account of a small dinner-party with Whately, the archbishop, whom he describes as "a strange compound of an Oxford Churchman grafted on Ireland, and full of information about all that is going on there, which he views with interest more as a political economist than in any other light, as far as I could judge." The party included De Beaumont, the celebrated French writer on America and Ireland.

The Archbishop said, that if women ever became invested with political rights here, it might be well to have two Houses, and let the women *speak* in one and the men vote in the other, for since the Irish members have got in, he saw no other way of economizing time. Dr. Whately is a great philologist. When on such subjects he said, "De Beaumont, you have no word for 'home.'" De Beaumont said, "No, perhaps because we have less of the *thing* than you have. We have said of late 'mon chez soi,' 'son chez soi,' but that is very clumsy; and then you have another word, 'job,' which we cannot translate; it is a sublime word that—God knows we have the *things*." The Archbishop was philosophizing on the cause of their not having the word "job," and said that their representative form of government was so new, and in a pure monarchy there were fewer true jobs. De Beaumont said, "Certainly there are no jobs under an absolute despotism; because it is all *one great job*, and there is no room for small ones." . . . When De Beaumont asked how many grades there were in society, the Archbishop said, "I cannot say how low it goes, but the other day some chimney-sweepers presented a petition to the lord mayor against others who had intruded themselves into their privilege of dancing, etc., on May-day, and in this petition they said, 'that certain dustmen and other *low fellows*, *pretending to be chimney-sweepers*,' etc., so the degrees of rank probably descend even below the dustmen." (Vol. ii., p. 150.)

An interesting discussion arose about the effect of the French law for the subdivision of property, on which subject Dr. Whately, in common with many Englishmen in those days, had very exaggerated ideas.

The archbishop brought out a pamphlet to prove that in one district near Paris the average property of eleven thousand landed proprietors was the quarter of an English acre each, and he began imagining, when the division had gone farther, a question of law arising as to whether a huntsman had committed a trespass by clearing his neighbor's estate at one leap. (Vol. ii., p. 151.)

Among the various notices of distinguished men scattered through the correspondence, there is perhaps none more characteristic than the following account of Sir Robert Peel, with whom Lyell dined at Drayton, during the meeting of the British Association at Birmingham in 1839:—

I sat on Sir Robert's right hand, and during a conversation of three hours we talked of a great variety of subjects; antiquities of Tamworth, railways, paintings, sculpture, chartists of Kirriemuir, Birmingham, etc., British Association, bearing of geology on Scripture,

Wordsworth's poems, Chantrey's busts. Some of the party said next day that Peel never gave an opinion for or against any point from extra-caution, but I really thought that he expressed himself as freely, even on subjects bordering on the political, as a well-bred man could do when talking with another with whose opinions he was unacquainted. He was very curious to know what Vernon Harcourt had said on the connection of religion and science. I told him of it and my own ideas, and in the middle of my strictures on the Dean of York's pamphlet I exclaimed, "By-the-bye, I have only just remembered that he is your brother-in-law." He said, "Yes, he is a clever man and a good writer, but if men will not read any one book written by scientific men on such a subject, they must take the consequences." After he had explained to me how railways were taxed, I pointed out to him Lord Carnegie's proof that such a method acted as a bonus towards the imposition of high fares. This he saw, and admitted as an evil. If I had not known Sir Robert's extensive acquisitions, I should only have thought him an intelligent, well-informed country gentleman, not slow, but without any quickness, free from that kind of party feeling which prevents men from fairly appreciating those who differ from them, taking pleasure in improvements, without enthusiasm, not capable of joining in a hearty laugh at a good joke, but cheerful, and not preventing Lord Northampton, Whewell, and others, from making merry. He is without a tincture of science, and interested in it only so far as knowing its importance in the arts and as a subject with which a large body of persons of talent are occupied. He told me he was one of the early members of the British Association, and that he was glad that we had persevered in holding our meeting at Birmingham under discouraging circumstances; yet I learnt afterwards from the Birmingham Committee of Management, that when some of them, being personal friends of Sir Robert, asked his opinion only three weeks before, he could not venture any opinion at all. (Vol. ii., pp. 51-2.)

We cannot attempt to follow in detail the subsequent investigations by which Lyell continued to strengthen and support the views of which he was now become the acknowledged exponent: or to notice the successive tours which he made to many various parts of Europe in the prosecution of his assiduous researches. But in 1841 a new field was opened for his observations. In the summer of that year he was invited to give a course of twelve lectures at the Lowell Institution in Boston, Massachusetts, for which he was offered the munificent sum of two thousand dollars; a striking contrast to the remuneration that he had any prospect of obtaining by similar services in this country. At the same time it afforded

him an opportunity, which he embraced with avidity, of carrying his geological explorations into regions with which he was personally unacquainted, though much had been already done by American geologists to prepare the ground for him. He was absent thirteen months in all, and travelled through a large part of the United States, as well as Canada and Nova Scotia; and the journey thus made was undoubtedly one of the most marked epochs in his life, and exercised a strong influence upon his mind throughout the remainder of his career. Not only did he form in America new and warm friendships, especially one with the well-known historian of Spanish literature, Mr. Ticknor, to which we are indebted for many of the most interesting letters in the present correspondence; but he experienced, as he himself tells us, "a sensation of freshness, cheerfulness, hope, and delight, on first visiting America, and seeing such a glorious prospect of rapid progress in knowledge and civilization, a feeling which he retained to the last" (vol. ii., p. 69). The consequence was that he returned to England an enthusiastic admirer of America and its institutions; and it was not without some reason that he was greeted by a friend soon after his return with the words: "So, Lyell, I understand you are returned *ipsis Americanis Americanior!*"

It was partly with a view to finding a vehicle for the expression of these opinions, and correcting what he believed to be erroneous impressions prevalent in this country, that Lyell was induced to give to the world his "Travels in North America: with Geological Observations," which, though principally occupied with geology, contains also many remarks on the political and social institutions of the country. We here perceive, as well as still more strongly in the correspondence now published, that nothing struck him more than the religious freedom enjoyed by all sects, and the social equality resulting from it, which he contrasts with that existing in this country. Closely connected with the religious questions was that of the American universities, which naturally presented many points of contrast with the older institutions of the same kind in England, and which appeared to Lyell far better calculated for the advancement of scientific education. This led him to introduce in his "Travels" an elaborate attack on the English university system—that of Oxford in particular: a digression certainly some-

what out of place, which had the effect of calling forth two vigorous but temperate pamphlets from Dr. Whewell, then master of Trinity College, Cambridge, in which he supported the system as a whole, though advocating "extensive changes. From this time Lyell found himself in the front rank of university reformers, and when, in 1848, an influential deputation from both universities presented an address to Lord John Russell (then prime minister) for a Royal Commission of Inquiry into the state of the Universities, it was Lyell who was selected to state the case of the reformers as affecting Oxford. The move thus made was undoubtedly the first step towards the extensive reforms that have since been carried into effect at both universities.

Lyell's first book on America, though designed by him shortly after his return, was not actually published till 1845, and in September of that year he returned to the United States, and made a second and more extensive tour through that country. The results of his observations on this occasion, so far as they were not of a strictly scientific character, were afterwards embodied by him in his "Second Visit to the United States of America," published in 1849. His travels on this visit led him to a much greater extent than before through the Southern, or what were then the slave, States: and it is a striking proof of the fairness of his mind, that though himself a strong opponent of slavery, and coming directly from the North, where almost all his friends were zealous abolitionists, he was nevertheless able to take a dispassionate view of the actual working of the "peculiar institution," and to admit that in practice the abuses so strongly stigmatized by many writers were far from being generally prevalent.

But though he at this time entertained hopes of the gradual abolition of slavery, his sympathies were strongly enlisted in favor of the Northern States, when the great struggle actually broke out in 1861; and we have seldom seen the case of the North against the South more ably, and at the same time more fairly, stated than it is in a long letter addressed by him to Mr. Thomas Spedding, a brother of the well-known biographer of Bacon (vol. ii., pp. 392-400).

In 1843 he received the honor of knighthood, and, being at the time on a visit to Kinnordy, rode over the hills by Clova and Lock-na-gar to Balmoral, where he

was knighted by the queen. His letters contain no account of this visit, but the next year (1849), while staying at Birk Hall with Sir James Clark, he had the opportunity of making acquaintance with the prince consort, of whose capacity and culture he formed a high opinion, which was only confirmed by repeated subsequent intercourse. On this occasion he writes : —

What Van der Weyer said of the steady development of Prince Albert's mind, in a great variety of directions, I had been able more to appreciate. His German reading on serious subjects makes him an improving companion to one who is not versed in what is going on in that world, and I had much good talk with him alone, on a variety of grave subjects, as well as on the different *insects* which belong to Switzerland, the Isle of Wight, and Scotland respectively. That he knew so much about these was quite a new light to me. (Vol. ii., p. 156.)

The death of his father, in 1849, made little alteration in Lyell's position. By an unexpected change in the old man's will, his son found himself, instead of being a Scottish landed proprietor with a considerable fortune, only richer than he was before by a few hundreds a year. The equanimity with which he bore this disappointment, and comforted himself with the reflection that there was nothing now to interfere with the steady pursuit of his scientific objects, is a striking proof of his truly philosophical character. We believe that the alteration in his prospects was conducive to his own happiness; we are certain that it was to the advantage of the world at large that he should not be withdrawn from an active, scientific life in London, to reside amid the hills of Forfarshire.

In 1854 he made an excursion to Madeira and the Canary Islands, principally with the view of examining for himself what had been rendered classic ground to geologists by the celebrated work of Von Buch on this interesting group of islands. It was by his examination of them that the German geologists had been in great measure led to his once popular theory of "craters of elevation" — a theory that was adopted by all the leading geologists of England, as well as of France and Germany, when Lyell first took the field against it. It was in particular warmly espoused by Elie de Beaumont and Dufresnoy — at that time the leading authorities among French geologists; and in 1835, when the system had been shaken to its foundations by the

observations of Lyell and his precursor Poulett Scrope, we find the former writing from Paris to Professor Sedgwick, that "Von Buch, De Beaumont, and Dufresnoy are to write and prove that Somma and Etna are elevation craters; and Von Buch himself is just gone to Auvergne to prove that Mont-Dore is one also." This "most unphilosophical theory," as it is justly termed by Poulett Scrope, is now so completely exploded, that the younger generation of geologists at the present day are probably hardly aware of the important position it once held. But in all such cases of scientific errors once sanctioned by great names, it is interesting to observe *how hard they die*; and how long a period elapses before the emptiness of the long-worshipped idols is generally acknowledged.

Another point, to which frequent reference is made in the later letters, is his view of the changes of climate which have undoubtedly occurred at different periods of the earth's geological history. Here, as elsewhere, Lyell endeavored to explain all such changes by the operation of existing causes; and he had the merit of first pointing out how much the actual climate of the globe depended on the present distribution of land and sea upon its surface, and what great changes would be effected by a mere alteration of that distribution, produced by movements of subsidence and elevation, such as we know to have been in operation within the most recent geological periods. But in this instance there can be little doubt that he pushed his argument too far. Though changes such as he suggested might undoubtedly influence the climate of particular regions of the earth's surface to a material extent, it seems impossible to believe that they alone could account for the former existence of a semi-tropical flora within a few degrees of the north pole, or of a glacial period during which almost the whole of Europe was buried under sheets of thick ribbed ice. Modern geologists are, we believe, generally agreed that these extreme vicissitudes of climate require the intervention of causes of a more general nature, and the suggestion first made by Mr. James Croll in 1864, of the influence of changes in the eccentricity of the earth's orbit, such as we know to be going on, offers at least a plausible solution of a problem that cannot yet be said to be definitely solved.

It was natural that Lyell should take up with characteristic eagerness the views

of Agassiz concerning the enormous extent and operation of glacial action, and, startling as it at first appears to admit that within a very recent period (geologically speaking) the glaciers of the Alps extended in one solid mass across the valley of Switzerland to the Jura, and that the whole of Scotland and the north of England were in like manner covered with mighty glaciers extending from sea to sea, he was one of the first to accept with confidence conclusions which appeared to him to be founded on satisfactory evidence. He did not, indeed, ever go to the extravagant length of the enthusiastic Swiss geologist, when he spoke of "*une petite lisière près de l'équateur*" as the only part of the world exempt from the action of ice; and he was not satisfied till he had verified for himself, by repeated visits to Switzerland, the observations on which the "glacialists" had established their system. But he hailed from the first the introduction of a new "existing cause," the operation of which had been little regarded by previous geologists, but which was soon to be admitted by general consent as one of the principal agents in bringing about the existing state of things on the surface of the globe.

In this instance the new theory was the more readily admitted because it fitted in well with his own established views, but in other cases it was directly the contrary. Few qualities were, indeed, more strikingly characteristic of Lyell's mind than its remarkable "plasticity," as it has been not inaptly termed by one of his admirers. Ardently as he was attached to his own theories and discoveries, and tenaciously as he clung to them as long as he was convinced of their truth, he was ever ready to receive new ideas, and never too proud to correct his old views or abandon his former opinions, when once he felt satisfied that the evidence was against him. The enthusiasm for a system, strongly developed as it was in his character, was always subordinate to the love of truth. In all his researches, it was the advancement of geological knowledge that he was seeking; not, as was erroneously supposed by those who saw but one side of his character, the advancement of his own theories. At an early period we find him writing to Dr. Fleming:—

As a staunch advocate for absolute uniformity in the order of nature, I have tried in all my travels to persuade myself that the evidence was inconclusive, but in vain. I am more confirmed than ever, and shall labor to

account for vicissitudes of climate, not to dispute them.

A remarkable instance in which he was thus led to a change of views, and abandoned a theory that had previously appeared to him, as to other geologists, complete and satisfactory, is well described by himself in a letter to Sir John Herschel:—

I am very full of Darwin's new theory of Coral Islands, and have urged Whewell to make him read it at our next meeting. I must give up my volcanic crater theory forever, though it costs me a pang at first, for it accounted for so much—the annular form, the central lagoon, the sudden rising of an isolated mountain in a deep sea, all went so well with the notion of submerged, crateriform, and conical volcanoes, of the shape of South Shetland, and with an opening into which a ship could sail; and then we had volcanos inside some circular reefs, as in Dampier's island, and then we knew that it was not the corals which had any inclination of their own to build in a ring, like mushrooms and funguses in fairy circles on the green, for the very same species of corals will form a long barrier reef, or grow in any shape the ground permits: and then the fact that in the Pacific we had scarcely any rocks in the regions of coral islands, save two kinds, coral limestone and volcanic! Yet spite of all this, the whole theory is knocked on the head, and the annular shape and central lagoon have nothing to do with volcanoes, nor even with a crateriform bottom. Perhaps Darwin told you when at the Cape what he considers the true cause? Let any mountain be submerged gradually, and coral grow in the sea in which it is sinking, and there will be a ring of coral, and finally only a lagoon in the centre. Why? For the same reason that a barrier reef of coral grows along certain coasts, Australia, etc. Coral islands are the last efforts of drowning continents to lift their heads above water. Regions of elevation and subsidence in the ocean may be traced by the state of the coral reefs. I hope a good abstract of this theory will soon be published. In the mean time, tell all sea-captains and other navigators to look to the facts which may test this new doctrine. (Vol. ii., p. 12.)

Another "new theory of Darwin's" was destined to produce a still greater revolution in his preconceived ideas. All those who have read any of the earlier editions of the "*Principles*" will remember the vigor and ability with which Lyell combatted the views of Lamarck concerning the progressive development of species: a subject to which his own researches in the tertiary strata had especially directed his attention. This chapter continued to figure prominently in successive editions of the work down to the

ninth, published in 1853. But ten years later, when he first published his "Antiquity of Man," his views had undergone a great change, in consequence of the publication of Darwin's ever memorable work on the "Variation of Species," which had appeared in the interval. The change in Lyell's own mind had, in fact, been a gradual one, abrupt as the transition might appear on a comparison of the two works; and one of the most interesting things in the present memoir is to trace in his letters the gradual progress of his views on this important subject, and the steps that prepared his mind for the ultimate reception of the new doctrine. His first impressions of the Lamarckian theory—which was received in France with enthusiasm, while it found hardly any believers in this country—are conveyed in a letter to Dr. Mantell, who had sent him the original work:—

I devoured Lamarck *en voyage*, as you did Sismondi, and with equal pleasure. His theories delighted me more than any novel I ever read, and much in the same way, for they address themselves to the imagination, at least of geologists who know the mighty inferences which would be deducible were they established by observations. But though I admire even his flights, and feel none of the *odium theologicum* which some modern writers in this country have visited him with, I confess I read him rather as I hear an advocate on the wrong side, to know what can be made of the case in good hands. I am glad he has been courageous enough and logical enough to admit that his argument, if pushed as far as it must go, if worth anything, would prove that men may have come from the orang outang. But after all, what changes species may really undergo! How impossible will it be to distinguish and lay down a line, beyond which some of the so-called extinct species have never passed into recent ones! (Vol. i., p. 168.)

But his own researches among the tertiary fossils led him at an early period to a result which was already a great step in this direction. So long as it was supposed that successive formations presented assemblages of animals wholly distinct from each other, with no species common to the two, it was natural, if not necessary, to acquiesce in the assumption, that every such assemblage had been produced by a special creation, and that the catastrophes which were supposed to have separated every two formations had been accompanied by the extinction of all then existing species, and the re-peopling the earth and seas by wholly new forms of created beings. But when it came to be received as an admitted fact that no such catastrophes

had in reality taken place, and that many species were common to successive formations, while their gradual dying out and replacement by others might be traced step by step from the oldest pliocene to the now existing fauna, it was evident that the whole basis of speculation was fundamentally changed. The difficulty still remained, to account for the appearance of new species in the successive stages, without appealing to direct acts of creation in each case, a supposition which, though Lyell himself was for some time prepared to admit it, was strenuously resisted by Continental naturalists, among whom the Lamarckian hypothesis, or some modification of it, had obtained great influence. Hence we find him earnestly seeking for some mode of surmounting this difficulty. As early as 1836 he writes to Sir John Herschel:—

In regard to the origination of new species, I am very glad to find that you think it may be carried on through the intervention of intermediate causes. I left this rather to be inferred, not thinking it worth while to offend a certain class of persons by embodying in words what would only be a speculation. (Vol. i., p. 467.)

Shortly after we find him writing to Whewell to precisely the same effect, and, after the publication by the latter of his "History of the Inductive Sciences," expressing his satisfaction that he went "nearly as far as to contemplate the possibility at least of the introduction of fresh species being governed by general laws." Twenty years more had still to elapse before the publication of Darwin's book appeared to supply the missing link, by suggesting the *modus operandi* of the changes in question. But, during the whole of this interval, fresh discoveries in palæontology, as well as in botany and zoology, were continually furnishing fresh proofs of the transitional character of the geological record, and filling up the supposed gaps in the progressive series of created beings. One after another several of the leading naturalists of the day were coming to entertain views more and more approximating to the Lamarckian theory of transmutation. On one occasion Lyell writes:—

When Huxley, Hooker, and Wollaston [an eminent entomologist] were at Darwin's last week, they (all four of them) ran a tilt against species, farther I believe than they are deliberately prepared to go. I cannot easily see how they can go so far, and not embrace the whole Lamarckian doctrine.

In another conversation at the same house, a botanical phenomenon was mentioned which (as Lyell adds) "will figure in C. Darwin's book on 'Species' with many other 'ugly facts,' as Hooker, *clinging like me to the orthodox faith*, calls these and other abnormal vagaries." When people come to know that they are "clinging to" an orthodox belief, they are apt before long to loose their hold. The "ugly facts" continued to multiply; while the extravagant lengths to which such writers as Agassiz and Alcide d'Orbigny were driven, in support of their views of the distinctness of species in all successive zones of creation, had a strong tendency to force more reasonable thinkers in the opposite direction. Hence when Darwin—five years after the above conversation—put forward his theory of "natural selection," a suggestion which undoubtedly supplied a *vera causa*, whether or not it was adequate to solve all difficulties, we cannot be surprised to find both Lyell and Hooker shaking off their former doubts, and zealously espousing the new doctrine, which was destined to work so great a revolution in the scientific world.

One of the great difficulties that Lyell appears to have felt in embracing in its entirety the transmutation theory, whether as presented by Lamarck or by Darwin, was, as he himself repeatedly admits, one of feeling rather than of reason. He appears to have entertained an insurmountable repugnance to the idea that man was only an improved kind of ape: a prejudice, if such it is to be called, which we believe to be shared by many of our readers. In his earlier letters he repeatedly refers in a jesting tone to the time required "for ourang-outangs to become men on Lamarckian principles;" and, even after he had declared himself a convert to the theory of transmutation, he was still reluctant to admit its application to the case of man, though feeling himself compelled to acknowledge that this was a logical consequence.

At the same time it must be observed that Lyell never went along with the views of some English, and many German, *savans* in the materialistic arguments that they derived from this new doctrine. In one of his letters to Darwin he especially approves of an observation of the Duke of Argyll, that "variation or natural selection cannot be confounded with the creational law without such a deification of them as exaggerates their influence." And again, in writing to Dr.

Hooker: "I feel that Darwin and Huxley deify secondary causes too much. They think they have got farther into the domain of the 'unknowable' than they have, by the aid of variation and natural selection." He expresses himself strongly to the same effect in the "Antiquity of Man," the first of his works in which he admitted, though in a cautious and guarded manner, his adherence to the Darwinian theory.

The very title of this last-mentioned book indicates another instance in which Lyell was compelled to retract the view he had hitherto entertained on a subject of the highest interest and importance. In common with all other geologists, he had always believed that man was one of the most recent introductions into the system of nature, and that he did not appear on the face of the earth until all the species now known to be extinct, such as the mammoth and mastodon and the cave hyæna, had disappeared from its surface. The few cases that appeared to militate against this doctrine were explained away, and though several instances are mentioned in the course of these letters, which were difficult to get over—one in particular is termed by Lyell, "though not quite satisfactory," still the best proof he had seen—it was not till 1860 that the evidence afforded by the discoveries of M. Bouchet de la Perthes at Amiens was felt to be overwhelming. It was impossible in this instance to deny the inference, not only of the co-existence of man with extinct species of animals, but of his having been there previous to the formation of the gravel, and the excavation of the valley in which the remains were discovered. Fresh evidence rapidly accumulated, and Lyell, with his usual candor, after carefully examining for himself the localities in Picardy and Belgium, collected all the evidence in a separate work, in which at the same time he embodied his altered views on the subject of glacial action and the variation of species. The popular interest in the subject was sufficiently proved by the sale of five thousand copies of the "Antiquity of Man" within a few months, and of three editions within the year.

All these changes in his views had to be introduced into the *tenth* edition of his "Principles," the preparation of which involved an amount of labor almost equivalent to the composition of a new work. Thirteen years had elapsed since the appearance of the last edition, during which time an immense amount of additional

geological facts had been accumulated, while whole chapters had to be re-written, and others added, in accordance with the new discoveries and new theories which he had himself adopted. This was the last important literary labor of his life. Sir Charles Lyell was now seventy years of age, and, though the activity of his mind was almost unabated, his bodily strength was fast beginning to fail.

Various offers of a flattering kind (we are told by Mrs. Lyell) had been made to him in the mean time to accept offices of an honorable character — a trusteeship of the British Museum, the presidency of the Royal Society, etc.; and during the year 1861, under the proposed Reform Bill, which conferred a representative in Parliament on the University of London, the candidature was offered to Sir Charles Lyell. But he declined all these overtures, and resolved that he would devote himself to the end of his life to his favorite science, which was daily opening up more interesting matter for study and research. Other marks of honor were, however, conferred upon him, which involved no additional duties. In January, 1862, he was elected corresponding member of the Institute of France, and in 1864 the queen created him a baronet.

It was a characteristic feature of Lyell's mind that, instead of feeling any jealousy of the discoveries of others, he was always among the first to admit the merits of rising men of science in the younger generation. Thus we find him in a letter to Mr. Ticknor, in 1859, speaking of "a friend of mine, Huxley, who will soon take rank as one of the first naturalists we have ever produced." And at the meeting of the British Association in the same year, he writes: "Young Geikie has read the best paper, to my mind, yet presented to our section. Of the young men he is certainly the coming geologist and writer."

We must now hasten to the end. As the infirmities of age increased upon him, he went less into society; and though he still continued to make something of a geological tour every summer, these became more limited in extent, and of comparatively little interest. Hence the few letters that Mrs. Lyell has preserved to us from these latter years have not the variety or freshness of those of an earlier time. In April, 1873, he had the misfortune to lose his beloved wife, who had been his constant companion and assiduous helpmate in all his pursuits, during forty years of unbroken happiness. She

was carried off almost suddenly after a few days' illness; and as she was twelve years younger than her husband, and youthful and vigorous for her age, the blow was as unexpected as it was overwhelming. His one resource was to be found in his old pursuits: and he writes to a geological friend a few months after the sad event: "I endeavor by daily work at my favorite science to forget as far as possible the dreadful change that has been made in my existence." But, as he adds, "at my age of nearly seventy-six the separation cannot be very long."*

He was still able to make a short geological tour in his native Forfarshire in the summer of 1874; and he found pleasure in visiting some of his earliest haunts, and verifying his geological observations of fifty years before. On the 5th of November in the same year he was present at a dinner in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Geological Club, of which he had been a member from its foundation, and made a short speech with a vigor that surprised all his friends who were present. But his strength was already almost exhausted, and he now sank rapidly. In February, 1875, he sustained a fresh bereavement by the sudden death of his brother, Colonel Lyell, who had been almost daily with him up to the time of his own fatal illness. Charles Lyell followed his younger brother within a fortnight, on the 22nd of February. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, in accordance with a requisition numerously signed by eminent men of science; but few, very few, of those who followed him to his grave belonged to the distinguished circle that had witnessed his early progress, or been his associates or opponents in the Geological Society. The first generation of geologists — the men who had made the society what it afterwards became: Buckland, Conybeare, Greenough, Sedgwick, Murchison, De la Bêche, Phillips — all had passed away, and Lyell, the most distinguished of them all, was the last survivor.

His name would ever have held a prominent position in the annals of science; but it was not till the publication of the present work that the public at large had any means of estimating the variety of his attainments both in science and literature, or of tracing in detail the progress and

* A beautiful tribute to her memory, written by Mr. Hillard of Boston, for publication in an American newspaper, has been inserted by Mrs. Lyell in the appendix to the work, and is thus made for the first time accessible to the British public.

development of those views by which he earned an unrivalled position as a geologist. Mrs. Lyell has furnished an important contribution to the history of science, at the same time that she has presented to the world an admirable picture of a singularly amiable as well as highly gifted man.

From Temple Bar.

THE FRERES.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER, AUTHOR OF "THE WOOING O'T."

CHAPTER XLIII.

A LONG ride in the fresh pure mountain air failed in its usual effect. Grace could not sleep; she was restless, and oppressed by vague forebodings. The look and tone with which Balfour had uttered, "How can I ever bid you good-bye?" were perpetually present to eye and ear; and though she told herself she was fanciful, that she exaggerated probably what might have been an expression of natural friendly regret, the first effect remained stamped upon her mind — her heart; for she recognized almost with awe, yet with a strange tremulous delight, that whatever doubt she might have respecting Balfour's feeling, she could have none about her own. This long happy spell of frank companionship had drawn her heart so closely to the comrade of her early days, that the thought of parting with him was too bitter to be endured. She had never suspected where this confidence, this mutual understanding, was leading her; but now, that instantaneous glimpse of tenderness and passion which he had betrayed, seemed as by an electric touch to have set the sources of love and devotion, which had silently gathered in the depths of her heart, flowing full and quick.

Yes; she loved him as she had never loved any one else! Her first attachment to Max, it was an uneasy mixture of imagination and excited vanity, which yet might have settled into something true and lasting; but this — ah! how sweet the mixture of friendly comprehension and confidence, with a touch of tenderness beyond what friendship could reach! There was so much strength in the gentle repose of Balfour's manner; a breadth and toleration in all his ideas; a simple sincerity that disdained disguise in his manner and opinions. And then she conjured up his face and form and voice with

loving exactitude, and felt they were the incarnation of such a nature — tender, true, resolute; the full grave eyes, the breadth of brow, the figure of more strength than grace, yet not without dignity; the soft, mellow voice, which yet could ring out loud and full.

No! Maurice was not handsome, like Max or Wolff von Falkenberg: but oh! lovely and good in her eyes — yes, worthy to be loved as a friend and lover, and she *would* love him whether he loved her or not. Perhaps he did, and even then they must part; perhaps he did not, and then the parting must be more complete. In any case she must hide what she felt, because it would help him; because if he was resolved not to speak, he had force enough to keep his purpose, and need not be subjected to unnecessary pain; if he felt no more than brotherly affection, why it would be doubly necessary to be on guard, for Grace was peculiarly alive to the wholesome womanly shame of giving a love that was not sought. "Not that I can ever be ashamed of loving him in my own heart, if I can only keep it all hidden there."

But she greatly dreaded meeting him; she feared to encounter his eyes; she hesitated to speak, lest he too should perceive what she did in the very sound of her voice; she shrank from giving him her hand, lest the mysterious magic of the touch should betray her. But his composure, his quiet self-possession was an infinite relief, when he came in later than usual the following day, and Mrs. Frere seized upon him directly to read aloud passages from a letter of Randal's received that morning.

She was, as usual, prettily posed in her easy-chair near the window; her work-table with its vase of flowers beside her. Grace sat a little behind on the sofa, diligently at work, with a large basket full of sundry objects to be repaired. If there was a hidden blessing in Adam's sentence, "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread," so there is a double benediction of tranquillizing power to woman in needlework. It is a refuge and a strength, as Grace found it that morning. Balfour placed himself between them, at a little distance, so that he could observe both faces.

"I am sure you will be interested in my dear boy's account of his life at Cairo — he writes so graphically! If this Sir Alexander Atwell writes a successful book, I know who will have done the best part of it; he says, 'The *padrone* is as

busy as a dog in a fair, arranging everything for our start, but I fear is rather a niggardly curmudgeon, stingy about'—no, that's not it. 'Sir Alexander was pleased to say that I was too careless of money'—no, no, here it is: 'We went yesterday to be presented to the khedive,' etc., and the usual account followed—donkey-drivers, donkeys, strings of camels, backshish, veiled beauties, Scriptural allusions, glowing skies, incongruous mixture of European conveniences, regrets for the Mamelukes, and other picturesque ruffianism.

"They seem to have a good deal of society too," said Mrs. Frere, breaking off and turning the crossed epistle over and over.

"Ah, yes! here it is: 'The Marquis and Marchioness of Uppingham are at this hotel, as well as Lord Cecil Fitzharris, and young Morrison of Craigdarroch with his tutor—you know he is a millionaire. They are all very pleasant and friendly; the marchioness is a charming and beautiful young creature' (She must be five-and-thirty at least, if there is any truth in 'Debrett,') said Mrs. Frere *en parenthèse*, "'far gone in Egyptology—knows a lot more about it than Sir Alexander; she is writing notes of her own tour, and is good enough to show me portions of her MS. occasionally. She accepts my assistance quite unaffectedly; she is most amusing about Sir Alexander, and I cannot help seeing that he is a little jealous of the notice I receive, and tries to keep me scribbling from morning till night. However, I do not mind him much, for I am making valuable friends here. Young Morrison asked me to have a smoke and some iced champagne the other evening, and was quite delighted with my singing of "Molly Carew." He is rather common, but very good-natured. It is all pleasant enough, and no doubt will help to push me on; but it is deucedly expensive. However, as we start to-morrow for Constantinople, as it is getting fearfully hot, I hope my money will hold out till my quarter is due—and a miserable pittance it is!"

"Poor dear boy, he must have forgotten to post this; it is dated a month ago!" said Mrs. Frere reflectively; "it is amazing how he gets on, in spite of every drawback. Imagine that Sir Alexander Atwell only gives him fifty pounds for all his time, his help, his ideas; it is really too shabby! Why, a high-class cook, not a *chef*—a woman would get as much!"

"Indeed!" returned Balfour absently.

"I wish Randal was coming out to Australia with me."

"Ah, so do I!" said Grace softly, but earnestly.

"You are very good, dear Maurice," observed Mrs. Frere, with a slight, superior smile; "but I cannot see that there would be much advantage in exchanging Cairo and its charming coterie for the ruggedness of a colony."

"I should like Randal to have some more exalted profession than playing Punch for peers and millionaires," said Grace impulsively.

"My dear Grace, I am shocked to hear you talk in that horrid radical way. Randal is only in his natural sphere; you quite wound me," said her mother tearfully.

"Grace never means to be unkind," returned Balfour; there was a caressing sound in his utterance of her name.

"No, I dare say not; but she should not seem so, when she sees I have a little comfort in my dear boy's letters."

"Ah, mother dear, I am a wretch to vex you!" cried Grace. "I am sure every one must like Randal; and I hope he will get on well."

Mrs. Frere shook her head. "If you would *think* before you speak, it would be a great improvement," she said emphatically.

There was a short pause.

"I rather expected a letter from Darnell this morning," said Balfour. "I fancy matters must be pretty well settled by this time; and I do not want to be snatched away at a moment's notice. What do you say to another ride to-morrow, Grace, as my time is so uncertain?" There was an indescribable softening of his tone as he addressed her.

"Oh, it would be very nice!" returned Grace, fastening her eyes upon her work; "but Gertrud and Frieda are coming in to dine with us to-morrow, and we are all going to meet the count on his return from Dresden, so you see, I must stay at home."

"Have we had our last ride, then?" said Balfour, turning to her.

"I do hope not, dear Maurice." She forced herself to speak nearly in her usual tones. "Surely you will be a week longer here?"

He did not reply.

"Max, too, has not written; I quite expected to hear from him yesterday or to-day," said Mrs. Frere.

"And I," remarked Grace, "am quite uneasy about Lady Elton. It is more

than ten days since she left, and she has only written once. I answered immediately, and she has not written again."

"Oh, she will write, I dare say, when she gets to London," said Mrs. Frere carelessly, and rising from her seat. "I am going to meet Mab on her way from school; she wants some new gloves. Will you come with me, Maurice?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Frere."

"I will put on my bonnet directly."

She left the room, and Balfour moved his chair nearer to Grace.

"You would not mind Randal being a rough fellow like me?"

"No, indeed; I wish he were. I should like a real brother just like you."

"Ah, it is true! I am *not* a brother; but I can be a true, real friend, can I not? Your hand on it, Grace, and look at me!"

He held his out, and she placed hers in it without hesitation; but it took all her self-control to raise her eyes to his while her hand lay in his grasp. He held it with a soft, lingering pressure, palm to palm, each pulse throbbing against pulse. Nothing short of her passionate desire to mask her heart could have nerved her to meet his glance as she did, fully, gravely, for a moment; and then her eyes sank slowly, though his revealed nothing save an eager questioning. He sighed deeply; and letting her withdraw her hand, was beginning a sentence, with "Grace, if" — when re-enter Mrs. Frere.

"Oh, Gracey, I cannot find the key of the large *Schrank* (wardrobe); I am sure I gave it to you."

"I will come and look for it," said Grace, rising quickly and leaving the room.

She was thankful to escape. Maurice evidently wished to explain something, but it was equally clear that he wished for nothing but friendship; and she thought she understood him. Situated as they both were, anything more was out of the question; nor would either hamper the other with a long, perhaps hopeless engagement. It was not to be thought of; and she must show herself brave and wise, and worthy of a strong man's love. If—oh, if only he would understand her!

And Maurice did not quite understand her. How terrible at times is the fleshly veil which shrouds us from the perfect knowledge of each other, although it is also often a precious safeguard!

Divested as Balfour was of small van-

ities, though not undervaluing himself, he was not disposed to think that Grace was in love with him. Had he felt anything beyond vaguest suspicion of her preference, he neither would nor could have exercised so much control.

He reproached himself bitterly for the momentary slackening of the rein which he saw had startled her, and vowed over and over again to himself that he would let nothing disturb the pleasant tranquillity of the last few days he had to spend in the society so dear to him.

The evening had passed much as usual. Balfour had persuaded Mrs. Frere to let him drive them out to Oybin; and with Grace and Mab as guides and supporters, she had explored the lovely ruins more completely than she had before done. They had steeped themselves in the beauty of the various points of view; they had watched the sun sink over the wide Silesian plain, and had been completely, quietly happy. But Balfour had not been a moment alone with Grace, nor had he sought to be. Grace had been composed and natural and companionable as usual; but there had been (to Balfour) a new, subtle, indefinable charm in her voice and manner—something subdued and pensive, which he scarce dared interpret into reciprocity, yet which at moments sent thrills of giddy rapture through his veins, and paled his brown cheek with sudden throes of emotion. But he was lord of himself through all; and now he walked to and fro the Hof garden, after he had bid good-night to the little group which made a beloved home to him, to think, to battle with himself, and gain composure before he tried to sleep.

What mastery this passion for Grace Frere had obtained over him! for it was passion, strong and deep. At first, it was the pleasant surprise to find in his old playmate, or rather plaything, a charming, graceful woman—a thoughtful, sympathetic companion, bright, natural, intelligent, untainted with coquetry, and gifted with considerable powers of observation; at first the delightful intercourse was just sufficiently dashed with the salt of boy and girl companionship. But how soon his pulse began to beat at her touch, his heart to throb at the sound of her voice! and then he had cast himself unresisting into the strong current of love, reckless where it might carry him, so long as his idol was untouched. And now, he almost regretted that so much of passion had come to mingle with the tender friendship which was the basis of his love. If he

could win her — if he had not been condemned to expatriation — or if she had not been tied at home, perhaps she might have yielded him her love, had he ventured to seek it; and once given, they could have dared and conquered all things. If!

Oh, miserable mite of a syllable! did ever so small an obstacle hold great issues in the balance? But for the necessity of repeating it, into what a golden cloudland of home and happiness might he not shape his course! what a future of success, with such a wife, would lie before him! And the tone of her voice, — lower and softer than usual that evening — the beauty of the down-sweeping lashes dropped over her averted eyes, came back to ear and sight; and the possibility that she might have given him her heart, came over his in a wave of mingled joy and agony. If he could believe this, he would not leave her without confessing the love he felt. And who could tell? the appointment he expected might prove better than he anticipated — some hints in Darnell's last letter suggested this hope: if so, he would try his chance. If she did care for him — well! such a possibility even, brought heaven almost too near for sanity; if she did not, he would be on the point of departure, and need vex her with his presence no more.

Even so much of a resolution brought composure, and throwing away the end of his second cigar, Balfour ascended to his room, to sleep and dream and wake, and toss restlessly, and sleep again by snatches, till it was time to rise and go forth to meet the day.

Influenced, perhaps, by some unacknowledged presentiment, he lingered over his breakfast and the small local *Zeitung*, waiting till the post came in, feeling strangely restless and excited. And when at last the *Träger* entered the *salle à manger*, he held forth a letter with the London postmark, and a newspaper.

The former was the long-anticipated summons. His friend, however, wrote in anticipation of the former appointment, telling him he had about a week's law, and giving him some private particulars — particulars that brought the light to Balfour's eyes, and a smile of satisfaction to his lips. The decision as to the most feasible line was to be left to him, with a good prospect, as he at once perceived, of working the whole thing into his own hands, while his absolute pay was considerably beyond his expectations.

With such probabilities, would he not be justified in offering himself to Grace? Putting sentiment out of the question, her position was not much beyond his own; her portion of this world's goods considerably less, for he could add to his share and she could not. Yes, he would try his luck — even an engagement —

Blessed be Darnell for giving him such a chance! And it must be confessed that Balfour's next proceeding was to rush upstairs and look at himself in the glass; and though he laughed somewhat cynically at this impulse, which sprang more from self-distrust than coxcombr, he did not disdain to put his thick wavy dark hair in order before he started for Bergstrasse, considerably disturbed in mind by the hope and fear which contended in his heart, and earnestly praying that he might find Grace alone.

Much depended on the way she would take the intelligence of his near departure. Still to avow all to her would be a relief and delight, take it how she would. So with head erect, and an elastic step, vaguely conscious that his beloved was not indifferent to him, Balfour soon accomplished the distance between the *Sächsische Hof* and her abode. As he mounted the stair, he met Paulina rushing down with the door-key in her hand.

"Ach, du lieber Himmel!" she exclaimed, stopping. "I go now to seek you, mein Herr. Ach, come quick! the Gnadige Frau wants you. Oh Weh — oh Weh!"

"Why, what is the matter?" exclaimed Balfour, alarmed and astonished: and then, without waiting for a reply, followed her up-stairs, not heeding the stream of exultations which Paulina did not cease to pour forth while she opened the door.

The *salon* was empty when Balfour entered. He stood a moment, looking impatiently round; but almost immediately Grace came in through the door which led into Mrs. Frere's bedroom. She was very pale, with an expression of grief and horror in her eyes, while tears still hung on her eyelashes.

"Oh, Maurice, Maurice!" was all she seemed able to say; but she stretched out both hands to him. He took and pressed them to his heart.

"What is it, dear? Speak to me, Grace!" he said.

"Oh, Maurice, she is quite gone! We shall never see her dear, kind face again!" and drawing away her hands, she covered her face with her handkerchief, and yielded for a moment to a burst of tears.

"Who, for God's sake?" cried Maurice, fearing it might be the mother.

"Lady Elton!" sobbed Grace — "it is too terrible! Here, read this," and she took up an open letter which lay beside a newspaper on Mrs. Frere's writing-table.

The letter was from Jimmy Byrne:—

"I have a sad piece of news to communicate, which I fear will upset you and Miss Grace. The death of your friend Lady Elton, in Paris, is announced in this day's paper. I post it with this, that you may see the sad particulars. Before writing, I managed to run up at dinner-time to the City, and inquired at Freres'. It is too true; and Mr. Max started off for Paris last night. He is, I understand, her ladyship's executor, probably her heir; but I do hope she has not forgotten Miss Grace, for they say she has left a power of money."

"Now read the newspaper account," said Grace, who had recovered herself a little — "the worst part of the sad business is in there;" and she pointed to a paragraph headed

"SUDDEN DEATH OF LADY ELTON.

"We have to announce the sudden demise of Lady Elton, in Paris, yesterday, under the following distressing circumstances. Her ladyship had arrived at Meurice's Hôtel, where she was always in the habit of stopping, about ten days ago, *en route* from Germany to London, accompanied by her maid and manservant, an Italian, both old and trusted *employés*. Her ladyship had long been a sufferer from severe neuralgic pains in the head, to allay which she used opiates and chloroform. The night before last, the maid saw Lady Elton to bed as usual, leaving a bottle of chloroform, a glass and night-light, as was her custom, on a table by the bedside. When she returned in the morning, she found her mistress quite dead, and holding in her hand the bottle of chloroform, from which the cork had dropped upon the floor. It is supposed that the deceased had sought relief from pain by the usual application of chloroform, which she perfectly understood. Perhaps it took effect quickly, for she had evidently dropped the stopper, continuing to inhale the dangerous fumes until life was extinct. The deceased was the widow of Sir George Elton, second baronet, and leaves no family. Lady Elton was well known and highly esteemed by a wide circle, both in London and on the Conti-

nent; nor will it be easy to fill the place she held in the brilliant literary and artistic society which weekly assembled in her hospitable mansion. Her nephew, Mr. Maxwell Frere, was telegraphed for at once and is expected in Paris this morning."

"It is an awful business!" exclaimed Balfour, looking up.

"To think that she should be stolen from us in such a way!" cried Grace, who had risen to re-read the startling passage over his shoulder — "that a touch, a word in time might have saved her! I always feared that chloroform. Oh, how I wish I had gone with her! I would have watched her well!" and she sat down again with a fresh burst of tears.

"And I am glad you did not!" said Balfour, drawing his chair beside her, and laying aside the paper. "This dreadful tragedy would have happened all the same; you would not have watched her when she was not specially unwell — and what a shock for you, had you been on the spot; I am awfully cut up myself; but I can't stand seeing you cry, Grace. I wish you would stop."

"No; don't mind," returned Grace, trying to dry her tears. "It is a relief; and I could not shed a tear at first. My mother is in a dreadful state; I will make her come in and talk to you, it will do her good."

"Stay one moment," urged Balfour, terribly uncertain what to do; not liking to lose this opportunity — not liking to obtrude his affairs and feelings on her at such a time. Grace looked at him inquiringly. "Oh, I had something to tell you, but not now. We must think of Mrs. Frere, and yourself — you look very ill."

"Oh, Maurice, you don't mean to tell me you are called away now — immediately? It would be too cruel;" and she looked at him with tearful, imploring eyes and quivering lips.

"No, no; not immediately. At any rate I will not go if I can be of any use to you, Grace," cried Balfour, catching her hand and pressing it between both his, while he looked intently, tenderly into her eyes. "You know —"

"Yes, yes; I know how kind you are," interrupted Grace, a little confused, but soothed by the warm sympathy of her companion; "but we don't expect you to throw away your chances in order to comfort us. You see no one can do us any good; our dear friend has gone. Nothing can bring her back; and we

must just try and submit, though it is hard. My mother is going to write to Uncle Frere for more details; and Maurice — you are not going to-day or to-morrow?"

"No; not to-day *nor* to-morrow, dear Grace." He added hastily, for he heard the handle of Mrs. Frere's door turning: "I must tell you all about myself and my hopes when you are a little more composed. You will care to hear?"

"Indeed, indeed I will," murmured Grace, rising to meet Mrs. Frere, who came in, drowned in tears, with a pocket-handkerchief in one hand and a prayer-book in the other.

"I feel so desolate, as if we had lost our only friend," she sobbed, as soon as she had shaken hands with Balfour. "No one else took the same interest in Grace and my dear Randal; and I do hope she has, as poor Mr. Byrne suggests, remembered them in her will. Not that that would be any consolation for the loss of one we loved so well," continued Mrs. Frere, with the simple, transparent worldliness which was one of her characteristics — "and Max might well spare some of her wealth too — but it would be nice to know she thought of them, the cousin he used to be so fond of."

Balfour listened; and an odd feeling of disappointment stole over him, chilling the warmth and ardor which quickened the blood in his veins a few minutes before. What if this death altered the family fortunes? — what if Mrs. Frere wished to promote a marriage between her daughter and her nephew? If so — but he would not think about it. This was not a day to intrude his feelings upon Grace, uncertain as he was about hers, lest he might add to her trouble. Meanwhile, Mrs. Frere was talking.

"Though dear Lady Elton was such a clever, superior woman, she was unwise on some points. I was always frightened at the way she used chloroform, and those sort of things. I even ventured to remonstrate with her, which she took in very good part. She was too well-bred to do otherwise; but had she heeded me, she would be alive now. I do not pretend to be wiser or cleverer than my neighbors; still, if my advice were followed occasionally, much might be saved."

Grace and Balfour preserved a respectful silence; and after wiping away her tears, and looking out a place in the prayer-book where she had inserted a marker, Mrs. Frere resumed, addressing

Grace, who was sitting quite still, in a dejected attitude, in the corner of the sofa, her elbow on the sofa-cushion, and her cheek resting on her hand.

"The worst loss is to you, I know, dear love; but there is no use in sitting still and grieving. It will be better to do something; and I should not like even Gertrud and Frieda to see pink in my cap. Will you, dearest, be so very good as to put black ribbon in my Irish-lace morning cap? You will find some in the white box on the top shelf of my wardrobe; and then, dear, you must arrange one of your old black dresses for yourself, and something for Mab. You see, dear Maurice, the widow and the fatherless are obliged to exercise some ingenuity to present the appearance due to their position."

Balfour murmured an inarticulate assent, while Grace rose and silently left the room.

"Poor child! it is a great blow to her," said Mrs. Frere. "She was so devoted to Lady Elton that, latterly, I felt a little jealous — most unnecessarily I dare say; for I am sure no mother could be more loved and cared for than I am. But Lady Elton's views were scarcely orthodox; and I always feared that Grace might catch something of her ideas. It is very awful to be cut off thus unprepared."

"Very," returned Balfour. "I must say it has been a great shock; and I see Grace is deeply affected by it."

"I wonder if she has left *all* her money to Max," resumed Mrs. Frere; "it would have been but natural. Still she ought to remember how my dear girl's youth is spoiled by poverty."

"Not spoiled, Mrs. Frere!" exclaimed Balfour; "a little crippled, perhaps. But what can be brighter or happier than Grace's life?"

"Dear child! she is wonderfully content; but I am not content that she should always pine — no, not pine; she does not pine at all — but be lost in obscurity; and I know Lady Elton thought so too. I could see she was anxious Grace should marry well; indeed," lowering her voice, "I observed, or thought I observed, in our very last conversation, that she rather wished a marriage between Max Frere and Grace. Certainly in many ways it would be desirable, though I have a great objection to marriages between cousins. Still, I could see Lady Elton thought Max was attached to Grace, and then his proposed visit looked like it."

Balfour listened intently, his heart

sinking lower and lower as she spoke. Yes, it was indeed a marriage desirable in many ways. Consanguineous unions were not objectionable in *his* eyes. And Grace! was it possible that her aversion to the proposed visit arose from some of those unaccountable back-eddies which, as he had read, characterized the peculiar contradictions of a woman's first love?

"Don't you think so?" asked Mrs. Frere, rousing him from his uncomfortable thoughts.

"Yes — no — what is it, Mrs. Frere?"

"That it looks as if Grace was the attraction — I mean Max coming to pay us a visit at this distance, though he could never find time to call when we were in the same town with him last year."

Balfour forced himself to say it was extremely probable; and then, feeling it was impossible to endure these confidences any longer, got up.

"You want to write, Mrs. Frere, and I dare say you have plenty to do, so I will leave you for the present. Can I go anywhere, or do anything for you?"

"No, thank you very much; but pray come back to our early dinner."

"Very well, I will return," said Balfour; and he left her.

While Balfour walked away towards the Wienaue and its fragrant woods, that he might commune with himself undisturbed, the news of Lady Elton's death flew with electric speed through the little community, greatly to its enlivenment.

What! the great English lady, who was so ill or so exclusive that she would see none save her own people and the Dalbersdorf family, declining all communication with even the *Spitzen Behörde*, the high officials of the town — dead, and dead in so awful a manner? Was it really accident? Was it some secret crime — that Italian attendant looked like a villain. Was it suicide? English people always committed suicide when they lost a few pounds on the stock exchange, or their finger ached. Altogether it was mysterious, and a little — just a little disgraceful. Then, who was to get her money? Probably the queen of England. When deaths were doubtful or self-inflicted, property reverted either to the crown or to the Church. No, no; Fräulein Frere would just remain as she was, and that young English friend or relative who was so constantly with her, would find that she had nothing beyond her good looks; and after all they were nothing so very remarkable — while her manners, though pleasant, certainly were wanting in the

softness and deference which distinguish a German maiden, etc.

Balfour's presence at dinner was a great help and restraint, though Grace was not a little shocked at Gertrud's point-blank questions as to the chances of her inheriting Lady Elton's wealth.

"How can you fancy such a thing, Gertrud? Why should Lady Elton leave me any money? You may be quite sure she had made her will and settled everything long ago. I wish you would not talk in that way," she cried indignantly.

"Well, dear?" put in her mother, "I should be rather surprised if Lady Elton has made no mention of you; though no doubt the bulk of her property will go to Max Frere."

"It is quite horrible to be arguing about what she has or has not done with her money, before we have well taken in the idea that she has gone from us," returned Grace.

"Du lieber Himmel!" exclaimed Gertrud, who held fast by her leading idea, "if Rudolph von Falkenberg but knew, he would be back and at your feet. He admired you so much, and said all you wanted was a fortune."

Though sad at heart, Grace could not help laughing aloud at this undisguised fortune-hunting, and Balfour echoed the laugh.

"I think we had better not tell grand-papa when he first arrives," said Frieda; "he will be so shocked and grieved, he will get no sleep after the fatigue of his journey."

"On, no, pray do not tell him to-night!" cried Mrs. Frere; "you must make some excuse for Grace not going to the station."

"But I will go, mother," said Grace; "it would seem too strange if I did not."

Grace carried out her intention; and amid the general hubbub of the welcome, her quiet sadness passed unnoticed.

The veteran was very tired, but greatly gratified by his visit to Dresden, and his interviews with great personages. He was anxious, however, for the quiet of his own room; and with many kind messages to his niece, the count, with Gertrud and Frieda, rolled away in the family landau, and Grace walked towards home, accompanied by Balfour. The train had been late, and it was now past seven. The sun was sufficiently low to cast long shadows, and the cool evening was tempting.

"Do not go in yet," said Balfour. "Take a turn in the park; it will do you good. You are not likely to meet any

one, so many have gone to the Fest at the Stift."

"How sorry I was yesterday not to have an invitation," said Grace, turning with him in the direction of the park; "and what a change to-day!"

They strolled on in silence; Balfour revolving in his own mind whether he should speak of his own affairs or not, resolved to defer the expression of his feelings until after the next post at all events, as he thought if there was any truth in Mrs. Frere's anticipations they would soon know. And he shrank from the idea of seeking a woman so much more richly endowed than himself, especially as the words which had fallen from Grace continually repeated themselves in his mind, "I should not mind giving all I had to the man I would marry, but I do not know that I should like him to take it." No; if Grace was to have any large slice of Lady Elton's fortune, it was all over for him. Nevertheless, he would tell her, and while he reflected, Grace suddenly asked, —

"What news have you had to-day, Maurice? Better than ours, I hope."

"Much better than I had hoped," he returned. "Darnell writes that I shall receive official notice of my appointment in a day or two, and gives me some details which show that it will be the best I have yet had. Darnell himself comes out with me. He is the junior partner, you know, in the great contracting firm of Denny, Calthorpe & Darnell, and goes out to manage the works."

"And whereabouts is this line to be made?"

"Through a rather remote district — Yauda I think it is called, in New South Wales."

A short pause.

"When must you go, Maurice?"

"I cannot exactly tell; I am afraid in a week or ten days at furthest. I have a few, very few, preparations to make in London."

A long pause. Then Grace resumed, in a carefully modulated voice, from which Balfour missed something of its natural tone, —

"We should always have missed you, Maurice; but it will be doubly hard to let you go now."

"While I dread the good-bye so much that I almost wish I had never come," returned Balfour earnestly, but looking away from his companion.

"Well, at all events," said Grace hurriedly, "you must have gone somewhere

— you must have left Zittau; only it need not have been for the antipodes."

"Grace," exclaimed Balfour, "suppose Lady Elton has left you her heiress, how do you think Max Frere will like it?"

"I do not think he would mind much. Max is not greedy of money, at least I think not; but do not believe the dear mother's fancies. Lady Elton will not leave me anything. I do not see why she should think of it; you know I was out of her favor for a long time."

"I suppose Mr. Frere will soon answer your mother's letter and then we shall know."

Grace made no answer; and having reached the end of the long stretch of grass, trees, flower-beds, and shrubs, which on this side of the town had replaced the fortifications, they paused to look at the view of mountain and forest before returning. A faint golden haze hung over the intervening fields, and down the gentle incline of the park the vista was broken by the pointed roof of the first humble little church which Lutheranism had ventured to rear in the frontier town, and a short, sturdy round tower, still bearing the marks of Frederick the Great's cannon-balls. All was silent and peaceful.

"How sweet and quiet it is!" said Grace, with a slight sigh; "it is a charming view! Do you remember the sunsets over the sea at Dungar, Maurice? Nothing was ever more beautiful! Oh, how I loved that place — and love it still! Yet I suppose I shall never see it again."

"At your age all things are possible," returned Balfour.

And then their talk flowed freely, each recalling to the other pleasant innocent memories, sweetened by the sense that they were mutual, as they strolled slowly to and fro, enjoying the charm of voice and look and sympathy and silent comprehension — an hour long to be remembered, to which the heart would revert clingly through many a change, and which would bear the diminishing effect of time's reversed telescope. At length they returned to Bergstrasse.

"Will you not come in?" said Grace, as they paused at the door.

"No, thank you; I have letters to write, and I dare say Mrs. Frere would rather be alone."

They parted. And Balfour walked slowly away to his hotel, wondering why it was that the light and hope which had illumined the first hours of the morning

had been effectually overcast by what seemed but an insufficient cause.

From The Nineteenth Century.
THE YELLOWSTONE GEYSERS.

"WAL, sir, I tell you that that thar Yellowstone Park and them Geysers is jest indescribable. Yes, sir, that's what they are, sure," said all the packers, teamsters, and prospectors we consulted on the subject. A greater measure of truth characterized this statement than is usually contained in eulogistic reports of scenery. We were advised at Ogden that pack trains or wagons could be hired at various points of the "Utah Northern" branch of the Union Pacific Railway. In order to economize time my companion preceded me, to contract for transport, whilst I remained in Ogden to conclude arrangements in connection with the commissariat department. These completed, I followed him. He met me at Dillon with a history of woe. At so short a notice no "outfits" were to be obtained anywhere but at this place, and here the demands for them were exorbitant. No regard was taken of current rates. We were looked upon as so much quartz to be crushed and smelted. I ventured to expostulate with one teamster:—

"What you ask is absurd. It would pay you in three weeks more than your 'outfit' cost."

"Oh, horses is dear in this country!"

"Not as dear as that amounts to."

"Wal, it ain't much for them as has the means and wants to go in."

I am afraid, to use a miner's expression, that we did not "pan out" quite so well as their previous experiences of an English "prospect" led them to anticipate. Eventually a little diplomacy secured us the services of a Mormon teamster and his boy, a wagon, and twelve mules and horses, on very moderate terms. We engaged a cook, and with Dick (the guide we had brought from Ogden), the "outfit" was complete.

Dick was an old soldier, and a first-rate fellow. True, the Dillon whisky proved almost too much for him at starting, but ordinary poison would be a mild beverage in comparison with it, and we were so glad that it did not kill him outright that we excused his temporary indisposition. Besides, even then he displayed the most charming urbanity and the greatest anxiety to get under way.

"All I wants, Mr. —, is to make a start, — to get away — beyond the pale of civilization as you may say — beyond the (hic) pale," he would repeat, meditatively.

"Beyond the pail or the cask, Dick?"

"Beyond the (hic) pale," replied Dick somewhat dubiously, after a long and thoughtful pause.

Dick was energetic in his endeavors to engage an "outfit."

"Say you, look here," he would explain to a native; "these 'ere men don't want none of your — snide outfits, but jest good bronchos and a wagon and strong harness."

"Wal, can't yer find no wagons?"

"Wagons! —! Wagons 'nough for a whole army, you bet. But — it, these fellows all propose to make independent fortunes in a single day. Why, they want jest as much to hire out one broncho for a week as 'll buy a whole team."

Swearing is prevalent amongst these fellows. Our teamster was rather gifted with talent in this direction. He was to be heard at his best in the early morning whilst engaged in catching the hobbled mules and horses. Amongst the more harmless titles conferred by him on members of our stud were the "yaller one-eyed cuss," "the private curse," "the bandy-legged, hobbling, contrary son of etc., etc.," here following contumelious references to both the animal's remote ancestors and immediate progenitors. But I do the man injustice. It is impossible to render in its pristine vigor, upon paper, the eloquence that distinguished his morning exhortation to the mules. Frantic with rage, he usually concluded by imploring us to assist him in hanging them or driving them into the river with the view of drowning them. Brown, our cook, one of the quietest, gentlest, and best old fellows in the world, rather enjoyed the scene. The teamster criticised his cooking, an insult that the meekest cook cannot forget.

"Yes," he said one day, as he turned the antelope steaks in the frying-pan and listened to the voice of the teamster softly swearing in the distance; "yes, Mormons always do swear ter'ble, and the women as well, and the children too, and smoke. I guess they smokes more and stands for the swearingest people as there is anywhere. And they're all alike."

We took no tent, but trusted entirely to fine weather and buffalo robes. For the first few days the track lay through a gameless and uninteresting alkali country.

Every one, myself excepted, was disagreeably affected by the water. Even the dogs were unwell. The dryness of the atmosphere was remarkable. Moist sugar became as hard as rock; discharged powder left nothing but a little dry dust in the guns, our lips cracked and our finger-nails grew so brittle that it was impossible to pare without breaking them. As we proceeded the scenery grew wild, and in places fine. On many slopes the pine forests had been lightly swept by fire, and skeleton trunks, from which the bark had fallen away, stood out in ghostly array against the yellow, red, and russet undergrowth, or looked with ascetic asperity on the bright belt of light-leaved willow bushes whose boughs danced gaily in the sunlight on the foot-hills.

At length we surmounted a low divide leading from the Centennial Valley and caught our first glimpse of Henry's Lake. In the purple haze of an autumnal sunset it stretched out before us, and the ripples that dwelt there, waked from their mid-day slumbers by the evening breeze, sparkled and glittered and tossed and laughed whilst they restlessly compared their blue and gold and violet reflections and chased each round the shores of emerald islands out on the silver bosom of the waters. Time was when only the sun came up over the hills and looked in upon the solitude of this beautiful sheet of water, dreaming its days away in the still heart of the mountains. At most perchance an occasional Indian wandered thither to hunt antelope on its grassy shores, wild fowl in its reedy fringe, or spear by torchlight the noble trout that haunt its crystal depths. Now it is in a fair way to become a "summer resort." Already a log hotel has been tried there. Jam-pots and empty meat-tins lie around it in profusion. Fortunately for some reason it has been deserted. So the pelicans, the swans and geese that dot the lake's wide, surface, the ducks and flocks of teal that sail there in fleets or skim in close order to and fro, the grouse in the willow thickets, and the wary regiments of antelope, have yet a respite of comparative security to enjoy, before civilization drives them from their patrimony.

We frequently camped near a trout stream. The trout, although proof against the persuasive influence of the artificial fly, were generally amenable to the seductions of the grasshopper, the butterfly, or grub. Dick's disgust at fly-fishing was amusing. One day B. lent him a rod and I gave him some flies. He was absent

about an hour, and then returned with little more than the winch and the butt end of the rod.

"Well, Piscator, what luck?" inquired B.

"Why, these here durned fish don't piscate worth a cent. Guess I'll go and catch some with a pole and a 'hopper or thar won't be any fish for supper." The identification of trout was one of sundry points on which the teamster and I begged to differ. Trout vary considerably in markings in these mountain streams; still a trout is unmistakable.

"That's a pretty trout," said I, one day.

"He ain't no trout. That thar's a chub, that's what he is."

"How do you know that — from observation?"

"No, chap he told me so the other day."

"I should call it a trout."

"Wal, I reckon they call him a chub down at the terminus,* and the boys they know something there. Anyway he's a chub in this country."

With this conclusive argument Andrews always annihilated me. We were at issue upon several questions of this and other natures. Only one, however, threatened to result unpleasantly. Andrews had a boy. He was a surly, flat-faced boy, with a nose like a red pill. His name was Bud, or Buddy. The father thought all the world of Bud. Bud was one of "the smartest boys in the States." (There are a good many of them.) His proud spirit brooked no restraint. On all subjects he was the best informed person in the party. He was twelve years of age. He was also a Mormon! His education was complete. He possessed, together, with great experience, implicit self-reliance, a shot-gun, a rifle, and a racing pony. Bud at once assumed command of the expedition. He seemed to labor under an impression that we had come from England to accompany him.

When the track was well travelled he would drive our spare stock a few yards ahead of me, in order that I should be thoroughly annoyed with the dust. This pleased him; but I was forced to insist on his taking his pleasure in some other way. Bud declared that "he would be dog-durned if he was a-going to run his interior (he called it by some other name)

* The "terminus" is any village on the railway line that the speaker happens to frequent.

out a-driving the stock any further ahead — durned if he would." However, he was induced to change his mind; and as the teamster expended all his courage in talking, and collapsed the moment an opportunity was afforded him of displaying his prowess, the matter was amicably settled. Thenceforward Bud was a little more circumspect. He used to over-eat himself. When just retribution overtook him, his devoted parent, in an agony of fear, would declare his intention of returning at once with his "outfit" to the terminus in quest of a doctor. On two occasions we hung for a while with the greatest anxiety upon Bud's languid responses to questions regarding his health. And we questioned him as if we loved him. We all doctored him too. Yet he lived! Evidently his constitution was very strong. At any rate we had nothing in camp that could make him die or even get worse. Once in a fit of meddlesome benevolence I restrained his father from giving him a powerful aperient for diarrhœa. It has been a source of regret to me ever since, for though some months have elapsed since Bud and I were comrades, my feelings towards him have undergone no change.

Never allow a boy to accompany a party of this kind, and, least of all, a Western frontier boy. The patience with which an American will submit to insolence from an ill-conditioned young cub of this kind is truly marvellous, and utterly passes the comprehension of an Englishman. Therefore, I say, on no account have anything to do with a boy.

Those who dwell in the vicinity of the Yellowstone National Park love enthusiastically to term it Wonderland. Nor is it altogether without reason. Within its boundaries (one hundred miles square) there are over ten thousand active geysers, hot springs, fumaroles, solfataras, salses, and boiling pools. Of these over two thousand are confined in the small area comprising the upper and lower geyser basins. Sulphur mountains, an obsidian mountain, a mud volcano, and various other remarkable phenomena, add to the curiosity of this extraordinary region. Some of the grandest, some of the most grotesque scenery may be seen here, and the magnificent falls, the interesting cascades, and the eccentric beauty of the Grand Cañon may well challenge comparison with the world's most picturesque features. To attempt an exhaustive description of these marvels within the limits of letter-writing is impossible. Equally

difficult is it, amongst so much that merits attention, to select that which is most noteworthy.

We will proceed at once towards the upper geyser basin, passing *en route* the lower basin with its so termed "paint-pots" or "cream-pots" — boiling vats of a semi-silicious clay, which varies in color from creamy white to pink or slate. The next point of interest is Hell's Half-Acre. The pools here are at once the most impressive and beautiful in the park. I turned aside twice to see them, once on my way to the upper basin, and again on my return. On these occasions I saw them under completely diverse aspects; for on the first day a thunderstorm darkened the usually serene beauty of the sky. They are situated near the bank of a river, in a desolate expanse of white, formed by deposits from the numerous tiny springs that bubble up on all sides. The first pool is of *comparative* unimportance. The second, from which the locality derives its name, considerably exceeds half an acre in extent. It is but recently that it assumed its present dimensions. These apparently are daily increasing; and it bids fair, if its devouring energies continue undiminished, to join forces with its fellow pools, and form a lake some acres in extent. Numerous cracks and fissures scallop the edges of the yawning gulf, and indicate the direction of future encroachments. It is with feelings not altogether devoid of apprehension, therefore, that the stranger to these infernal regions cautiously approaches to windward of the steam, to gaze into the awesome abyss below him. The boiling hiss and roar of many waters issues increasingly from its cavernous depths, but heavy clouds of steam veil them from view, and the miniature cliffs, all jagged and crumbling, that plunge precipitately down into the sea of white, are speedily lost in its enveloping folds. Anon the wind sweeps past, and a momentary glimpse is obtainable, through a rift in the steam, of the perturbed and seething surface of the water. It is a wonderful sight. Alone it would repay the labor of the journey. And seen as I first saw it, when thunder rolled overhead, and the broad heavens were filled from time to time with the glare of lightning, the impressive character of the scene was enhanced.

Unlike Hell's Half-Acre, the third and largest pool is brimful, and overflows its edges, forming, with the minerals its waters contain in solution, a succession of steps and tiny ledges which entirely sur-

round it. It is impossible to conceive anything more beautiful than the brilliant coloring here presented. Its waters are of the purest, brightest, cerulean blue, but near the shallow edges are reflected the enclosing rocks, and the glorious blue is lost in yellow, pale green, or red, whilst chemical deposits, in exquisite arrangements, such as the genius of nature alone can suggest, of *écru* and ivory, lemon and orange, buff, chocolate, brown, pink, vermilion, bronze, and fawn, encircle the pool, or paint with ribbon-like effect the tiny streams that trickle from its overflow. Nor is this all. In the transparent curtain of rising steam, as it is gently wafted across the pine-wood landscape, a dim reflection of all these wondrous colors slowly dissipating and melting into thin air, is distinctly visible. The sleepy stillness, the appearance of profound depth, and the moist brilliancy of the coloring, defy all efforts at description. The brush of the greatest artist, the pen of the finest writer, would alike be laid aside in despair, and the genius of man perforce must bow before the power of nature, were it tasked to convey in a faithful picture the fantastic beauty of this unearthly scene.

We passed on through pine forests, seared and blackened by recent fires, and through the middle geyser basin, with its columns of steam, its subterranean rumblings, its hollow echoing of our horses' trampling, its hissing craters and its bubbling springs, that sometimes lay within a few feet of the track. Towards evening we entered the upper basin. Imagine the head of a valley walled in by sombre hills and threaded by a rushing stream. Patches of desert white alternating with clumps of pine trees filled the bottom. On all sides, issuing from amidst the foliage, dense columns of steam rose up and towered into the heavens. The storm had cleared, and the sun, sinking amidst gold and purple clouds, shed a fiery glow through the trees upon the ridges, that caused each twig, almost, I had said, each pine needle, to stand out clearly in a fringe of delicate tracery against the sky. As we crossed the stream and mounted the opposite bank, a vast monument of steam, followed by a stream of water one hundred and sixty feet high, shot up into the air at the further end of the basin. "There goes Old Faithful," exclaimed Dick; "the only reliable geyser in the park. You can always bet on seeing him every sixty-five minutes."

Already encamped here we found a

party of twenty American ladies and gentlemen, who were travelling through the park. They informed us that the Giantess (perhaps the finest, but certainly the most capricious geyser of all) was expected to play in the morning, and the Castle to perform the next evening. There are nine principal geysers, namely, the Giant, Giantess, Castle, Grand, Beehive, Comet, Fan, Grotto, and Old Faithful. With exception of the Grotto, which simply churns and makes a great uproar, one of these tremendous fountains may be expected at any moment to cast a stream of boiling water from one to two, or even three hundred feet into the air.

All geysers have not the same action, and most of them, in style of action, in the duration of their eruptions, and in the intervals that elapse between them, are apt individually to vary. Some play with labored pumping, others throw a continuous stream, some wear themselves out in a single effort, others subside only to recommence again repeatedly. Thus an eruption may extend from two to twenty minutes — the approximate time occupied by the Grand; or even to one hour and twenty minutes — a period that the Giant has been timed to play.

The colors that tinge the edges of some craters, and stain the courses of the streams that they send forth, are indescribably beautiful. The snowy whiteness of the grounding is relieved by dainty buffs, pale pinks and softest *écrus*, deep yellow shot with brown, orange streaked with vermilion or straying into crimson, chocolate merging into black, and interlined with lemon — by colors, in fact, run riot, and all glistening wet beneath the clearest crystal water, that in the centre of the crater deepens into the heavenliest blue. From such brilliancy it is a relief to turn towards the sullen hills of purple pines.

Extinct domes and craters, overgrown with flourishing trees, or mounds still bare, and even steaming, with otherwise only their immense size to indicate the mighty power that formed them, are found here and there, amongst those well known to be still active. Many craters are surrounded by the skeleton trunks of trees that they have killed, and which, under the action of their mineral waters, are rapidly becoming petrified; whilst in the conflict betwixt desolation and verdure, which, owing to the frequent variation of the centres of action, is constantly in progress, the lowly bunch-grass steals ground wherever it dare draw a blade.

Of all the geysers whose eruptions we witnessed, the Grand was, I think, the most interesting. It played each evening at a regular hour. We were thus enabled to get comfortably into front seats, focus our glasses, and discuss the programme, as it were, before the performance commenced. This it did very abruptly, although the activity displayed by a small vent-hole, and the furious bubbling in another orifice connected with it, might be accepted as premonitory symptoms. Suddenly, with a single prefatory spurt, the Grand shot a vast stream of water over two hundred feet into the air. For a few minutes this pressure was maintained with unabated vigor, then it suddenly ceased, and the waters shrank back out of sight in the cavernous hollow of the crater. Meanwhile the vent and cauldron were still furiously laboring, and subterranean thunder shook the ground on which we stood. After a minute's cessation, the geyser again burst forth without warning, and with even greater violence. This continued until nine successive pulsations had occurred. The latter efforts, however, perceptibly diminished in grandeur.

It is impossible to conjure up in words any idea of the majestic fury of the scene. The maddened rush of scalding water bursting for a moment's freedom from its mysterious captivity, the gigantic columns of dense vapor, the clouds and clouds of lace-like falling spray or diamond showers, the lance-tipped water-jets pennoned with puffs of steam, the subterranean reports, the wondrous effects of the evening sun on the silver sheaf of water-spears that with lightning rapidity flashed forth and vanished, broke and reformed, and the rainbow that shone through the drifting masses of gauzy mist, baffle entirely my powers of description. I could only gaze and marvel. The packers and teamsters were right: "the Yellowstone Park and them geysers is jest indescribable." Over and over again was I forced to admit it, and not the least heartily when I looked down the dim valley at night and watched the ghostly columns of gleaming vapor winding from amidst impenetrable shadows and invading the silent heavens, or listened to the ever-recurring rush and splashing of those mighty fountains breaking the stillness of the breathless hours.

Slightly removed from the main group is one of lesser importance, containing, however, objects of considerable interest. Chief amongst these is the Golconda spring. In some respects this is one of

the most striking features in the upper basin. It lies in the hollow of banks that form an exact representation of an inverted horseshoe. By tiny terraces, the creation of deposits contained in its heavily charged waters, the stream issues from the frog of the hoof and spreads over a large surface on its shallow course to the river. There is a strange fascination in striving to pierce the profound, pellucid and brilliant depths of this extraordinary spring. Somewhat akin the feeling is to that which impels us to gaze and gaze over some sheer, scarped precipice or into some grand ravine. One could stand for hours there, tracing the ivory cliffs bathed in sapphire circles, down, down, down, to where the gleaming waters grow black and awesome, and the creamy rocks contracting, lose their fantastic imagery and mass in weird mystery, to form the gloomy portals of what seem the fathomless abysses of another world.

As a game country the Yellowstone Park is a mistake. You may kill a few antelope, an occasional elk or deer; it would not be utterly impossible to happen on a stray bear or bison; but to go there merely for game is to court certain disappointment. Besides which, hunting is restricted in the park. Beyond its boundaries good game countries are easy of access; within them summer tourists have scared away all the game. Nevertheless it is always possible to kill enough birds and antelope to vary the camp fare. It is a delightful climate and a glorious country for gipsying. I, at least, never tire of riding through the cool dim pine woods and grassy glades, where the chipmunk and squirrel curiously reconnoitre you, and the odor of pine sap is heavy on the air, where the breeze from without penetrates only in softened and saddened murmurous tones, that in rising and falling seem to come from so far away, to linger so short a while near you, and to die away so very slowly in the unexplored aisles of the forest. On you ride silently over a thick carpet of pine needles, and smoke pipe after pipe whilst you travel lazily back over the past and its scenes in thought. Anon you halt for a while and chat to the wise-looking retriever "Shot," till the wagon wheels are heard creaking in the distance and you pass on again ahead of the party. Perchance the scene changes to some stream-threaded valley, full of beaver-dams, near which a few ducks are idly sailing in security. Here the pine yields place to willow bushes or the ever-rustling quaking aspen, and the

chipmunk and squirrel are succeeded by gorgeous butterflies and red-winged grasshoppers that spring away with noisy clapping from every tuft of grass beneath your horses' hoofs. At night round a blazing camp-fire Dick and old Brown, B. and I, sit through many a pleasant hour chatting, till the flames wax low and red and the vociferous snoring of the teamster warns us of the time. Old Brown then "gets off" his last tale or joke, and with a hearty good-night, we turn into luxurious couches of springy pine tops and buffalo robes, where we sleep *à la belle étoile* the unbroken sleep of a natural life. What silver-lit skies spread above us, what a glorious blue their shadowy depths embosom, and how exquisitely delicate is the tracery of yonder pine bough betwixt us and the late-rising moon! "Good-night, good-night," and "Shot" replies with a lazy yawn as he coils himself up against my back and makes himself comfortable also for the night. F. FRANCIS.

From Temple Bar.
ROBIN.

BY MRS. PARR, AUTHOR OF "ADAM AND EVE."

CHAPTER X.

"Her watery eyes have burning force,
Her floods and flames conspire;
Tears kindle sparks—sobs fuel are,
And sighs but fan the fire."

THAT first evening which the three spent together remained all his life fresh in Christopher's memory; it was an epoch in his existence, the birth of a new life in which he was caught by the hand of friendship on the one side, and beckoned by the finger of love on the other. Years after, he could repeat and go over every trifling detail that had taken place, and the magic of Venice seen by him then, abided with him forever.

When they got back to their hotel, and Robin had left them, Christopher expected that he should hear some further explanations, but after two or three cursory remarks which served only to make light of his former fears, Mr. Veriker altogether avoided the subject. His anxiety relieved, his pains gone, back had come his old flow of high spirits, and he rattled on from one thing to the other until Christopher had to plead that the fatigue of the journey was beginning to tell upon him, and that in spite of his inclination to stay, he felt it would be wiser to go off to bed.

"Quite right," said Mr. Veriker, "for I

heard by what she said at parting, that you've got your day cut out and dried for you to-morrow. Thank Heaven! I've done with sightseeing; no more palaces, and churches, and galleries for me. I leave to Robin the honor of doing cicerone—she's young and has the energy for it."

"And the good-nature, too," said Christopher, "only I must take care not to let her overtire herself about it."

"Oh, no fear of that with a gondola to take you where you want to go—besides you mustn't do too much at a time, there'll be no need to hurry. Now we've got you here, we don't mean to let you off under a month or two, I can assure you."

Christopher shook his head.

"I sha'n't be able to stay as long as that," he said, "but already you have made me feel so at home with you that I am sure it won't be for want of inclination."

"Then we're quits, for, by Jove! to see me now, you wouldn't believe I was the same man I was a few hours ago. Depend upon it, it's best to have nothing to do with those doctoring chaps; I know I wish I hadn't seen the one I went to. Not that I believe the half of what he said, only it isn't a cheerful idea to dwell upon, especially if a fellow happens to feel a bit seedy."

"I must say you don't look very much of an invalid," said Christopher laughingly—"not at all what I expected from your letter to find you."

Mr. Veriker was delighted.

"A bit of a humbug, then, you think me? All right; never mind that, so long as it has brought you to us."

"Oh, I heartily forgive you. For years it has been my wish to see you and Robin. As I was telling her this evening, hardly a day passed without my stepmother's saying something to me about her. With her dying breath she spoke of her to my father, telling him always to remember that she was the child of her sister, and bore the name of Robina."

The words seemed to touch Mr. Veriker. He nodded his head, but made no answer; and Christopher, thinking it best to accept this as a signal of dismissal, bade him good-night and went off to the room that had been prepared for him.

Once alone, he sat down with some vague idea of collecting his thoughts and examining his impressions, a task quickly given up as impossible—ears, eyes, imagination, all had run riot. Visions of Robin floated before him; stories and

smart sayings of Mr. Veriker rang in his ears; a dozen schemes and fancies filled his brain: nothing was to be hoped for that night — his senses had become unmanageable and so completely beyond his control that he saw his wisest plan would be to hurry into bed, and trust to sleep and a night's rest for restoring, in place of this dazed being, the sober, matter-of-fact mortal he had up to this present time held himself to be.

Cramped by a continual atmosphere of repression, hitherto Christopher had rested ignorant of the capabilities for enjoyment which he possessed. This turmoil of new emotions, of gaiety and excitement, produced a sense of happiness entirely new to him, and he slept soundly and awoke refreshed, ready to carry out the plans which the night before he and Robin had made.

Those who know Venice will recall the life about to open out for Christopher, and such need not be told that a week there draws people closer together than years spent under ordinary circumstances in ordinary places.

From midday, when at Florian's, the Quadri, or at an old haunt of Mr. Veriker's on the Riva dei Schiavoni, the three met to breakfast together, they were seldom or never apart.

Each morning, long before Mr. Veriker was up, Robin and Christopher had started off to visit some church or see some picture. At that early hour busy life had not begun to stir, the windows of the palaces were still dark, empty gondolas waited at the water-washed stairs below. Between the pauses of talk, they could hear the distant murmur of the sea — the sea that washed upon the shores of Lido — and Robin would strangle at its birth a sigh, for was it not there that she and Jack had spent so many blissful hours together?

At the quay below the Rialto, they would come upon the market boats piled up with fruit and greenery, fresh from far-off islands in the Lagoon, and dismissing Paolo, the two would saunter back through the Merceria, stopping like children here and there caught by the sight of curious many-colored shells, bright Oriental stuffs, trinkets, gems, which soon, if Robin but admired, Christopher wanted at once to buy.

In the afternoon longer expeditions were undertaken. Only permit him to remain stretched at his ease on the cushions of the gondola, and Mr. Veriker never quarrelled at how far he was asked

to go — Murano, Tercello, Chioggia — it did not matter in the least.

"All I bargain for is that we shall want some dinner," he would say, "so get back in decent time for that."

After dinner, with his coffee, Mr. Veriker liked a cigar, and while smoking it, a chat with some chance acquaintance who, posted up in the scandal of the place, could give him a little idea of what was going on around him. Robin, knowing his habits, would propose a stroll, and off together she and Christopher would go. Perhaps she would talk to him of her father, tell him of her past life, the places she had seen, the way they had lived there — Christopher only dropping in a word here and there to keep her talking, not caring what she said so long as he might listen and look at her.

When she had taken these walks with Jack, Robin had never cared to speak, and if he did not talk, there would be long silences between them, when instead of words, tremulous, half-smothered, happy sighs rose to her lips; but with Christopher, as with her father, she had the desire to let her tongue run, and on from one subject to another it went without thought or care.

Only, two or three times, suddenly, in the midst, while she was yet speaking, a voice, a sound, the scent of a flower, the splash of an oar would come as a sudden stab to her, and she would be seized by the impulse to run away, far off, to some place where alone, unseen, she might fling herself down and ease this passion of sobs which lay choking in her throat. How should she keep them back? She could not speak — at least not yet; so, pausing, with dumb-show she would bid Christopher look, and he, following her gaze, would stand as if rapt, looking out afar, not seeing the fair scene that lay before him there, for his eyes were turned within watching the tumult of a most rebellious heart which fought and struggled, mocked by a voice which asked if its next cry was to be for the moon.

As distant and far off as seemed that moon which sailed above their heads, was any hope Christopher had that Robin should ever be moved to listen to his love. In that, he never cheated himself; he knew that very soon after he had first seen her, though why, or how, or when, it ceased to be his own he could not tell, he had delivered up to Robin every atom of his heart — it was hers, solely hers, to stab, to sting, to trample on.

Bitterness to Christopher, who would

willingly have endured any pain if but a germ of hope lay hidden in it, Robin did none of this; she simply accepted all that she saw he offered her, and taxed his strength to its utmost limits by the outspoken, frank affection in which she sought to pay him back, pleasing herself and, as she seemed to think, him by constantly recalling to his mind that pledge they were under to look upon each other as sister and brother. Well! under that subterfuge, so long as it kept him near to be of service to her, he would remain; there would be time and enough of sad opportunity, when he got back into the dull routine of his solitary life to face his difficulties, take himself in hand, and regain the mastery of self control. Christopher never doubted but that this mastery would be his; he forgot that a great teacher has said, "Withstand the beginning, after remedies come too late."

But blind as Robin was—for eyes closed by love for one away oftentimes fail to see love that has drawn near—Mr. Veriker suffered from no short-sightedness in this matter. It did not take him long before he had come to a tolerably correct conclusion as to the turn affairs had taken. And how did the knowledge affect him?—it filled him by turns with satisfaction and displeasure: satisfaction inasmuch as Robin married, and his anxiety ended, what mattered anything so long as she was provided for; and then came the thought of how this provision would come about—by "that old brute's son" marrying his daughter, and up would leap the fire of enmity fanned into flame by a hundred bitter memories, until Mr. Veriker in his wrath and indignation would swear she had better beg her bread—he would rather see her marry any one—Jack?—oh a thousand times rather Jack than Christopher, that is, so long as Christopher had a father; but fathers could not live forever, and old Blunt, tough as he was, the wrong side of sixty, must drop off some day, and then, surely there was nothing for Robin that he could desire better. She was young, of an age when girls could be tempted into taking fancies; and with as much money as she cared for, to spend, a man who would worship her—take her where she liked to go, give her everything she wanted—what on earth more could any girl wish for? and yet, all this and more had been offered to her mother! and—God reward her!—she had flung it aside for his sake, had chosen him, stuck by him, given up all to marry him; and he had broken her

heart—she had died, they said, of the ruin he had brought upon her.

"No! no!" he murmured, wiping his eyes, which of late were apt to grow dim whenever he dwelt, as he often dwelt now, on past days and old memories, "I must try and keep her child from making such a sacrifice. I won't think of Jack, we must give him the slip: it wouldn't do,—he's too much what I was, and we're not worth it, fellows like Jack and I."

And then in his mind arose a more present difficulty.

Supposing anything did chance to happen to him, and Jack was written to, as soon as he heard of it, if he fancied her left alone to get on as best she could, he'd be safe to come and see what was going to become of her, and if she'd found a home with the Blunts or with somebody they knew, to have a fellow like Jack dropping suddenly down among a strait-laced set would never do.

"In their respectable eyes it would do—her as completely," he said, "as if she had me constantly at her elbow."

CHAPTER XI.

"J'ai dans l'esprit une femme comme il y en a peu, qui me préserve des femmes comme il y en a beaucoup."

STRANGELY enough, since Christopher's arrival neither Robin nor Mr. Veriker had once mentioned Jack before him. By tacit consent his name was avoided, and if in telling a story reference was obliged to be made to him, he was spoken of as a friend who happened at the time to be one of their party. Even to one another they had ceased to talk of him, and to the name once so familiar—though it still lay ever on their tongues—they refused utterance.

"I want papa to forget," Robin would say to herself—"to fancy that I don't think about Jack—that I don't care for him any more."

Poor child! to have it suspected that she had given her love without its being asked or being wanted, seemed a terrible humiliation. For if Jack could not look on her as anything but a child, that her father should still regard her as one was a necessity; and though she well knew that girls sometimes married at her age, and that in some experiences she was older than many women, still the thought of being looked on by those two as forward beyond her years, brought blushes to her face, and filled her with shame and confusion.

What a relief it was to feel that Chris-

topher knew nothing of this — dear, quiet, sober, matter-of-fact. Christopher! With him she could be free as air without any fear of misinterpretation; she could say what she liked, as she pleased; they could discuss, speculate, argue about everything together, more especially about love, a theme that somehow always came uppermost — led to, Robin believed, by her desires, entered on, Christopher feared, by his hopes. Both professed great ignorance regarding it, and yet each spoke as if from experience — Robin wounding, slaying the tender passion with her tongue, Christopher upholding, pleading for, defending it.

How often — in after days — Christopher went over those walks again, holding a knowledge then, which shed a light on each discussion. Carried away, he would seem to stand on the very spot where the words were said; the surroundings of the scene a cruelly faithful memory brought before him. Above, the stars; below, the sea — a forest of gondolas moored around the steps close by which they were standing. Sometimes, tempted by the beauty of the night, they would step into one of these and be rowed out to San Giorgio.

As long as he lived, Christopher never forgot one of those evenings, nor the enchantment in which they had enthralled him.

"Oh! how we shall miss him when he is gone," Robin said over and over again to her father.

And Mr. Veriker agreed with her.

Of late, more especially for the last ten days or so, he had been constantly dwelling on the possibility of Robin herself having the desire to care for Christopher.

"She's got sense enough," he said to himself, "and, it's my belief, sees that it would be a good thing for her — that keeping mum about Jack, never dropping a syllable about him, shows to my mind that the wind's in that direction."

And then he would sigh and premise that it was the best thing that could happen, particularly if she thought so. Women were odd fish, 'twas of no use men trying to fathom them. He had thought she meant to break her heart over Jack. "Poor old Jack!" He felt quite sorry for him, grew sentimental each time he thought of him, until a certain day when — happily Robin was not with him — a letter was brought to him, a letter from Jack full of reproaches that he had been left so long a time without hearing a word about them.

Full of alarm, Mr. Veriker put this let-

ter into his pocket. What was the use of upsetting everything now? He rather thought it was his duty to keep silent and say nothing about it; if he showed her what Jack had written, how could he tell in what way it would affect Robin? besides, beyond the present there was the future to be thought of. The reading of that letter had thrown him into a state of agitation, one by one his fears began to awaken, and with each dull thud of his heart a mournful voice repeated, "Jack must be got rid of, Jack must be got rid of." So with the idea of strengthening his resolution, but in reality as a relief to this fit of nervous emotion, he ran his eyes once more over the paper and then tore it up into atoms, which he threw away.

Perhaps the consciousness of this deception disposed Mr. Veriker to be the whole of the ensuing day more than usually critical with Christopher, so that, strive as he might, he could not help comparing everything he said or did with what Jack would have said or would have done in similar circumstances.

It had been arranged that the afternoon should be devoted to visiting Murano. The weather was perfect: an opal sky, an azure sea, with a filmy mist which softened without obscuring all it fell upon. Never before had Christopher felt himself so entirely under the influence of this external beauty; it seemed to enslave his imagination, to attack his senses so that he became absent and dreamy; and Robin, noticing his humor, began to twit him on his idleness and want of energy. Assisted by her father, soon a dozen openings were given, each of which a more ready man would have seized on as an opportunity for furthering his suit; but for two reasons Christopher said nothing to the purpose — in the first place, the gift of ready speech had been denied him; in the second, his feelings were too earnest to find outlet in froth. Shallow waters run their course noisily; deep rivers flow silently.

To gauge Christopher, therefore, was beyond the depth of Mr. Veriker's power — remembering his own successes, his theory was that women as a rule give their love to those best practised in the art of winning it. What was the good of sitting mum and saying nothing? — a beggar that is dumb, you know. "Ah, yes," he said to himself, "a beggar that is dumb!" but that dumb beggar had eyes to look out of, not to see with, which is about all the use poor Christopher can make of his. And this led him to a men-

tal survey of Jack's face, which had always been a puzzle to him, inasmuch as he knew, that so far as actual good looks went, his own beat it. "But for real downright mischief," he mused reflectively, "upon my life, I'd back Jack's phisog. against any other," and without altering his position or letting his eyes wander to where Christopher and Robin were sitting, he conjured up the two he had so often seen there together — remembered how his weak nature had made him go back with Paolo so that he might avoid the embarrassment of feeling he ought to look after them.

A side glance stolen at Robin showed him a head drooped, a face dreamy with a shadowed sadness in the far-off gaze of eyes which smote his heart heavily within him. Was it of Jack she was thinking? Poor child, why had he not looked after them better? Surely it might have struck any man who knew Jack as he did, that it was the right thing to do — and then, as a salve to the course he had now taken, came the probability that a thousand to one in spite of all he had written, by this time Jack had found friends and was in the way of soon being caught by new faces.

Times out of number when Robin was in pinafores, he had known Jack in love — furiously smitten, worked up to the white heat of passion, so that all his friends were betting on the fool he was about to make of himself; and in the very thick of it all, some fine morning, everybody awoke to learn that Jack was gone — had left the place, nobody, his inamorata included, able to guess for where, or for what earthly reason. Every one had some conjecture to hazard, but it never occurred to any one, and certainly not to Mr. Veriker, to be within a mile of the truth, which generally was, that at a certain point of sliding Jack had suddenly pulled himself up, looked temptation in the face, and in the battle which ensued had come off so far conqueror that he had strength left to run away from his danger.

It was this habit that had stood him in good stead when he had made up his mind concerning Robin, with the difference that in place of striving to rid himself of every recollection, Jack carried away Robin's face enshrined in his inmost heart. The knowledge that she loved him he treasured as a talisman to help him to get on, and to protect him from evil.

"Bless her! bless her!" he would say, pressing to his lips an old faded photograph taken in the early days when Robin

wore short petticoats and her hair hung loose down her back. Below in crooked, cramped letters she had written then, "Your own, your very own Robin."

"And so she is still!" Jack would tell himself triumphantly. "I don't believe it has ever entered her head to give a single thought to any other man."

The result of Jack's past made this certainty score a great deal for Robin, and then absence, occupation, a strange place, with not a creature he knew, all helped to fan a flame which, under other circumstances or elsewhere, might by this time have flickered very low. Jack had always been a bad correspondent, and unless one wanted something or the other, during any of the times they had been apart, very few letters had passed between him and the Verikers. Now, much as he would have liked to write and hear from Robin, the same sense of honor which had closed his lips fettered his pen; to write to her the every-day commonplace letter of a friend was impossible, and by her silence he judged that she was under the same influence. But this feeling had nothing to do with Mr. Veriker, whom Jack anathematized from a free vocabulary as the most selfish, the laziest fellow the earth contained. Oh, if he only had him near! for words easy to say have an ugly look on paper, and Jack had to content himself by a somewhat curt epistle, asking in straightforward English to be informed what they were about, where they were going, and what they were meaning to do, and it was this very letter which, reaching Mr. Veriker, had caused him such perplexity.

More than a week had gone by since he had received it, and so far nothing was done. Every morning he awoke with the determination to write to Jack, but the day passed and the night came, and he went to bed again not having done it.

Happily for his decision, it was at length in a way forced by a conversation with Christopher. in which he related with much satisfaction certain portions of a letter received by him that morning from his father. Mr. Blunt acknowledged himself very satisfied with the reports which had been given him; he asked question after question regarding Robin, and he particularly desired, as he wished to see what she was like, that Christopher should bring back a photograph of her. There seemed no doubt then, but that when she needed it — and a terrible conviction was forced on him that need it soon she would — a home with these relations would be

offered her, and if so Jack must be got rid of, put altogether off their scent, and the sooner it was done the better.

The following day Mr. Veriker excused himself from the afternoon expedition. Under the plea of lying down to get some rest he would secure the opportunity of writing Jack a letter.

The paper lay upon the table, the pen was in his hand, only the words to say were not ready.

The poor battered conscience which had slept undisturbedly through many a doubtful transaction was suddenly up in arms, and Mr. Veriker lacked all heart to quiet it.

Until now, it had not come to him how much he cared for Jack — valued his good opinion — enjoyed his fellowship; and he was going to fling all these away, cut himself off from him altogether. Already his memory had travelled back to bygone days; he was going through past scenes — remembering forgotten debts, old obligations. It was true that Jack had a habit of saying hard things, and at times made you feel a terrible rough tongue of his own, but for sticking to his word and never sneaking out of it if things went wrong, he hadn't his fellow —

The afternoon had slipped away, but Mr. Veriker was but very little advanced with his letter, and yet it must be written; for Robin's sake he must make the sacrifice, it was the only amends he could make her. So with as much jauntiness as he could find expression for, he informed Jack that he felt wonderfully better, but not so well as he yet meant to be when they found a place with more sun, and fewer people from their own country. "It's up stick, and away now from Venice, so until we find another resting-place you won't hear from us. I have the address you left to write to in case of necessity, but there's little fear but what you will get some news of us before you move from where you're now hanging out." Then followed a rhodomontade respecting his health and his hopes of speedily getting quite well again, an invented message or two from Robin, and he signed his name and it was finished.

Sealed and directed, he sat with it in his hand, with his eyes, looking straight before him, fixed in vacancy. Suddenly he buried his face in his arms. Even when alone men seek to hide their tears, and this treachery to Jack seemed the warrant of his own death — in casting him off he was giving up his last, lingering hopes of life.

CHAPTER XII.

"Standing, with reluctant feet.
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!"

It was Christopher's last evening in Venice; he was to start the next day, and he, and Robin, and Mr. Veriker were full of those promises, agreements, stipulations, which friends at parting make together.

Each had some confidence to impart, something particular to say — best said when only one was with the other; and, in consequence, a series of stratagems were resorted to, and kept up on Mr. Veriker's part to get rid of Robin, and in the case of Robin and Christopher to get rid of Mr. Veriker. In this the two latter had just succeeded. Christopher wanted to have a last look of sunset from the public gardens, and he had asked Robin to go with him there.

"We won't include you," he said to Mr. Veriker, "because it might make you feel tired, and you and I will want to have our talk later."

In the Via Garibaldi, as is usual, a crowd of loiterers were looking in at the shop windows, before which neither Christopher nor Robin cared to linger. They walked briskly, talking of indifferent subjects until they reached the entrance of the gardens, which, except for a few old men and some women clustered together, were deserted.

"Shall we go to the end — to our favorite seat?" asked Robin, leading the way.

Christopher followed her — he was full of that dumb pain which hangs on our spirits and is a weight on our tongues; he wanted Robin to know how much he suffered at parting with her, and he could find no words in which to tell her.

The seat reached — a tumble-down affair backed by some thick, feathery tamarisk trees — they sat down, and for some time, without speaking, watched the "orb's departing glory." Robin's thoughts ran on many things; Christopher's on one. Dare he venture to take her hand? almost fearing to meet her look, he took it. Startled, Robin turned quickly round, but only to smile at him encouragingly, and clasp the palm which trembled next her own. A lump of lead seemed to sink within Christopher; with quick pressure he took his hand away. What a terrible jar to love is mere affection!

Jewelled with islands, there spread out before them, lay the golden sea, girt round with outlined chain of snowy peaks. The fishing-boats, with orange sails, were dot-

ted here and there waiting for the wind, a gentle breeze of which already was being wafted from afar.

"Robin!" Christopher in desperation at length exclaimed, "you'll think of me sometimes, won't you?"

Her thoughts had wandered off to Jack. It was he who had taught her to feel the beauty of a scene like this.

"Think of you! yes," rousing herself, "and very often too."

"That's right"—how his sentences seemed jerked out to-night; his heart kept up such a thudding that he had no breath to give his speech the measure it usually had. "And whatever you want in any way you're to write to me—you'll remember that?"

"I'm not likely to forget," and she smiled sadly, "considering I have no one in the world who cares to be of use to me—but you."

Should he tell her? It was madness, he knew, but yet, oh the sick longing that came into his heart! Involuntarily he shut his eyes, opening them to find Robin looking at him.

"The glare dazzles you," she said.

Alas! instead of the despair which Jack would have called up to his aid, Christopher's face showed nothing but that his eyes were weak and filled with water.

"I ought not to look at the sun," he said bitterly, and he put up his hand and pressed his fingers tight, striving to keep back that torrent which was sapping all his strength.

Futile! vain! hopeless! none knew better than himself, were any words which he might now say—Robin did not love him, in that never for a moment had he been deceived; his deception lay in the belief that as yet she did not know love, and in the cherished hope that at some distant far-off day to come, it might be his to teach the lesson. And nurturing this hope, fed by a thousand specious arguments, Christopher would conjure up his own image, scan his appearance, examine into his advantages, trying to discover if he possessed one single merit that could prove a lure by which the heart he coveted might be caught. He too had a photograph of Robin to look at—the one lately taken at Vianelli's to show to his father—and in his own room, when alone, he would take it from out its many coverings, and hold it before him feasting his eyes. Fool! madman! that he was—ever to dream that she could be won by him.

For Robin, without possessing the gift

of rare beauty, had a face which steals away men's hearts: there was in it a mixture of childlike innocence and daring sauciness—she could look tears and smile sunshine. Then her light-heartedness and gaiety of disposition, inherited from her father, were a species of subtle intoxication far removed from the effect of high spirits, which she did not possess, and which when not shared in makes companions sad. Robin had rather the art of adapting herself to every one's humor, and while doing so the power of gradually imparting to them her own.

The opportunity of making girl friends had never been given her. Mr. Veriker had kept aloof from the society of women: it was a tribute to the love in which he held his wife's memory, that, being in the prime of life and very handsome, he pointedly avoided seeking any feminine intimacy. Those who had the hardihood to disregard this avoidance and to thrust themselves on him, he protected his daughter from, and—as whenever Jack was with them he had a worthy coadjutor in him—the world of women was a *terra incognita* to Robin. Was it from this reason that she was so utterly devoid of the small—the petty—weaknesses common to many of her sex? She knew that she was pretty, and openly showed the pleasure she took in the fact; but of vanity—in its true meaning—she had none. Candid, frank, open, the girl with good training might have been perfect; as it was, left to run wild with no pruning, she lacked many of those moral conditions without which no character can be duly balanced.

It must not be supposed that Christopher was blind to the faults he saw in her, neither could he turn a deaf ear to some things which pained him inexpressibly. Careful as Mr. Veriker strove to be, and anxious as he was to appear at his best before Christopher, as a figure cannot bring forth thistles, nor a grape thorns, neither can a man whose morality is easy, call up virtues to assume at will. Mr. Veriker would talk of people to Robin, tell stories before her, at which Christopher—who had given her wings—would feel his hair stand on end, and—severest shock of all—his angel would supply names, jog her father's memory, and help out his recollections.

When Jack was with them Robin had suffered from many a sharp rebuke from him, and had often been told to hold her tongue; but much as it pained Christopher, he felt powerless to speak—the evil

seemed rooted so much deeper down to him. It had its origin in the life she led, the places she saw; and apart from his love, he was possessed by a great longing to rescue her from this, to guide her by a teaching of which she knew nothing, for of many truths, the heathen in a savage land had as much knowledge as poor Robin. And the same compassion—although in a lesser degree—he spread out towards Mr. Veriker, with whom Christopher never talked without realizing how impotent words are when, to those we say them to, they bear no meaning.

Mr. Veriker's sole anxiety as to death, was that he had to leave Robin. "I'm afraid I must make up my mind to throw up my hand," he would say, "and there, so far as I've found out, will be an end of the game—and of me." Then seeing that Christopher looked pained, he would add by way of consolation, "You talk to Robin about that, my good fellow, make her listen to what you've been telling me—women are ever so much easier to convince about that sort of thing than men are."

It never seemed to present itself to Mr. Veriker that Christopher was a man—most certainly he never regarded him as one; he rather looked on him as some strange anomaly, some unaccountable being, possessing a pot of money, and not an idea of enjoying it! except in spending it on him and Robin, and that certainly he had done freely enough since he had been there; he was never tired of bringing them gifts, anticipating their wishes, providing them with pleasures. They had lived as much as was possible *en prince* since Christopher had come to Venice.

From Temple Bar.

JANE AUSTEN.*

THE chronicle of Miss Austen's life is brief and simple. For twenty-five years from her birth on December 16, 1775, she lived in her father's family at the rectory of Steventon in Hampshire, making of course occasional visits to relatives and friends, some of which visits took her to Bath. In 1801, on the resignation of her father, she went with her family to Bath, and from thence, after Mr. Austen's death

in February, 1805, she removed to Southampton. There she remained for four years, when her mother, her sister Cassandra, and herself, took up their abode at Chawton in Hampshire, in a house belonging to Mr. Austen's second son. This continued to be her home till her last illness. She died in Winchester, whither she had gone for medical advice, on July 10, 1817. She made few friends beyond the circle of her own family, and it is not known that she was ever seriously in love.

Her literary activity falls into two distinct sections. She began "Pride and Prejudice" in October, 1796, at the age of twenty, and finished it in August, 1797. "Sense and Sensibility" was begun in November, 1797. "Northanger Abbey" was composed in 1798. Then came a pause. During the nine years passed at Bath and Southampton, extending from her twenty-sixth to her thirty-fifth year, we do not know that she wrote anything except the short but striking history of "Lady Susan," a novel in letters, though it is probable that the fragment which Mr. Austen-Leigh entitles "The Watsons," was begun in these nine years. She published nothing till 1811; but from that date onwards, novel followed novel with great rapidity. "Sense and Sensibility," after undergoing revision, was published in 1811; "Pride and Prejudice" in 1813; "Mansfield Park" followed in 1814; "Emma" at the end of 1815; and "Persuasion" came out with "Northanger Abbey," after her death, in 1818.

This silence may be explained by the discouragement which attended Miss Austen's first attempts to put her work in print. A proposal made by her father to Mr. Cadell for the publication of a novel "comprising three volumes—about the length of Miss Burney's 'Evelina'"—("Pride and Prejudice") was declined by return of post. The fate of "Northanger Abbey" was still more humiliating. It was sold in 1803 to a publisher in Bath for ten pounds, but "it found so little favor in his eyes that he chose to abide by his first loss rather than risk further expense by publishing such a work." "The Thorpes," "Tilneys," and "Catherine Morland" for ten pounds, and dear at the price! Afterwards, when four novels had been published, Jane wished to recover the copyright.

One of her brothers undertook the negotiation. He found the purchaser very willing to receive back his money and to resign all claim to the copyright. When the bargain was concluded, and the money paid, but not till then,

* Novels by Jane Austen, with a biography, in six volumes. Bentley and Son.

the negotiator had the satisfaction of informing him that the work thus lightly esteemed was by the author of "Pride and Prejudice."

Six novels, of which four only were published in her life, and a few fragments, do not make up a large bulk of work for one who wrote so rapidly and well as Miss Austen. It is true that she died in her forty-third year, but on the other hand she began to write at a very early age. She was barely twenty when she began "Pride and Prejudice," and she finished it in ten months. After a brief interval she is engaged upon a fresh work, "Sense and Sensibility," which is completed with equal rapidity. Thus before she was twenty-three she had written two of the best novels in the language. At this rate she might have filled our shelves, as recent novelists have filled them. But the great stimulus to over-production was wanting; there was no demand for her labor. No printer's boy waited to carry off her "copy," no editor insisted on another sheet to make up his forthcoming number. Unknown and in silence she created her wonderful stories. Mrs. Bennet lamented in vain; Mr. Collins made love and no one laughed. With nothing but her own taste to guide her, she produced work almost faultless in style; and wrote English which puts us to shame. She composed in the first instance for her own amusement — from her earliest childhood writing rather than reading attracted her — and therefore she wrote when and as she pleased. She altered, excised, rewrote, caring for nothing but the perfection which satisfied her own judgment. She steadily refused to travel beyond the circle within which she felt that her powers ranged. In the last years of her life, when she became known as an authoress, she received various suggestions from friends that she should write a novel on this or that subject. Mr. Clarke, for instance, the librarian of Carlton House, requested her to "delineate the habits, character, and enthusiasm of a clergyman who should pass his time between the metropolis and the country, who should be something like Beattie's minstrel —

"Silent when glad, affectionate though shy,

And in his looks was most demurely sad;

And now he laughed aloud, yet none knew why."

What induced the man to make this request, it is hard to say; Jane's clergymen are far enough removed from such a type. The qualities which they distinctly have *not*, are earnestness and enthusiasm.

Mr. Collins and Mr. Elton are selfish, underbred men, whose thoughts are wholly occupied with themselves. Dr. Grant, in "Mansfield Park," is a *bon vivant*, of whom we hear in connection with a roast turkey and the best means of turning a living to good account. The young men who are about to take orders, the Bertrams, Tilneys, and Ferrars, have common sense, and morals enough to enable them to fill the place of a country clergyman, and that is all. They never exhibit any peculiar fitness for their vocation, unless it be that they appear to be fit for nothing else. Jane knew this, and answered Mr. Clarke thus: —

I am quite honored by your thinking me capable of drawing such a clergyman as you gave the sketch of in your note. But I assure you I am not. The comic part of the character I might be equal to, but not the good, the enthusiastic, the literary. Such a man's conversation must at times be on subjects of science and philosophy, of which I know nothing, or at least be occasionally abundant in quotations and allusions, which a woman who, like me, knows only her mother tongue, and has read little in that, would be totally without the power of giving. A classical education or, at any rate, a very extensive acquaintance with English literature, ancient and modern, appears to me quite indispensable for the person who would do any justice to your clergyman; and I think I may boast myself to be with all possible vanity the most unlearned and uninformed female who ever dared to be an authoress.

The same gentleman, failing with his parson, suggested yet another subject. "A historical romance, illustrative of the august house of Coburg would just now be very interesting," he writes, on the occasion of the approaching marriage of Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold, whose chaplain and secretary he had recently become. It is difficult to believe that any man, even a chaplain, could have made such a proposal. What have history and the august house of Coburg to do with life in English villages and watering-places, with the ultra-genteel and demi-vulgar, the artful or artless young women, and somewhat flabby young men, whom Jane Austen knew from the heart outwards? She answers, humorously: —

I am fully sensible that a historical romance founded on the House of Saxe-Coburg might be much more to the purpose of profit or popularity than such pictures of domestic life in country villages as I deal in. But I could no more write a romance than an epic poem. I could not sit seriously down to write a serious romance under any motive than to save my

life, and if it were indispensable to keep it up and never relax into laughing at myself or at other people, I am sure that I should be hung before I had finished the first chapter. No! I must keep to my own style and go on in my own way; and though I may never succeed again in that, I am convinced that I shall totally fail in any other.

This is from a letter dated April 1, 1816. In August she had finished "Persuasion." Who would exchange Anne Elliot for "a wilderness" of heroines of the "august house of Coburg"?

The same self-command and certainty of aim showed itself in her mode of composition:—

She had no separate study to retire to, and most of the work must have been done in the general sitting-room, subject to all kinds of casual interruptions. She was careful that her occupation should not be suspected by servants, or visitors, or any persons beyond her own family party. She wrote upon small sheets of paper, which could easily be put away, or covered with a piece of blotting-paper. There was, between the front door and the offices, a swing door which creaked when it was opened; but she objected to having this little inconvenience remedied, because it gave her notice when any one was coming. I have no doubt [her nephew and biographer continues] that I and my sisters and cousins, on our visits to Chawton, frequently disturbed this mystic process, without having any idea of the mischief we were doing: certainly we should never have guessed by any signs of impatience or irritability in the writer.

Of herself Jane says in a letter:—

What should I do with your strong, manly, vigorous sketches, full of variety and glow? How could I possibly join them on to the little bit (two inches wide) of ivory on which I work with so fine a brush as produces little effect after much labor?

Miss Austen read little; she seems to have shared Lamb's aversion to the acquirement of useful knowledge. He could read anything but the authors who form the necessary part of a gentleman's library. She "detested quartos." "Ladies who read those enormous great, stupid, thick quarto volumes, which one always sees in the breakfast parlor there, must be acquainted with everything in the world." To write and create was her pleasure; her vein of original composition was so full and strong that she had no need to replenish it with reading. She knew French well and something of Italian, but we find little or no traces of either French or Italian literature in her works. Richardson she had carefully studied and knew minutely; she was so far influenced

by his example that some of her earliest attempts seem to have been written in the form of letters—as "Lady Susan" still is. "Sense and Sensibility" was so composed, but was rewritten after the removal to Chawton in 1809. She is accurate in all her descriptions of ships and naval affairs; but her knowledge of these matters was derived from conversation and correspondence with her two youngest brothers, who were in the navy, rather than from any study of the subject in books. Not that she shrank from such reading: she mentions with pleasure an "Essay on the Military Police, and Institutions of the British Empire," by Captain Pasley, "which I find delightfully written and highly interesting. I am as much in love with the author as ever I was with Clarkson or Buchanan. The first soldier I ever sighed for, but he does write with extraordinary force and spirit." Captain Pasley's book was an *octavo*. Her opinion of the far-famed "Spectator," the great thesaurus of sound English and sound morality, she has given us in "Northanger Abbey," in a passage in which she makes a powerful claim for the novel as against other kinds of literature.

"I am no novel-reader—I seldom look into novels—Do not imagine that I often read novels—It is really very well for a novel." Such is the common cant. "And what are you reading, Miss —?" "Oh! it is only a novel!" replies the young lady; while she lays down her book with affected indifference or momentary shame. It is only "Cecilia" or "Camilla" or "Belinda;" or, in short, only some work in which the greatest powers of the mind are displayed, in which the most thorough knowledge of human nature, the happiest delineation of its varieties, the liveliest effusions of wit and humor, are conveyed to the world in the best chosen language. Now, had the same young lady been engaged with a volume of "The Spectator," instead of such a work, how proudly would she have produced the work and told its name; though the chances must be against her being occupied with any part of that voluminous publication, of which the matter or manner would not disgust a young person of taste.

This passage is the more interesting because it is perhaps the sole instance of irritation and severity to be found in Miss Austen's works.

So far as we know, her favorite authors were Johnson in prose, Crabbe in verse, and Cowper in both. "She would sometimes say, in jest, that if ever she married at all, she could fancy being Mrs. Crabbe."

The truth is that she estimated the knowledge which comes from life far

above the knowledge which comes from books. In this learning she was herself skilled as few have been, and she knew the value of it. When Fanny Price appears at Mansfield Park, she is at a great disadvantage in all accomplishments as compared with her cousins, the Bertrams.

"My cousin is really so very ignorant," says one Miss Bertram. "Do you know, we asked her last night what way she would go to get to Ireland! and she said she should cross to the Isle of Wight, and she calls it *the island*, as if there were no other island in the world. I am sure I should have been ashamed of myself if I had not known better long before I was so old as she is. I cannot remember the time when I did not know a great deal that she has not the least notion of yet. How long ago is it since we had to repeat the chronological order of the Kings of England with the dates of their accession, and most of the principal events of their reigns?"

"Yes," added the other, "and of the Roman Emperors as low as Severus, besides a great deal of the heathen mythology and all the metals, semi-metals, plants and distinguished philosophers."

As the story develops these young ladies, so precocious and well informed, make but a poor show beside the ignorant Fanny Price, for, "with all their promising talents and early information," "they were entirely deficient in the common acquirements of self-knowledge, generosity, and humility." In this matter, we may take Fanny for a reflection of the authoress. Her knowledge, like all the best knowledge, came from within, not from without; she needed no books to open the world to her; she possessed that divine gift, "from worlds not quickened by the sun," which enables persons to see for themselves, and at first hand.

This want of knowledge derived from books has had a wholesome effect on her work. No author is so free from book-making—very few tell us so much that is strictly their own. Jane Austen is not the prophet of a superior culture or the slave of general ideas. She does not weary us with art or anatomy; she has nothing to say about evolution and the Jews. She plucks her wild flowers and plants them; whether beautiful or not, there they are, in their native soil, delineated with such fidelity and grace, with so thorough an insight into their habitats and life, such an exquisite discrimination of color and curve, as hardly another writer in the language has attained. This was her knowledge—she knew what was around her and close to her. She never sought in distant places or remote ages

for a scene and a subject; the nearest village with its hall or parsonage was enough. It is seldom that we meet with this close connection between author and subject; but when we do, the result is of peculiar value. It is this which makes Wordsworth's poetry what it is. While his great contemporaries "went attitudinizing through life," rapt in fictitious emotions, plunged in unreal sorrows, telling Eastern stories and painting the visions of a dream, he laid his hand on the country and the life nearest to him. And therefore his poetry is the English poetry of the early part of this century; for better or worse it is the poetry by which that generation will be known in the history of literature. In his later work, when he came to write "Don Juan," Byron got close to reality, but the reality was itself unreal, the fevered existence of a restless spirit, not a calm, self-controlled life. For this reason even "Don Juan" will wear out before the best parts of Wordsworth. The same reality breathes through Miss Austen's work. If we wish to know what life was like in the scenes she depicts, we turn to her; and we might ask with the ancient critic,—

O life! O Menander!

Which of you two was the plagiarist?

In this respect she has perhaps only two rivals, Scott in his best novels, and Fielding. They also have the supreme gift of making literary and artistic the world in which they live. They have the humor which transforms like "heavenly alchemy" what would otherwise be commonplace, or even repellent; they are creative as Homer and Shakespeare are creative. Their range is wider, their touch more powerful than Jane Austen's; but in faithfulness of delineation and finish of work, she is more than an equal.

Yet while we commend the faithful realism of Jane Austen, we cannot deny, and she would not have denied, that her range is limited. The incidents of her novels are the incidents of common, every-day, social life: family conversations or gatherings, morning calls, dinners, balls, weddings, and the like—things intensely real perhaps, but intensely prosaic. Regions familiar to later novelists are left untouched by her. In her works we shall look in vain for scenes such as the meeting of Maggie and Philip in the "Red Deeps;" of mother and daughter in Caroline Helstone's sick-room. She has nothing to tell us of rebellion and aspiration; of that ideal world which "after all

is the world as we shall one day know it." Wives weary of their husbands cannot turn to her for refuge, and in her pages maidens will find little of the rapture and bliss so prominent in the tender scenes of recent novels. Jane's heroines say what they have to say unimpeded by kisses; even when the "illusion of the feelings" is at its strongest, they behave as rational creatures; at any rate we are spared the descriptions of their weakness — or it may be that their joys are silent, "too deep for words," as best befits a feeling which must wear through a lifetime. Whatever realism there is in uncontrolled passion, is not Jane's "realism." Nor can we find in her works brilliant descriptions of natural scenery. That she was not insensible to these things we see from more than one speech put in the mouth of Fanny Price, the most meditative of her characters, but her sensitiveness was never aided by imagination. Such a passage as this, in which Georges Sand describes the scenery of the Creuse, is beyond the reach of the English authoress: —

C'est un mouvement gracieux de la bonne déesse; mais, dans ce mouvement, dans ce pli facile de son vêtement frais, on sent la force et l'ampleur de ses allures. Elle est là comme couchée de son long sur les herbes, baignant ses pieds blancs dans une eau courante et pure; c'est la puissance en repos; c'est la bonté calme des dieux amies. Mais il n'y a rien de mou dans ses formes, rien d'énervé dans son sourire. Elle a la souveraine tranquillité des immortels, et, toute mignonne et délicate qu'elle se montre, on sent que c'est d'une main formidablement aisée qu'elle a creusé ce vaste et délicieux jardin dans cet horizon de son choix.

The passion for nature which is sometimes prompted by inward dissatisfaction or despair, was unknown to Miss Austen. Completely in harmony with the life around her, her attention was absorbed by that, and not absorbed only, but satisfied. Neither in her books, nor in her letters, do we find any trace of a heart ill at ease, of a spirit seeking rest and finding none. Such satisfaction is at once a source of strength and of weakness; it gives finish, but it necessitates limitation. When, therefore, we speak of the realism of Jane Austen, we do not mean that there are not a thousand and one things beyond her reach, and yet real; we mean that what she gives us, she gives without exaggeration, or deficiency, or adulteration.

Some have said: "Her conversations

might have been written down from actual life." This is true: they might have been so written, but we have not the least reason to suppose that they were. If we heard her characters speaking, they would undoubtedly say what she makes them say; but the characters are nevertheless her own creation. From the fragments of real life she has given us a complete whole, just as a physiologist might restore a skeleton from a bone. The characters of real life are not so complete and concentrated as the characters of fiction, for the sufficient reason that we cannot know our acquaintance as the novelist knows his creations, or govern their actions and words at our will. And very many of the personages of real life are without any character at all, though they may supply the materials of a character to a great genius, who knows them better than they know themselves. They leave no distinct impression on us; a novelist cannot therefore write down what they say or describe what they do. The fragmentary photograph must be made into a picture, the dry bones must live, the dulness of country life must become a source of never-ending amusement — so far is the realism of Jane Austen removed from the mere imitation of real life.

How this transformation is effected we learn from herself when she tells us that she can only depict those characters at whom she can laugh. Her gift is pre-eminently humor — a rare gift at any time, and perhaps peculiarly so just now, when a general earnestness seems likely to make existence intolerable. For it is truly melancholy to think how serious we have become; we have lost the power of laughing at ourselves or others, and all our energies are absorbed in universal criticism and the higher thought. Music, "heavenly maid," is now an "educational force." Poetry to be classical must have "the note of seriousness;" and poets who have not this note, like Chaucer and Burns, must begin with shame to take the lower room, while elegiac Gray is permitted to go up higher. "A common grey-ness silvers everything." Nay, even the premier himself may perhaps owe his exalted position to his inability to appreciate the lighter aspects of life, while Lord Beaconsfield has fallen under the condemnation which a serious generation inevitably pronounces on a frivolous statesman of threescore years and ten. Humor itself has come to be regarded as something which postulates sadness. This was not the temper of Jane Austen.

She did not laugh at herself or her friends because there is always a tragedy underlying a comedy, or because she suffered under the burden of a *Weltschmerz* which must have relief in laughter or tears. She laughed because she could not help it, and makes those who read her laugh for the same reason. And if we, in this serious age, are tempted to think lightly of a genius which merely amuses us in this "phenomenal" way, we may console ourselves with the reflection that under Jane Austen's guidance we learn to smile at the weaknesses of mankind rather than to fret over them. Such an attitude of mind will at once save us some trouble, and furnish us with a comfortable feeling of superiority.

To define humor is difficult, and perhaps the wisest course is to treat it as Mr. M. Arnold treats poetry, and describe it by examples. We cannot set forth in brief and precise terms what constitutes the poetical element in a fine passage of Milton, but when we read it we feel and know that it is poetical. The same is the case with humorous writing. When we read the opening sentences in "Pride and Prejudice," or "Persuasion," we say at once, "This is humor," "This is the humorous aspect of life."

It is a truth universally acknowledged that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife.

Sir Walter Elliot, of Kellynch Hall, in Somersetshire, was a man who, for his own amusement, never took up any book but the "Baronetage;" there he found occupation for an idle hour, and consolation in a distressed one; there his faculties were roused into admiration and respect, by contemplating the limited remnant of the earliest patents; there any unwelcome sensations, arising from domestic affairs, changed naturally into pity and contempt, as he turned over the almost endless creations of the last century.

If we mean to weep rather than laugh over the follies and vulgarities of life, we may as well put away the volumes at once; Miss Austen will certainly be no favorite of ours. We shall not get through a single novel, or even a single chapter, if we are resolutely bent on being serious. Turn where we will, the same murmur of quiet laughter rings in our ears. Mrs. Allen never talked a great deal, and could never be entirely silent:—

While she sat at her work, if she lost her needle or broke her thread; if she heard a carriage in the street, or saw a speck upon her gown, she must observe it aloud, whether there was any one at leisure to answer it or not.

We can hardly read the words without at once calling to mind some equally good-natured, equally vacuous person, who is only tolerable so long as we are tolerant—a person about whom deeper questions of use or purpose in life can never be asked. Of the same type, but more obviously ridiculous, is Mrs. Palmer, who, when she heard of Willoughby's iniquities,

was determined to drop his acquaintance immediately, and was very thankful that she had never been acquainted with him at all. She hated him so much that she was resolved never to mention his name again, and she should tell everybody she saw how good-for-nothing he was!

These are not in the least abnormal characters, they are samples of an abundant stock; and only differ from others in their transparent silliness. The world is at play, and we are interested spectators of the game. We find that people do not say what they mean or mean what they say; that their motives in action are often mixed to such a degree that they could themselves with much difficulty disentangle the threads. The most excellent young men fall in love with the wrong women, and are only too glad to find themselves delivered from the chains in which they once yoked themselves with such rapture. Young ladies who exert their utmost skill, fail to gain their ends, while others, apparently without effort, secure the happiness so richly deserved. But whatever the situation, with few exceptions it is amusing. Even Anne Elliot herself, whom we dearly love, provokes a smile as she trips down the streets of Bath:—

Prettier musings of high-wrought love and eternal constancy could never have passed along the streets of Bath than Anne was sporting with from Camden Place to Westgate Buildings. It was almost enough to spread purification and perfume all the way.

Humor such as this, it may be said, does but skim the surface of life. It takes no heed of the depths of sorrow lying underneath; it fails even to sound the fountains of joy. It is superficial and exists only by reason of its superficiality. Had Miss Austen felt more deeply, she would have written differently. The "verities" of life, the "great mysteries" beyond it, would have attracted a more reflective mind. Does not this humor imply something like insensibility or half-knowledge? There is a tragic aspect of life, we may reply, as well as a comic; but it does not therefore follow that the tragic

is more real than the comic. Laughter is human no less than tears; the laughable is as certainly a legitimate object of art, as the sad or terrible. The important point is that we should not confuse the two. It is as great a mistake to turn errors into tragedies, as it is to ridicule what is really tragic. Jane Austen was aware of her limitations; the tragic side of life was not for her. She knew indeed how to depict the pangs of disappointed affection, but she also knew that they were curable. Over the results of vicious conduct she prefers to draw a veil; she could not enter upon them without dropping into a serious vein, which is not her vein. She wrote to amuse, and to a clear mind and happy nature like hers, from which irritation was almost wholly absent, the pursuits of the world round her, often aimless, often perverse, were an inexhaustible source of laughter.

Yet we must not think of her as one who saw nothing in life but what was ridiculous. She makes us love some characters and despise others, though we smile at them all. In spite of her vulgarity and fussiness, her ill-timed jokes, domestic hints, and epicurean sentiments, we still have something like an affection for Mrs. Jennings.

"Well, my dear, 'tis a true saying about an ill wind, for it will be all the better for Colonel Brandon. He will have her at last; ay, that he will. Mind me, now, if they ain't married by Midsummer. Lord! how he'll chuckle over this news. I hope he will come to-night. It will be all to one a better match for your sister. Two thousand a-year without debt or drawback—except the little love-child; in indeed, ay, I had forgot her; but she may be 'prenticed out at small cost, and then what does it signify? Delaford is a nice place I can tell you; exactly what I call a nice, old-fashioned place, full of comforts and conveniences; quite shut in with great garden-walls, that are covered with the best fruit-trees in the country; and such a mulberry-tree in one corner! Lord! how Charlotte and I did stuff the only time we were there! Then there is a dove-cote and some stew-ponds, and a very pretty canal; and everything in short that one could wish for."

It is difficult to get over such a speech as that; but we do get over it, because Mrs. Jennings is at all times willing to include others in her comforts. She is without any trace of malignity or selfishness, a sympathetic friend in affliction, a careful nurse in sickness. But Mrs. Norris we hate, as perhaps we never hated any living person. She is ridiculous, it is true, but she is also mean, grasping,

covetous, and ill-tempered. Whenever she appears, we feel that there is a dark spot in the scene, that some one will be made uncomfortable, if it is in her power to do it. She is one of those persons whose object in life it is to keep "people in their places;" in other words, to tyrannize over them as much as possible. Yet, in spite of this strong feeling, we cannot help but laugh when one amiable scheme after another for spreading discomfort falls to the ground, and when advice given for selfish aims is set aside as of no value. Listen to her shrill, staccato tones!

Mrs. Norris called out: "Stay, stay, Fanny! What are you about? Where are you going? Don't be in such a hurry. Depend upon it, it is not you that are wanted; depend upon it, it is me (looking at the butler); but you are so ready to put yourself forward. What should Sir Thomas want you for? It is me, Baddeley, you mean. I am coming this moment. You mean me, Baddeley, I am sure; Sir Thomas wants me, not Miss Price."

But Baddeley was stout. "No, ma'am, it is Miss Price, I am certain of its being Miss Price." And there was a half smile with the words which meant, "I do not think *you* will answer the purpose at all."

Poor Mrs. Norris! the very servants understand and sit in judgment. Gradually she finds herself, in spite of her very animated efforts, more and more neglected and useless, till at length nothing is left for her but to retire into a distant part of the country with her disgraced and favorite niece, Mrs. Rushworth.

It would not be easy within the limits of a short paper to go through the catalogue of Miss Austen's characters. Unlike many modern novelists, she never repeats herself. Other authors have given us the same characters in different scenes; she gives us the same general scenes, but the characters are always different. The silly chatter of Miss Bates is as unique in its way as the rattle of Mr. John Thorpe. Mr. Collins and Mr. Elton both marry for money, and both propose to a lady who has not the least intention of accepting them; but the formal pomposity of the one is not in the least like the pushing vanity of the other. Miss Lucy Steele and Miss Fairfax both contract secret engagements, but we despise the one and admire the other. Vulgarity meets us in Miss Steele, Isabella Thorpe, and Lydia Bennet; we see it in a variety of forms and in different degrees, and perhaps Miss Steele may be allowed to bear away the palm. The same holds

good of the more serious characters. Catherine Morland, if she can be called serious, is not like Fanny Price, yet both are types of a natural, simple-minded girl. Elizabeth Bennet is extremely clever, and not less so is Emma Woodhouse, yet neither reminds us of the other. Anne Elliot and Elinor Dashwood are patient and constant in their affections, and are perhaps more alike than any of the others we have compared. Both have an unusual force of character, though called upon to exercise it in very different spheres of action; both, under a quiet exterior, conceal a great depth of affection, but the story of Anne's life is more pathetic, her love is more deeply tried than Elinor's. If Colonel Brandon may rank with Mr. James Knightley in regard to tact, sense, and delicacy, sentiment and melancholy, rheumatism and a flannel waistcoat, serve to distinguish the former, while Mr. Woodhouse, who to himself is a sufficiently serious subject, is *sui generis*, not to be approached, and never to be forgotten.

"That young man is very thoughtless," he says of Mr. Churchill, who proposes to find room for a ball at the "Crown," by using two rooms, and dancing across the passage. "Do not tell his father; but that young man is not quite the thing. He has been opening the doors very often this evening, and keeping them open very inconsiderately. He does not think of the draught. I do not mean to set you against him, but, indeed, he is not quite the thing!"

Among such a variety of different scenes and actors, different readers will find different favorites. The author herself was greatly pleased with "Pride and Prejudice." One or two letters have been preserved in which she speaks of her book. The work, as we have seen, came out at the beginning of 1813, and was her second published novel. On January 29, Jane "must write" to her sister Cassandra:—

I want to tell you that I have got my own darling child from London. I must confess that I think her [Elizabeth Bennet] as delightful a creature as ever appeared in print, and how I shall be able to tolerate those who do not like *her* at least, I don't know.

And again on February 11 she writes to her sister:—

Upon the whole I am quite vain enough, and well satisfied enough. The work is rather too light, and bright, and sparkling; it wants shade; it wants to be stretched out here and there with a long chapter of sense, if it could be had; if not, of solemn, specious nonsense,

about something unconnected with the story; an essay on writing, a critique on Walter Scott, or the history of Buonaparte, or something that would form a contrast, and bring the reader with increased delight to the playfulness and epigrammatism of the general style.

Walter Scott also thought highly of this novel, and many will select it as the best of her productions. Others are in favor of "Persuasion," which, though written in declining health, certainly exhibits no sign of declining vigor. In no other is the interest more sustained, the characters more striking or exact, the incidents more fresh and unconventional; in no other is pathos so largely blended with humor. Most careful readers will probably find a difference between the first three of the novels and the last three. "If the former show quite as much originality and genius, they may perhaps be thought to have less of the faultless finish and high polish which distinguish the latter"—these words of Mr. Austen-Leigh are a true criticism. On the whole, looking at the truth, variety, and exquisite development of the characters, "Emma" seems to deserve the first place. Miss Austen said of the principal character, "I am going to take a heroine whom no one but myself will much like." If we cannot read the story of Emma's blunders without a smile at her perverse love of match-making, and her conceited assumption that she can govern others, and arrange their private concerns as she will, we also feel that she grows upon us; she learns by experience; step by step she becomes more worthy of the manly regard which has watched over her from childhood. She is always clever and refined; often brilliant; a little imperious, as her situation permits, a little wayward, but always a lady, and always charming. We part from her with a feeling that we have been in good and amusing society, with a woman who, though capable of foolish actions, has sense and good humor, and we go about our way cheered by the thought that persons may make life very pleasant without being monsters of perfection.

Of the many amusing scenes in Miss Austen's works, perhaps the two most irresistibly laughable, are those in which Mr. Elton proposes to Emma, and the Dashwoods, Miss Lucy Steele, and Mr. E. Ferrars are brought together. Emma has done her best to bring about a match between Mr. Elton, the clergyman of the parish, and her friend Miss Harriet Smith.

On returning from Mr. Weston's party, she finds herself *tête-à-tête* with the parson, shut up in the carriage with no possibility of escape. Mr. Elton had waited for his opportunity and did not let it slip: he poured out his professions of affection into Emma's astonished ears.

"It is impossible for me to doubt any longer. You have made yourself too clear. Mr. Elton, my astonishment is much beyond anything I can express. After such behaviour as I have witnessed during the last month to Miss Smith—such attentions as I have been daily in the habit of observing—to be addressing me in this manner—this is an unsteadiness of character, indeed, which I had not supposed possible! Believe me, sir, I am far, very far from gratified on being the object of such professions."

"Good heaven!" cried Mr. Elton; "what can be the meaning of this? Miss Smith! I never thought of Miss Smith in the whole course of my existence: never paid her any attentions, but as your friend; never cared whether she were dead or alive, but as your friend. If she has fancied otherwise, her own wishes have misled her, and I am very sorry—extremely sorry. But Miss Smith, indeed! Oh, Miss Woodhouse, who can think of Miss Smith when Miss Woodhouse is near! No, upon my honor, there is no unsteadiness of character. I have thought only of you. I protest against having paid the smallest attention to any one else. Everything that I have said or done, for many weeks past, has been done with the sole idea of marking my adoration of yourself. You cannot really, seriously doubt it. No!" (in an accent meant to be insinuating), "I am sure you have seen and understood me."

What an *éclaircissement*! Poor Emma! No wonder that her mind was in great perturbation on her arrival home, and it "needed a very strong effort to appear attentive and cheerful till the usual hour of separating allowed her the relief of quiet reflection."

The other scene is of a more complicated nature. Mr. Edward Ferrars is secretly engaged to Miss Lucy Steele, who has confided the fact to Elinor Dashwood, of whom she has reason to be jealous. Elinor is very partial to Edward, who is only deterred by his engagement, and hardly deterred by it, from making love to her. He has no suspicion that his engagement is known to any one but Lucy. Marianne Dashwood is greatly in favor of her sister's marriage with Edward, and anxious to do all that she can to bring it about. In this chaos of secrecy and knowledge, Lucy, Edward, Marianne, and Elinor are all brought into one room.

It was a very awkward moment; and the countenance of each [Marianne has not yet entered] showed that it was so. They all looked exceedingly foolish; and Edward seemed to have as great an inclination to walk out of the room again as to advance farther into it. [Marianne enters, and] her pleasure in seeing him was like every other of her feelings, strong in itself and strongly spoken. She met him with a hand that would be taken, and a voice that expressed the affection of a sister.

"Dear Edward!" she cried, "this is a moment of great happiness! This would almost make amends for everything!"

Edward tried to return her kindness as it deserved, but before such witnesses he dared not say half what he really felt. Again they all sat down, and for a moment or two all were silent; while Marianne was looking with the most speaking tenderness, sometimes at Edward, and sometimes at Elinor, regretting only that their delight in each other should be checked by Lucy's unwelcome presence. Edward was the first to speak, and it was to notice Marianne's altered looks, and express his fear of her not finding London agree with her.

"Oh, don't think of me!" she replied with spirited earnestness, though her eyes were filled with tears as she spoke, "don't think of my health. Elinor is well, you see. That must be enough for us both."

No wonder that Edward, after a little more of this pointed conversation, got up to go away.

"Going so soon!" said Marianne; "my dear Edward, this must not be."

And drawing him a little aside, she whispered her persuasion that Lucy could not stay much longer. But even this encouragement failed, for he would go; and Lucy, who would have outstayed him had his visit lasted two hours, soon afterwards went away.

"What can bring her here so often?" said Marianne, on her leaving them. "Could she not see that we wanted her gone? How teasing to Edward!"

Other scenes hardly less amusing will be found scattered up and down the volumes with no niggardly hand. In an age so prone to making selections as the present, it is a little remarkable that no one has ventured to publish a series of scenes from the great novelists, whose works are no longer generally read. The small circle—for small it probably is—who read Fielding and Jane Austen, might resent the application of the scissors to their favorite authors, but they would be consoled with the reflection that in this way a wider interest would be awakened in books now too generally neglected. We have selections from poets by the dozen, why should we not have selections from novelists? The novel is the form of lit-

erature in which the dramatic genius of the last hundred years has most adequately expressed itself; we can hardly imagine that Jane Austen, or Scott, or Thackeray, or Charlotte Brontë, will not find some readers, as long as English literature is read at all. Unfortunately the trick of writing a novel is so easily caught that we are apt to lose sight of the great masters in the scores of stories — often far from uninteresting — which are poured out on the world from year to year. All the more necessary is it that we should read the best, and ascertain why they are the best. This is a duty for every one; more especially when we think of the education and the reading of women, we might demand, with some show of reason, that among a young lady's accomplishments should be included the power of distinguishing a good novel from a bad one. From this point of view a course of Miss Austen would be most salutary.

From Nature.

ON THE WHALE FISHERY OF THE BASQUE PROVINCES OF SPAIN.*

My attention was drawn to the Basque whale fishery by observing, during my study of Arctic literature, and especially while editing the voyages of William Baffin, that the first English whaling vessels were in the habit of shipping a boat's crew of Basques to harpoon the whales. I was informed that a whale, the *Balæna biscayensis*, had frequented the coasts of the Basques provinces from time immemorial; but that it had become nearly extinct in the seventeenth century, when the Basques began to extend their voyages further north, and across the Arctic Circle. Hence the Basques had become dexterous whale-fishers long before any other European people had entered upon that perilous occupation.

I found that several naturalists had investigated the history of the Biscayan whale, notably Eschricht and Reinhardt in Denmark, M. Fischer in France, and Prof. Flower in this country. Full information respecting these investigations is contained in Eschricht and Reinhardt's memoir, published by the Ray Society in 1866; and many interesting particulars have since been brought to light respecting the whale fishery so far as it relates to

the French Basques, and to the ports of Bayonne, Biarritz, Guétary, St. Jean de Luz, and Ciboure. But in looking through the books and papers on the subject, a list of which was kindly furnished to me by Prof. Flower last June, I did not find any particulars respecting the Spanish ports, where the Basque sailors are more numerous than in France, and inhabit a more extensive line of coast. I therefore thought it possible that, by visiting those ports and making inquiries respecting the literature of the provinces in which they are situated, and the local traditions, I might be able to collect some further information touching the whale fishery of the Basques. It has now been suggested to me that such particulars as I have succeeded in bringing together, from their bearing on the history of the *Balæna biscayensis*, a nearly extinct animal, would be interesting to the Zoological Society. I therefore have pleasure in communicating the following notes on the subject.

The coast which I personally visited this summer extends from the French frontier to the Cabo de Peñas, including the Basque provinces of Guipuzcoa and Vizcaya, and the purely Spanish provinces of Santander and the Asturias. It is for the most part bold and rocky, with lofty cliffs of cretaceous limestone, having strata hove up at great angles. Occasionally there is a stretch of sand, generally at the mouths of rivers, and here and there a rocky little boat-harbor. Forests of oak and chestnut clothe the mountains, with occasionally open spaces of fern and heather and bushes of arbutus and myrtle. In some places the chestnut groves come down almost to the water's edge. Along this coast there are many small fishing-towns. Fuenterrabia, on its picturesque hill, overlooks the French frontier. Following the coast to the westward the next port is Pasajés, and then comes the city of San Sebastian, which was the centre of the old whale fishery. Zarauz is a town stretching along the shores of a sandy bay. Guetaria is built in a cleft of rocks which are sheltered behind the island of San Anton. Zumaya and Deva are at the mouths of rivers; and Motrico is a picturesque little town built on steep slopes like Clovelly, overlooking a rocky bay. These are the ports of Guipuzcoa.

Andarrao, at the mouth of its river, where small schooners are still built, is the first port of Vizcaya, coming from the east. Lequeitio is a large and more important place, sending out about a hundred

* By Clements R. Markham, C.B., F.R.S. Read at the Zoological Society, December 13. Revised by the author.

fishing-boats. Next come Mundaca, at the mouth of the river of Guernica, Bermeo, another populous fishing-town with as many boats as Lequeitio, Plencia, and Portugalete and Santurce in the bay of Bilbao. These are the principal Vizcayan ports. The province of Santander has Castro-Urdiales, Laredo, and Santoña on the shores of a large harbor, Santander itself, and San Vicente de la Barquera. In the Asturias are the ancient ports of Llanes, Rivadesella, Villaviciosa, the important town of Gijon, Candas, and Luanco. From the little village of Luanco to the end of the Cabo de las Peñas is a walk of eight miles, and this was the most western point I reached.

The Basque fishermen are a handsome race. They go away on their fishing voyages for many days, and are brave, honest, and industrious; while both men and women are always cheerful and light-hearted. They belong to a people who, for centuries, have repelled foreign invasion, have enjoyed free institutions, and made their own laws. The Basque fishermen are the descendants of the old whalers, and retain their traditions. They have, from time to time, produced naval worthies whose names are historical. Among them are Sebastian del Cano, a native of the little fishing-town of Guetaria, who was the first circumnavigator of the globe; Legaspi, the conqueror of the Philippine Islands; Machin de Munguia, the Spanish Grenville; and Churruca, whose gallantry at the battle of Trafalgar won for him the admiration of his English foes.

Such men were the product of the whale fishery, which was for the Basques, as it has since been for the British, an admirable nursery for seamen.

My first inquiries had reference to the antiquity of the Basque whale fishery. The following facts show that it was a well-established trade in the twelfth century, so that it probably existed at least two centuries earlier. King Sancho (the Wise) of Navarre granted privileges to the city of San Sebastian in the year 1150 A.D. In this grant there is a list of articles of merchandise with the duties that must be paid for warehousing them: whale bone has a prominent place in the list. "*Carga de boquinas-barbas de ballenas . . . 2 dineros.*" The same privileges were extended by Alfonso VIII. of Castille to Fuenterrabia in 1203, and to Motrico and Guetaria in 1204. Ferdinand III., in a royal order dated at Burgos the 28th September, 1237, gave similar privileges to

Zarauz; and this document contains further proof of the antiquity of the whale fishery. For a claim is made that, in accordance with custom (*sicut forum est*) the king should have a slice of each whale, along the back-bone, from the head to the tail. The custom here referred to indicates the antiquity of the fishery. At Guetaria it was the custom to give the first fish of the season to the king, who usually returned half.

Another proof of the importance of the whale fishery on the northern coast of Spain, and probably also of its antiquity, is the fact that no less than six of the towns have a whale for their coat of arms. This charge is in the arms of Fuenterrabia. Over the portal of the first house in a steep old street of Guetaria there is a shield of arms consisting of a whale amidst waves of the sea. At Motrico the town arms consist of a whale in the sea, harpooned, and a boat with men holding the line. The same device is carved on the wall of the town hall of Lequeitio. The arms of Bermeo and Castro-Urdiales also contain a whale. I was assured that *vigias* or look-out posts were established on the headlands, and high up the mountains overlooking the fishing-towns, whence notice was given directly a whale was seen spouting in the offing; and soon the boats were in pursuit. On the mountain of Talaya-mendi ("Look-out mountain") above Zarauz, there are some ruined walls which, according to Madoz, are the remains of one of these watch-towers, whence warnings were sent down the moment a whale was in sight. In some of the towns there are records which throw light on the whale fishery, but (chiefly during the French occupation) most of the ancient archives have been destroyed or are lost. Fortunately this is not universally the case. In the town of Lequeitio eight of the *libros de fabrica* or fabric rolls of the church, commencing from the year 1510, have been preserved, which contain much interesting information.

The most ancient document relating to whales in the Lequeitio archives is dated September 11th, 1381. It is there ordered and agreed by the *Cabildo* that the whale-bone taken shall be divided into three parts, two for repairing the boat-harbor, and the third for the fabric of the church. The same order is repeated in another document dated 1608. In the *libros de fabrica de la iglesia de Lequeitio* there is a list of the whale killed in various years, by the boats of Lequeitio, from 1517 to 1661.

1517. Two whales killed. 1525. Returns in money value. 1531. January and February, two large and one small whale killed. 1532. None killed. 1536. Two large whales and one small. 1538. Six whales killed. 1542. Two whales killed. 1543. One whale wounded by the Lequeitio people, but captured at Motrico. Divided between the two towns. 1543. Two whales killed, mother and young. The mayor-domo working all day at the whalebone, and received two rials. 1546. February 24, a whale killed in front of St. Nicholas Island. The bone yielded nine and one-half ducados. 1550. Two whales killed. 1570. One whale killed. 1576. One whale killed. 1578. One whale killed. 1580. Three and a young one. 1608. One whale killed. 1609. Three whales killed. 1611. Two small whales killed, in concert with the men of Andarroa, which led to a law-suit. 1617. One whale killed. 1618. One whale killed. 1619. One whale killed. 1622. One whale killed with its young. 1649. Two whales killed. 1650. Two whales killed. 1657. Two whales killed and two young. 1661. One whale killed.

In the *libro de fabrica* including the years from 1731 to 1781 there is no mention of a whale, nor in the two succeeding books. The sailors went long voyages in search of them. But in 1712, fifty years after the last entry in the books, there were boats and apparatus for catching whales. In 1740 it was said that there were no sailors in Lequeitio, all having gone on long whaling voyages. In a record of a marriage at Lequeitio on July 15th, 1712, among the goods of the bride are mentioned a whale-boat with sails, lines, harpoons, and apparatus complete. Of the bridegroom it is said that "he was clothed decently, having four coats of London cloth, a good chest to keep his clothes in and another for travelling, a matras, pillow, and blanket, and needful clothes for going to sea." So that between them they were well prepared for a whaling expedition.

These entries at Lequeitio indicate that, during the sixteenth century, the whales were abundant; for if this was the catch of only one village out of at least twenty along the coast, we may fairly multiply it by at least ten for the average yield of the fishery.

In the books of the *Cofradia de Mareantes* of Zarauz there are similar records, from which it appears that between the years 1637 and 1801 as many as fifty-five whales were killed by the Zarauz people,

whose prowess was known throughout the Cantabrian coast. There is one noteworthy tradition at Zarauz, to the effect that two young sailors, without any help, chased, harpooned, and killed a large whale, and brought it safely to the beach. This deed is immortalized on imperishable stone. Over the portal of a house in Zarauz, No. 13 Calle de Azara, there is an inscription, now in the greater part rendered illegible by time, but with letters of the shape and style used in the sixteenth century. To the left of the inscription there is carved a harpooned whale, with the line fastened to a boat, in which are two men. Don Nicolas de Soraluce, the learned historian of Guipuzcoa, told me that an old resident in Zarauz, named Belaunzarán, had often spoken to him of the feat recorded on this stone slab; adding that he used to hear his grandmother explain that the carving represented the harpooning and killing of a whale by two young sailors in a single boat. This deed was considered worthy of being handed down to posterity, and the stone was therefore placed over the door of the house of these two brothers, or, as some say, a father and son.

There are some other records as to the disposition of the whalebone. By an order dated November 20th, 1474, the town of Guetaria gave half the value of each whale towards the repair of the church and of the boat-harbor. In San Sebastian, according to an ancient custom, the whalebone was given to the *cofradia* (brotherhood) of San Pedro.

It is clear that the whales, close along the coast, became very scarce in the middle of the seventeenth century, when the entries at Lequeitio cease, and that the Basque sailors then began to seek the means of exercising their special craft by making long voyages, even to the Arctic regions. Such voyages were occasionally made at a still earlier period. It is stated by Madoz that a pilot of Zarauz, named Matias de Echeveste, was the first Spaniard who visited the banks of Newfoundland; and, according to a memoir written by his son, that he made twenty-eight voyages from 1545 to 1599, the year of his death. In the accounts of the first English whaling voyages to Spitzbergen, in the collection of Purchas, we read of Basque ships from San Sebastian frequenting those Arctic seas in search of whales, and of the overbearing way in which their captains were often treated by the English. Nevertheless, the English were glad to obtain the help of the

Basque sailors to do for them the most perilous and difficult part of the work, namely, the harpooning and killing of the whales.

I gather from Eschricht and Reinhardt's memoir, that this Biscayan whale was known to the French Basques as the *sarde*, and was the same as the *Nordkaper* of the Dutch and north Germans, and the *Sletbag* of Iceland, a whalebone whale, but smaller and more active than the great Greenland whale. The *Kongespeil* (an ancient Norwegian record) has a passage to the effect that "those who travel on the sea fear it much, for its nature is to play much with vessels." Belonging to the temperate North Atlantic, it is described as much more active than the Greenland whale, much quicker and more violent in its movements, more difficult and dangerous to catch. It is smaller and has less blubber than the *Mysticetus*, the head shorter, and the whalebone much thicker, but scarcely more than half as long.

For centuries the Basques had attacked and captured this formidable cetacean; and they, in fact, monopolized all the experience and skill which then existed in connection with the craft and mystery of whale-fishing. To the sailors of all other nations it was an unknown business, appearing all the more perilous from their absence of knowledge. So it was natural that the hardy and intrepid fishermen from the Cantabrian coast should be in requisition as harpooneers, as soon as the English and Dutch entered upon the Arctic whale fishery early in the seventeenth century. With their services, we also borrowed their words. Harpoon is derived from the Basque word *arpoi*, the root being *ar*, "to take quickly." The Basque *harpoinari* is a "harpooneer."

There is a letter still extant at Alcala de Henares, from James I. of England to the king of Spain, dated 1612, in which permission is asked to engage the services, on board English vessels engaged in the Arctic whaling-trade, of Basque sailors skilled in the use of the harpoon. The fact that Basque boats' crews were frequently shipped seems to show that this request was granted. In the whaling fleet fitted out for Spitzbergen in 1613, under the command of Benjamin Joseph, with Baffin on board the general's ship as pilot, twenty-four Basques were shipped. Orders were given that "they were to be used very kindly and friendly, being strangers and leaving their own country to do us service." The English seem to

have adopted the fishing rules of the Basques, as well as to have benefited by their skill and prowess. Thus we read of an order being given because "the order of the Biscaines is that whoso doth strike the first harping-iron into him, it is his whale, if his iron hold." The Basques went out to attack the whales in the offing, while the English got ready for boiling down. We read: "News was brought to us this morning that the Basks had killed a whale; therefore we hasted to set up our furnaces and coppers, and presently began work; which we continued, without any want of whales, till our voyage was made"—thanks to the Basques. In another place Baffin calls the Basques "our whale-strikers." Of course the English, in due time, learned to strike the whales themselves; but the Basques were their instructors; and it is therefore to this noble race that we owe the foundation of our whaling-trade.

In travelling along the coast, I found a universal tradition of the whale fishery; and often the families of fishermen had the harpoons hanging in their houses, which had been there for generations. They still have occasion to use them when porpoises come within range; and on board one of the Gijon steamers there was a man with unerring aim. But many harpoons hang on the walls as relics of the old whaling days. At Laredo the fishermen brought me a harpoon of peculiar construction. The point was narrow and very slightly barbed, but there was a hinge half-way up the point, which was kept in line with the shaft by a ring. When the harpoon entered a whale, the ring slipped, the hinge turned, and the point came at right angles to the shaft, making it impossible for the harpoon to come out again. Baron Nordenskiöld informs me that this kind of harpoon is used by the Norwegians to kill the white whales.

At Llanes, in Asturias, I found a large, palatial house which was formerly the *Casa de Ballenas*, or house where business connected with the whale fishery was transacted. At Gijon there is also a *Casa de Ballenas*, and also a street called Whale Lane. These names, with the coats of arms and traditions, are all relics of the old whaling days. At San Sebastian, too, there are enormous *tinajas*, or earthenware jars, in which the oil was stored.

It was at one time supposed that the *Balena biscayensis* had become quite extinct; but this is certainly not the case.

Whales are seen on the Cantabrian coast at intervals of about ten years. In 1844 a whale was seen off Zauraz. Boats went out and it was hit, and it broke the lines, and got away with two harpoons and three lances in its body, after having towed the boats for six hours. On the 25th of July, 1850, early in the morning, a whale appeared off Guetaria. Boats quickly pursued it, but the harpooner missed his aim, and the whale went off, heading N.W. In January, 1854, a whale and her two young entered the bay of San Sebastian. One of the young whales was singled out for attack, but the mother made desperate efforts to defend it, and once broke the line. Eventually the mother and one calf escaped, while the other was secured. Of course, with proper boats and apparatus, and if the fishermen had had a little of their ancestors' experience, all three would have been caught. It is the skeleton of this young whale that Professor Eschricht purchased at Pampluna. It is now at Copenhagen.

While I was at Gijon, in the Asturias, I was told by an old fisherman that a whale had been caught, about twenty years ago, by the villagers near the lighthouse on Punta de Peñas. The story was not believed by merchants and others of whom I made inquiries, so I thought it best to investigate the matter myself. I, therefore went westward to the little fishing village of Luanco, and next day proceeded on foot across a wild, mountainous country to the lighthouse of Punta de Peñas; a distance of sixteen miles there and back. There, in the courtyard of the lighthouse, was a whale's jaw-bone, and the man in charge corroborated the story. But he added the curious statement that the whale was dead and half flensed, drifting in under the land, when the villagers first saw it, and went out in their boats to tow it on shore. I also found parts of the rib-bones in the granary of a farmhouse at Viodo, a hamlet near the lighthouse.

The last whale of which I obtained intelligence was sighted between Guetaria and Zarauz on the 11th of February, 1878. Many boats went out from these two places, and one boat from Orio. The first harpoon that kept fast was thrown by a smart young sailor of Guetaria, the countryman of Sebastian del Cano, the first circumnavigator of the globe. He is now in the Spanish navy. Eventually the whale was killed and towed on shore. No one derived any benefit, because there was a law-suit tried at Azpeitia. It ap-

pears that the harpoon was of Guetaria, but that the line belonged to Zarauz. Meanwhile the whale became unpleasant and had to be blown up. The authorities of San Sebastian, however, through the intervention of Don Nicolas Soraluce, secured the bones, and the skeleton is now carefully set up in the small museum in that city. It is forty-eight feet long, and part of the whalebone remains in the jaw. There are also bones of a whale found in the sands at Deva in the same museum. I was given part of a whale's rib dug up on the Lequeitio beach, and a jaw-bone which was long in the courtyard of the palace of the Count of Revillagigedo at Gijon, is now preserved in the Jovellanos Institute, in the same town. Of course there must be any number of bones buried in the sand of the beaches where so many hundreds of whales have been flensed in former centuries.

In 1878 the accomplished historian of Guipuzcoa, Don Nicolas Soraluce, printed a pamphlet at Victoria on "the origin and history of the whale and cod fisheries," which contains much interesting information. I may add that Señor Soraluce is preparing some additional chapters on the whale fishery, and that he expects to obtain copies of interesting documents relating to the same subject from the archives of the Ministry of Marine at Madrid.

From All The Year Round.

A FAMOUS QUAKER SCHOOL.

SOME three miles south of Pontefract lie the villages of High and Low Ackworth. Between them is a large building of freestone, with three wings, standing back from the road. This is the chief scholastic institution of the Quakers. The property of the most unostentatious and least proselytizing sect in the world, its existence is known to few outside the circle of Friends.

The school was originally a foundling hospital, and was one of the branches of the London "Hospital for the Maintenance and Education of Exposed and Deserted Young Children." It was erected in 1757, at a cost of thirteen thousand pounds, which was defrayed partly by public subscription, and partly by government aid. For a few years the hospital carried out the benevolent intentions of its promoters, but owing to mismanagement on the part of the committee, and to

the withdrawal of the annual Parliamentary grant, the institution came to grief in 1773.

The property was extensively advertised for sale, but for six years the hospital remained empty, and became "a habitation for foxes and a dormitory for owls." Through the instrumentality of Dr. Fothergill, the wealthy and benevolent Quaker physician, it was at last bought for seven thousand pounds by the Society of Friends, who there established a school for the purpose of securing "a pious, guarded, careful education to the children of Friends, not in affluence."

The terms were at first very low, being only eight pounds eight shillings for education, maintenance, and clothing. Still, there were several boarding-schools in existence then whose terms were even lower. But low as they undoubtedly were they were too high for many of the parents, some of whom were unable to pay the cost of conveying their children to the school. This drawback was to some extent anticipated by the committee, who allowed twopence for every mile exceeding fifty which children travelled, and the same on the return journey. As a large proportion of the scholars came from distant counties, the value of this arrangement will be obvious. For instance, the two first inmates of the school came from Dorset, a distance of three hundred miles.

A coach was occasionally chartered to bring down a "cargo of children" to the school. In the stage-coaches they were not very welcome passengers, for their appearance was homely and their purse light. The estimation in which they were held by one coachman may be gathered from the following incident. A party of children under the charge of a "woman Friend," filled the regular coach. At one stage of the journey a gentleman was waiting for an inside place: "Quite full," growled the driver; "and a queer lot, too; a regular tag-rag and bobtail." He did not suppose that the speech was heard by the inside passengers, and at the end of his stage came obsequiously to the door to beg to be remembered. The lady in charge took her revenge. Laying three sixpences in his hand one by one, she said, without a smile, and unconscious of sarcasm, "That is from Rag, that is from Tag, and that is from Bobtail!"

Sometimes the children came on foot. William Howitt came on horseback from his home at Heanor, in Derbyshire, his uncle accompanying him. On their way

they overtook a Friend who was taking his boy to the same school. They had walked seventy miles, rather than put the authorities to any needless expense. It was the only way in which the poor man could testify his gratitude to them. They had walked that distance in two days, although the lad was only ten years old. The father was described as a very thin, delicate-looking man, but, tired as he was, he immediately returned home when he had placed his son in school. Not only did the children come from all parts of the United Kingdom, but some came from America, and even from Russia.

To William Howitt the change from the endearments of home was striking and cheerless enough. "A vast wide house," he says, "with long stone passages, large numbers of strange boys; a severe discipline, cold, hard beds at night, cold rising in the dark, early mornings, no hats allowed in the playground even in the winter (and the winters there were very sharp), no approach to the fire on holiday afternoons till after dark, and on rainy days our play-place was an immense open shed, supported in the front by Tuscan pillars, where, thrusting our hands into our bosoms we used to huddle together by scores to keep one another warm, and happy was he that got deepest in the throng." Could anything be more comfortable?

Winter and summer alike, at six o'clock in the morning, the boys were compelled to have an open-air bath, the water of which was a strong chalybeate, and always excessively cold. No boy could claim immunity on account of weakness, and the timid boys were plunged in head first by the stronger ones. Still worse, they had to dry themselves with their shirts, or run about in the fields until their bodies were dry.

Everything was done according to rule. The committee even regulated the games of the children. There was even a rule as to where the boys should leap. For sixty years after the foundation of the school, the following regulation was read to them once a month: "The boys are desired not to leap anywhere within the bounds (*i.e.*, premises) except on the ground below the pump, or in the shed-court, and there to avoid pebbles, flags, and channel-stones." The interference with the children's recreations on the part of the masters even went so far as to prohibit kite-flying, because a horse had taken fright. Other reasons assigned for its abolition were that "kites occasion considerable ex-

pense, which may be employed more usefully; that this diversion endangers the children's taking cold by standing, and prevents their exercise, which is necessary for their health." Finding that idleness was the mother of mischief, the committee thought they had found a remedy in providing George Fox's journal and similar works for the use of the boys in their leisure. As might have been expected, the boys cared as little for such reading as modern boys would.

A wall surrounded the estate, out of which there was no escape. The committee had so little knowledge of human nature that they thought they would exclude evil influences.

The rooms were fifty feet in length and nearly twenty in width, and as there was only one fire in each, in winter, and all the floors were of stone, the condition of the children may be imagined. In 1810, however, or thirty years after the school had been established, the committee adopted steam-pipes; but not until ten years after did they turn their attention to warming their meeting-house. To make that comfortable and cheerful never occurred to them, and we can, with the historian of the school, well believe that in those long, solemn, and often silent services of the week, the thinly-clad and shivering little boys and girls had a good deal of leisure for reflecting on their miseries.

Notwithstanding hard fare and somewhat harsh treatment, William Howitt described his school-days as delightful, "helping each other with our gardens, reading, conversing, and joining in all the active sports of the school." There was, he said, a famous troop of lads to engage in any play, and he had often seen the whole number making one long line at leapfrog, or busy at prison-bars, or run-across, making a clamor and a hum that was heard a mile off. That run-across he described as a grand play. Across the middle of the green ran a paved walk; under the windows of the boys' dining-room was another; the space between these was occupied by one-half the boys at play, whose business was to seize any of the others who attempted to run across. If the runners got across to the pavement under the windows they were safe; if they were caught and detained while the captor counted ten, they were prisoners, and were on parole under the dining-room until any other of their party running across could touch them, which gave them a right to run back again. In these sports they were joined by the appren-

tice-masters, one of whom was an enthusiastic reader of Homer, and had diffused Homeric admiration among all the boys. "We were," said Howitt, "Greek and Trojan mad, and, of course, we divided our two bands in this game into Greeks and Trojans. We tucked up our coat-laps under our coats, and buttoned our coats up so as to resemble close jackets, presenting as little as possible for anybody to get hold of, and it may be imagined with what ardor we played, till we were all as hot as Achilles ever was himself when before the walls of Troy. Many a good coat and shirt-collar have I seen wrenched away in one pull at that favorite game." With equal enthusiasm he describes the part he took in the work of the farm, which had not fewer than three hundred and fifty people to support.

The list of offences and the punishments to be awarded is a curious document. It is entitled "Observations on Punishment," and opens with this explanation, which we copy verbatim for the benefit of modern teachers: "Punishment is intended as a restraint on evil, and should be inflicted with coolness and resolution without the least appearance of passion, for when passion is discovered there is reason to believe that revenge has had some share in the punishment, and that the master is not influenced by a sincere concern for the welfare of his scholar. The less severe punishment is the better, provided the end is answered; but in some cases it should be more severe than in others." The document then describes the punishment to be awarded for each offence. "Telling a wilful lie, taking God's name in vain, swearing, stealing, and other gross immoralities, may be punished with the rod, which, whenever used, should be done with much solemnity." Although fighting regular pitched battles was considered a grave offence, it was not considered as bad as lying or swearing, for it was ordered that the offender should be "punished in a less degree than the former immoralities." Very literal was the reading of Solomon's advice about the rod, in the early days of the school. But from the first, corporal punishment could not be inflicted without the consent of all the masters, who held weekly courts. A modification of this regulation was, however, made, which provided that in cases of disobedience to a master's authority, the master might at once call in the aid of two of his fellow-teachers, who with himself might jointly decide on the amount

of correction adequate to the offence, and inflict it with the rod with due caution, not exceeding three strokes, to be done by a master not offended. These methods, though cumbersome, were at any rate better than punishment inflicted in the heat of passion.

Another method of punishment was that of solitary confinement, sometimes for nights and days, and a diet of bread and water. This treatment, though harsh, was better than that in force at about the same time at Christ's hospital, in the square Bedlam cells of which boys were locked up with a handful of straw and a blanket for a week or ten days together.

It is certain that the lads at Ackworth gave their masters a good deal of trouble. William Howitt said of his predecessors at the school that they "had been of a bold and insubordinate cast; they seemed to have been 'giants in the land,'" and the traditions of their exploits "were our themes of fear and wonder. They had elected a king; it was he who dared to climb the highest up a leaden spout in the corner of the pediment in the very centre of the main building, and there cut his initials. Under his orders they had committed many a daring transgression; for he was absolute. They had planned schemes of escape and put their plans into execution; but always, with one solitary exception, brought back again and punished, a result morally certain; for, not being allowed to possess money nor to wear hats, their appearance and purses were equally hostile to long flights. Many a time has my indignation been roused by the recital of the treachery of an old Friend, who, beholding a troop of these bareheaded, moneyless, and footsore boys passing through his town, had entrapped them by an invitation to dinner, in their case an irresistible bait, and then sent them back. Often, too, have I wept at the pathetic story of a poor lad, who, having reached the house of his companion, while he sat, on a fine summer day, with him and his mother, shell-ing peas in the garden, was pounced upon by the pursuer, and driven back like a stray sheep along the hot and dusty road, a long and weary way, and with a heart full of weary expectations."

The uniform dress of the boys was as singular as the rules by which they were governed. Like George Fox, they wore long-tailed coats, leather breeches, and buckled shoes. The girls were dressed more tastefully, in white caps, hair turned back over them or combed straight down

on the forehead, checked aprons with bibs, and white neckerchiefs folded neatly over their stuff gowns in front. Their walking costume consisted of a hat, a long cloth cloak, with colored mits reaching to their elbows. In 1848 liberty was given to parents of girls to send either silk or straw bonnets. Leather breeches continued in use down to 1820, when corduroy was substituted. They were styled by the boys "leather dicks," and were so stiff and strong that their owners used to balance them on end and jump into them, and so tough that the boys used to cut strips off for making whip-lashes. It is said that one boy laid in a stock of lashes by cutting the whole of one leg away, and as a punishment the tailor made him a huge stocking, and obliged him to wear it on the dismantled leg. The last remaining specimen of the leather breeches was exhibited, with other curious articles formerly used in the school, at the centenary of the institution, which was celebrated in 1879. In one matter at least the example of the founder of the sect was not strictly followed. The boys were forbidden to wear hats. Not until 1832 did the committee come to the conclusion that "some advantage would arise from the boys being allowed to wear some covering for the head," each boy being then presented with a dark brown worsted cap. But this innovation was not adopted without a protest from one Friend, who considered that caps gave the boys a military appearance!

The children were forbidden to go out of the school grounds. Once a month, however, this rule was relaxed, and occasionally they were allowed a free scramble upon a common in the neighborhood. On both occasions they must have presented a motley appearance, dressed in their peculiar Quaker garb, and in hats which did not fit them.

"The bell rung," wrote William Howitt, "the boys ran to collect in the shed, they drew up in two long lines facing each other, perhaps two yards apart. Large wicker baskets were brought forth from the storeroom piled with hats of all imaginable shapes and species; for they were such as had been left by the boys from the commencement of the institution; there were broad brims, narrow brims; brown, and black, and white; pudding crowns, square crowns, and even sugarloaf crowns, such as Guy Faux himself wore. These without ceremony were popped upon the heads of the boys at random; little ones were left sticking on

the summit of great round-headed lads, ready to fall off at the first move, and great ones dropping over the noses of little ones."

For forty years after the opening of the school the instruction did not extend beyond the three R's. The attention of the boys was concentrated upon a few subjects instead of being frittered away upon many. To make good writers and readers was the ambition of the committee. Reading, however, seems to have been the pet subject, but, from the absence of suitable books, was taught under difficulties. Frequent complaints of the non-existence of books adapted to the capacity of children appear in the minutes of the committee, who were compelled to fall back upon the journals of Friends, and the less easily understood "beauties" of a ponderous German philosopher. More attractive reading was supplied in Goldsmith's "History of England," William Penn's "Travels through Holland and Germany," and Sewell's history. Another characteristic piece of Quaker literature offered to the juveniles was the narrative of Thomas Lurting, who from a fighting sailor turned peaceable Christian, and exhibited his friendly principles even to the Algerian pirates who had captured the ship in which he was engaged, and on whom he turned the tables by making them prisoners without shedding of blood or the striking of a blow.

The institute was "managed" by two committees, the one sitting in London and the other at Ackworth. As might have been expected, there were frequent conflicts of opinion between them, and when the London committee advised the introduction of Mrs. Barbauld's "Hymns" and the "Catechism of Nature," the Ackworth committee rejected them as unsuitable, and adopted the "Rational Dame." But brighter days dawned before the century closed, and Lindley Murray's "English Reader" proved an inestimable boon to the school. Other school-books were added from time to time, and a more comprehensive system of education has been gradually introduced. Taking the school as a whole it is believed to have been in advance of middle-class schools both in education and training. It is admitted that the treatment was Spartan; and some of the friends of the school contend that the failings of the committee were those of the age in which they lived, and sprang out of prevailing currents of thought.

The school has educated about ten thousand children, and but for it many of

them would never have had any education at all. Among the scholars may be mentioned John Bright; the late Mr. Henry Ashworth, of Bolton, foremost in the Anti-Corn-Law agitation; William Howitt; the Right Hon. James Wilson, who was financial secretary for India, and the founder of the *Economist*; Mr. Jeremiah Holmes Wiffen, the translator of Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," and the author of "Historical Memoirs of the House of Russell;" Benjamin B. Wiffen, author of the "History of the Early Spanish Protestant Reformers;" Dr. Miller, F.R.S., author of the "Elements of Chemistry;" Mr. John Gilbert Baker, F.R.S., the well-known botanist; and Mrs. Ellis, author of "Women of England."

From Nature.

AMERICAN ANTS.*

LOOKING to the extensive and systematic work which Dr. McCook has already accomplished in the study of some of the most interesting species of New World ants, we are exceedingly glad to observe from this additional volume that he has now turned his serious attention to the honey-ants, for, although the habits of this species were known to be certainly among the most remarkable of the many remarkable habits that are presented by the Hymenoptera, they have not hitherto engaged the study of any competent observer. As he himself observes, "Very little of their habits has heretofore been known, and only the forms of the honey-bearer and worker-major. In order, if possible, to remove this reproach from entomology, I started in the early part of July, A.D. 1879, for New Mexico."

In giving a short abstract of the results which have rewarded his energy, we may best begin by describing the forms or "castes" which Dr. McCook found to constitute a colony of honey-ants. There are (1) three castes of workers, namely, major, minor, and minim or dwarf—the first being 8.5 mm. in length, the second 7 mm., and the third 5.5 mm.; (2) honey-bearers, "a sedentary class or caste distinguished by abdomens distended into a spherical form of expansion of the crop filled with grape-sugar; the length (including abdomen) is 13 mm. (one-half

* *The Honey-Ants of the Garden of the Gods, and the Occident Ants of the American Plains.* By Henry C. McCook, D.D. Philadelphia: Lippincott and Co., 1882.

inch); the proportions and description of the head and body are those of the worker-major, of which it may be a developed form;" (3) female, or queen—length 13 mm.; (4) male—length 5 mm.

Regarding the economy of the hive, the first important point established by Dr. McCook's observations is that the honey-bearers do not, as has been asserted, themselves elaborate the honey, but that this is gathered by the workers from a peculiar kind of vegetable gall, and by them poured into the crop or proventriculus of the honey-bearers; the honey-bearers are therefore nothing more than living store-houses for the food of the hive, their relation to the rest of the community being, as Dr. McCook observes, similar to that of the honey-comb cells to the hive bee. For not only do the worker-ants store the "rotunds," but when they require food they go to the rotunds, which feed them by pressing out a drop of their store from the œsophagus. Likewise "the queen, virgin females, males, and the teeming nursery of white grubs" are all dependent on the rotunds for nourishment. The honey is collected from the galls by the workers at night, the insects being very intolerant of sunlight, and quickly dying when exposed to it. The honey pressed from the body of the rotunds has a pleasant taste, somewhat resembling ordinary honey, but more aromatic, slightly acid, and contains a larger proportion of water—being, therefore, more limpid. It requires about one thousand honey-bearers to yield one pound weight (troy) of honey. Dr. Wetherill says, as the result of analysis, that the substance is "a nearly pure solution of grape-sugar which is in a state of hydration isomeric with grape-sugar, and differing from grape-sugar in not crystallizing."

The working ants are so fond of the honey stored within the rotunds, that when, in making sections of the nests, Dr. McCook ruptured the abdomens of the rotunds, he always observed that, "notwithstanding the high state of excitement which pervaded the colony, the ordinary instinct to defend the nest and preserve the larvæ, cocoons, and other dependents, was at once suspended in the presence of the delicious temptation." It is therefore the more remarkable that when a rotund dies the workers do not open the abdomen to get at the contained honey, but, after severing the abdomen from the thorax, remove each part separately to a "cemetery," or common burying-ground which these ants, like many

other species, maintain. The author suggests, and not improbably, that this forbearance on the part of the workers may be explained as "the result of an instinctive sentiment by which nature guarantees protection to the living honey-bearer."

The partly-filled rotunds are not wholly dependent for their food upon the gorging process to which they are submitted by the workers, for when only partly filled, they will feed themselves on sugar; but the author never saw "a honey-bearer of full rotundity taking food or drink." But the fact that before this insect is largely distended with honey it will feed itself points to the supposition that it may be itself a worker, slightly, if at all modified in structure; and this supposition is borne out by anatomical investigation. For the latter has shown: (1) "that it is the *crop alone* which contains the nectar received at the mouth;" (2) "that the organs of the abdominal portion of the alimentary canal are ordinarily in a natural state, except in so far as their position has been changed by the downward and backward pressure of the expanding crop;" and (3) "that the process by which the rotundity of the honey-bearers has probably been produced has its exact counterpart in the ordinary distension of the crop in over-fed ants; that at least the condition of the alimentary canal in all the castes is the same, differing only in degree, and therefore the probability is very great that the *honey-bearer is simply a worker with an overgrown abdomen*." "Why the extraordinarily distended crop seen in the honey-ant should be limited to two species (so far as known), and why so limited a number of workers in the formicaries of these two species should develop the round abdomen, are questions that provide sufficient wonder, but yield scant satisfaction."

The degree of distension which the crop of fully gorged rotund undergoes is certainly most surprising. Among the thirteen plates with which Dr. McCook's work is illustrated, several figures are given of the crop in various stages of repletion. In the comparative scale of representation adopted, the empty crop is drawn about the size of a pea, and the fully distended one about that of a tennis-ball.

Regarding less special points of interest, we may notice the "absence of individual beneficence." Not a single instance of such beneficence was noticed, although closely watched for, while the exhibitions of an apparently cruel neglect were many. Thus, "the grains of sand and soil were

heaped around the rotunds, until the poor creatures were literally buried alive. It would have been easy for the busy masons to draw their fellows aside and thus carry on their work. But it either never occurred to them to do so, or the disposition was wanting." This, however, applies to the case when the ants are engaged in making a new nest, after having been transferred *en masse* by the author to hitherto unbroken ground. But "in the natural sites the workers showed great interest in the preservation of the rotunds, dealing with them very much as with the larvæ." In these natural sites the rotunds hang suspended by their claws, backs downwards, from the roof of their underground chamber, and if they fall to the floor they are unable to move from the spot on account of their unwieldy mass. In such a case several workers "would join in removing one rotund, pushing and pulling her along. . . . Another sketch represents a worker-major dragging a rotund honey-bearer up the perpendicular face of a cutting made in the excavation of the nest. The mandibles of the two insects were interlocked, and the worker *backed* up the steep, successfully drawing her *protégée*." It seems, however, to have been undetermined whether in such a case the worker restores the rotund to her place on the roof of the chamber; it is certain that they did not do so in the author's artificial formicaries, for although the fallen rotunds "were faithfully attended, often cleansed and caressed, in no single instance did the workers attempt to right them and restore them to the roof."

It will be seen from this brief epitome of Dr. McCook's results that, while adding a number of new facts, they partly confirm, and partly contradict the previously published statements of Llano (1832) and Wesmäl (1838). But, as Dr. McCook himself observes, "One of the most perplexing accounts of the honey-ant is that of Mr. Henry Edwards," who recorded the statements from a verbal description given to him by Capt. W. B. Fleeson, whose observations were made at or near Santa Fé. This description was first published in the "Proceedings" of the California Academy of Sciences, (vol. v., p. 72, 1873), and afterwards in the columns of this journal. Its chief points were that the honey-bearing ants are suspended to the roof of this chamber by meshes of web, that there are three very distinct castes, if not species and genera of ants forming a colony, that the larger kind form a fortress of a most remarkable

character, and also gather leaves and flowers which they deposit in the middle of their fortress, leaving them to be then conveyed by ants of a second species to the honey-bearers as food. The remarkable fortress was described as being formed in the shape of a perfect square, having one side open and always facing due south, while round the remaining three sides the ants of the larger species were described as perpetually parading in a double line of defence. None of these assertions have been corroborated by Dr. McCook, and therefore he may be excused for suggesting that Capt. Fleeson may perhaps have been "testing the credulity of the writer by one of those jokes of which naturalists are occasionally the victims." "But," he adds, "if the narrative is to be taken in good faith, I can only explain the facts by supposing that the observer happened upon a nest of cutting ants (*Atta fervens*) within whose boundaries a nest of Melliger had chanced to be established, and had confounded the habits of the two as those of one formicary; or, second, that the cutting ants, or some other species of a similar economy, have really acquired the habit of kidnapping and domesticating the honey-ant for the sake of its treasured sweets, precisely as many ants domesticate aphides." "The portorage of leaves, etc., into nests is not an uncommon habit among ants of divers species; therefore, without stopping to discuss the question whether such material may contribute to the food supply of the formicary, it may be remarked that its most probable and ordinary use is for purposes of architecture or nest-building."

After again reading the account as published by Mr. Edwards, we cannot entertain the suggestion that he has been the victim of an intentional hoax. But as the suggestion has been made by an honest and independent observer, we feel it to be incumbent on those who were responsible for the publication of the account to repudiate the insinuation of dishonesty; and, looking to the definite nature of the statements which that account contained, we feel it is now more desirable than ever that they should be either verified or disproved by some competent naturalist visiting the locality where the observations are said to have been made.

The second part of Dr. McCook's volume treats of the Occident ants of the American Plains. These build mounds from less than half a foot to more than a foot in height, round which they make a circular "clearing" of grass and other

vegetation, presumably by cutting it away after the manner of the agricultural ants of Texas, previously described by the same author. The mound is always covered with pebbles which have been removed in the process of excavating the underground chambers and galleries. Some of the pebbles so transported are ten times the weight of the ant, so that the labor performed would be paralleled by that of a man if he could carry half a ton up a staircase one-third of a mile high.

These ants do not begin their labor till eight or nine o'clock in the morning; so, as Dr. McCook seems not unwilling to observe, "it might not be unmeet that those persons whose love of sleep during late morning hours has been disturbed by the familiar Scripture proverb, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise!" should return upon their mentors with the above-recorded facts, and cite this ant, who is indeed no sluggard, as being nevertheless fond of a morning nap." The day's work, or at any rate the day of out-door work, begins by opening the gates which had been closed the previous evening. "The manner of opening the gate cannot be fully described, because the work is chiefly done within and behind the outer door of gravel. The mode would doubtless be correctly indicated by reversing the process of closing gates, presently described. What I saw was, first, the appearance of the quivering pair of antennæ above one of the pebbles, followed quickly by the brown head and feet projected through the interstices or joints of the contingent gravel-stones. Then forth issues a single worker, who peeps to this side and that, and after compassing a little circuit round about the gate, or perhaps without further ceremony, seizes a pebble, bears it off, deposits it a few inches from the gate, and returns to repeat the task; she is followed, sometimes cautiously and at intervals of ten, twenty, even thirty minutes, by a few other ants, who aid in clearing away the barricade, after which the general exit occurs. Again there is a rush of workers almost immediately after the first break, who usually spread over the hill, busting around the gate, gradually widening the circles, and finally push out into the surrounding herbage. At first the exit hole is the size of a pea, perfectly round, and plainly shows that sand and soil have been used under the gravel to seal up the gate. The whole appeared to have been cemented, probably by the moisture of the night dew.

"The process of closing the gates is

even more interesting to the observer than the opening, as the various steps are more under his notice. . . . At nest A the closing was chiefly from within. The workers pushed the sand from the inside outwards with their heads. A grass straw about an inch long was brought from the interior and pushed out until it lay across the gate as a stay for the filling material. Soil was here principally used for closing, a few pebbles being added." In another case, "when the gate was nearly closed a straggling minor came back from the commons and essayed entrance, wherein she failed. Several trials and failures succeeded, whereupon she commenced dragging the dirt from the opening. While thus engaged the major approached with a huge bit of gravel, which she deposited on her comrade with as much nonchalance as though she were one of the adjoining pebbles. At last the minor dug out a tiny hole through which she squeezed into the nest, and the major, who was deliberately approaching close behind her, carrying another pebble, immediately sealed up the opening. During this amusing episode the straggler made no effort to aid in the closing, being wholly intent on entering, and the gate-closer paid no attention to her whatever, beyond the first sudden and satisfactory antennal challenge. Each moved forward to her own duty with the undisturbed plasticity of a machine."

This "by-play" between the gate-closers and the late-returning foragers is not the exception but the rule; nevertheless it does not appear that the foragers ever so far miscalculate their time as to arrive after the gates are completely closed. When the gates are all but closed there is generally but a single ant engaged in the closing process from without; this ant slips in at the last moment, and the process is finally concluded from within. The gates are similarly shut during the daytime if the weather seems to threaten a heavy rain-storm.

In disposition the Occident ants, though provided with very formidable stings, are exceedingly mild and unwarlike — so much so, indeed, that even when greatly incommoded by the tiny but viscous erratic ants which Dr. McCook observed on one occasion to have impertinently established a nest within their "clearing," they would not dislodge or even fight their insignificant foes, but "entirely abandoned their old avenue, cut down and around the erratic colony, and made an opening on the edge of a slight ridge several inches beyond the disputed territory,

but still in the line of the avenue which they had been using in their work. A tithe of the pains required for this task would have literally cut out and carried away the whole nest-space of the erratics, whose scant numbers of diminutive warriors could have been overwhelmed in a moment by the legions of their huge hosts."

Lastly, Dr. McCook has satisfactorily ascertained that these Occident ants present the same habits of "harvesting" as those which were previously known to occur in the allied species of Florida and Texas. His work as a whole deserves warm commendation, and we trust that the success which has attended his study of the sundry species of ants that have hitherto engaged his attention, will induce him to extend his researches to those other species on the American continent which present habits and instincts, if possible, more remarkable than those which he has done so much to elucidate.

GEORGE J. ROMANES.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

DESTRUCTION OF EGYPTIAN MONUMENTS.

ABOUT four miles to the westward of Rhoda is the site of the once important city of Hermopolis Magna, the capital of the Hermopolitan Nome; and the agricultural railway which intersects the Daira Sanieh sugar-estates in all directions runs close past it. The moufettishes have a very convenient method of superintending the work in the more distant part of the lands by means of small, single-horse tram carriages. In a vehicle of this description we took a drive to the mounds that mark the position of the ancient city. Here we were met by the local superintendent with donkeys, and scrambled over the *débris* and tumuli, which reminded me very much of those of Arsinoë in the Fayoum. Like those of Antinoë, they had been searched in all directions for blocks of stone with which to construct the sugar-factories. In one place I saw twelve porphyry columns erect that had escaped the sacrilege, but the massive stonework of an old Egyptian temple had not been so fortunate. Of this edifice, which must have been on a grand scale, only two plinths remained, the diameter of which was twelve feet and the height three feet. They were covered with hieroglyphics and the ovals of Philip

Aridæus, the titular successor of Alexander the Great, so that it dated from the commencement of the Ptolemaic period; but the rest of this temple, we were told, formed part of the foundations of the sugar-factory. It was one mass of granite, covered with hieroglyphics, in the streets of Rhoda, evidently waiting till it was wanted for building purposes. The historian of future ages grubbing among the iron boilers, shafts, and wheels which are characteristic of the period in which we live, will be puzzled to account for the presence of these immense blocks traced with the records of a civilization four thousand years older, and will either come to the conclusion that the ancient Egyptians used steam-engines, or that hieroglyphics were the ornaments with which we covered our sugar-factories. It is heart-breaking to think how much injury has been done to the antiquities of Egypt within the last ten years by the reckless destruction of its monuments in order to make sugar more cheaply. A gentleman who had been resident at Minieh ten years ago informed me that he had seen a beautiful naked figure of Antinous, carved in white marble, brought over from the ruins of the city and condemned to be pounded into fragments in order to form part of the foundations. It was such an exquisite piece of sculpture that he almost went on his knees to the moufettish of that date to spare it, promising that if he would only give him time he would purchase it for a large sum of money. The Egyptian official, however, desirous of proving his zeal in the cause of Western civilization and his incorruptibility, was inexorable, and the statue was dashed to pieces then and there, and pounded into the foundations of the sugar-factory, as an evidence of his comprehension of the utilitarian spirit of the age and his sympathies with the advanced ideas of the late khédive. At the same time, a stone inscribed with three languages, which might have proved of immense historical value, was broken up by this enlightened official, who also found sarcophagi very useful for building purposes—the workmen engaged in making the excavations ruthlessly blasting the tombs covered with hieroglyphics, and flinging the mummies into the Nile after appropriating whatever they found of value in the coffins. Nor has this work altogether stopped; at Surarieh they are blasting within a few feet of the tablets on which the figures of Rameses and the god Savak are delineated, and the little temple I had visited is evidently doomed.

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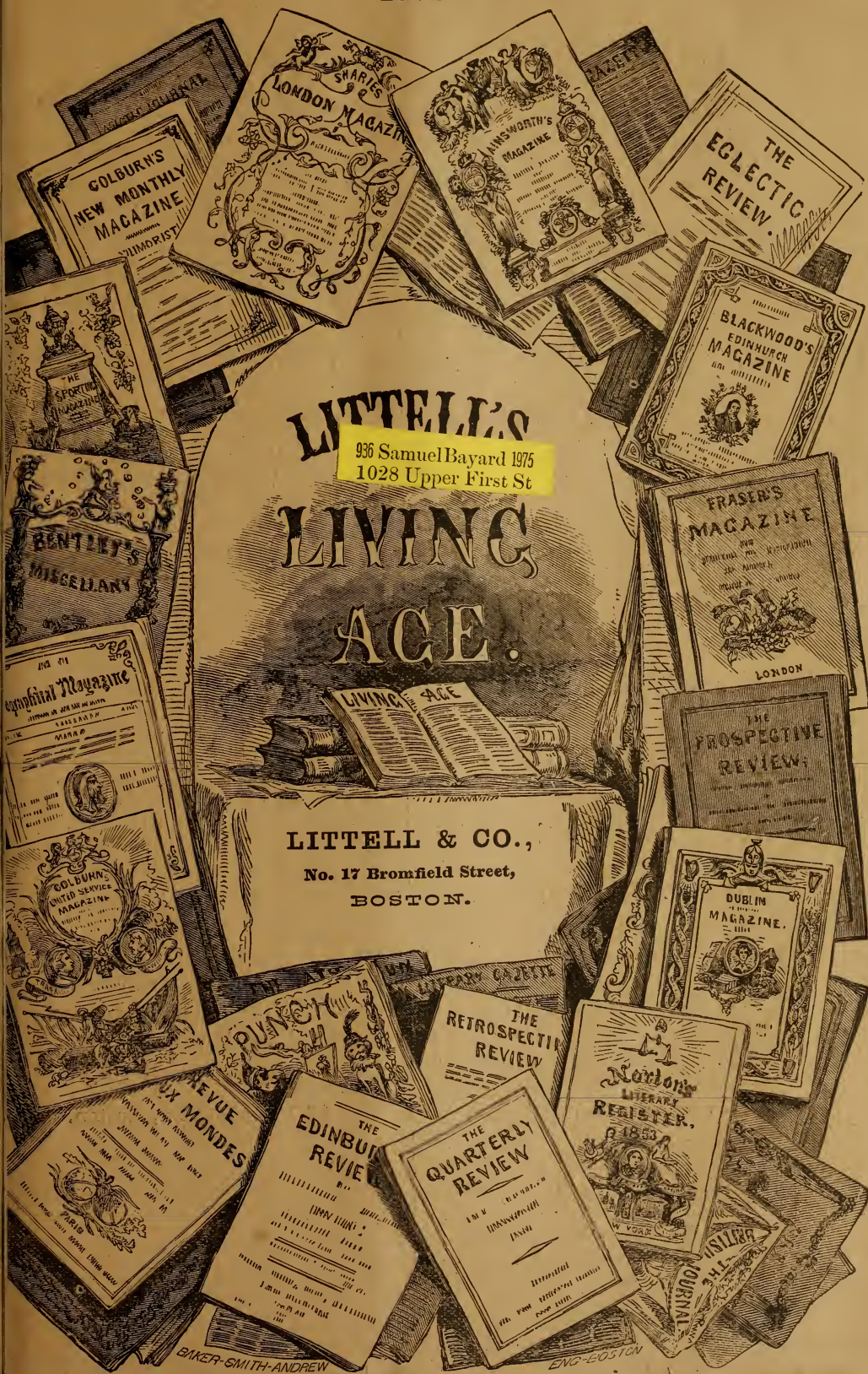
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Fifth Series,
Volume XXXVIII. }

No. 1973.—April 15, 1882.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CLIII.

CONTENTS.

I. AMYE ROBSART,	<i>Nineteenth Century,</i>	67
II. THE FRERES. By Mrs. Alexander, author of "The Wooing O't." Conclusion,	<i>Temple Bar,</i>	80
III. RUSSIA AND THE REVOLUTION,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i>	106
IV. IAR-CONNAUGHT: A SKETCH,	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i>	116
V. THE "BURDEN OF SOVEREIGNTY,"	<i>Spectator,</i>	125
VI. MIDNIGHT TEA,	<i>Spectator,</i>	127

POETRY.

SUNSET WITH CLOUDS,	66	"THEY DO BUT GROPE IN LEARNING'S	
LINES, SUGGESTED BY A BIRD SINGING,		PEDANT ROUND,"	66
A WOOD-PRIMROSE IN FLOWER, A		"FOR WE THE MIGHTY MOUNTAIN	
CHILD PLAYING, AND AN EARLY		PLAINS HAVE TROD,"	66
BUTTERFLY,	66		

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SUNSET WITH CLOUDS.

THE earth grows dark about me,
But heaven shines clear above,
As daylight slowly melts away
With crimson light I love ;
And clouds, like floating shadows,
Of every form and hue,
Hover around its dying couch,
And blush a bright adieu.

Like fiery forms of angels,
They throng around the sun —
Courtiers that on their monarch wait,
Until his course is run ;
From him they take their glory ;
His honor they uphold ;
And trail their flowing garments forth,
Of purple, green, and gold.

Oh bliss to gaze upon them,
From this commanding hill,
And drink the spirit of the hour,
While all around is still ;
While distant skies are opening,
And stretching far away,
A shadowy landscape dipp'd in gold,
Where happier spirits stray.

I feel myself immortal,
As in yon robe of light
The glorious hills and vales of Heaven
Are dawning on the sight ;
I seem to hear the murmur
Of some celestial stream ;
And catch the glimmer of its course
Beneath the sacred beam.

And such, methinks with rapture,
Is my eternal home —
More lovely than this passing glimpse —
To which my footsteps roam :
There's something yet more glorious
Succeeds this life of pain ;
And, strengthened with a mightier hope,
I face the world again.

Temple Bar.

GERRARD LEWIS.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY A BIRD SINGING, A WOOD-
PRIMROSE IN FLOWER, A CHILD PLAYING,
AND AN EARLY BUTTERFLY,

January 18, 1882.

SWEET bird, whose carol on the winter thorn
Tells of glad hope within thy pretty breast,
Wait ere thou singest ! Winter may be born,
And all these sunny fields with snow be drest.
Yet who can blame thy song ? Would I might

know

The faith and hope that in thy joy-notes flow !

Dear flow'ret ! To *thy* thinking, spring has
come ;

Thou hastenest all thy beauties to unfold,
And in a nook of thy soft woodland home,
Dost shine amid the moss like star of gold.

How can we chide thee ? Oh, for strength to
meet
The coming storm — so bloom in fragrance
sweet !

Fair child, who sees no future, knows no past,
Sing on, and fear not ! But the storm will
come :

Thy thoughtless joyance may not always last.
Yet smile within the shelter of thy home !

Care comes with years — but thine the glad
to-day.

Strength will be given, and patience for the
way !

Poor butterfly, which flutterest in the sun,
With white wings spread, to catch its transient
heat,

Thy little life, perchance ere day is done,
Will pass away. A thing so frail and fleet
Is scarce worth being born — yet flutter free :
An emblem of our day is seen in thee.

Chambers' Journal.

THEY do but grope in learning's pedant round
Who on the fantasies of sense bestow
An idol substance, bidding us bow low
Before those shades of being which are found,
Stirring or still, on man's brief trial-ground ;
As if such shapes and modes, which come
and go,

Had aught of truth or life in their poor
show,

To sway or judge, and skill to sain or wound.

Son of immortal seed, high-destined man !

Know thy dread gift, — a creature, yet a
cause :

Each mind is its own centre, and it draws
Home to itself, and moulds in its thought's
span,

All outward things, the vassals of its will,
Aided by Heaven, by earth unthwarted still.

NEWMAN.

FOR we the mighty mountain plains have trod,

Both in the glow of sunset and sunrise ;

And lighted by the moon of southern skies !
The snow-white torrent of the thundering flood
We two have watched together. In the wood

We two have felt the warm tears dim our
eyes

While zephyrs softer than an infant's sighs
Ruffled the light air of our solitude !

O Earth, maternal Earth, and thou, O Heaven,
And Night first-born, who now, e'en now,
dost waken

The host of stars, thy constellated train !

Tell me if those can ever be forgiven,

Those abject, who together have partaken
Those sacraments of nature — and in vain ?

AUBREY DE VERE.

From The Nineteenth Century.
AMYE ROBSART.

No story has ever taken a stronger hold of the public mind than that of Amye Robsart, and the interest felt in it continues from time to time to be refreshed by new pictures and popular dramatic representations. With the ladies particularly it is so great a favorite that they think it almost cruel to bring out any discovery that may help to produce a disillusion. This perhaps is not to be wondered at, if what has been said by one of themselves is quite correct, as we hope it may not be, that "fiction is the chief mental sustenance of the greater part of the female sex in this country at the present day."

The reason why this tragical story has survived so many others of similar kind which have been, comparatively speaking, forgotten, of course is — "*carebant vate sacro*" — they lacked what it obtained, viz., the powerful aid of the "Author of Waverley" to give it a world-wide and lasting celebrity in his novel of "Kenilworth."

His object (as stated in the introduction to that novel) was

to delineate the character of Queen Elizabeth; to describe her as at once a high-minded sovereign, and a female of passionate feelings, hesitating betwixt the sense of her rank and the duty she owed to her subjects on the one hand, and on the other, her attachment to a nobleman, who, in external qualifications at least, amply merited her favor. The interest of the story is thrown upon that period when the sudden death of the first Countess of Leicester [*a title which Amye never had*] seemed to open to the ambition of her husband the opportunity of sharing the crown of his sovereign.

Sir Walter Scott is generally truthful and accurate, as indeed writers of every sort who deal with historical matters ought to be; but in working out his object in this instance he was, as is well known, not so attentive as usual to the real order of events. This misplacing of scenes and substitution of one person for another rather interferes with the pleasure of the reader. A graver objection is that the novel has had the effect of stamping some

of the characters introduced with infamy hardly ever to be effaced, but which later researches have shown to be undeserved. This has been done chiefly by the late Mr. Pettigrew, a well-known archæologist, by Mr. Bartlett of Abingdon, and Mr. Adler of New York.

With respect to Lord Robert Dudley himself, to whose direct instigation common rumor attributed the violent death of Amye, Sir Walter Scott, in one of the notes to the novel, is careful to explain that he has represented him rather as the dupe of villains than the unprincipled author of their atrocities: his reason being that "in the latter capacity, which a part at least of his contemporaries attributed to him, he would have made a character too disgustingly wicked to be useful for the purpose of fiction." But in dealing with some of the other personages he has forgotten this propriety, and consequently has produced in Varney (as one of his earliest critics observed) "a character of such pure and unrelieved villany as never existed; and, had such a moral monster ever appeared on the surface of society, he would not have been a proper subject for representation." The truth simply is that the basis of the novel was the venomous book called "Leicester's Commonwealth," concocted against Dudley by his enemies the Jesuits; and from this Scott took the names of Anthony Foster and Richard Varney, discarding what information he had elsewhere about the one, and apparently knowing nothing at all about the other.

Many persons think, and some have been bold enough to say, that either from total want or imperfect supply of materials, or from spite and political prejudice, there is, in the histories put into our hands, fiction enough already without making matters worse by the help of historical novels. The student of history, it is true, does not go to such sources for his history. On the other hand, the generality of readers of historical novels, though they may be readers, are not often students, of history; and perhaps it is not going much too far to say that, of the young and impressible who devour the novel and have the scenes there described still further

fastened on their memory by some masterpiece of painting or acting at a theatre, there is not one in a thousand but to the end of his days will be quite satisfied that the story is true as he has there read or seen it.

The effect of this novel of "Kenilworth" certainly has been to create a strong bias against Dudley; and that effect would now perhaps hardly be destroyed, even if all the real facts should happen to be discovered. This indeed has not yet come to pass; but some things have been brought to light which give a different complexion to the story, and it is by no means impossible that more may eventually be forthcoming from those stores of secret history which, under the direction of the Historical Commission and by the wise permission of the different owners, are now undergoing investigation.

If (as remarked by Disraeli the elder) to contribute something not before known is a more important service to the general fund of history than to give new form and color to what we are already possessed of, an opportunity has lately been presented of rendering some slight service in that way in the case of Amye Robsart.

In a private examination of the large and curious collection of documents at Longleat belonging to the Marquis of Bath, an original letter from Amye was recovered, being the second now known to exist, a former one having already been preserved in the British Museum. The letter at Longleat was found pinned inside a dressmaker's bill, among a number of private papers and accounts of Lord Robert Dudley. The discovery naturally led to a stringent scrutiny of every scrap of paper relating to him and to his period. The result was the finding not only of some valuable original deeds and documents relating generally to R. Dudley and his affairs, but also a few incidental allusions to, and notices of, Amye Robsart as his wife. These will be found to throw, it may be only a little, but still, so far as they go, quite a new light, not indeed upon the actual manner of her death, but upon the previous circumstances of her married life.

Two or three points of difference be-

tween the current belief and the real facts must first be mentioned.

I.

THE MARRIAGE.

SHE was the only daughter and heir (a brother Arthur being illegitimate) of Sir John Robsart, a knight of Norfolk, of lineage older than that of the Dudley family.* Her mother, Lady Robsart, had been married before to a Mr. Appleyard, of a very old Norwich family; and by him she had a son John Appleyard, Amye's half-brother. Robert Dudley, "Esquier," and Amye were married when quite young (she about eighteen, and he about nineteen years of age), in A.D. 1550, fourth year of King Edward the Sixth. The proofs of their marriage are these. There is among the records in London a settlement on the *lady's* side by Sir John Robsart, the father, dated the 15th of May, 1550. There is at Longleat a deed of settlement on the *husband's* side, dated the 24th of May, 1550: and it runs thus, "Between John, Earl of Warwick, K.G., of the one part, and Sir John Robsart, Kt., on the other part: witnesseth that they are fully agreed that a marriage shortly after the ensembling hereof, shall be had and solemnized between Robert Duddleley, Esq., one of the younger sons of the said Erle, and Amye Robsart, daughter and heir apparaunte to the said Sir John Robsart, if the said Robarte and Amye will thereunto condescend and agree;" and then continues about lands, etc. These two documents were settlements in May, 1550, on the *intended* marriage. The marriage itself took place on the 4th of June, 1550, at Sheen, in Surrey, in the presence of the court, and is particularly mentioned by King Edward the Sixth, then only eleven years old, in his diary (now preserved in the British Museum). It was therefore not in any way clandestine, but public and notorious as possible.

There are also at Longleat several doc-

* She is believed to have been born at Stansfield Hall, Norfolk, a house which belonged to her father, and which some years ago obtained a horrible notoriety from being the scene of the murder of the Jermy family by Rush.

uments dated *after* the marriage in which they are both mentioned: one being a grant of the manor of Hemsby, near Yarmouth, in Norfolk, by his father, John, then Duke of Northumberland, to his son, Lord Robert Dudley, and "the Lady Amie *his wife*."

Their married life lasted rather more than ten years, from the 4th of June, 1550, to the 8th of September, 1560.

II.

AMYE NEVER AT KENILWORTH.

It may be mortifying to any who, at Drury Lane Theatre, have wept at the touching interview between "the Countess of Leicester" and Queen Elizabeth, to be told that no such interview ever took place, except upon that stage. The reason is, that *Kenilworth Castle*, where the *earl* received the queen, *did not belong to him at all during Amye's life*. She died 1560. The queen gave Kenilworth to "Lord Robert" in June, 1563. The original letters patent granting it, dated the 20th of June, 1563, are at Longleat; and there is also the original warrant from the queen to deliver to Dudley possession of the castle.

This is an interesting document, being Queen Elizabeth's authority to six gentlemen, named, to go to Kenilworth, and take possession on behalf of Lord Robert. The formal delivery is endorsed, dated the 29th of June, and it is attested by the signatures of no less than sixty-four witnesses. But the wife Amye was not present, for she had been in her grave nearly three years, since September, 1560.

III.

AMYE NEVER "COUNTESS OF LEICESTER."

FOR the same reason she never was "Countess of Leicester," Dudley not having been created Earl of Leicester until *after* the grant of Kenilworth Castle. The patent of creation is dated the 29th of September, 1563, rather more than three years after her death. During her life he was "Sir R. Dudley, Kt.," commonly called "Lord Robert;" and she "Amye, Dame or Lady, Dudley."

IV.

SIR RICHARD VARNEY.

THE late Mr. Pettigrew says:—

Of Sir Richard Varney I can ascertain no particulars. He is mentioned, in no measured terms, as an instigator to baseness, as the chief prompter to the murderous design, and as having been left with a manservant, an underling, and Anthony Foster, to effect the diabolical business. We know nothing of Varney, save the mention of him in Ashmole's narrative, drawn by the Jesuit in "Leicester's Commonwealth," and by the very important part he is made to play in the novel of "Kenilworth." His name does not occur in any authentic documents connected with Sir Robert Dudley or Amye Robsart, *nor, indeed, does he appear to have had any real existence.*

A letter was found at Longleat, dated the 20th of April, 1560 (six months before Amye's death), addressed "To the Rt. honorable and my verry good lorde, the lorde Robert Dudley, Mr. of th' horses to the Quene's Majestie at Court," signed "RICHARD VERNEY."

The name, of course, caught attention; and the next thing was to find out, if possible, something about the writer. The letter itself was of the common kind, from one friend and gentleman to another; referring to the loss of some favorite hawks of Dudley's, which had been entrusted to the care of one of the writer's servants, and which had been mismanaged. But the *seal*, not in wax, but on wafer, was fortunately preserved, the device being an antelope with long horns. On examining it closely with a glass it appeared that the animal's *tail* ended not with the usual single tuft of hair, but in a *tripartite finish*, something like a fleur-de-lis. The letter was written from Warwick, and in Dugdale's history of that county, under the name of Verney, will be found an engraved plate of a monumental coat of arms, supported by two antelopes, with the peculiar tripartite caudal finish. At Longleat there is also a parchment deed signed by the same Richard Verney, where the seal is preserved in wax, and presents the same peculiarity. This identified the writer of the letter as Sir Richard Verney, of Compton Verney, in Warwickshire, whose family is now rep-

resented, and place occupied, by their descendant, Lord Willoughby de Broke. Lord Robert Dudley himself was a Warwickshire man. He had already property in that county (before Kenilworth was given to him) from his father; and Sir Richard Verney was a neighbor and friend, of whom nothing has been discovered but what is perfectly respectable. There is a letter to Lord Robert Dudley, master of the queen's horse, from Sir Ambrose Cave, one of the queen's ministers, and M.P. for Co. Warwick, written on the 16th of July, 1559, a year before Amye's death. Certain commissioners were wanted for the county; and Sir Ambrose, writing in the name of the Council, says:—

And whereas for the execution of the charge committed unto us we resolved of certain gentlemen to be officers unto us, as Mr. Fisher for one, who cannot well take it upon him, in whose stead Sir Richard Varney, a gentleman meet to serve in that behalf, wold willingly endeavour himself* for Warwickshire, if it please you to appoint or require him by your letters to take the charge upon him. Thus leaving to trouble your Ldship any further at this tyme I commit you to God who send you increase of honour. Your good Lordships to command, Ambrose Cave.

This is scarcely the tone in which a minister of State would write about a man who was capable of staining his hands in a miserable murder.

In the novel Varney is disposed of in a manner that is no doubt highly satisfactory to the reader. He is found next morning dead in his cell, having swallowed a dose of poison. This does very well for the story, but the real Sir Richard Verney, in 1561—the very next year after Amye's death—filled the office of her Majesty's high sheriff for the county of Warwick, and, in fact, did not die till the 26th of July, 1567.

V.

TONY FOSTER.

ANTHONY *Forster*, or *Forrester*, Esq., was of an old Shropshire family, settled

* "*To endeavour himself for*"—i.e. to consider himself bound to undertake for. So in the Prayer-Book collect for second Sunday after Easter, "also daily *endeavour ourselves*:" in the preface to the Confirmation Service, "They will evermore *endeavour themselves*," and in the Ordination Service, "I will *endeavour myself* so to do." In all these instances in the Prayer-Book the words are often read with a pause between "*endeavour*" and "*themselves*," as if the meaning were that they would—"*themselves*, do their best," etc. The mistake is a very pardonable one, the modern use of the word endeavor being simply "to try." Nor is there in the English translation of the

in Berkshire. His wife was Ann, niece of Lord Williams of Thame, lord high chamberlain in the reign of Philip and Mary. Cumnor Hall, or Place, belonged to Dr. Owen, the queen's physician. Mr. Forster rented it of him at the time of Amye Robsart's death, but purchased it soon after. His children all died. He was highly esteemed as a most honest gentleman by his neighbors at Abingdon, and was sometimes consulted by the University of Oxford to assist in settling matters of controversy. He was a cultivator of the fine arts, a musician, a builder, a planter, and towards the close of his life (1572) was returned to Parliament for the borough of Abingdon. In Cumnor Church there is a large brass plate to his memory, embellished with certain coats of arms, the usual marks of gentility. He had always been a personal friend of Lord Robert Dudley's, and when Dudley was promoted to honor, Mr. Forster became not only the principal receiver of his income, but one of the chief controllers of the expense of a very stately establishment. For, with all his magnificence, the Earl of Leicester's household expenses were kept in the most precise manner. At Longleat there are some of the inventories of his furniture, dresses, etc., in large folio volumes, beautifully written. All bills were duly examined and payments registered and signed by five of the household officers.

The earl was remarkable for his costly wardrobe. The practice was for the materials to be supplied to the tailor, or embroiderer, by the mercer or other tradesman. The orders to the tradesmen were all issued by the chief officer of the wardrobe; and there is a bundle of such orders, filed exactly as they were left by Mr. Forster. Every one of these is signed by him in the year 1566, six years after Amye's death; and he died in 1569.

There is also an original letter from the Earl of Leicester to A. Forster, relating to furniture at Kenilworth Castle, containing special orders about costly hangings for the dining-chamber, specifying the very width and height; with directions for sufficient store of spicery and fireworks against "my chiefest day;" also instructions for a banqueting-room to be got up quickly, with peremptory orders for all to be on the alert. It ends: "So fare you well, Antony; in much haste,

Bible any other sense of the word. It is in the Prayer-Book only that the obsolete use is retained.

your loving master, R. Leycester." This letter does not refer to the preparations for the great reception of Queen Elizabeth, which was in 1575, but to a visit of Sir Nicholas Bacon, the lord keeper of the great seal.

Having seen in these few instances how widely the current belief differs from the real facts, we come to the main part of the story, bearing in mind that the title of Countess of Leicester, and the name of Kenilworth Castle, are to be absolutely dissociated from the true history of Amye Robsart.

To go back to the beginning of her married life, A.D. 1550. The older narratives have begun with telling us that their married life was an unhappy one: that they lived apart, and she in a lonely house. That is certainly the way to prepare the reader's mind for a violent conclusion; but there is no evidence that their married life was from the first, or indeed ever, an unhappy one: for until a very little while ago, *nothing whatever was known about their married life*. The little we do now know from the Longleat papers exhibits them as living on the best footing. And as to their living apart, that only applies to the last year or two, and the house in which she lived was anything but lonely. Where their first home was is not known. Perhaps in Norfolk, where their property lay; possibly in London, because this was in Edward the Sixth's time, and Lord Robert was one of the gentlemen in ordinary in the household. After Edward the Sixth's death, July, 1553, Dudley certainly was in London, but against his will and under unpleasant circumstances; for he had joined with his father in the attempt to place Lady Jane Grey on the throne, for which Queen Mary sent him to the Tower. He was convicted of high treason; all his estates, as well as his wife's, were forfeited; and he had a very narrow escape from sharing his father's fate on Tower Hill. The princess Elizabeth (afterwards queen) was at the same time lodged in the Tower by her sister, Queen Mary, for State reasons. Dudley remained in custody half a year, till January, 1554. Several other noblemen of his party were also prisoners; but their wives were allowed to visit them from time to time. Among the ladies whose names are mentioned as so doing, is that of Amye, Lady Dudley; so that so far, in the fourth year of marriage, there is no sign of estrangement. On receiving his pardon he was released, and his estates, including his wife's, were restored

to him. This was through the influence of Philip of Spain, the husband of Queen Mary; in return for which Robert Dudley offered his services to Philip, who sent him off to the Continent to fight against the French. How long he was abroad does not appear; but his wife would of necessity be left at home. We lose sight of them entirely for three years, if not more, but at the end of that time she reappears, in the first letter above mentioned as in the British Museum (Harl. MS. 4712). It refers only to a comparatively trifling matter, but it is really very useful in revealing to us, most *inartificially*, what her domestic position was in the seventh or eighth year of marriage. It is dated the 7th of August, no year being named; but as it refers to their farm at Sydissterne, in Norfolk, it could not have been written before 1557, because that property did not come into their hands (as is known from deeds) before that year. It was probably written still later, and in the first or second year of Queen Elizabeth, 1558 and 1559, because it speaks of Dudley's being called away on weighty business. The substance of it is this: Sydissterne was a large sheep-farm with three thousand sheep upon it, and their agent or steward was a Mr. Flowerdew. He had written to Dudley about some of the farm affairs, and particularly about some poor people who were waiting for some money. Lord Robert had been called off in a hurry, without answering that letter; so the steward writes a second time, and the second letter comes into Amye's hands. She sends a courteous apology to the agent for his first not having been answered, explains the reason, and *having full authority* to settle all matters, she orders him to sell some wool, even at a loss, so as not to keep the poor people waiting any longer for their money. In this there is no sign of estrangement. She appears simply as a trustworthy wife left with full direction to settle domestic matters in her husband's absence, in the seventh or eighth year of their short married life of ten years. But there is something more in this letter. It is dated from "Mr. Hyde's," which was at Denchworth, a few miles from Abingdon, and not many from Cumnor. The wife of Mr. Hyde was Alice, daughter of Sir Thomas Essex, of Lambourne in Berks, and they had a very large family of children; a state of society not quite consistent with the solitary and lonely residence to which Amye is commonly supposed to have been consigned. The

Hydes and Dudleys were old friends, Mr. Hyde having bought some years before from Robert Dudley's father the manor of Kingston Lisle, near Denchworth. Mr. Hyde's brother, William, was at this time M.P. for the Co. Berks; so that there is no doubt of the respectability of this family. Amye, as Lady Dudley, resided a great deal at this Mr. Hyde's, and was constantly visited there by her husband. How she came to be living there so much admits of explanation.

Queen Elizabeth had come to the throne on the 17th of November, 1558, when Robert Dudley's star was in the ascendant. He had been of no particular importance in Queen Mary's reign, but he was of the same side as Elizabeth in matters of religion; he had been her playfellow in childhood and her fellow-prisoner in the Tower. She immediately appointed him master of the horse and K.G. This in the first year of her reign. The office of master of the horse was one which demanded his continual attendance in London. No one journeyed about more than Queen Elizabeth, and, go where she would, the master of the horse was obliged to go with her. In the published accounts of the queen's progresses, there is always a great horseback cavalcade, and the master of the horse, in close attendance, riding a little in rear of her Majesty. Now, as Amye had no children, it is not unlikely that, instead of living alone in apartments in London, she preferred living with friends in the country, and for that reason stayed at Mr. Hyde's. She might have disliked, as many ladies did, the life of the court. In some letters of that period at Longleat, written by ladies of the highest rank, they express their great weariness with its state and formalities, begging their husbands to come back for economy's sake as soon as they could: at any rate not to compel *them* to go up to London. But whilst Amye was so staying at Mr. Hyde's, she was only under his roof as a visitor and friend, and she was perfectly at liberty to go wherever she liked. There is evidence that she used that liberty, and had suitable means for doing so provided by her husband.

Among the documents are two folio account-books: one kept by Mr. William Chaucy, Lord Robert's secretary or steward, beginning the 20th of December, 1558, the first year of Elizabeth's reign, and a year and a half only before Amye's death; the other by Mr. Richard Ellys, of about the same time. Mr. Chaucy be-

gins by a statement of moneys received into his hands, the first item of which is 300*l.* from Mr. Anthony Forster, Lord Robert's treasurer. Then follow, *per contra*, the payments made.

The following extract exhibits all the items that occur in this volume relating to Amye. If the figures are multiplied by, say, six or seven to express present value, they will be found to convey no indication of parsimonious allowance or inattention to her comfort.

Items relating to Amye (Robsalt) Lady Dudley, extracted from the account-books of Lord Robert Dudley. (Original at Longleat.)

Gyven to Gowre for hys charge riding into Lincolnshire to <i>my ladye</i>	xxs.
Paid his hyer of certen haknes [<i>hackneys</i>] for <i>my ladye</i>	lxijs.
Item to John Forrest for his charge Ryding to Mr. Hide's to <i>my ladye</i>	iijs. iiij <i>d.</i>
For Gower for <i>my Lady</i> , coming out of Lincoln	xxvijs. viii <i>d.</i>
To Johans for riding to Mr. Hide's to <i>my lady</i>	iijs. iiij <i>d.</i>
To Mr. Blunt's horsehier when he rode to <i>my lady</i> in the Christmas	6s. 8 <i>d.</i>
To Johnes for <i>my lady</i>	66s. 8 <i>d.</i>
To hier of xii horses when <i>my lady</i> came from Mr. Hide's to London	60s.
Item to Langham for 2 days bordwages attending upon <i>my lady</i> at Christchurch, yr Lordship being at Windsor	3s. 4 <i>d.</i>
To Thomas Johnes and his fellowes for their dynners, weyting upon <i>my lady</i> from Christchurch to Camerwell	3s. 8 <i>d.</i>
Item; for my bote-hier to London about the despatch of <i>my lady</i>	8 <i>d.</i>
Item; for a trunke saddell with ye appurtenances for carrying of <i>my ladye's</i> apparel	20s.
To Thos. Johnes to buy a hoode for <i>my lady</i>	xxxvs.
To Gilbert ye goldsmith for 6 doz. gould buttons of ye Spanish pattern, and for a littell cheyne delivered to Mr. Forrest for <i>my lady's</i> use	£xxx.
To Mr. Virloe for lynnenn cloath for <i>my lady</i>	51s.
— Two ell of fine Holland for to make <i>my lady</i> ruffes	12s.
— 2 1-2 ells of Russet taffata to make <i>my lady</i> a gowne at 13s. 4 <i>d.</i> an ell	35s.
Item, paid to Eglamby for <i>my lady's</i> charge from Mr. Hide's to Camberwell	£10
Item, delivered for <i>my lady's</i> charge riding into Suffolk: with xl pistoles [<i>a Spanish coin</i>] delivered	

to Hogans to put into *her Ladyship's* purse . . . £26 13s. 4d.
 1559. For sewing silk sent to *my lady* by Mr. Forster . . . 4s.
 For apparel sent to *my lady* and for the charges of Higgenes, her man, lying in London . . . 60s.
 For bringing venison to Mr. Hide's Item: ii pair of hose sent to *my lady* by Sir Richard Verney's servant . . . 5s.
 Item. for spices bought by the cook when your Lordship rode to *my lady's* . . . 8s.
 1559. For a looking glass sent to *my lady* by Mr. Forster . . . 22s.
 To Smyth the mercer for 6 yards of velvet at 43s. a yard: and 4 yards to the Spanish taylor for your Lordship's doublet: and 2 yards for garding *my lady's* cloak . . . 4s.
 112s. 6d.

The following items, under the head of "Play money," show that Lord Robert was frequently visiting at Mr. Hyde's:—

To Mr. Hide which he lent your Lordship at play at his own house . . . 40s.
 Delivered to your Lordship at Mr. Hide's at *sundry times*; by my hands 20s.: by Hugans 11s. and by Mr. Aldersey 28s. &c. Total . . . 67s.

The other account-book (Richard Ellys's) refers to 1560, the last year of her life, but there are in it only one or two items, and these refer to the expense of her funeral. There is, however, a mercer's bill (six months before her death):—

1560. March. Delyvered a velvet hatt imbroidered for *my Ladye* . . . 3 6 8
 Pair of velvet shoes for *my Ladye* . . . 3 0 0

In the account-books the dates of month and day are not always given, so that it is not easy to distinguish exactly which of them refer to her whilst she was lodging with the Hyde family at Denchworth, and which to her later residence at Cumnor. But it is evident that she was *under no restraint*, for we find her journeying about, to Lincolnshire, London, Suffolk, Christchurch in Hampshire, and Camberwell, *twelve horses being at her command*.

CUMNOR.

It cannot have been much before the very last year of her life that she removed from Mr. Hyde's, at Denchworth, to Cumnor Place, about eleven miles off. It is quite intelligible that she might have found it more convenient to have a house in which she would be more of the mistress than would be the case whilst staying at a friend's; and it seems unreasonable to suppose that if her husband had any evil

design upon her life he would have placed her in a house only a few miles from the Hydes, her most intimate friends. Cumnor was a large building, quadrangular, and of ecclesiastical style, having formerly belonged to the dissolved monastery of Abingdon. It was not lonely, for it was close to a large village, within an easy walk of Oxford, and there were several persons staying in it; Mrs. Owen (wife of William Owen, the owner), Mr. Forster and his wife (tenants), Mrs. Odingsell, a widow, sister of Mr. Hyde, living with the Forsters. It is not unlikely, from two sets of servants being spoken of, one under Amye's control, that the house was divided, one part being appropriated to her. Mr. Forster purchased the house from Owen after Amye's death, and curiously enough, by his will in 1572, he bequeathed it to Dudley on condition of his paying 1,200*l.* to the widow Forster. Dudley (then Earl of Leicester) did so; and it is entered as his property in a schedule of his estates. One would have thought that if he had ever been a party to the murder of his wife there, he would have been content to have nothing to do with it, and rather never hear of it again.

One of the very few documents at Longleat, connected with her actual residence at Cumnor, is a dressmaker's, or, more correctly, a woman-tailor's bill, from one William Edney, of Tower Royal, in London, sent in by him to Lord Robert Dudley for articles supplied to his wife. Inside this bill was found (as before mentioned) a letter from Amye to the tailor, which he had preserved as a voucher for some particular gown ordered by her.

Amye Lady Dudley's Letter to her Tailor.

edney wt my harty comendations thesse shalbe to desier you to take ye paynes for me As to make this gowne of vellet* whiche I sende you wt suche A collare as you made my
 rosset taffyta gowne you sente ^{me} last & I will se you dyscharged for all I pray you let it be done wt as muche speade as you can & sente by this beaer frewen the carryar of oxforde | & & thus I bed you most hartely fare well from
 comnare this xxiiij of avguste

Your assured frind
 AMYE DUDDLEY.

To my very frinde will
 yam | edney the taylor
 ye a
 at tower rill geve this
 in London.†

* *Vellet*, in the letter, is used by Spenser, for *velvet*. Chaucer has *velloute*. Ben Jonson *vellute*, probably from the Latin *villosus*, hairy or woolly.

† Tower Royal, near Bucklersbury and the Mansion

Among other items in the bill of this poor lady's wardrobe were "a loose gown of satten byassed with lace over the garde," "a round kirtle of russet wrought-velvet with a fringe;" "a Spanish gown of damask, laced all thick athwart the guard;" "a Spanish gown of russet damask;" "a loose gown of *rosset taffata*" (the pattern alluded to in the letter); also lace, fringes of black silk and gold, ruffs, collars, and the like. These little matters are mentioned merely to show that, as to dress, she appears to have been liberally supplied. One of the last items was incurred after her death, viz., "a mantle of cloth for the chief mourner."

While she was living at Cumnor during the last year of her life, perfectly free from restraint, so far as appears from the documents before us, the court, and indeed the whole country, began to be filled with various rumors about Robert Dudley and the queen. All these arose from the queen being a young unmarried lady, and from the anxiety which her counsellors, the nation, and foreign nations, too, felt upon this question, viz.: who, in case of her death, was to be the successor to the throne. There were schemes and intrigues that were going on all around the queen. There were princes abroad, and noblemen at home, ready to be promoted. Dudley was known to be in high favor: the queen was believed to be really attached to him.

Rumors of the worst kind were "bruited about" in London. It was said that Amye was very ill, that she had a cancer, that she was to be divorced, that she was to be poisoned, that Dudley had actually given instructions for her quiet disappearance. The Spanish ambassador, De Cuadra, reported all these to his master, and that the affair was coming off immediately. Dudley himself knew of these evil reports. He also knew that for his wife to die just then in any way would be damaging to his character, and to any hopes that he might be entertaining they would only be most damaging, because, though the queen had declared rather pettishly to her ministers that "she was not going to marry a subject, or allow any one beneath her to be called My Lord's Grace," still, should she change her mind, public opinion would hardly allow a queen

of England to select for a husband a man who had caused his wife to be murdered. The last thing, therefore, that Dudley would wish to hear among all these untoward rumors, would be that his wife had met with a violent death. This appears from what took place when that news actually reached him as described in some letters preserved (in transcript) in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge, and printed in Craik's "Romance of the Peerage," Lord Braybrooke's "Diary of Pepys," Mr. Pettigrew's pamphlet, and Adler's "Amye Robsart."

From these it appears that Amye's death took place on Sunday, the 8th of September, 1560. The news was carried by one Bowes, a Cumnor servant, to Lord Robert, then at Windsor, and reached him the next morning, Monday. A little while before this message reached Windsor Sir Thomas Blount, one of Dudley's household officers, had set off towards Oxfordshire.

It has been said that Dudley had previously heard something that alarmed him, which induced him to send Blount off. But no evidence of this has been produced. Blount had not gone very far on his road when he met Bowes coming, who told him all he knew, viz., that the day before, Sunday, being Abingdon Fair day, Lady Dudley had herself given the strange order for all belonging to her to go to the fair, and would suffer none to tarry at home; that Mrs. Odingsell remonstrated with her, saying it was not a proper day for gentlewomen to go, but that she would go next day. Whereupon Lady Dudley grew very angry, and said Mrs. Odingsell might do as she pleased, but all hers should go, and that Mrs. Owen should dine with her. Her people, accordingly, all went to the fair, leaving in the house, so far as appears, three ladies, Mrs. Owen, Mrs. Forster, and Mrs. Odingsell, besides the Forster servants. Of Forster himself or of Varney there is no mention at all. On their return from the fair Lady Dudley was dead, found lying on the floor of the hall, at the foot of the staircase. Bowes could tell Sir Thomas nothing more, as he had been among the rest away at the fair. Sir Thomas, having heard this, continued his ride, and stopped for the night at Abingdon, about four miles from Cumnor, and, wanting to hear what was said about the matter, sends for the landlord, and pretending that he was on his way to Gloucestershire, asked, "What news in these parts?"

House, London. Stowe says the queen's wardrobe was there, and that it had been a strong residence occupied by *Royalty*, afterwards turned into shops. Others derive it from the merchants of La Reole, who established themselves there, and gave to the street the name of *La Reole*.

The landlord replied, "There was fallen a great misfortune within three or four miles of the town. My Lord Robert Dudley's wife was dead."

Blount asked, "How was that?"

"By a misfortune, as he heard: by a fall from a pair of stairs."*

Blount asked, "By what chance?"

The landlord did not know.

Blount asked, "What was his judgment and the judgment of the people?"

He said, cautiously enough, "Some said well, and some said evil."

"What do *you* think?" asked Blount.

The landlord said, "He thought it must be a misfortune, because it happened in that honest gentleman's house (meaning Mr. Forster's). His great honesty doth much curb the evil thoughts of the people:" *i.e.*, Mr. Forster was so well known as a respectable man that no one would believe a crime could be committed in his house.

"Methinks," said Blount, "that some of her people that waited on her should have something to say about this?"

"No, sir," said the landlord, "but little: for it is said they were here at the fair and none left with her."

"How might that be?" asked Blount.

"It is said," answered the landlord, "that she rose that day very early, and commanded all her sorte to go to the fair, and would suffer none to tarry at home: which was thought a very strange thing for her to do."

This conversation took place on the Monday evening, at Abingdon. The same evening, Dudley at Windsor, having heard what Bowes, the first messenger from Cumnor, had to tell him, sends off by a return messenger one Bryse, with the following letter to Sir Thomas Blount:

Cosin Blount, — Immediately upon your departing from me there came to me Bowes, by whom I do understande that my wife is dead, &, as he saith, by a fall from a pair of staires. Little other understandinge can I have from him. The greatness & the suddenesse of the mysfortune doth so perplex me, untill I do heare from you how the matter standeth, or howe this evill doth light upon me, considering what the malicious world will bruyte [*i.e.* will say] as I can take no rest. And, because I have no waie to purge myselfe of the malicious talke that I knowe the wicked worlde will use, but one, which is the verie plaine truth to be knownen, I do praye you, as you have loved me, and do tender me & my quietness, and as nowe my special truste is in you,

that you will use all devises & meanes you can possible for the learning of the truth; wherein have no respect to any living person: & as by your own travell and diligence, so likewise by order of lawe, I mean, by calling of the Coroner, & charging him to the uttermost, from me, to have good regard to make choyse of no light or slight persons, but the discreetest & substantial men for the juries: such as for their knowledge may be able to search honorable & duellie, by all manner of examynacions, the bottom of the matter: & for their uprightness will earnestlie & sincearlie deale therein, without respect. And that the bodie be viewed & searched accordingle by them: and in every respect to proceede by order & lawe. In the mean tyme, cosin Blount, let me be advertysed from you by this berer, with all speede, howe the matter doth stande: for, as the cause & the manner thereof doth marvelously trouble me, considering my case many waies, so shall I not be at rest till I may be ascertayned thereof: prayinge you ever, as my truste is in you, & as I have ever loved you, do not dissemble with me, neither let anythyng be hid from me, but sende me your trewe conceyt and opinion of the matter, whether it happened by evill chance or villainye: and faill not to let me heare contynewallie from you. And thus fare you well. In moch hast, from Windsore, this IXth day of September in the eveninge. Your lovinge frend and kynsman, moch perplexed.

R. D.

Lady Dudley had (as mentioned above) a half-brother, John Appleyard, and an illegitimate brother, Arthur Robsart. So Dudley adds, in a postscript:—

I have sent for my brother [*i.e.* brother-in-law] Appleyarde, because he is her brother, & other of her frendes also, to be theare, that they may be previe & see how all things do proceede.

It is difficult to conceive how such a letter as this could have been written by a man who had previously given a tacit consent to his wife's destruction.

The distance from Windsor to Abingdon would be about forty miles. It does not appear at what hour Blount received it; but the next morning (Tuesday, roth), having heard what was said and thought outside Cumnor, he went on to the house itself, and had the same account from the lady's own maid, Mrs. Pinto. He then asked her, "What *she* thought of the matter; was it chance or villany?" The maid answered: "By my faith, I judge it chance, and neither done by man nor by herself, for she was a good, virtuous gentlewoman, and daily would pray upon her knees; and divers times I have heard her pray to God to deliver her from desperation." "Then," said Blount, "she might have an evil eye in her mind?" (meaning,

* A pair of stairs, in the west of England, means a staircase with two landings.

I presume, thought of suicide). "No, good Mr. Blount," said the maid, "do not so judge of my words. If you should so gather, I am sorry I said so much."

On Wednesday, 11th, Blount at Cumnor replied to Dudley's letter. He reports all that Bowes had told him on the road (which would be the same as Bowes told Dudley), and also all that he had heard and seen, as above given; adding that a coroner's jury was already assembling before he had reached Cumnor, and that since he had been there he had heard several strange things which led him to think that Lady Dudley had been somewhat disordered in her mind.

It has been alleged against Dudley that he showed great indifference by not going down immediately himself. But one may look at his conduct in another light. He knew well enough that he would be immediately suspected of having in some way led to the violent death. If he had gone down in person, his presence might probably have overawed a country jury, and hindered them from speaking out and asking questions freely; or it might be said that he had bribed them not to be too inquisitive. He therefore wisely stayed away; but he urged, in the very strongest terms, that no pains should be spared to find out if it were done by villainy, and the guilty parties to be declared. Also that all his wife's own relatives should be sent for: thus giving to her family every opportunity of fair play. The chief of these were Mr. Appleyard, her half-brother, and Arthur Robsart, her illegitimate brother. Appleyard was a Norfolk man, high sheriff of that county the next year. Mr. Norris and Sir Richard Blount, both of well-known Berkshire families, were also there. The jurymen were all strangers to Dudley; but such was the jealousy towards court favorites, that there were some among them who would have been glad to connect him with the death if they could. Yet the answer sent to him was that *after the most searching inquiry they could make, they could find no presumption of evil dealing*. Sir Thomas Blount himself asked in every direction, and declared he could not find or hear of anything to make him suspect that violence had been used by any person. Lord Robert then writes to desire that a second jury of substantial honest men should be summoned; and to them he sent this message:—

To deal earnestly, carefully, and truly, and to find as they shall see it fall out. And if it fall out a chance or misfortune, so to find, and

if it appear villainy (as God forbid so mischievous or wicked body should live) then to find it so, and God willing, I shall never feare the due prosecution accordingly, what person soever it may appear any way to touch: as well for the just punishment of the act as for myne own trewe justification: for as I would be sorry in my heart any such evil should be committed, so shall it well appear to the world my innocency.

Here, before proceeding, two or three remarks.

1. If he had really in any way encouraged, or connived at, a violent death, it is next to impossible that he could have faced the ordeal of inquiry in such a tone as this.

2. These letters, which passed between Dudley and Blount at the very moment, annihilate some of the common falsehoods. For example (1) Verney and Forster (neither of whom is mentioned in the letters as being near the place) are said in the slanderous narrative ("Leicester's Commonwealth") to have sent away all *the servants*. It was Lady Dudley's own doing, and a very strange thing indeed for her to do. (2) The narrative says that the body was hastily buried, and that her father, Sir John Robsart, ordered it to be exhumed for the coroner. Amye's body was not buried, for the inquest was already sitting when Sir Thomas Blount arrived at Cumnor; and instead of the matter being hastily smuggled through, it was most closely inquired into, in the presence of all the lady's own friends and relatives that could be got together, under no restraint from the presence of Dudley himself. Nor could her father Sir John Robsart have given any order, for he had himself died several years before, viz. in A.D. 1553.

3. Though (as observed in the earlier part of this paper) the evidence found at Longleat does not clear up the whole mystery, still its tendency is to give a new complexion to many of the circumstances. It certainly does not present any traces of estrangement between Dudley and his wife, or of dark arrangements for putting her out of the way.

Mrs. Pinto, the lady's maid, was satisfied that the death of her mistress was a pure accident, "neither done by man nor herself." The jury "could find no presumption of evil dealing." The late Mr. Pettigrew, who wrote very carefully upon the subject, accepted the verdict of the jury, but adds: "There are at the same time some circumstances that lead to a suspicion that it might have been her own

act. The strange stories which Sir Thomas Blount heard from the lady's maid, Amye's prayers to be delivered from desperation, and the sending all servants out of the house for the day, for them to find her dead when they returned"—these circumstances led Mr. Pettigrew to think that possibly she might for some time have been laboring under mental infirmity, and that care and seclusion in the house of friends with female companions about her, may have been desirable, instead of her appearing about the court, where her conduct might have excited remark, and have been inconvenient. It may be added that the prevailing whisperings and slanders about the queen's only waiting for her death, and that treachery was on foot, had reached her; and it is not difficult to believe that continual suspicion of being *marked* may have had a depressing effect and have led her to destroy herself. However, after a prolonged inquiry, the jury found it mere accident. For Dudley it was a very untoward accident; and that it *should* just happen when everybody was saying that something *would* happen, was undoubtedly one of those very extraordinary coincidences which it is not easy to explain to public satisfaction. She was buried by Dudley in St. Mary's Church, Oxford, with great expense and magnificence, a number of ladies attending as mourners, followed by the University dignitaries, and Dudley's friends, some of them of the Privy Council. The expenses of the funeral are mentioned in one of the account-books at Longleat. The exact site of the vault had been forgotten, but it has lately been ascertained and an inscription ordered to be cut upon the top step of the three steps rising into the chancel.

Another feature in this case favorable to Dudley is, that distinguished men of the day who were familiar with him harbored no suspicion of unkind feelings on his part towards the wife of his youth: among them particularly, Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, ambassador at Paris, of a party wholly opposed to Dudley in religion, being a Roman Catholic; also Sir Henry Sydney, father of the famous Philip. Sir Henry told the Spanish ambassador that the death "he was quite sure was accidental. He had examined into the circumstances with the greatest scruple, and could discover nothing like foul play, however the public mind was possessed with the opposite opinion." This evidence comes from *official* Elizabethan correspondence, discovered among

the archives at Simancas, in Spain; and it is corroborated by evidence at Longleat, not less valuable because *non-official*. A common letter about sending venison pasties, and apologizing for the possibly bad baking of them, is hardly a document in which one would have expected to find anything to help in forming an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the husband of Amye Robsart. The letter was written to Robert Dudley by Henry Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon, his brother-in-law. He was one of a few of blood royal who were in turn named for the succession to the crown in case of Elizabeth's death, being a candidate of the house of York, descended (through the Pole family) from George, Duke of Clarence, brother of King Richard the Third, not, as it would appear, being himself ambitious of the honor, but the nominee of a certain political party.

Lord Huntingdon's letter was written from the town of Leicester on the 17th of September, 1560, nine days after the death of Amye, and the news reached him whilst he was writing it. He then added a postscript.

Henry Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon, to Lord Robert Dudley.

My very good Lord. After my most hartly commendations. Although I am sure you are not without plenty of Red deer, yet I am bold to send you half a dozen pies of a stag which was bred in the little garden at Ashby (de la Zouche). I would be glad to understand how the baking doth like you, for I am in some doubt my Cook hath not done his part, but you must pardon this fault, and it shall be amended: for if you love to eat of a stag, I will have one ready for you any time (I trust) this winter. It shall be as fat as any forest doth yield & within 4 days warning he shall be sent to you. Thus my good lord and brother I take my leave, wishing to you in all things as to myself. From Leicester the 17 of Sept.

Your assured brother to the end

H. HUNTINGDON.

As I ended my Letter, I understood by Letters the death of my Lady your wyfe. I doute not but long before this tyme you have considered what a happy hour it is, which bringeth man from sorrow to joy, from mortality to immortality, from care and trouble to rest and quietness: & that the Lord above worketh all for the best to them that love him well. I will leave my babbling, & bid the buzzard cease to teach the falcon to fly: & so end my rude postscript.

To my very good Lord & Brother, the Lord Robert Dudley.

On this letter one remark may be made. It is a fair instance of the value of *private and familiar documents*. Official papers

are always got up with a certain formality of preparation, to meet the public eye, or for a purpose. Here is a simple private letter of the very time, naturally written, on an ordinary subject, not likely to meet any other eye than that of the person written to, and therefore most unlikely to contain any fictitious or misleading sentiment. Being merely a friendly message about such every-day matters as pies and a cook, it suddenly turns off, on the receipt of serious news, to a tone which would have simply been a piece of sickening hypocrisy, if the writer had ever had the faintest inkling of ill-will or ill-conduct on the part of Dudley towards his wife. If any such feeling had existed, it must have been well known to his own brother-in-law.

There would be, if we could only recover it, conclusive evidence upon this mysterious story, in the written depositions taken at the coroner's inquest, and the full statements of all who were examined. But nothing has hitherto been found in any depository of records in the county of Berks.

There remains now only one more item of evidence in Dudley's favor, found (also quite accidentally) among the old letters at Longleat. It is a very important one as bearing upon this story; and it is also another curious instance of the value of *secret* history.

One of our living historians has taken much trouble in dealing with Dudley's case. He has had the benefit of much correspondence and other matters newly brought to light, both among our own records and those of Spain. He has carefully weighed and sifted all this, and though Lord Robert is apparently not one of his favorites, still upon this particular question Mr. Froude is, upon the whole, inclined to acquit him personally. But there is one particular document which has yet to be explained before the acquittal is quite satisfactory. This is in the large collection of papers at Hatfield. It appears to Mr. Froude (if not explained) to show that Dudley was not so zealous as he seemed to be, that his unhappy wife was indeed murdered, and that with proper exertion the guilty persons might have been discovered.

The Hatfield document refers to Mr. John Appleyard, half-brother to Amye Robsart, one of the relatives whom Dudley insisted on bringing to Cumnor to watch the proceedings at the coroner's inquest.

In 1567, seven years after Amye's death,

the question of Dudley's marriage with the queen had been again brought forward into public discussion. Of course it excited the vigilant jealousy of some, the religious or political opposition of others. The old suspicions about Amye's death were not forgotten. The substance of the Hatfield document is, that it had been reported to Cecil (in 1567) that John Appleyard had been heard, some time before, in a moment of irritation, to let fall words to this effect: that he (Appleyard) "had not been satisfied with the verdict of the jury at her death; but that, for the sake of Dudley, he had *covered the murder of his sister.*" Upon this being reported to Cecil, it became imperative to have the matter inquired into: so Cecil orders Appleyard's attendance, and requires him to explain, very precisely, what he had meant by those words. Appleyard explained away his words in this manner: that though he would not exactly say Dudley was himself guilty, yet he (Appleyard) had thought it would be no difficult matter to find out who the guilty parties were.

That is the substance of the only remaining paper upon which Mr. Froude appears to suspend his judgment. He says: "If Appleyard spoke the truth, there is no more to be said. The conclusion seems inevitable, that though Dudley was innocent of direct influence, the unhappy lady was sacrificed to his ambition, and was made away with by persons who hoped to profit by Dudley's elevation to the throne."

But there is another document, accidentally found at Longleat, which shows that Appleyard was not much to be depended on, and that he had second thoughts about the language he had used. This is a letter, telling the news of the day in the most *inartificial* manner: just like that of the Earl of Huntingdon's before mentioned, which began about venison pasties, and ended with condolence on the news just come of the death of the wife. It is from Sir Henry Nevill to Sir John Thynne, the builder of Longleat House. Sir Henry Nevill was a Berkshire gentleman, a friend of Sir John Thynne, writing to him from London about family news and the events of the day.

Sir Henry Nevill to Sir John Thynne. (1567, June 9.)

After my herty comendacyons unte yowe & my Lady, & the lyke from awll our wemen who I thanke God are awll in helthe. I hav so rare messengers that I may trust that I dare

not ventewr no letters of any importance. Now, havyn Ludlo, I wyl send you seche as here are currant. *On Fryday in the Star-Chamber was Appleyard brought forth, who showed himself a malytyous beast, for he dyd confesse he accusyd my Lord of Lecyster only of malyes*: & that he hath byn about yt thes 3 years, & now, bycause he cold not go thoroghe with his bysens [*business*] to promot, he fell in this rage ageynst my lord & wold hav acusid hym of 3 thynges: 1. *of kyllyng his wif.* 2. of sending the Lord Derby in to Scotland. 3. for letting the quen from maryedge. He cravyd of pardon for awll thes thyngs . . . My lord keeper answeryd that . . . in King Henry 7th dayes, there was one lost his ears for slawndering the Cheff Justyce: so as I thinke *his* end wyl be the pillry. [The letter then continues with other miscellaneous matter.]

John Appleyard's grievance against Dudley (as stated in the letter) was that Dudley had not promoted Appleyard's "business" in some way, but for three years had neglected him; whereupon Appleyard turned against Dudley and did all he could to revive the slander about the murder of the wife. What the particular "business" was that Appleyard had expected Dudley to "promote," cannot be stated for certain, but it was perhaps this. In another original letter at Longleat, so far back as the 18th of August, 1560 (the year of Amye's death), Sir Thomas Gresham writes to Lord Robert, requesting him to use his influence in obtaining for John Appleyard the lordship of Wyndham, Co. Norfolk, for his better maintenance in the service of her Majesty in those parts. Probably Dudley had not done all he could to help his kinsman, and it is not unlikely that this was the disappointment that had exasperated Appleyard, and had caused him to let fall his evil speeches. However, be the provocation what it might, *John Appleyard had not spoken the truth.* At least, he confessed in the Star Chamber that he had been a *liar*; and Sir Henry Neville and the lord keeper clearly had no doubt about it.

Such are the few particulars, hitherto wholly unknown, supplied by the Longleat papers, on the question of Dudley's guilt or innocence in the case of Amye Robsart. They were gleaned one by one at intervals, and after patient scrutiny of a very large mass of faded and difficult handwriting. The documents and letters in which they occur are original, contemporary, and altogether inartificial. Without any wish to draw forced conclusions from them, but only to weigh their fair bearing upon this celebrated case, they

may perhaps be considered sufficient to establish so much as this: viz., that whereas little or nothing had hitherto been known about the married life of Dudley and Amye, it is collected from these documents that she was never unkindly treated by him. If she was weak and strange in her mind and an unfit companion for him at court and in society, she was at all events not put away into a lonely house, but lived with friends, and had abundant means supplied for all comforts. Opinions as to the cause of her death will still continue to be divided.

Some, struck by the remarkable circumstance of her ordering all her own servants away from the house on the morning of the day on which she was found dead by them on their return, and connecting this with the great probability of rumors of intended mischief having reached her ear and affected her spirits (as appears from the "prayers to be delivered from desperation" mentioned by her maid), may think that she destroyed herself.

Those who hold to the belief that she was certainly murdered, may at all events be willing to allow that the husband of her youth was, with all his faults, not such a monster as to dictate the murder, but that it was the act of officious partisans speculating upon some benefit to themselves through Dudley's elevation.

Some may agree with Mrs. Pinto, the lady's maid, and the jury, that there was no violence, but chance: "a very misfortune." She was found lying on the hall floor. Had there been any violence, such as strangling, suffocation, or the dagger, some marks must have been visible on her person or features. The jury must have seen these; but they found none. A murder of any kind could hardly have been committed in a house in the middle of the day without some one's attention being attracted by screams or other disturbance. There were three ladies, Mrs. Owen, Mrs. Forster, and Mrs. Odingsell, besides their servants, in some part of the house, yet they could give no account. A fainting-fit may have produced a fall, or a fall have produced a fit. People die in a moment from spasms of the heart, or, from various causes, are found dead in their chair or bed, without any suspicion of murder.

Suggestions of this sort may perhaps be received with impatience by readers who have long since made up their minds; but those who care for truth and justice will weigh all that is to be said on

more sides than one. Whatever the immediate cause of Amye Robsart's death may really have been, it is certain that the eye and ear of the public are continually refreshed with much that is known to be untrue in the details, whilst the chief scandal itself has never yet been proved to be true in the main. For by what evidence was it ever proved to be a murder? Against her husband we all know there were many other accusations which were never substantiated. That he was personally responsible for the death of Amye Robsart, the evidence has yet to be produced.*

J. E. JACKSON.

* All the documents discovered at Longleat to which reference is made in this article are printed *in extenso* in the *Wiltshire Archaeological and Natural History Magazine*, No. 49. Bull, Devizes.

From Temple Bar.

THE FRERES.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER, AUTHOR OF "THE WOOLING O'T."

CHAPTER XLIV.

OF all the party, Mab was the least moved by the tragedy of Lady Elton's death. She had formed no particular attachment to her sister's friend, of whom, to say the truth, she stood somewhat in awe, as of an inexorable fate, exacting painful sacrifices in the way of frequent hand-washing and hair-brushing. Still, she was grave and sorry when Grace told her of the event, and much moved by the rare sight of her sister's tears. Her arms were around Grace's neck directly, and she fondled her tenderly, as though another and utterly different nature were developed in her by the touch of grief.

Of course, she plied both mother and sister with a continuous stream of most difficult questions as to the cause of Lady Elton's death; of deaths in general; as to which side of the table the cork dropped out of the bottle of chloroform; as to the probable conduct and opinions of Luigi on the occasion. Was Lady Elton quite dead upon earth? Well, then, what was the real Lady Elton who was inside of her doing now? Could she see them? for people *did* come back sometimes. There was their great-great-grandfather, Randal de Burgh, who was shot by D'Archy of Connemara — *he* used to walk by the shore on stormy nights! Nurse's son saw him twice. And then, in a tone of calm consideration, —

"I don't think I should be frightened if I saw Lady Elton in her own clothes; but I should if she came in a sheet!"

"I wish, Mab, you would not talk in such a dreadfully irreverent manner," said Mrs. Frere, with much displeasure; "repeating nurse's ridiculous stories at such a time."

"She did not mean any disrespect, mother!" suggested Grace. "Now, Mab dear, run away to school."

"Why, must I go to school? My black frock is not ready. Had I not better stay at home, mammy?"

"No; certainly not!" cried Grace, shrinking from the notion of a whole day of cross-examination. "Mother and I are going to be very busy; and you will be much happier at school."

"I do not think so," returned Mab.

And the *entente cordiale* between the sisters seemed for a moment in danger of interruption. The entrance of Balfour, however, changed Mab's views. He called thus early to ask if the morning's post had brought any further intelligence; but Mrs. Frere had been much disappointed by not receiving any letters.

Balfour, seeing Mab in an insurrectionary attitude, proposed escorting her to school, as she was already late, an offer immediately accepted, with the ulterior view of inducing him to take her round the town, and to a particular chocolate-shop.

Though most bureaucratic matters are well and regularly ordered in imperial Germany, occasional variations occur, and erratic letters which should have been delivered in the morning, appear at an hour when they are not expected. Grace was busy writing to Jimmy Byrne, and Mrs. Frere was doing some nondescript, useless crochet-work, in an intermittent way, "wondering" and "supposing" at intervals, in a way that indicated the nervous expectancy of her thoughts, when Mab returned from school.

"I never, never knew Maurice *so* unkind!" she exclaimed, with a pout; "he made me go just straight to school. And I was late, after all, so I had to wait an hour in the garden. But Thérèse von Bistram was there, too, and a beautiful heap of sand and gravel; so we built a fort, and scattered a good deal about. And the Hausmann, he *was* in a rage!"

"What is that in your hand, Mab?" asked Grace.

"Oh! it is a letter; the postman gave it to me on the stair. I think it is for you, Grace."

"I seem to know the writing, and yet I do not!" said Grace, examining the stiffly written address — "Miss Frere, Zittau."

"Goodness gracious!" cried the mother, rising and reading it over her shoulder; "it is from your uncle Frere. Open it at once."

Grace obeyed, not heeding a slip of paper which fell from it.

"MY DEAR NIECE," ran the epistle, —

"You have most probably seen in the public prints an account of the lamentable accident which has caused the death of Lady Elton. Her attendants telegraphed for my son, who is the deceased's executor, and he started at once for Paris. Previous to his departure, he informed me, somewhat, I confess, to my surprise, that my late sister-in-law had made you her sole heir, by a will executed shortly before leaving England for Germany, in April last. In a letter from Max, received this morning, he begs of me to communicate with you at once, and request you to return to London as soon as convenient. There will be much to arrange, which may be greatly facilitated by your presence here. You must allow me to act as your banker for the present; I inclose, therefore, a check for fifty pounds, to meet immediate expenses. Neither Max nor myself know much of the late Lady Elton's affairs; but there is no doubt she has left considerable property. I offer you my best congratulations on your good fortune, and sincerely hope that the responsibility of wealth may bring prudence in its use. Let me know if I shall engage rooms for you at the Langham. With best remembrances to Mrs. Frere, who will, of course, accompany you to London,

"I am yours very truly,

"RICHARD FRERE.

"MISS FRERE,

"Zittau, Saxony."

Grace ceased reading, and was quite silent, as if stunned or awed. But Mrs. Frere, with an hysterical sob, threw her arms round her.

"My own darling, you will have your proper position, in spite of them all! But I wish she had not forgotten Randal."

"Dear mother, it is more than I can believe," said Grace, in a subdued tone. "All to me! Ah, she loved me well. If I could but have seen her once more!"

"Why, Grace!" cried Mab, who had been an unheeded listener, "are you to have everything? — that beautiful drawing-room, and Luigi, and the gold *châtelaine* that Lady Elton wore, with all the

LIVING AGE. VOL. XXXVIII. 1930

pretty little things hanging to it? And we are to go to London! I shall sit in the balcony all day long."

"Grace, dear," said Mrs. Frere, "you do not seem rejoiced — you are trembling." Grace was silent. "It is most wonderful. I did think she might have left you a legacy, but *everything*! — it takes away my breath! And, you see, your uncle talks of the responsibility of wealth. If *he* talks of wealth, what a quantity of money she must have left! I trust heaven will direct you in the disposal of it."

"Oh, how delicious it will be to pay Max the last farthing, and return dear Jimmy's loan, and make him happy and comfortable!" cried Grace, waking out of her surprise and awe to the glorious reality of heirship.

"And Randal might leave that priggish Sir Alexander Atwell, and travel on his own account — perhaps with a secretary of his own," added Mrs. Frere. "We may have a resident governess, too, for Mab; it would be such a comfort. And, Grace, dear, how soon do you think we can be ready to leave Zittau?"

"Ah, I shall be sorry to leave dear Zittau. How tranquil and comfortable it has been, and every one is so kind! And dear Uncle Costello, and dearest Frieda! Oh, pray God we may find as much good as we leave behind!" cried Grace, the strange awe and trouble which oppressed her finding natural relief in tears.

"My own love, I do not wonder at your feeling upset by such overwhelming news," said Mrs. Frere sympathetically. "I will get you a glass of wine, and then we must see what is to be done. First, we must have a little fresh mourning; and there is no such thing as crape to be had here."

"I will come back directly, mother," returned Grace, rising. "I feel as if I must be quite quiet for a few minutes," and she left the room, unable either to suppress or explain the real source of her agitation.

How would Maurice Balfour take these strange tidings? Would he fly from her? Would he seek her? She dreaded the effect they might produce on her fate — her happiness. But this passed over. It is not possible to buoyant youth to distrust itself and high fortune; and soon Grace rose above the first tremulous fears and doubts induced by her uncle's startling letter, and soared into the regions of bright anticipations and imaginative schemes.

At this point of her meditations, a sudden clatter and hubbub of voices from the adjoining *salon* told her that the Dalbersdorf party had arrived, even had Mab not burst into the room to announce that Uncle Costello and Cousin Alvsleben, Gertrud and Frieda, were all there.

Grace saw directly on entering that the great news had not yet been communicated. Mrs. Frere was sitting on the sofa, Frau Alvsleben beside her, holding one hand, while the count had drawn a chair in front of her, and taken the other; Gertrud and Frieda standing a little back, their handkerchiefs at their eyes.

Count Costello looked truly and unaffectedly grieved.

"Du lieber Himmel!" Frau Alvsleben was saying, "what a misfortune! The dear and gracious lady!"

"She was so pleased with our home and life," sighed Gertrud.

"Never to see her more," said Frieda.

"A cruel loss," put in the count.

"Irreparable," returned Mrs. Frere, releasing her hand from Frau Alvsleben to press her handkerchief to her eyes. "And to know how she loved my Grace, and thought of her. We have but just now received the announcement from my brother-in-law, Mr. Frere, that she has bequeathed the whole of her large fortune to my dear child!"

Grace felt strangely ashamed at this pompous declaration. A sort of dread lest her mother was unwisely exaggerating made her lower her eyes as she advanced, saying,—

"We do not know if it is really very large, dear mother."

But the thunderbolt had fallen and the German cousins were in a flutter of excitement.

"Potztausend!" cried the count; "she deserves every thaler of it."

"Gott in Himmel!" screamed Frau Alvsleben, after a pause of astonishment to take in the immense idea. "*All*, didst thou say, best of cousins?" she added, her high tones slightly tempered with awe. "Why, Gracechen, thou art a millionaire—a princess of wealth!"

"And what will Wolff and Rudolph say?" continued Frieda and Gertrud.

"My child, God bless you and help you, and send you a wise, kind partner to share your life," said the good old count.

And Grace, inexpressibly touched by his tone, threw her arms round his neck, and wept silently on his shoulder; Cousin Alvsleben, Frieda and Gertrud using their handkerchiefs freely, and ejaculating:

"Man kann's nicht glauben!" "Wunderbar!" "Es geht mir an's Herz!" "Sollst dich freuen!"

"Well!" said Frau Alvsleben at length, pocketing her handkerchief, "what is next to be done? We cannot hope to keep you in our little Zittau."

"Alas, no!" cried Frieda; "your gain is our loss."

"What shall we do without you?" cried Gertrud, a sort of joyous warmth in her voice not often to be perceived in its tones.

"Oh, you must come and see us!" exclaimed Mrs. Frere, with affectionate earnestness. "I am sure it will give Grace the greatest delight to welcome such kind relatives and friends, as you have proved yourselves, to her house. Ah! and dear Cousin Alvsleben, such a house! full of the most lovely objects of art, pictures, china—everything you can think of! Indeed, it is very kind of my brother-in-law to be so friendly and helpful, when all these valuables are to go to Grace instead of his son. It would have been such a charming *ménage* for a young man about to marry—and I suppose Max will marry."

"Perhaps he may marry and keep all the beautiful things still!" said Frau Alvsleben, with a significant look at Grace. "It was this Mr. Max Frere who was coming to pay you a visit, *nicht wahr?*"

"Oh! you are quite mistaken—nothing of the kind," returned Mrs. Frere, interrupting her kinswoman's look with the most frank unconcern. "Max was like a son and a brother in our house."

"Nevertheless this great inheritance will make a difference in his views and wishes; though no doubt you will now expect a nobleman for Grace."

"Who, I suppose, is to have no choice in the matter," put in the young lady herself, with a slight smile, though her face was still sad. She had drawn a chair beside the count, and passing her arm through his, leaned her head against his shoulder, her attitude and aspect more suggestive of despondency than the exultation natural to a newly-made heiress.

"Tell me, then, my best of cousins," resumed Frau Alvsleben, "how rich was our dear, lost friend? How many thousand thalers had she? I never know your pounds and shillings."

"I do not know myself, but I suppose she must have had at least forty or fifty thousand pounds, to live as she did. How much is that in thalers, Uncle Costello?"

"Oh! about three hundred and fifty thousand," said the count, after murmuring over a rapid calculation.

"Du lieber Gott!" cried Frau Alvsleben; "it is a mine of wealth! I wish, my Gracechen, you would wed some good Saxon; there is many a ——"

But the door opening to admit Balfour, interrupted her.

He stopped short on seeing the group formed by the count and Grace, and then advancing, exclaimed quickly, —

"No more bad news, I hope?"

"Bad news!" screamed Cousin Alvsleben and her two daughters. "No, indeed! Come, congratulate our dear Grace; for she is the heir of all Lady Elton's wealth — every thaler — three hundred and fifty thousand! Think of that!"

Balfour stood a moment quite still, as if stunned, repeating in a mechanical way, —

"What, all — all ——"

Grace started up, and coming to him, put her hand in his.

"Oh, Maurice!" she said, "I cannot believe it — it almost frightens me."

"An agreeable kind of fright, I imagine," returned Maurice, with rather a constrained smile, while he pressed her hand almost painfully.

Grace was silent — a little repelled by this unsympathetic answer, and returned to her seat by the count.

"Here is my brother-in-law's letter, uncle, if you would like to look at it, and then give it to Maurice."

The count drew out his glasses and perused the document with much attention, and then passed it on to Balfour, observing, —

"No mistake about that, faith! I congratulate you, me darling."

Balfour read and folded up the epistle in silence, which, amid the general clatter, was not noticed by any one save Grace, who, watching him shyly, under her drooped lashes, heard the general conversation as in a dream.

Mrs. Frere was mildly magnificent, though too well-bred and kind of heart to be boastful; but she was unbounded in her proffers of hospitality when Grace should be established in her town house. She looked forward with pleasure to introducing her relatives to the circle which would naturally gather round Grace. She only regretted their dear old friend Maurice Balfour was going away so soon and so far; otherwise, he well knew he would be a favored guest. Perhaps, indeed,

they might be travelling together, for they must get away as soon as possible.

"I fear I must leave before you can possibly be ready," returned Balfour, looking down and speaking gravely.

"How!" "Going too!" "Ach, we shall be quite deserted!" from the Dalbersdorf ladies; while Grace looking up quickly exclaimed, —

"But I thought you were not obliged to go immediately, Maurice?"

"I have been re-reading Darnell's letter, and I believe it would be wiser of me to go at once," he replied, still looking down.

"Oh, pray do come with us!" cried Mrs. Frere. "It is so nice to have a gentleman to travel with."

Grace kept silence.

"I should of course be most happy to be your escort," said Balfour, rousing himself with a sort of effort, "and possibly I may; it depends on what the post brings."

"And, my friends," cried Frau Alvsleben, "come out all of you and take the evening meal with us at Dalbersdorf, and drive back in the moonlight. The day is too far spent to do much, save to answer your letters; and you will be too busy to do more than take a peep at us after."

"What do you say, Grace?" asked Mrs. Frere. "I think it would be very nice; and, as Cousin Alvsleben says, we will have scarce time to do more than pay a hurried visit. Imagine what a quantity we will have to do, for we must try to leave in a week."

Grace said, —

"Oh, let us go, by all means."

"But why trouble to pack up everything? Just go and leave all; you surely can come back again! You do not leave us forever?"

"I hope not indeed!" cried Grace, warmly.

Soon after this the count and his daughter departed in one direction, while Gertrud and Frieda went to do some shopping in the other; Balfour, somewhat to Grace's surprise, offering to escort them, alleging that Mrs. Frere and Grace would like to be left to write their letters in peace.

No sooner were mother and daughter alone, than Grace, turning with much animation to Mrs. Frere, exclaimed, —

"Mother dear, let us arrange what we are to do at once. I am more anxious than I can tell you to be in London, to settle everything, and know how things really are. Do not think me contradictory, but I cannot help feeling that Lady

Elton has not such a quantity of money as Uncle Frere thinks. It will be riches to us, no doubt, whatever she has left; but do not, dear — do not expect too much. Will you write to Jimmy Byrne, while I answer Uncle Frere? I will tell him we shall start for London on — let me see, this is Thursday — on Wednesday next."

"Oh, Gracey, we shall never manage it."

"We must try, dear mother."

The memory of that day, its oppressive, painful bewilderment, remained long with Grace. Her happy, joyous anticipations of the freedom wealth confers, of the benefits to Mab and Randal, the comfort and repose for her dear mother which it would now be in her power to bestow — were shadowed by a conviction which pressed upon her with a vague, formless, yet irresistible weight, that this sudden accession of wealth had raised an insurmountable barrier between Maurice and herself. Whatever belief had arisen in her heart that he loved her with more than a brother's love, he would never tell her now. She would scarce wish it. She felt that, in his place, *she* would not make a first declaration directly the object of her affections had inherited a large fortune; and so — must she lose him? Yes; unless some unforeseen combination of circumstances occurred, she must let him drift away, without stretching forth a hand to stay him. Then she knew how "far above rubies," above the highest fortune, was the love, the companionship of Maurice Balfour; and yet, through this noble gift of her lost friend, she might, probably would, lose him.

The Abend-brod at Dalbersdorf was a repetition of many other evenings — some additional health-drinking and glass-clinking — warm, hearty, loudly expressed rejoicing in her good fortune. Count Costello, elated and eloquent; Cousin Alvsleben, Gertrud, and Frieda, loud in conjectures and suggestions; a proud smile of perfect content on the mother's beloved face; scarcely concealed curiosity on the Verwalter's part; and an evident struggle, evident to Grace, on Balfour's to be lively and agreeable.

It was surprising what a charm all the homely, familiar details of supper, the evening routine, the aspect of the house and its simple surroundings, possessed that night for Grace. There she had first risen from the depression which had wrapped her in a gray mist from the day she left Dungar; there she had met with tenderness and sympathy; there she had

contrived to secure the pleasant, peaceful home which had restored her mother to tranquillity and content.

After supper, which had been rather early, Mab, who of course was of the party, begged Frieda to go to the Elfinweise, and all, save the count and Cousin Alvsleben, agreed to the suggestion.

It was a delicious evening in early June. The fields were fresh and fragrant; the young larches, sycamores, and beeches tenderly green against the sombre pines; the ground beneath the trees richly clothed with an endless variety of leaves and blossoms; the soft evening air trilling with occasional strains of sweetest song from its feathered denizens. Mrs. Frere took Gertrud's arm. The Verwalter and Mab gathered wild-flowers; and Grace walked between Frieda and Maurice — she was very still and silent.

At the spring they halted; and Frieda proposed they should climb a small, rocky eminence, at a short distance off, from which a good view of the sunset could be had. And then a change of front occurred — Grace at length finding herself alone with Balfour. She had lingered a moment by the well, not quite unintentionally, and Balfour waited for her.

"How angry he must have been to have forgotten himself so completely!" he exclaimed abruptly, as if out of his thoughts.

"Who — what?" asked Grace; then coloring, as the memory of their last interview in this place came back to her, she added: "Yes, yes; I remember. It was strange!"

"But easy to be explained," returned Balfour. "I am glad he, Falkenberg, is away just now, otherwise — but I may do him injustice, and I cannot help pitying him."

"I do not think you need, Maurice: he is fanciful and — and sentimental; but —"

"But — Grace, you do not know men. You cannot fathom what may cause the deepest suffering — suffering that must not be shown, for which sympathy must not be asked."

"Why, Maurice?" asked Grace, her heart beating fast, her pulse thrilling. "Why not ask for sympathy — unless indeed for something you are ashamed of?"

"Ah, I must not let myself talk sentiment!" said Balfour, trying to rally. "I hope life will now have little but sunshine for you. Suffering and mortification and such like disagreeables ought to have no place in your vocabulary."

"Ah, Maurice!" cried Grace, with a sound as of tears in her voice, "do you think that money can buy *all* I want? It is very, very little money can do for me."

"Yes; I don't think you care much about grandeur or riches *now*. But it seems to be your destiny to have both; they will influence you in spite of yourself, and change you."

"Not to my friends — my old friends, dear Maurice," pleaded Grace, the tears starting to her eyes. "You do not believe I would change towards — you?" She brought out the word with a lingering sweetness that made it a caress.

"I believe there never was a truer, nobler heart than yours, Grace; and if we are not to meet again, you will rest in my memory as the dearest, best friend man was ever blest with. Whatever happens, remember that."

He caught her hand and kissed it, making a movement as if to draw her to him, which he arrested by a supreme effort over himself, the result of that mastery of reason and conscience — the outcome in one direction of the complicated mechanism of modern training, which sometimes leads to the unwise suppression of natural impulse, when it is innocent and healthy. Had Balfour been less master of himself, his destiny and that of Grace might have been different.

"Not meet again! Why should we not?" she asked, all quivering with fear and expectation.

"Ay, we may meet again; but never as we are now — as friends, comrades, equals. There — I cannot trust my own voice; I must remember what is due to you, and to myself."

These last words were uttered in a low but resolute tone, as a sudden turn of the road brought them upon Mab and the Verwalter, who were busy gathering some particular ferns which the former wished to take to England.

The rest of the evening passed without any opportunity of private conversation. Balfour was somewhat silent, but amiably complaisant, and parted with Mrs. Frere and her daughters at their own door, with a promise to let them know early the next morning what the post had brought forth.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE next day, Grace awoke with the same dull sense of impending evil which had haunted her since her uncle's letter had brought "tidings of great joy" to Mrs. Frere; and yet they were tidings which, but for one consideration, would

have charmed and elated her. Grace warmly appreciated all the pleasures and indulgences money could buy, and beyond, the more exquisite delight of sharing her prosperity with those she loved; yet all this sunshine was clouded over by a dread, which was almost certainty, that "high fortune" brought her bitterest loss.

She came forth from solitary musings in her own room, prepared to do battle with the difficulties of the day, and not to give up happiness without an effort to retain it.

The warfare commenced on the threshold of her chamber, where stood Mab in scanty garments, having sought her sister when but half dressed, to know if it was imperatively necessary for her to go to school that morning, because there was so much to do, and she had to pack her dolls and her dolls' things.

"Oh, indeed, Mab, you must go to school! we could do nothing while you are in the house. Go like a good girl, and a day or two before we start you shall pack all your things yourself — you shall indeed; only let the mother and me get over the worst of the work first."

"You are a nasty, disagreeable, unkind thing!" returned Mab, swinging herself round, and setting her back against the wall. "I know mammy would have let me stay at home, for she said, 'Let us ask Grace about it;' and it is all your fault."

"Mab, dear, don't worry; we have so much to do — pray be reasonable!"

"No, I will not," cried Mab resolutely. "Why should I? I am never let to do anything I like — not a single thing!"

"Whether you are or not, Mab, you must go to school to-day and to-morrow and the next day, so there is no use in making a fuss about it. Go and put your clothes on; you ought to be ashamed of running about in your petticoat. Is my mother ready for her coffee?"

"I don't know. Well, I shall tell them all at school that I am going to live in a grand house in England."

"Tell them what you like; only, pray dress yourself."

Grace went away to get breakfast ready, and Mab retired, growling, to her mother's room.

Mrs. Frere was still in a state of excitement, and talked more than usual. She wanted to achieve herculean labors of packing and arrangement that very day, and thought Grace provokingly slow, because she went, as soon as Mab was gone, to the writing-table to make a memoran-

dum of what was to be done, and the people to be seen.

"We will get on much faster if we work methodically," she returned; "and you, dear mother, will fidget yourself into a fever before we are ready to start, if you try to think of everything at once."

She had just finished writing, and stood with the paper in her hand reading its contents to Mrs. Frere, when Balfour entered unannounced.

He was very pale, and there was a stern, rigid look about his face, which struck Grace as a confirmation of her worst fears.

"Ah, Maurice!" cried Mrs. Frere cheerfully.

"Well!" said Grace, gazing at him almost with alarm.

"The post has brought me the summons I expected," returned Balfour, in a somewhat husky voice; "I must leave to-day."

Grace dropped quietly into her chair, and kept her eyes fixed on the piece of paper which she twisted in her hands.

"That is too bad," said Mrs. Frere, cordially; "I quite counted on you for an escort. Must you go, really? Is it imperative? You may as well sit down and tell us all about it."

Balfour complied, throwing himself on the sofa near Mrs. Frere's chair.

"I have had an official despatch this morning, and find from it that I shall have more to do in London than I anticipated, and must not let my time run too short. It is an awful wrench, but the sooner it is over the better."

He got up again, and walked to the window and back.

"When do you leave England?" asked Grace, with a degree of composure that astonished herself.

"About the first week in July; it is not absolutely fixed—some ten days hence. You know Darnell's firm have chartered the ship, so it is at their orders."

"We may see you in London, then?" said Grace; "we shall start on Wednesday."

"I trust we may meet," returned Balfour, pausing opposite, and letting his eyes dwell on her with inexpressible, wistful sadness; "let us hope so—let us believe it is not quite good-bye. By heaven, I *can't* say good-bye! Mrs. Frere, I will see Jimmy Byrne. Should I have sailed before you arrive, I will leave a letter for you with him. Do you know I must catch the twelve train; and it is now past eleven. Let me rob you of these,"

he said, turning hastily to the family photograph-book, and extracting the portraits of the mother and both daughters; "you will give them to me, will you not, to keep me company in the bush? And, Mrs. Frere, should we not meet again, you will answer my letters if I write? Don't let me drift quite away from you again."

"Of course I will write to you, my dear boy," said Mrs. Frere kindly. "We can never forget you; can we, Grace?"

"But it is not good-bye!" she exclaimed, with a sort of despairing energy, while she wondered how she kept from crying aloud with anguish; "we shall meet again in London. You will wait for us—you *will* wait, Maurice?"

"You know I dare not promise; but I do hope to see you again, and at any rate to hear of you. Dear Grace"—taking her hand—"I must not stay; I have left this visit to the last."

"But, poor Mab!" cried Grace, her heart beating to suffocation, while she did not attempt to withdraw her hand, "how grieved she will be not to have seen you!"

"I have been to her school, and begged permission to give her a parting kiss. Poor little soul, she began to cry. Now, Mrs. Frere," letting Grace's hand go, and turning to her, "adieu—I hope it is *au revoir*. Do not forget your promise."

He took her hand, and the kind-hearted lady offered him her still fair cheek; encouraged by which, Balfour bestowed a hearty hug upon her, then, again taking Grace's hands, he kissed them more than once, and left the room without a word to her. Grace, pale and trembling, stood for a moment quite still, where he had left her; then, by a sudden impulse, she darted through the window to the balcony, and, looking down, watched Balfour as he issued forth into the street. He paused, and raised his eyes to hers—a look that never left her memory—a look so full of love and sorrow that she could scarce keep in the cry, "Come back to me, Maurice—come back!"

But the force of custom, of pride, of timidity, was too strong for nature; and with a farewell wave of the hand, he passed on his way, and she "saw him no more."

"I am really sorry for Maurice, he is so nice and gentle—quite like another son to me. It is amazing he has not lost more of his gentlemanlike style, for his life seems to have been a strange one. I do hope we shall see him again before he leaves; don't you, Grace?"

But Grace was gone.

The days which intervened between this abrupt parting and their own journey were exceedingly like a nightmare dream to Grace. There was the same haunting sense of breathless hurry — the same almost agonized dread of "being too late" — the same desperate strain to find things, and arrange things, and accomplish impossibilities, which are peculiar to the class of visions in which one's all depends on, say, being presented to some potentate who is only waiting to be gracious — and, lo! no efforts of mind or magic can evoke a court dress.

But the exertions and experiences of Grace Frere were more real and more successful. Largely helped by dear, kind Frieda, who quite devoted herself to the friends she was about to lose, Grace contrived to be quite ready to start a day earlier than she hoped, in spite of cruel interruptions on the part of the high official ladies who persisted in paying ceremonious visits of condolence and congratulation combined. Mrs. Frere — hungering after the flesh-pots of Egypt, which may be modernized into rooms at the Langham, and all that is implied by that expression — was wonderfully active; and even Mab, relieved from her fears of being again shut up in Miss Timbs's lodgings, was less obstructive than Grace anticipated.

In the midst of packing, paying, and leave-taking, came a letter from Max to Mrs. Frere, friendly and judicious in tone. Grace felt pleased with him for addressing her mother instead of herself. After a few cordial words of congratulation, he went on, —

"At present I am quite unable to say what amount of property Lady Elton has left. She appears to have been singularly reticent as regards her investments and business matters; and I have not yet had time even to attempt an examination of the mass of papers through which I must wade; some, I see, are only to be opened by Grace. By the time you arrive, I shall, I hope, have some more definite information. Let me have a line to say what day and hour you propose arriving in London, and I will be at the station to meet you. The sooner you are here the better. Lady Elton's rooms are, you know, let to the end of next month, after which Grace will probably wish to reside there for the remainder of the unexpired term. Let me know if I can do anything for you; and believe me," etc., etc.

"How nice and sensible Max always is!" said Mrs. Frere, with a sigh; "I am

sure it is very fortunate for us to have such an executor. Of course, Grace, you will reside in those charming rooms? The two small ones near the entrance would make a nice bed and sitting room for Randal, when he returns. When do you think will our letters reach him?"

"It is impossible to say; he may be moving about. Will you write at once to Max, mother?"

"Yes, dear; but couldn't you write? I am going with Frieda to settle about the school, and pay those accounts."

"Very well, mother; then I can stay at home all day."

As soon as Mrs. Frere and Frieda had departed, Grace sat down to write a few hasty lines to her cousin, intending when they were despatched to devote herself to packing the personal effects which were to accompany them, as there remained but two more days before their departure. Her brief epistle was quickly finished, and she was in the act of giving it to Paulina, who was constantly in tears since the break-up of the little household had been announced, when the door-bell rang sharply.

"Ah, Paulina! I really cannot see another visitor; you must say I am very busy."

"Gewiss, meine Fräulein," replied the damsel, hastening to the door, and the next instant she called out: "Ach, Gott! it is the Herr Baron, meine gnädige Fräulein!" and before the words were well uttered, Falkenberg came in hastily, his sword clattering behind him, instead of being hung up in the corridor with his usual deliberate care. He looked fierce and sombre, and had almost an alarming aspect.

"Ach, du liebe, liebe Grace!" he cried, throwing aside his cap and seizing her hand. "What is this that I hear? thou art suddenly become rich — rich beyond our dreams, and you leave us! How inexorably cruel is destiny!"

He let her hand go, and threw himself on the sofa. Grace felt exceedingly uncomfortable and embarrassed.

"This is an unexpected visit," she said, trying to smile pleasantly; "I thought we should have been obliged to leave without seeing you."

"Thought!" returned Falkenberg, starting up, walking to the window and back, and again throwing himself on the sofa — "hoped, you had better say! You must know what my feelings must be at this most unexpected freak of fortune! To think that all my self-sacrifice has

been in vain — that if I had followed the impulse of my heart to win yours, all would have prospered with me; and now it is absolute frenzy to know that I have perhaps lost you!”

Falkenberg, who spoke in German, covered his face in his hands, while his chest heaved.

“Don’t talk so foolishly, Wolff! you know it is wrong — wicked, to speak like that. We have never been anything but friends, and never could have been anything else. According to your customs you are almost married to Gertrud, and it is an insult to make such speeches to me. If you intend to make a scene, I wish you would go away.”

“But I am *not* married to Gertrud — I may never be married to her; and I have loved you and suffered (ach, Gott, what suffering!) for you, till I nearly hated you for the misery you caused me — and you knew it. No woman could be near a man that loved her as I love, and not be conscious of it. Hear me, best beloved! you were not quite indifferent to me when you rode so boldly to bring me help. If there is a chance that I might touch your heart, by heaven I will burst my bonds! You do not know the self-sacrificing devotion of German women,” he went on hurriedly, suddenly changing his place to one beside her, and catching her hand which she struggled to withdraw. “If Gertrud knew that a union with her would be fatal to my happiness, she could rise to heights of which you do not dream! She would set me free, and then — my head reels at the possibility of the bliss that —”

“You shall not go on,” cried Grace, indignantly wrenching her hand from him. “How dare you suppose, Baron Falkenberg, that even if I cared for you — which *indeed* I do not — I would consent to conduct so base and dishonorable! I wish you would understand that I am not and never was in love with you. And though I did like you very well, I am compelled to despise you for talking such wicked nonsense! Go away, and recover your senses. You ought to be thankful to find a kind, true-hearted girl like Gertrud, willing to give you herself and all she has.”

“Ay!” returned Falkenberg, with cynical effrontery; “but I want you and all you have! You must know that what I feel for you is real passion, apart from every thought of wealth. Had I been rich enough to indulge my own wishes, do you think I would have hesitated about seeking you for my wife? You are a crea-

ture for whom I would commit a crime! and you are cold and unmoved — hard as your nation ever is; but,” pacing the room to and fro, “I know the secret of your indifference. Balfour! from the moment you first named his name, I felt he would be my rival — my successful rival.”

“There could be no rivalry between you,” said Grace, with dignity; “your position rendered, or ought to have rendered, rivalry impossible.”

“I will seek out Balfour,” continued Falkenberg, still pacing furiously to and fro. “I will tell him that mine is a prior claim. I loved you from the first, while he, no doubt, from his intimacy with Lady Elton, knew of her intentions.”

“You cannot seek him,” returned Grace, coolly. “He has left Zittau for London on his way to Australia, and probably we may not see him for years.”

“Is this true?” cried Falkenberg, stopping short and apparently much struck. “You do not love him then, if you let him go! — now when you could give him wealth as well as joy, you are not the woman to hold your hand, *if* you loved. But you are right,” eyeing her closely; “what could you know of his life for the long years passed out of your sight? How can you tell what entanglement may hamper him — what ties in distant lands may hold him, and account for his extraordinary self-control and coldness?”

“Wolff,” said Grace, in a voice low and concentrated, which yet seemed to touch and silence him, “if in the intimacy which I suppose exists between men, Maurice Balfour has confided to you more than he could or would tell us, do not betray him — do not be a traitor to your friend as well as your *fiancée*. Maurice may not be wiser or more prudent than other men; but he is honest and true, and I will always believe him worthy of esteem and regard, and —”

“And,” interrupted Falkenberg, turning white, while a gleam of hatred and anger shone in his eyes, “you love him! my hint of his possible engagement — marriage — heaven knows what, struck home; your face tells truth. But he has gone, and I have failed, while you are wretched! Yes, I will leave you” — she had pointed to the door with a gesture of dismissal — “I will strive to conquer this madness; and the thought that you, too, have thrown away happiness, will be some help. You will not soon find another to love you as intensely as I do. Adieu, Grace — adieu.”

He flung out of the room, leaving her

quivering with anger, with outraged feeling, and above all with a sharp terror lest the entanglement at which he hinted might be a fact of which he was cognizant.

Still the dominant idea, to get away to London as soon as possible, had force enough to goad her into action again, and she was hard at work when her mother and Frieda returned.

They had met Falkenberg, who told them he was obliged to go to the Caserne on regimental business, and feared he could not be at Dalbersdorf till next morning, when he would accompany Gertrud to pay a farewell visit to Mrs. Frere, for he had only forty-eight hours' leave.

At last, the trying week of haste and nervous eagerness was over, the last box strapped, the last flying visit to pleasant Dalbersdorf paid — Grace feeling vexed with herself that the absorbing desire to be on the wing stifled the wish she would otherwise have had to take a more deliberate farewell of the old house and its picturesque surroundings; but there seemed no room for anything in her heart save the craving to reach London before Maurice left it: and if he had hurried away sooner than she expected, it would be strong presumptive evidence that Falkenberg's insinuations were no random shots.

That gentleman had paid the promised visit in company with his Braut and mother-in-law elect, on which occasion he had been kindly courteous — all that he ought to be — yet tinged perceptibly (at least to Grace) with a degree of coldness and want of ease.

Gertrud, however, was gay and even gushing; while Frau Alvsleben announced with evident satisfaction that the wedding was now fixed for the 1st or 2d of August, about six weeks off.

"And, meine Liebe! you must come back to be with us then," said Gertrud, putting her arm around Grace. "Imagine a wedding at Dalbersdorf without you! and what is the cost of a journey to a millionaire like you?"

Grace made a complaisant but evasive answer, and was infinitely relieved when both Braut and Brautigam departed.

The real grief was to part from Uncle Costello. The kind old man, too, was greatly affected, and ardent were the promises exacted and given that he would come and visit them in England. Grace's last look and wave of the hand, as they steamed slowly out of the station, were for him.

CHAPTER XLVI.

It was a damp, heavy, drizzling day, when, after a journey only a shade less trying than her last, Grace and her charges arrived in London. Doubly wearied by the toil of travel, and the constant ebb and flow of hope and fear in the current of her thoughts, Grace never believed she would be so pleased to see Max Frere as she was on first catching sight of him among those persons who were awaiting the train.

"Welcome back to England, aunt," he said, pleasantly, as he handed Mrs. Frere out of the carriage. "Ah, Mab! why you have grown a great girl! Grace, you look very tired. Do you expect any one?" for she looked round undisguisedly, as if in search of something.

"Oh, no! Only I thought, perhaps, Jimmy Byrne might be here!"

"I don't fancy he could get away in the morning; but I saw him yesterday, and he will call upon you this evening. Now, let us see after your luggage."

This was not difficult, as Mrs. Frere had left all the heavier part of her baggage to be sent *via* Hamburg; and Max soon secured the services of a couple of porters, with the nonchalant command he generally exercised over his inferiors, while he gave his arm to Mrs. Frere and did not bestow too much attention to Grace, who was greatly moved at the sight of him, remembering how they had last met in the presence of the dear friend she should never see again; and Max seemed to understand her.

"How will you manage about the cabs?" he said, as the porters had called up two. "Mrs. Frere, you and Mab had better go together, and I will accompany Grace as far as the Mansion House. I am sorry to say I am too much engaged to go farther with you; but I shall see you this evening."

"Very well; and thank you, dear Max. Will you tell the man where to go — the Langham?"

"No; the Hyde Park Hotel. It is quieter, and close to us. I thought you would like it better."

"Follow," said Max to the driver, "and stop at the corner of King William Street."

He jumped in, and they were off — Grace absolutely dizzy with anxiety and repressed feeling. If Maurice was in London, he would have come to meet them; if he was not — "Chaos was come again." And she must wait till Jimmy

Byrne came before the terrible question could be solved. So absorbed was she that she scarcely felt the awkwardness of being alone with Max. She did not notice how intently, but guardedly, he watched her. She only thought of what that evening would bring forth.

The roar of the mighty life-stream on which their vehicles was borne along chilled and appalled her; for to no one does the immensity of London seem so immense as to an inhabitant who has been absent long enough to get unaccustomed to it; and during her late visit Grace had scarcely seen the city. Then it was so awfully desolate to think that there was no Lady Elton to welcome and befriend her; only the dread of showing weakness before Max kept her from the relief of tears. That she was rich and independent she could not realize as she sat silently beside her cousin, neither able to hear the other, even had they tried to speak, so great was the roar of the human tide. At length, on reaching a short stretch of asphalt, Max exclaimed, —

"You look awfully cut up, Grace; what has been the matter?"

"Oh, nothing; but I feel so keenly, on coming here, that I shall never see her more, as if I had no friend in this great, fearful town."

"But you have," said Max gently. "My father and myself wish to be your best, as we are your nearest, friends."

Ah! if Max had thought it worth while to have met her and spoken such words to her some fifteen months ago, how different everything might have been! This idea flashed across her, but it was of no importance now.

"You are very good," she returned; "but no friend can ever be to me what she was."

"But you are not elated at the fortune that has fallen to your share? You seem more like a mourner than one who has inherited — well, a good property."

"I am very, very glad to have escaped poverty, I assure you, Max, though we have really always been quite comfortable; but, then, it is well to be rich for others as well as for one's self."

"Perhaps so; but you must not be regardless of yourself. I am going to give you heaps of good advice. Come, Grace, will you have me for your friend and consulting counsel, if for nothing else? You see I am ready to accept your terms."

"Thank you, Max; I shall be grateful for your help in many ways."

"Very good; I understand the compact. I am sorry to see you look so depressed, dear cousin." He took her hand and pressed it lightly, and then they got on rough pavement again.

"Would you like to get into your mother's cab?" asked Max, as that vehicle stopped at the place indicated.

"No, thanks; I prefer being alone."

"I will be with you about nine; meantime, do rest yourself. You look terribly done up."

He raised his hat, and pausing to say a word to Mrs. Frere, he passed out of sight into the crowd.

The long drive to the neighborhood of the Marble Arch was at once tedious and rapid to Grace: and she was thankful to escape from herself, though it was by her own wish she had made the transit alone.

This arrival in London was very different from the last. So soon as they stopped at the door of the quiet, private hotel which Max had selected, forth came obsequious waiters to assist the ladies to alight, to carry the bags and packages, to pay the drivers with generous readiness, to wave the new-comers with reverential gestures into the interior, where stood the master or manager, bland, benign, white-chokered, impressively respectful, enough to make inexperienced guests feel an awe of themselves.

And then what dainty, comfortable bed-chambers, and what a cheerful sitting-room adjoining, with a pleasant peep of the Park.

"Mr. Frere's butler was around here just now, ma'am, to know if you had arrived. If these rooms do not answer, 'm, there is a suite on the other side of the staircase —"

"These will do very well," interrupted Mrs. Frere. "What do you say, Grace — are *you* satisfied?"

"Yes, quite."

"And I am very hungry," suggested Mab.

"Of course, dear; pray let us have breakfast or luncheon as soon as you can."

"Yes, 'm. Cold fowl and tongue, 'm — cutlets or cold lamb — a little fruit?"

"That will be nice," ejaculated Mab, who was enthralled by the view of the busy street beneath.

"Mother," said Grace, who, after inspecting their rooms, had stopped quite still in one of the windows gazing away into vacancy, "I should like to send a note to Jimmy Byrne, to make sure of his coming this evening. You know how modest and unassuming he is, and if he

thinks Max is to be here he will not come."

"Very well, dear," returned Mrs. Frere placidly, in the plenitude of her content — she would have said "Very well" to almost any proposition — "I must say this seems a most comfortable house, and a very agreeable coming back. I dare say we shall be better here than at the Langham. Are you too tired, my love, to go out after luncheon? because I am very anxious to get proper mourning, and see about securing a maid. You must have a maid, and indeed I should like a French *bonne* for Mab; perhaps they might recommend us a nice maid here."

"Perhaps so," returned Grace vaguely.

She had found her writing materials, and was scribbling a few lines in haste to Jimmy; yet, though feverish with anxiety, she could not write *the* name which was perpetually sounding in her heart; but she knew that Jimmy would not answer without saying if Maurice Balfour had sailed or not — perhaps he would enclose Balfour's letter, *if* he had one. Ah — what an if!

The note signed, sealed, and despatched, Grace escaped to the quiet of her own room to make the toilette so necessary after their night journey.

After luncheon or breakfast, Mrs. Frere was gently persistent in her determination to have "nice mourning;" but as Grace pleaded headache and extreme fatigue, she suggested going with Mab, observing that she was afraid of the crossings — and she supposed they need not think of every penny now — she would like to drive, and probably the best and most economical plan would be to have a brougham from the hotel. She therefore started cheerfully, leaving Grace to do battle alone. For a long time she sat with clasped hands, living over the past six weeks, — recalling all the subtle indications of regard and tenderness which Balfour had permitted to escape him; wondering, if he really cared for her, why he forsook her, yet half understanding it; wondering if it could be possible that Wolff von Falkenberg's cruel insinuations were true. At the moment they were first uttered, she rejected them as utterly false; but the curse of calumny is that it clings: though the insect cloud of insinuation can be waved out of sight in an instant, it is but to gather and sting afresh. It was quite possible that in those four or five years of separation anything might have occurred. The best of men were at times weak or wild or stupid; and if Mau-

rice thought himself bound in honor to do anything, he would do it at any risk. If he was hopelessly entangled she could but grieve for him and pray that he might outlive his trammels; but —

A knock at the door — enter the waiter.

"If you please, 'm, the gentleman was out; but as soon as he returns he shall have the note."

"Thank you," said Grace mechanically.

It was in vain then, her attempt to curtail her time of probation; she must wait and endure. So, with a sort of desperate resolution, she drew forth her writing materials, and indited a general epistle to Cousin Alvsleben. She felt ashamed of being so absorbed in her own selfish feelings. It was so weak, just what she would despise in Frieda — dear, kind, simple Frieda. And so she battled with herself till Mrs. Frere returned, followed by the obsequious waiter laden with neat, small, light-brown paper parcels, and Mab looking radiant.

"It is quite a treat to do shopping here," said Mrs. Frere, untying her bonnet-strings, and sitting down on the sofa; "they have such lovely things at Jay's — most tempting. But we have been very prudent, have we not, Mab? I ordered a black silk for myself, just trimmed with crape — not too deep, you know, that would look affected. And I saw such a lovely costume, black silk grenadine, with crape and bugles, and a bonnet to match; the whole thing not quite fifteen guineas — the very thing for you, Grace. I told the man to bring it up this evening for you to try on. You are really too indifferent to dress, my love — and now you need not stint yourself. Do you know, I dare say the people here can tell us of a maid."

"Yes, mother dear; but before we do anything, let us hear what Max has to tell, and ascertain what we may really spend," returned Grace, looking through her letter, crossing her t's and dotting her i's, and putting it into its envelope.

"You are always such a prudent puss," said Mrs. Frere complacently; "you will hardly know how to conduct yourself as becomes an heiress. I quite long to see Max this evening. By-the-bye, had we not better order dinner, or a meat tea, or something? It is past five o'clock; Mr. Byrne will not have dined."

"Yes, yes, dear mother. Ring the bell, Mab. Let us have tea after our old Albert Crescent style."

"I am afraid they will think us very shabby — eh, dear?"

"Oh, no; ladies are not expected to feast."

"I wonder," said Mrs. Frere, when the order had been given, and the waiter dismissed — "I wonder if Maurice Balfour is still in London? I should think he would hardly have started yet?"

"Hardly so soon," said Grace with a sigh. "If he has, Jimmy will have a letter for you."

"Oh, he may have forgotten to write, in the hurry of departure."

It was still early when Jimmy Byrne was ushered in, and he was received with the utmost warmth.

"Ah, Mrs. Frere, ma'am, I am proud and delighted to see you! Miss Grace, dear, sure there never was one would grace a fortune better or deserve it more than yourself! But you are not looking so well as I would wish. Well, Miss Mabel; why you are quite a young lady!"

"And how glad we are to see you, Jimmy," cried Grace, holding his hand in both hers. "Now that poor dear Lady Elton is gone, I feel more than ever that you are our only friend in London."

"Bedad, Miss Grace, you will find friends enough now; indeed, you always found them at your need, and no wonder!"

Then, after exchanging a few sentences respecting the sudden turn of fortune's wheel, the sense of which scarce reached Grace's comprehension, Jimmy broke out with, —

"Oh, Mrs. Frere, ma'am, I quite forgot — I have a letter here from your friend Mr. Balfour! Poor fellow, he sailed this afternoon. Where is it?" rummaging one pocket after another. "No, it isn't there. Well, now, it's not often I do such a stupid thing, but in the flurry of coming out I have just left it shut up in my desk; but I'll post it for you, ma'am, the first thing to-morrow morning."

"Oh, thank you, that will do very well. I dare say it is just a word of good-bye; he told me he would write."

"Ay, indeed; I declare he is an elegant young man, but greatly changed since I saw him before with Mr. Randal — he was so white and downcast! 'Deed I doubt if it's a healthy place over there in Germany. Miss Grace doesn't look like herself."

"What was the matter with Maurice Balfour?" asked Grace, forcing herself to speak, and hearing her own voice as if it belonged to somebody else.

"Faith, I don't know! He used to come up to my place every evening, and

sit there dead quiet — he that was the height of good company; and I am sure he was always *that* kind. Before he went, he gave me an elegant pipe and a lot of books — new ones, faith! — Freeman's 'Essays' and some of Maine's works, just a treasure of reading; and made me promise to write to him. I can't tell you how kind and friendly he was."

"But he is gone!" said Grace, and started at the despair in her own tones, wondering that the others too did not recognize in it the wail of expiring happiness.

"He is so, Miss Grace," returned Jimmy, stealing a curious, loving, uneasy glance at her from under his shaggy brows; "and a capital appointment he has got for a young fellow that has to work his way. He will have to be there three or four years — maybe settle altogether; yet I cannot help feeling sorry he is gone."

Then they sat down to tea. Mrs. Frere was lively and hospitable; Mabel uproarious spirits; and Jimmy joyful over the good fortune of his adored young lady; while Grace, as usual, "poured out," and said a few words from time to time to avert notice, while her brain seemed suddenly converted into a mechanism incapable of producing any other idea, any other form of words, except "He is gone!" And her heart seemed dying, dying — hopeless!

This afternoon, this very afternoon — why it was possible they might have met that morning, had he willed it! She could have screamed aloud in her agony. And in another hour Max would be there; and she *must* be composed, and hear and understand all his explanations about her fortune, and make plans, and evade Max Frere's keen and curiously sympathetic observation.

"Mother, my head *is* so bad; I must go and bathe it with eau-de-Cologne. You know I must get it clear for Max this evening. I have no idea as yet, Jimmy, what I have inherited, and I feel all in the dark."

"Ahem! — just so; and I'm told her ladyship's investments were all in foreign stocks, so nobody knows much about them, which is awkward. But you have two good men at your back in Mr. Frere and his son," Jimmy said, as Grace passed out of the room.

A short quarter of an hour in silence and solitude gave Grace a chance of rallying her forces. The fact that all uncertainty was ended, though so miserably,

gave her a certain amount of courage and composure. Nothing now remained but patient endurance; to fold the robe of concealment with dignity close around the wounded, desolate, but not slaughtered, love which she yet could cherish, because she never doubted the worth of its object.

"Gracie, dear, are you better? Do come in and see Max. Jimmy is just going, too."

Grace rose without answering, gave a touch or two to her hair, saw that her face only looked pale. She had shed no tears, and followed Mab to the sitting-room, where she found Max in the act of placing some papers on the table, and Jimmy taking leave.

"Come again soon," said Grace, giving him her hand. "Remember, I want you more than ever; come to-morrow evening."

"Well, there's no knowing what you may be wanting to do to-morrow, Miss Grace, dear, so don't you wait in, on no account; but I'll call round about seven, anyhow; and I wish you a good evening, Mrs. Frere — good-bye, Miss Mab."

Mab darted to his side, away from Max, with whom she had been talking, and drew Jimmy's head down to her, whispering something eagerly in his ear.

"Ay, to be sure; I will, never you fear —" Jimmy was beginning in audible tones, when a small hand was imperiously pressed against his mouth, and Mab escorted him to the door, in order to exchange some last words on the landing.

"Are you sure you are not too tired for business to-night, Grace?" asked Max, with a sharp look at his cousin, after the door closed on Jimmy Byrne.

"I am far too much interested to feel the fatigue, Max; remember, I am as yet all in the dark. Mother, had not Mab better go to bed, as we are going to talk of business, and it is past nine?"

"I am not a bit sleepy; why may I not hear? I will not say a word."

But the sense of the house was against her; even Mrs. Frere was anxious she should go, and to facilitate matters, accompanied her to her room.

"Grace," said Max, directly they were alone, "let me tell you before my aunt returns that I am afraid she will be awfully disappointed. I say *she* will be, for I see you are in a present condition of doubt, and by no means elated. Do you know, we begin to think that Lady Elton has left little or nothing except her furniture, jewels, and clothes; for the last ten days

we have been looking through her papers, and we find no trace of property, except one small investment. She has left no debts, apparently, and her affairs seem in perfect order — but —" He paused.

"I am very sorry, on my mother's account," returned Grace quietly, "and it seems very strange —"

Here Mrs. Frere re-entered the room, smiling in anticipation of the delightful revelations about to be made of riches far beyond even her "great expectations."

"Now, then, suppose I read the will to you," said Max, as his aunt seated herself in an easy-chair. "It is short and simple enough," and he proceeded to skim rapidly the technical preamble, dwelling with clear enunciation on the absolute and succinct bequests.

After a small legacy to Luigi, another to her maid, an antique ring to Mr. Frere, a cabinet and pair of vases, which he had always admired, to her nephew, Maxwell Frere, as a token of regard, Lady Elton bequeathed the whole of her property, real and personal, to Grace Frere, eldest daughter of the late Colonel Joscelyn Frere.

"That is the gist of the matter," said Max, laying down the paper, "and constitutes you residuary legatee."

"A true friend — a good woman," said Mrs. Frere, a good deal affected, and putting her handkerchief to her eyes.

Grace, who kept very still and quiet, asked to look at the document, and observed: "It was signed, then, while I was in London last April."

"Yes — about a week before she started with you for Germany."

"And did you know?"

"That I was her executor? Yes, but not that you were her residuary legatee till the day she left."

"And now, dear Max," said Mrs. Frere, beaming out upon them from the temporary eclipse of her handkerchief, "Grace would like to know, at least to have an idea of, the probable amount of property our dear friend has left — what income, for instance."

"I am sorry to say," began Max, as his aunt paused in the effort to put a leading question, "that we can find little or no property of any description. There are two thousand pounds in Indian railway debentures, bought many years ago, so they pay a very good percentage; there is a balance of something over two hundred and fifty at the bankers. There are a lot of things in her rooms that will sell pretty well, some furniture — and there

don't seem to be any debts — but beyond this I don't think there is a farthing."

Mrs. Frere's face had grown more and more dismayed and horror-struck while Max spoke, and now indignation lit up her eyes with unusual fires.

"But, Max, she could not have spent less than a thousand or fifteen hundred a year! Where has all that gone to? It is too soon to get to the bottom of everything, but it is impossible that there is not a large fortune somewhere."

"Just what I thought," returned Max kindly. "But I am afraid I can partly explain the reason. It seems from what Messrs. Greenwood, her solicitors, tell me, (which is fully corroborated by entries in her cash-book), that some time ago she sunk nearly all her capital in a life annuity. I remember she had been very ill, somewhere in the north of Italy, about that time; but even allowing for this, she must have got rid of a great deal of money somehow. I am exceedingly sorry for Grace's disappointment, my dear aunt, but she cannot count on more than between three and four thousand, taking everything into consideration. It is most extraordinary; my father cannot make it out; he is dreadfully shocked. In short, is inclined to doubt, that having been guilty of such mysterious crimes against the Majesty of Mammon, the deceased was deserving of Christian burial. There may be some explanation in the papers directed to you specially, Grace."

"It is too cruel and wicked," cried Mrs. Frere, her delicate cheek flushing. "There has been some frightful conspiracy to defraud my dear Grace. Depend upon it, those horrid solicitors have juggled away a quantity of money. I feel convinced they have. No one else had anything to do with it, and it is your duty, Max, both as executor and nearest of kin, to unmask their villainy and recover my poor, plundered child's property."

Max looked at her half amused, half in pity, slightly elevating his eyebrows.

"I am not surprised that you are vexed," he said, "but I think you will find that no one is to blame except Lady Elton herself."

"Who had certainly a right to do what she liked with her own," said Grace, who had listened in singular silence, considering that it was her own fortune that was under discussion. "I do not know why, but I never anticipated riches from this bequest. What do these two thousand pounds yield, Max — I mean, what income?"

"They pay six per cent."

"To think," resumed Mrs. Frere, carried quite out of her ordinary quiet and soft composure, "of being dragged away from our happy, comfortable home in Germany for a miserable trifle like this! deluded with hopes too bright to last! It is our fate, I suppose; poverty and obscurity seem to be our lot — and I can bear it, if it is the will of heaven. But not to see the man who ought to be her friend and champion, sitting down tamely, to let Grace be robbed by unprincipled wretches without striking a blow in her defence! And what a disappointment to my poor Randal, who has not yet received my joyful letter!"

"Gad! you all seem to appropriate Grace's fortune so completely," cried Max, a little impatiently, "that I do not wonder at her indifference in the matter."

"It is theirs as much as mine, Max, and I am not indifferent, only I feel ill and tired; I think I have caught cold — my chest pains me."

"What will they say in Zittau?" continued Mrs. Frere. "They will think us all impostors. Why, we are very little better off than we were. It is too cruel, after all my hopes."

The poor lady burst into real tears, and sobbed aloud.

"Dear mother," said Grace, coming to her side, gently, lovingly, yet with a certain listlessness which struck Max as a new and strange characteristic in her manner, "I cannot bear to see you so grieved. Had we not imagined great wealth, how delighted we should have been with what really is ours; it is an important addition to our income, and besides there will be much that is useful — and — do try to look at the best side."

"Best!" cried poor Mrs. Frere, "there is no best! but I am not fit company for two such philosophers as you and your cousin. I am only fit to be by myself," rising, "so good-night, Max, and remember, I solemnly charge you to defend the cause of the fatherless against the machinations of villains," with which tremendous peroration Mrs. Frere hastily left the room.

"My poor, dear mother," said Grace, looking after her; "it is more than she can bear! I hope, Max, you do not mind anything she has said in the bitterness of her disappointment?"

"Not I; not the very least. I am deucedly sorry myself; but, Grace, I am much more concerned at your unconcern

than anything else. I am afraid you are very unwell, or something has happened —”

“Oh, no!” she returned, with a smile, which sent a curious thrill of pain through her self-possessed, worldly cousin; “I think I have a bad cold. I shall keep in bed to-morrow. I suppose I need not see any one. You can do everything without me? and after, we must leave this hotel, Max, it is too costly, you know,” her pale face flushing crimson and then growing white again. “I have debts, too, of my own to pay.”

“Do not think of that—at least, do what will make you most content; above all, look on me as your friend, trust me, believe in me.”

“I think you are very good to me, but I really do not feel as if I could speak or understand any more! The day after to-morrow, if you can spare time, let us talk over everything. Good-night, Max.”

“Good-night.”

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE cold of which Grace complained was sufficiently bad next morning to entitle her to a mustard plaster, and the privacy of her bedroom. Consequently, when Max, who felt dimly uneasy about his cousin, called to inquire for her on his way to the City, he could not see any of the party. “Miss Frere” was reported to be “very unwell, and Mrs. Frere was with her.”

The long spell of quiet and silence thus secured was invaluable to Grace. In the semi-darkness of her own chamber she made her moan to herself; she gazed long and fondly on the dead form of love and joy, shown to her a moment, and then snatched away probably forever; her aching grief sweetened, even while it was rendered more poignant, by the consciousness that *he*, too, was suffering—that perhaps some barrier other than his will existed between them, and that, therefore, he had sought safety in flight.

Had it indeed been the inequality of their fortunes which had frightened Maurice away? How cruel to think that a natural mistake might have lost her what no wealth could purchase; and even now the winds and waves were wafting him further and further, and she must stay still and let all go—all, and so with many a wreath of tender memory, with loving tears of fondest regret, with the incense of loyalest faith, she buried her dead love deep in the innermost vault of her heart, gently but firmly closing the door upon it,

and turning resolutely, patiently to face the living world.

Jimmy Byrne was dreadfully distressed to find his “darlin’ young lady” so unwell. But Grace, eager to be up and doing, with an energy slightly feverish, rose and dressed to receive him. Mrs. Frere was still in a state of the highest indignation against some person or persons unknown, who had with malice prepense conspired to defraud her child; nor did she hold Max unblamed—there had been culpable neglect somewhere, but they would never find it out. The widow and the fatherless were at the mercy of unprincipled worldlings.

“Would to heaven, my dear Mr. Byrne, that we had been in the hands of really respectable people—*your* firm, for instance. There is no knowing what havoc those Greenwoods (who appear to be inferior persons) have made with poor, dear Lady Elton’s property. Is it not too bad?”

“Faith, it is so, Mrs. Frere, ma’am; but I must say, there always was whispers—reports, in a manner of speaking, about her ladyship’s investments. No one ever knew where her money was—indeed, Mr. Gregg said to me, not long after she came back from Italy, when Mr. Frere had to sign some document connected with a transfer of stock, or some such thing, ‘Mark my words, Byrne,’ says he, ‘she’s making ducks and drakes of her money, as Mr. Maxwell will find out.’ To be sure, when she lived in such good style, yet never extravagant, people began to think she had a power of money.”

“I consider it cruel, absolutely cruel, not to have explained matters to Grace—to let us imagine we were wealthy, and then to hurl one into poverty again.”

“And no doubt Lady Elton would have told me, but she was snatched from us so soon,” said Grace gently. “Indeed, mother, we ought to be very thankful to have as much as Max says remains. He told us last night, Jimmy, that there were two thousand pounds in Indian railways, and two hundred and fifty pounds in the bank. Then all the beautiful furniture and things, and some jewels—why, a month ago we would have thought this riches.”

“True, for you, Miss Grace, dear; one thing with another, you may set the sum total at, maybe, four thousand pounds, besides picking out enough furniture to set up a pretty little house of your own, if you like.”

“That would be very nice,” said Grace thoughtfully.

"As to me," observed Mrs. Frere, "I cannot forget my hopes and expectations as readily as Grace; youth is naturally volatile, but when I think of the disappointment to my dear Randal, to whom I wrote in the first flush of my hopes, I cannot help feeling bitterly."

The conversation then fell to Grace and Jimmy Byrne's share, and turned, as it generally did, on domestic and financial arrangements.

"Let me see the letter," said Grace to her mother, when Jimmy had left them, for Mrs. Frere had been too full of her grievances to do more than glance through Balfour's epistle and lay it aside. She handed it to her daughter, and Grace opened it with an indescribable thrill of sad pleasure, which the sight of lines so lately traced by the hand she might never touch again naturally aroused. The letter was short, and somewhat constrained. On reaching London he found that his friend Darnell was anxious to be off as soon as possible, but till the day before, they were not sure they could start on the first. He thanked Mrs. Frere for the happiest days he had ever spent, and said he would write on reaching Melbourne. Finally, he sent his best wishes to Grace, and earnestly hoped her good fortune would bring her all the happiness she so well deserved. Something had been written after and scratched out, and Grace strove to decipher it till her eyes ached; she could only make out, or thought she made out, the word "tell." Then came love to Mab, and the conclusion.

A strain of sadness seemed to pervade the whole letter, though Grace could hardly have pointed out any positive indication.

And this, then, was the last link of the chain that had been so rudely snapped. Mrs. Frere did not seem to remember the letter, or the writer, so Grace slipped it into her pocket to place it among the few treasures she possessed, while her mother was saying, —

"Do not be in too great a hurry, dear, to write to Dalbersdorf; let us understand matters a little first, and then make the best of it. I must say, I am thankful Cousin Alvsleben is not here to cross-examine us as to the amount of your inheritance; it is dreadfully mortifying to be obliged to confess such a falling off. We must really make the best of it."

"That troubles me very little. And, dearest mother, when everything is settled, you will find that we shall be quite comfortably off, and much easier than we

were, so do pray cheer up. It makes me miserable to see your face."

Perhaps the highest tribute to the influence of his late sister-in-law was paid by Mr. Frere, when he spared a quarter of an hour of his valuable time to make a morning, or, rather, afternoon call upon his relatives, the third day after their arrival, on his way home from the City. Mrs. Frere and Mab were out on an expedition to find apartments, and Grace received him alone.

She felt inwardly amused at the calm indifference with which she took his visit, comparing it with her condition of mind on their first interview, when he was the all-powerful father of Max. Now she felt pleasantly grateful to him for the timely help he had afforded them, but perfectly at ease. The absolute money value bequeathed by her friend might be small, but she felt that the status conferred upon her by being constituted Lady Elton's sole legatee was considerable.

Grace was writing to Randal, explaining the state of affairs they had found on reaching London, when "Mr. Frere" was solemnly announced, and expecting Max, she was a good deal surprised to see the cold, strong features and stiff figure of her uncle.

"Uncle Frere," she exclaimed, rising to meet him, the color coming into her pale cheek, "I am very glad to see you."

"You are welcome back to England," he said, with a polite smile. "I regret to hear you are indisposed," and he took the chair she offered.

After the exchange of some commonplaces, he broached the subject uppermost in his thoughts, and spoke in a tone of stern indignation of the mysterious manner in which Lady Elton's fortune had disappeared, hinting at the painful surmises to which it gave rise, and lamenting it chiefly on his niece's account.

"Do not trouble about me," said Grace. "You know what an important addition the little she has left will be to us. I have no feeling save the warmest gratitude to dear Lady Elton for her kind thought of me, and for thus lifting us above the extreme pressure of too limited an income — to say nothing of the joy of paying my just debts, and amongst them, dear uncle, I reckon what you so kindly and generously gave my mother, without which she could not have joined me in Germany. I have always wished to thank you for it."

And she held out her hand to him with her usual frank impulsiveness. Mr.

Frere was a good deal put out by so unconventional a proceeding; nevertheless, he took the fair, soft hand not unkindly.

"You are a young lady of unusually correct principles, I perceive," he said, a little less coldly than usual. "I do not, however, wish for repayment of what was a free gift. I always intended to assist my brother's widow, so do not mention that matter again, if you please. In arranging your affairs and future system of life, both Max and myself will be most happy to give you every assistance."

"I am greatly obliged, and must not, then, contradict you. But, uncle, Max tells me there is a packet of papers to be opened by me only; this may throw some light on poor Lady Elton's past history. Max promised to bring it this evening."

"I shall be glad to know what you gather from its contents; and now I must bid you good-morning. If your cold permits, perhaps you and Mrs. Frere will do me the pleasure of dining at my house to-morrow?"

"Thank you; I have no doubt I shall be much better."

Mr. Frere bowed himself out with his usual stiff politeness, and Grace, after a few minutes' thought, returned to her letter.

"Dear me!—so Richard Frere absolutely condescended to call?" cried the mother, as she sat down and received Grace's report of the visit. "I suppose, if you had inherited all Lady Elton's money, your uncle would have paid his respects every day. The adoration of Mammon in some people is amazing."

"Uncle Frere helped us very much, mother, we must allow."

"Yes, he did—he did, indeed!" returned Mrs. Frere, smiling. "I am, perhaps, too sensitive. The men whose society I have been accustomed to were so high-minded, so superior to the influence of filthy lucre, that I am probably spoiled for others. I cannot say I care for going to dine with Richard Frere. I am sure I remember our last, our only dinner there with unspeakable horror! Never shall I forget the cruel way he spoke to my dear boy; and, indeed, Max was not much better. No, I never can forget it!" and poor Mrs. Frere actually shuddered at the horrible recollection.

"But, mother dear, we really must not take Mab. You know there will be business to talk over, and Mr. Frere would not like it."

"How can we leave her alone? and we have no one to leave with her!"

"I know. But for once, Mab, you will not mind going to bed early; and I dare say, that nice chambermaid you like will give you your tea."

"Oh, I do not want to go!" said Mab scornfully. "I don't want to be sat upon by Uncle Frere; and I know he hates children!"

"You are getting out of childhood now, dear Mab; you are nearly eleven."

The memory of her first dinner at Uncle Frere's was vividly before Grace's mind. All through her second she thought how much more assured was her position—how much calmer her feelings; and yet she would almost willingly have gone back to that day of dread could she have the bright bits in the tessellated pavement of her life to tread over again—she felt so wonderfully older, so strangely hopeless and resigned.

She was, in Uncle Frere's opinion, so far as he could recall his first impressions, immensely improved; while to Max, the slight change in her look and voice and manner—a change so subtle that it entirely escaped her mother—was infinitely interesting and puzzling. He, of course, attributed it to regret for some German lover; and, from whatever motive, he apparently accepted the position of friend and adviser, without betraying a tinge of tenderness or admiration, as if he, too, was anxious to bury the outburst, of which perhaps he was ashamed, in oblivion.

The dinner was less terrible than Mrs. Frere anticipated. While the servants were in the room, the conversation turned chiefly upon Germany, and Mrs. Frere took a fair share in it; nor was Grace dull or silent. Indeed, once interested in any topic, her intellect and fancy quickly woke up, to sparkle on the surface, even when her heart ached.

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below.

Afterwards in the drawing-room the business uppermost in all their minds was fully discussed, while Grace was often obliged to steady her voice by an effort as her first meeting with Lady Elton in that room came back to her mind. Max was most judicious in his advice and suggestions, and without uttering a word of overt sympathy, conveyed to Grace, she knew not how, a sense of comfort and comprehension.

Still she heard in a kind of dream, as if

she had not yet rallied all her mental powers, proposals for getting the landlord to remit the remainder of Lady Elton's lease, which, as rents were rising, he no doubt would; for selling off what furniture and ornaments Grace did not require, by auction, for owing to the late owner's reputation as a connoisseur, high prices might be realized; of possible investments for the proceeds, etc., etc.,—into all of which Mrs. Frere entered with much zest; and when Grace somewhat languidly suggested taking a small house in or near London, both Mr. Frere and Max highly approved. So the evening passed quickly, and the *parti carré* separated well pleased with each other.

Before Grace slept she opened the packet which Max had given her at parting—opened it with a thrill of tenderness and anticipation. Would it solve the mystery of her dear friend's life? No. The parcel contained manuscript sketches of places and people, legends picked up in out-of-the-way corners of France and Germany; and with these a memo addressed to Grace, in which the writer stated that she had collected these scribbles of past idle hours, thinking they might perhaps be of use to Randal, or even to herself, should she ever take up the pen—"which," she added, "you are much more capable of wielding." This message from the grave touched Grace profoundly, and sunk into her mind, to bring forth fruit hereafter.

Removed into modest but comfortable lodgings, and settled *pro tem.*, Mrs. Frere had time to develop intense eagerness for the moment when she could range through the beautiful rooms which now belonged to her daughter, and her conversation was largely interspersed with such interjections and interpolations as: "Grace, that writing-table in Lady Elton's study would do admirably for Randal;" or, "Do you remember, dear, the small sofa that stood near the fireplace? It will suit the sort of room we shall have exactly;" or, "Those squares of Persian carpet will fit any house, and the smaller china ornaments would make the most ordinary villa elegant." In short, Mrs. Frere furnished a score of houses in her mind, by which agreeable occupation the poignancy of her disappointment was considerably blunted.

Then came a delightful episode, when Lady Elton's jewel-case was brought from the bank to be valued and inspected. It was more richly supplied than either Max or Mrs. Frere expected, and the sight of

its sparkling treasures was most consolatory to her and exciting to Mab.

Meantime Randal gave no sign. It was now a month since Lady Elton's death, and he had not written. Mrs. Frere, from vague wondering why Randal did not write, grew gradually more and more uneasy, and Grace at last showed her anxiety.

Not even the interesting event of taking possession of Lady Elton's rooms, nor the question of choosing an abode, could still the disquiet which each day increased as morning after morning came and brought no letter.

It was about six weeks after Mrs. Frere and her daughter had returned to London. Grace had begun to chafe a little at the law's delay; so many small preliminaries were to be gone through before they could take steps to settle themselves definitely, and she longed to be in a quiet home, for, in spite of her literary proclivities, she had a true, housewifely taste. The weather had been rather chill and wet for the last week, but this particular morning had risen clear and bright, tempting Grace to rise early and write a long letter to Frieda before her mother and Mab descended to breakfast.

It was little more than seven o'clock when she set forth her writing-things in place of the looking-glass which she removed from her little dressing-table, and she had accomplished the first page of her letter when she heard a tap at the door.

"Is it you, Emma?"

"Yes, 'm," and the servant of the house entered. "If you please, miss, there's a gentleman down-stairs wants to see you."

"A gentleman at this hour! Who is he?"

"He will not give his name, miss; he says you'll know him well enough when you see him."

A sudden shiver went through her veins, as Grace thought: "Could it be Maurice Balfour, recalled by some strange chance!" but the idea was ridiculous; so without further remarks she followed the girl to the dining-room, where, arrayed in a correct travelling suit, with the strap of his courier-bag across his chest, and looking very brown, stood Randal.

Of course Grace was startled, yet genuinely glad to see him. What brought him back so unexpectedly?

Well, they had been knocking about Hungary, he said, having come up the Danube to while away the hot season, and enable Sir Alexander to publish

"Some Thoughts on the Social, Political, and Industrial Condition of Hungary;" for the fellow fancies he is a universal genius. "It was rather slow work, as I spoke neither German nor Hungarian; and it was only in the towns that French was any good. When we got to Pesth, I had a pretty severe touch of low fever; and Sir Alexander spoke rather brutally, hinting at my being a hindrance to his making a searching examination of the Carpathians. So I just told him not to trouble about me; I preferred returning. Then I found he had picked up a seedy German, who was able to murder every European language more or less—English especially—and who gave his valuable services for something like twenty pounds a year and the baronet's old clothes. I wished him joy of the bargain, and as soon as I was strong enough, started off home. So here I am, my darling! I suppose you can get me a room? I told the girl to pay the cab, and take in my traps, for to tell you the truth, I haven't much more than thirteen or fourteen shillings about me; and, by-the-bye, Grace, I must lodge twenty-five pounds to Sir Alexander's credit to-day or to-morrow. I was obliged to ask him for an advance, for you see, what with being ill and one thing or another, I was run aground."

"Very well, Randal," was all Grace could say to this voluble speech, which was rattled out with the most complete self-content, "I will see about a room for you, and let my mother know you are here."

"How goes the mother and Mab?" asked Randal. "As to you, Grace, I can't say you are looking first-rate."

But Grace had gone to rejoice her mother's heart with the news of his arrival, and great was the commotion which ensued. Mrs. Frere, who was but half dressed, impeded her own progress by her excessive haste; and Mab came rushing down, her hair flying about and her boots unbuttoned, fully expecting that Randal had brought home the Sphinx, or at least a mummy.

The day which ensued was disturbed, but on the whole pleasant. Randal was very lively, amusing, and Grace thought improved. It was rather too early to mention plans, beyond their general scheme of taking a house and settling themselves in London, of which Randal highly approved, and mentioned *en passant* that he himself had serious thoughts, now that their circumstances were a little

easier, of studying for the bar. It was a gentleman-like profession; it fitted in well with literary pursuits, and the Marchioness of Uppinham had strongly recommended it. Mrs. Frere was quite enchanted with this suggestion, and Grace let it pass. They had quite an exhilarating little dinner, to which, out of his remaining thirteen shillings, Randal contributed a bottle of champagne with the air of a prince. "The dear fellow was always so generous," as his mother said. He was not so much affected by the sad falling off in Lady Elton's fortune as Mrs. Frere; for, owing to his moving from place to place, he received both her letters on the subject at the same time. So he dismissed the matter by observing that it was a deuced shame of the person or persons unknown, who had robbed Grace.

"Randal," said his sister hesitatingly, with her eyes bent down, when they happened to be a few moments alone, "I ought to warn you that we are obliged to see a great deal of Max Frere. He may come in this evening."

"Indeed!" returned Randal, moving a little uneasily in his chair, and paused an instant. "Well, Grace," he resumed, "as we must meet, why the sooner the better. I am not going to let myself be awkward and uncomfortable on account of an unlucky mistake which after all has cost him nothing; and I fancy he forgives me, for the sake of my pretty sister. Eh, Grace, Max has always been a bit spoons about you."

Grace was too mortified by his callousness to answer or notice the conclusion of his speech. What matter what Randal thought? he was hopelessly dead to all the motives which would spur her on. She foresaw he would be on her hands all the days of his life.

"I am glad it will not cost you too much to meet him; he has been very good and generous," she said coldly.

"For which you have my full permission to reward him," replied Randal, with an uneasy laugh. "Really, Grace, it would not be a bad winding-up to marry Max Frere."

"That is my affair," she said carelessly, and then changed the conversation.

But Max did not come till the following evening. And as Grace thought it better to let the meeting take place unpreparedly, he was somewhat surprised to meet Randal—somewhat, though by no means overwhelmingly. He had always expected that his sister's accession of property and

the prospect of home comfort would "draw" Randal as certainly as the magnet does iron.

Max conducted himself admirably on the occasion; no allusion to topics nearer home than Egypt, the Principalities, and Hungarian politics were touched upon. No irritating sneers, or mocking recommendations were indulged in; indeed, Grace noted that never again did Max address Randal, save in a tone of commonplace politeness, which to her was most expressive of the estimation in which he held him, and for which she was grateful even while it wounded her deeply.

Time, which arranges all things, rolled on with its weighty swiftness; and the Freres gradually settled down to their fresh life, and found all they required. With Jimmy's aid, a pretty little semi-detached villa in the Westbourne district was secured. Need it be said that all the excellent man's legal knowledge was brought to bear on the provisions of the lease, and never was landlord more rigidly bound to favorable terms. The arrangement of this new home was probably the occupation most calculated to interest Grace and draw her out of herself; and next to this, the search for a good school for Mab. For as the business of realizing Lady Elton's estate progressed, it was agreed between her and Max, who naturally became her chief counsellor in larger matters, that for a couple of years she might indulge her great desire to give Mab the advantage of a regular and systematic education. Max made himself both useful and agreeable in an unobtrusive way; never seeming to take much trouble, and never infringing the sort of undemonstrative friendship which had established itself between them from the first.

Max sometimes wondered if she had quite forgotten their stormy interview in Lady Elton's study, scarce more than four months ago, and which now seemed to have gone away so far back in the realms of memory. Better so if she had. For himself, he scarce knew what he wished or wanted. Chiefly perhaps to know what and wherefore the change in his cousin, which he recognized but could not define—a something that had come into her and made her older, gentler, more patient, more indifferent, but more companionable.

For the time Max Frere's ambition slumbered. Perhaps he never had been so quietly happy as during the first seven or eight months which followed Mrs.

Frere's establishment in Osborne Villas. At first, owing to the exigencies of the executorship, he generally dined with his aunt twice a week. This proved too pleasant a habit to be given up, and Grace was surprised, when she thought of it, to find how he had made himself one with them. And yet not two years had elapsed since Max had deserted them in their time of trouble! The recollection of that uncomfortable period no longer called forth indignation, but it was never forgotten. Still, now that she was able to pay Max to the last farthing, she liked him better. That was also a happy day when she returned Jimmy's generous loan which, at the time he made it, was almost a gift. What pleasure she took in inclosing it in a beautiful *porte-monnaie*, painted by her own hands, and wrapped in perfumed paper inscribed with a few loving words!

And so the months sped on, autumn deepened into winter, and winter softened into spring.

In due course a letter from Maurice Balfour reached Mrs. Frere. It was pleasantly and affectionately written. He described a few incidents of his outward voyage, and gave a sketch of his prospects and work. He sent friendly messages to Grace and Mab, ending with a hope, not too eagerly expressed, that Mrs. Frere would write to him. Still Grace fancied there was a restraint—an indescribable suppression in its tone; it disappointed her, and chilled effectually any budding hope that might have sprung up again in her heart.

Mrs. Frere was by no means prompt to reply. She was slightly indolent; she found many pleasing occupations. There was Mab's wardrobe to keep in order, and Mab herself to be escorted to and from school on the monthly holiday, and visited on many other occasions. Nor did the Freres lack a mild measure of suburban society besides that of some former friends of Lady Elton's, who, some from curiosity, some from interest, called upon her young legatee. At last Randal undertook to answer Balfour, as he piqued himself on his skill in letter-writing, and Mrs. Frere added a gracious postscript.

Grace watched long in silent anxiety for a reply, but months rolled on, and none came. Gradually the name she loved ceased to be familiar; other topics and people put him out of Mrs. Frere's head, and save for a chance inquiry in Frieda's letters, Maurice Balfour was rarely mentioned. With her Dalbersdorf

cousins Grace kept up a steady correspondence; even the Frau Baronin Falkenberg wrote occasionally, and seemed completely content; but though polite messages were always sent in his name, the baron himself gave no sign. Before the return of summer Frieda wrote with infinite delight to say that her mother and the count had agreed that her engagement with Otto Sturm should be formally announced, and she earnestly hoped that in due time her beloved Gracechen would visit them when the final ceremony was fixed.

As to Randal, he found much to do. He collected a few law-books, and read a few pages every day. He wrote a good deal, and, no doubt improving by practice, his papers and poems occasionally gained admission into the lighter periodicals. He went out frequently, and renewed many pleasant acquaintances made on his travels; he was even favored with a card to one or two great balls at Uppinham House, where he had the mortification to find that the marchioness was not quite sure of his identity, though exceedingly gracious when he had succeeded in recalling himself to her memory. And Grace was quiet and content; she enjoyed the simple prettiness of her home; she was happy in the improvement of Mab—in the serene satisfaction of her mother—in the exchange of ideas with intelligent people—in the indulgence of drawing with a good master—in going to see a fine play occasionally. But at twenty she felt that the sparkle, the intensity, the glow of her first youth was past; and though her sky was serene and unclouded, its hue was more the soft gray of evening than the vivid opal tints of daybreak.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE shortening days and wintry aspect of the third November since the Freres had left Germany was closing over them, and Grace was settling to her winter routine after the refreshment of a short visit to the seaside with Mab and her mother. Mab had returned to school for her third and last winter, and Randal, whose circle of acquaintance was ever widening, was looking forward to many entertainments, including some private theatricals of which he was the mainstay.

It was a fine, crisp Sunday, and Max Frere had come in to luncheon, as he often did after church. Mrs. Frere had yielded to Mab's request, and taken her to pay a visit to a schoolfellow now emancipated and living in the neighborhood;

and Randal, who was never able to throw off a sort of depression in his cousin's presence, had lit a cigar on leaving the table, and observing that he had to call on some fellows at the other side of the Park, put on his hat and departed. Grace was therefore left to entertain Max. She was so accustomed to his presence, and had grown to like his society so well, that it was without a shadow of embarrassment that she sat down in a comfortable chair, screen in hand, before the fire to have a *tête-à-tête* talk with him.

He too drew a chair beside the chimney, but in the shadow, while the light fell fully on his cousin's profile. There was a short but perfectly unembarrassed silence after Mrs. Frere and Mab were gone, then Max observed,—

"Mab is wonderfully improved in every way."

"Yes, wonderfully; she is quite reasonable and companionable. I look forward with pleasure to having her at home."

"When does she leave school?"

"In July next. I do not think she is at all anxious to come home herself. She is very happy; and then she is with us once a month, as to-day."

"Why don't you leave her another year, till she is fifteen?"

"It is rather expensive, and my mother wishes for her."

Another pause. And then Max, resting his arm against the mantel-shelf, and his head upon it, said with a smile,—

"I am going to make a rude speech."

"Make it," returned Grace carelessly, and looking at the fire.

"What is it that has made you so much older since you returned from Zittau?"

"Older? Yes, I suppose so! Well, I *am* older, Max," turning her eyes full upon him with a grave smile.

"Years do not account for it, Grace; and I have built up a dozen theories on the subject. Don't you think I am deserving of confidence now, after these years of quiet, kindly intercourse? Tell me, what is it that has tamed you, or sobered—I will not say saddened—you?"

"I did not think you were so fanciful, Max," she said frankly. "I do not think I am changed beyond the inevitable change that time is always working."

"No; it is no fancy. I have watched you since the morning I met you on your arrival from Germany. You are greatly changed, and the only reason that suggests itself is the old hackneyed source of all a woman's troubles—at least her chief

troubles — that you left your heart with some Saxon. I am awfully curious to know if I am right."

"And if I had," she returned, with much composure, "do you think I should tell you, Max? Do you think you are the sort of person to whom one would confide a tender secret? — you who mock at sentiment, and love, and all that?"

"Then you have one to tell?"

Grace laughed.

"You may form what theories you like, Max. I have no secret to tell."

"I see I am a fool for my pains. I ought to have known that your confidence is not to be forced or surprised. But I feel you are very different from the bright creature that turned my head at Dungar."

"Different! ah yes, how different!"

The words were uttered more to herself than him, and there was a slight quiver of her lip as she spoke them.

"Grace!" exclaimed Max, who had been watching her intently, "do you know I often wish I had never known you?"

"Indeed! Why, Max?" she returned, roused and interested.

"Because you have been the ingredient of my life that will not mix with the rest, which neutralizes and disturbs the natural current of my ambition — of my life."

"How can that be?" asked Grace, turning to him with more eagerness than he had noticed in her for a long time.

"Let me speak to you frankly — I feel impelled to confess myself. That last visit to Dungar! it cost me a good deal. I was desperately hit, Grace. I did not know how hard till you came to London. But I never was a sentimental fellow. I have always thought, and in my sane moments I still think, that love, or whatever the passion may be called, is but the accident of a man's life; it should never influence his career, or interfere with the graver considerations of his marriage. And so I steeled myself against you and avoided you; but you haunted me — the want of you spoiled everything — made me indifferent to other women — took the edge off my life. Then, when the passion you inspired overcame me, there in the office when you came to me in your grief, conquered but not subdued, and you rejected me, I tried to think it was better so — that save for yourself, there was no advantage to me in such a marriage. Still you haunt me; gradually the old ideas and desires are becoming distasteful. I seem to lose my relish for the world, yet the world holds me fast." He paused, and

Grace, who at the beginning of his speech had leaned her cheek upon her hand, remained silent and motionless.

"You might break the spell, Grace — you might give me fresh life. If I had your love, the scale would turn, and I might know the blessedness of content. You see I do not attempt to disguise that I am a selfish, worldly fellow; *but* I love you as I never loved anything else."

He spoke very quietly, and did not attempt to come nearer to her, yet something in his voice touched Grace.

"I am so grieved to hear you say so — so sorry to give you pain," she said hesitatingly. "But I have grown to look upon you so much as a friend and brother, that I do not think I could love you in any other way, Max; still I do like you very much, and I earnestly pray you to let us rest friends."

"Ah, Grace! you have seen the man to whom you will give those loving kisses to make up for what I stole. I have not forgotten your words. Come! for the sake of old days, tell me, are you engaged or entangled with any fellow?"

"I am not indeed, Max; I am perfectly free."

She raised her head, and looked at him with clear, truthful eyes. A light came into Max Frere's.

"Enough," he said; "I will trouble you no more. Let me remain your friend, your nearest kinsman. In time you will need me more and more. Sweetest cousin, you do not deny me all hope?"

He held out his hand, and many thoughts swept over her brain while Grace hesitated. He certainly loved her — he was nice and kind, and far superior to the Max of three years ago; but her heart did not beat a throb quicker, as she put her hand in his, saying, —

"For friendship's sake, think of nothing more; you will yet find a marriage far more suited to your wants and true wishes than with your obscure and poorly dowered cousin."

Max pressed her hand lingeringly, with a long look into her eyes, and then relinquished it without a word.

Grace half expected him to go away, but he only took a turn up and down the room, and then returned to his seat.

"I dined with Darnell last night," he said; next resuming in a different tone, "He was asking about you, and was quite interested to hear of Lady Elton's bequest."

"I am much obliged to him," said Grace. "Is his wife as pretty as ever?"

"Lady Mary is exactly the same as when I first knew her — a complete doll."

"Darnell told me he met Randal the other night at supper at some man's rooms, where they had songs and cards; and I am sorry to tell you Randal played, for I fancy the play was high —"

"Indeed, I am greatly distressed," cried Grace, "I must speak to Randal; and yet I cannot say I heard it from you."

"No. Has he been drawing heavily on you lately?"

"He has not. You know he gets all the money he wants from my mother."

"And you make up her deficiencies, I understand," said Max.

"No, not that. Randal has been very prudent lately."

"He has been winning then," returned Max; "the reverse will come. If this is not put a stop to, he will ruin you, Grace."

"I will do what I can. I did hope he would never touch a card again."

"Then hope told a flattering tale. I wish we could get him out of London. He is getting into a bad set."

"I wish — oh, how I wish we could!" said Grace, clasping her hands. "Ah, Max! whenever I see you together, I always feel humiliated!"

"Do not let such thoughts cross your mind. I have forgotten all about past unpleasantness. Well, I must leave you, Grace; I dare say you are wishing me away. We are close friends, then, for the present, and I suppose I must let the future take care of itself?"

"I think so, Max."

Once more he took her hand, holding it for a moment, and then turned away with a sigh.

When he was quite gone, Grace drew nearer the fire, and sat still and motionless for a long while in the gathering gloom, thinking — thinking. She felt very kindly and tenderly towards Max. She seemed to understand the picture he gave of his own nature; she was heartily sorry she could not love him, and then she thought of Maurice, and her heart went out to him with such boundless trust and tenderness. *He* would have had no hesitation, had he been in Max Frere's place; he would have been unmoved by any small ambitions. But he was gone; probably she would never see him more. He had never answered Randal's letter, written nearly a year and a half ago; and Jimmy rarely had a line — and yet he loved her. Would it be her destiny after all to marry Max Frere? He was per-

severing and resolute, and she was conscious of a certain power in him. For the moment, she felt helpless and depressed; but to-morrow —

"Grace, are you here alone in the dark? I can scarcely see," said Mrs. Frere, coming in from her walk; and Grace came back to the comfortable present.

The following Sunday, Jimmy Byrne, who regularly dined at Osborne Villas on that day, was a little late, and of course full of apologies.

"Who should I meet coming along by Hyde Park Gardens but Mr. Maxwell Frere! He was mighty civil, and made me go in with him to his father's house — a palace, faith! no less. We had a deal of talk. He is a very sensible young man, very; and lord, Mrs. Frere, ma'am, what a man o' business! He was speaking of an investment for that five hundred pounds we couldn't settle about last May."

"What dodge is Max up to?" said Randal, laughing. "It is not every day that one gets a sight of the inside of the Frere mansion."

"Well, Mr. Randal," said Jimmy gravely, "you must allow that your cousin spares neither time nor trouble for Miss Grace."

"What's mine's my own," said Randal, significantly, with a look at his sister.

"I assure you I consider mine my own," said Grace, a little startled by his tone, as hitherto Randal had taken no heed of Max Frere's doings.

"I don't doubt it," returned Randal pleasantly; "still, exchange is no robbery, especially if you get more than you give."

"And indeed," began Jimmy, with a certain awkward energy, "some has to give all. I'm sure I have been quite heart-broken about one of our clerks, a nice, steady young fellow, the son of a widow. He has an elder brother, a civil, well-spoken young man too; but as ill-luck would have it, he got into a wild set, and he has gambled and bedeviled himself — if you'll pardon the word — and what's worse, he ruined his mother and brother. First he won wonderful, and was quite free with his cash; then the luck turned, and I don't know what he did not do to get hold of money. Anyhow, the poor mother had to give up every farthing she had, and now he has taken to drink!"

"What a terrible story!" said Mrs. Frere, while Grace looked at the speaker

in silence, seeking for the reason of his dragging in such a *conte* without sufficient provocation. Surely Max had been warning Jimmy of Randal's fresh departure on the downward way. And Randal returned carelessly, —

"He was a fool to give up so soon! Luck turns and turns, and the next turn might have brought him a golden harvest."

"Not it, Mr. Randal. Mark my words, sir! It's nothing but misery, and shame, and ruin, to yourself and all belonging to you, that play brings! Don't you ever give in to it. It's a disgrace to an honest man. Barring a hand at whist for the love of the game, have nothing to do with cards for the love of —"

"What the deuce are you talking about?" cried Randal angrily. "Do you think you are haranguing this gambling friend of yours, or do you fancy I am losing vast sums nightly?"

"God forbid!" ejaculated Jimmy, wisely replying to the latter part of the speech; "I think better of you than that, Mr. Randal, knowing as you do that it's playing with your mother's and sister's hearts you'd be."

"Then what are you preachifying for? I wish you would not take such liberties."

"Randal," returned Grace, "Jimmy Byrne could hardly take liberties here; and whatever may move him to speak, I am certain the motive is sound and kind."

"By George! I think you are both out of your minds," said Randal, with lofty disdain, yet with a look of extreme annoyance.

"I am sure Randal has a perfect horror of play," observed Mrs. Frere blandly. "Of course when he first came to London it was different; now he has more experience — and — Is there anything new in the papers, Mr. Byrne?" with a desperate effort to change the subject.

"Well, no, ma'am; it's a dead time. I see Parliament is prorogued till the 5th of February; but I see there's a trial coming on between the directors of the Wilcannia and Macquarie Railway and the contractors."

"That is Maurice Balfour's line, is it not?" asked Grace.

"It is, Miss Grace dear; and I was asking about it yesterday. It seems the inspecting engineer has complained about a bridge, and says it won't stand the traffic, and the contractors say it will; and the directors want it built over again, and so on."

"I hope Balfour did not build it," said Randal, who was beginning to recover himself.

"It will be a heavy expense to all concerned," said Jimmy. "These railway disputes are making quite a practice of their own. It would not be a bad line for you to take, Mr. Randal, if you do go to the bar; the precedents are fewer and fresher."

"Not I! I'll have nothing to do with these navy fellows, who haven't shaken the yellow clay off their 'high-low' boots yet," returned Randal, still crossly.

"There's mighty pretty pickings to be made of them for all that, Mr. Randal."

"When is the trial to come off?" asked Grace, interested in everything that in the remotest way touched her dear old playfellow.

"Next week, I think. It was postponed for witnesses or something of that kind."

"I trust nothing will come out of it to injure Maurice," said Mrs. Frere.

"I don't think there will," returned Jimmy. "It's a long time since I had a letter from him. Maybe I shall have one to-morrow, for the Australian mail is due."

The conversation then turned to other subjects, and it was not till just before his departure that Grace had a moment's private talk with Jimmy.

"Max has been telling you something, Jimmy?"

"Faith he has, me dear young lady, and it's grieved I am to hear it."

"What can I do, Jimmy?"

"I don't know; only get him out of London."

"There are gamblers elsewhere."

"Ay, but it takes some time to find them."

And then they exchanged good-nights.

"It is such a beautiful afternoon, Grace," said Mrs. Frere, the day but one after this conversation; "I wish you would come out with me, and walk in Kensington Gardens. Then I want to call on poor old Mrs. Newenham. I have not been near her for a week."

"Very well, dear," returned Grace, cheerfully putting away her drawing. "But I suppose I need not go in with you to Mrs. Newenham's?"

"Not if you do not like," said Mrs. Frere, leaving the room to put on her walking-dress.

The lady in question was a decayed gentlewoman of high birth and Irish ex-

traction, who had adopted brevet rank. She was an object of much commiseration and kindly attention from Mrs. Frere; but she was profoundly evangelical, and bent on converting Grace from the error of her ways—a fact which made that young lady a little averse from frequent visits.

On the present occasion, after leaving her mother to mount to the “third pair front” occupied by the descendant of the “ould ancient kings of Connaught,” Grace proceeded homewards, thinking, rather uncomfortably, of Randal’s fresh outbreak, and meditating how she could best approach the subject without betraying Max. Deep in these reflections, she turned into the neat road, bordered by pretty villas and well-kept gardens, in which their own was one of the prettiest. It was, as usual in the afternoon, somewhat deserted, the male portion of the inhabitants being away at their respective offices, and the ladies out shopping.

Away in the distance, near her own dwelling, was a solitary figure coming towards her; and without breaking the chain of her thoughts, she watched its approach with a vague but increasing recognition which made her heart throb and her eyes grow dim. The figure was that of a gentleman of middle height, broad-shouldered, with a firm, deliberate step; then a bronzed, strong-featured face grew clearer to her anxious gaze, and next a pair of large, soft-brown eyes, all aglow with irrepressible delight as their owner sprang forward to meet her, and her hand was clasped by Balfour.

“Grace!”—“Maurice!” was all they could utter: the joy and astonishment sending the blood back to her heart, and leaving her cheek so pale that Maurice thought she would faint.

“Oh, Maurice! Where—how—what has brought you back?”

“I have come to give evidence in this dispute between Darnell’s firm and the company. I arrived yesterday. I saw Jimmy Byrne this morning. He told me—what gave me courage to come and see you. But you were out.”

They had turned as he spoke, and walked towards the house, almost in silence, with hearts too full for words.

“My mother will soon return. You will stay and see her?” said Grace, as he followed her into the comfortable, graceful drawing-room; and she stood near the fireplace, in a slant of evening light from the west window, which touched her

brown hair with gold and threw the outlines of her rich, rounded figure into strong relief.

“Stay!” repeated Balfour, carried away by the joy of this reunion. “Ah, Grace!—how shall I ever leave you again? I have borne a living death since we parted!”

“And I too!” said Grace, low but distinct—her sweet, frank eyes beaming forth to his with all the love and truth she had stored up for him.

With an indistinct exclamation of delight, Balfour caught her hands, raising them to his neck, and clasping his arms round her, he held her to him in a long, rapturous embrace—heart throbbing against heart, lips clinging to lips, with the sudden fervor which swept away all restraint and all reserve.

“My love!—my life!” said Balfour, as she gently extricated herself from him. “I did not think I should have lost the reins of my self-control so completely; but since I heard from Jimmy Byrne that you were neither married nor engaged to Max Frere, I have been dizzy with hope and doubt.”

“Max Frere! What made you imagine such a thing?”

“Randal: his letter all but declared it. He said—but you shall see what he said; and I dreaded such an ending to our early friendship too much not to believe it. And now, what have I to offer you, my darling? My lot is, as yet, but a poor one.”

And Grace, passing her arm through his—in the delicious familiarity with which old friendship tempers the startling warmth of love—whispered,—

“You have yourself—I want no more!”

“LONDON, *February—th.*

“My last letter from England must be to you, dearest Frieda. I have left yours so long unanswered because I waited for time to say all my last words. Now everything is in readiness, and to-morrow we sail for the antipodes.

“I can imagine Cousin Alvsleben’s horror of such an uprooting. I should have once thought the same myself, but I carry my all with me, and anticipate only what is bright and good.

“You who know my dear mother’s timid nature will understand how she shrank from the suggestion of such an exile; and Randal, too, strongly objected to be torn from civilized society. But I could *not* leave them, nor could Maurice part with me; so he overcame all difficul-

ties, and I trust and believe that he is guiding us well. His prospects as regards his profession are good, and he has invested his small patrimony in the colony, so Australia must be our home. Nor do I doubt that my dear friend and husband has a most useful, if not prominent, career before him. His peculiarly calm, unselfish disposition gives him an unusual breadth of view and soundness of judgment that cannot fail to give his opinion weight with his employers and fellow-workmen. There, in the large plenty and roomy surroundings of a new country, a few inmates more or less do not create the difficulties and petty annoyance which make them dreaded in our narrower homes. And Maurice loves my mother and Mab for their own sakes. He rejoices in the thought of having dear familiar faces round our hearth.

"Randal talks of studying for the bar in Melbourne, and also of writing a history of the colony. He will certainly be better there than in London.

"I was sorry, dearest Frieda, that I could not be at your wedding, nor you at mine; but it was well that yours was sufficiently in advance to permit Uncle Costello to be with us. How curious that both our times of trial should end together! I can well imagine your happiness, for I measure it by my own. My kind love to the dear professor, and all fond wishes for your prosperity.

"The count was looking remarkably well, and, I think, enjoyed his visit; but oh, how hard it was to bid him good-bye! He will have told you all the details of our very quiet wedding. Afterwards we made a pilgrimage to take a last look at Dungan. January is an unpromising month for such an expedition; but even winter is kindly on that south-western coast, and we were fortunate in the weather. The dear old place looked gray and sad. I could not have borne to look at it alone, but with Maurice beside me, it was different. Together we lingered in every well-known spot, drawn nearer to each other by each freshly awakened memory, and giving many a tender thought to the dear ones we have both lost. Then we turned away, content to bid it farewell—content to face our new life together—the past and present of both blended in this sweetest, closest tie of love and friendship.

"I wish I could see you all in pleasant Dalbersdorf once more; but I will one day. We are young and strong, and a voyage to Europe will be nothing a few

years hence, and then we shall see you again.

"But dear Uncle Costello! it cost me bitter tears to part with him, for it may be forever. Yet there is another parting before me to-morrow that I dread even more. You have heard me speak of Jimmy Byrne, our faithful, loving friend! He has all a woman's tender sympathy and delicate tact under a quaint, unattractive exterior; and what he was to me in the first desolation of our stay in London, no words of mine can convey. Your grandfather has a kindly family circle, who value and cherish him, but poor Jimmy has no one to replace us—*me*, I may say. Yet, I must leave him; and he is so good, so utterly devoid of self that he seems only to rejoice in my happiness! All I can do is to be the best of correspondents, and try my best to lighten his loneliness. One other person I regret, to my own surprise, much more than I anticipated, and that is my cousin Max. My time, however, is nearly exhausted, and I must end. Adieu, dear, kind Frieda. Often in our fireside talk we will live over again our happy days in Saxony, and ever hold in our hearts the warmest recollection of you and yours. I sent letters yesterday to Gertrud and my uncle. My mother and Mab—who is grown out of all memory—inclose each a farewell word. Thus ends this first chapter of my life.

"Maurice desires his warmest good wishes. Do not fail to write; and so, good-bye—a lingering, fond good-bye.

"From yours,

"GRACE BALFOUR.

"FRAU PROFESSOR STURM,

"*Leipzig.*"

From Macmillan's Magazine.

RUSSIA AND THE REVOLUTION.

THE one great fact which a Western traveller has to learn in Russia is the inconceivability of a popular revolution. We who are familiar with Western political life, and derive our notions of dangerous discontent from French or even from German or Italian precedents, must forget all these things if we would understand Russia. These populations with which we are familiar are made up of men who have a political history behind them. The French peasant, conservative or revolutionary, has inherited traditions which extend from the civilized Gauls, whom

Cæsar organized into a Roman society, through the Frankish invaders, and the empire of Charlemagne, and the Bourbons, down to the great Revolution. The German socialist is a man of theories, which generations of philosophical professors and students have worked out for him. His ancestors had to deal, as best they could, with feudal castles, and the first corporate towns, and prince-bishops, and trade guilds; and however ignorant he may be, he cannot have helped hearing something of the Reformation times, and of all the frantic attempts to make the Reich a political reality, down to the Napoleonic wars and the troubles of 1848. The Italian of to-day may be a beggar or a bandit, but at any rate he has great memories of Rome — republican, imperial, and papal; of Florence, with its polity and its culture; of Venice and the merchant oligarchy, and the struggle with the later Austrian tyrannies. Such things are the *pabulum* of agitation. All these men are possible revolutionaries, because they have a political past and can imagine a political future. Ideas are no new thing. Their fathers made and unmade polities, and why not they also?

But of all this there is no trace in Russia. What we sum up glibly under that name is a mass of eighty millions of men, not only destitute of ideas, but incapable of seeking them; who live on monotonously in a simple-minded acceptance of things as they are; orthodox in religion, without any thought of inquiry; docile to any master, and long-suffering under great privation; and, above all, worshipping the czar with a blind and passionate devotion as a power second only to the providence of God.

The full meaning and outcome of such a difference is not easily comprehended, until one has seen the people themselves and lived among them; and as the average tourist has not time to penetrate into Russia, we suffer from a chronic misunderstanding. Even Irish politics are little enough understood in England, where every one reads the newspaper outrages, and very few ever visit the country or attempt to make any intimate acquaintance with its peculiar people. By a similar law, from Russia we hear only the terrible rumors from time to time of plots and assassinations and deportations wholesale to Siberia; and we are naturally horrified and set a-thinking what an awful country that must be to live in, and how certainly some great catastrophe is drawing on. Whereupon, for more abun-

dant caution, we write to our broker and direct him to sell our Russian bonds while there is yet time. All this is pure misunderstanding. It would be, in truth, as reasonable to expect a bloody revolution in England, because of the attempted outrages at Salford and the Mansion House, as it is to despair of the State in Russia because the czar was murdered. And the reason is in both cases plain. It is because, granting the existence of ugly and even dangerous social elements which may and will do much incidental mischief, there remains, nevertheless, on the side of political stability, an aggregate of forces so enormous that by nothing short of a miracle could these sporadic conspirators succeed in achieving a real revolution.

It was with such reflections that the writer stood one evening in October on the quays of the Basili Ostrov and saw the sun, as it came out before its setting on a rainy day, light up first the gilt needle-spire of the Fortress Church, and then across the Neva the red mass of the Winter Palace and the long line of the Admiralty, and at last the flashing dome of the Isaac Cathedral. Presently, upon the background of dark cloud to the east, stood out a perfect rainbow, and rested with one foot on the fortress, where the last batch of Nihilists had just been locked away, and with the other upon the palace roofs, where the imperial flag was floating.

The friends with whom I was living were Russians, chiefly of the court party, and I found them for the most part not at all disinclined to discuss politics as among friends. My own presuppositions were distinctly against the government, and I did not hesitate to say so, and to cross-examine them accordingly; but with the friendly good nature of the Slav, they disclaimed the least offence, and did their best to teach me the error of my ways. How far they succeeded, I cannot judge; but I will ask leave to set down the substance of their teaching for the benefit of such as have not yet gone to seek it at the fountain head.

And first, let me indicate the character and situation of my chief instructors. I shall select four, whom I shall call for convenience Feodor, Magnus, Olga, and Michael. Feodor was a pure Russian, and an excellent fellow throughout. He was the aide-de-camp and devoted attendant of one of the grand dukes. I met him in the country, where he was living in a quaint little box by the sea with his young wife and a small family, amusing himself

by hunting and shooting the country round. He was a small-made, active man, eager and impulsive in his manner, and with a certain air of *camaraderie* which became him well. Magnus was in almost everything the exact opposite. He was a count who had gone in for iron-mining and manufactures, and had become a wealthy man. He was rather a grand person both in presence and manner, and spoke slowly, like a responsible man who weighed his words. He looked somewhat cold and distant, and was sometimes *brusque*; but in reality was a thoroughly good-hearted and most friendly man. He had travelled a good deal and read little; but trusted chiefly to a shrewd, business-like intelligence, which served him well. When I visited him, he was at Petersburg for a visit of some weeks, on business with certain of the ministers. Olga was his wife. To describe her is not easy; for she was a woman impossible anywhere except in Russia. She was a great Siberian heiress, and rumor described her father and her brothers as very erratic people. She was nearly forty, but retained, nevertheless, a certain curious and youthful beauty, of a dark, almost gipsy type. Her face betrayed a good deal both of daring and of passion, yet she was very simple and good, and even childlike in her way of life, capable of most unwearying kindness, and in her own way almost as *dévôté* as a Parisian. Her husband treated her with an elephantine tenderness that was sometimes quite touching; and she on her side believed in him with all her might. The Graf Michael was, again, a very different person. He was a native of Esthland, where he held an immense property. By blood he was partly Swedish, and by culture chiefly German. He had been a student at the University of Dorpat, had diligently studied political economy and *Land-wirtschaft*, and had been called away almost before his course was ended to manage the family estates, which he found in utter confusion. For twenty years he had patiently toiled at the problem, making mistakes, of course, but in the main working out the ideas he had imbibed from his professors; and the results of his labor were now beginning to be visible.

Such being my chief instructors, it may be supposed that I would hear chiefly the courtly side of the matter; and I suppose it was so. But from their account of Russian life, compared with much other information which I was able to derive

from various sources, I believe myself to have carried away a very fair idea of certain general facts. And the foremost of these seemed beyond all doubt to be the breadth and depth of unthinking Russian loyalism. Everything went to show how deep-rooted was the devotion of all men, peasant and noble alike, to the chief of Church and State. The least kind of disrespect or even of levity in any matter relating to the czar will put any country lad in a passion. An innocent purchaser was once torn to pieces at a photograph-stall in Moscow, because some of the country folk saw him tear by accident a picture of the czar and took it into their heads that he meant it as an insult. It is perfectly true that they are very ready to grumble—what peasantry is not? But the grievances are always laid at the door of the nearest master or official, and the fixed idea remains that if only the father of his people knew the truth about all this, he would set it right. Bakounin, perhaps the ablest man of the revolutionary section, had some hope at first of rousing the agricultural masses; but he found it hopeless. Familiar as the Russian peasant is with the simple and primitive communism of the *mir*, he is not excited to subversive courses by the mere idea of abolishing personal property in favor of socialist arrangements. Therefore, Bakounin failed; and every preacher of revolution must for generations to come fail also in the rural parts of Russia. Local and particular discontents are easily allayed. A scapegoat, or a vigorous colonel of the line, will always settle such questions. As for anything more widespread, it is almost incredible that agitations should ever communicate themselves from one district to another with any volume or rapidity. Revolution on a great scale is more difficult anywhere than it used to be, for the *primâ facie* possession of administrative machinery gives incalculable odds in favor of the government. But in Russia, with its immense distances and its inert and helpless population, a dangerous rising is impossible.

One asks, naturally, "What then is the meaning of Nihilism? How is it possible that in the midst of a profoundly loyal people there can yet exist a vast conspiracy ramifying through all ranks of society, and ready and able to go to the most terrible lengths in order to protest against this very autocracy of the czar?" My friends' answers were characteristic. The prosperous Magnus treated all Nihilists with infinite contempt. "They are the

disappointed men," said he, "who were too impracticable or too unsteady to do anything for themselves and therefore became pessimists and wanted to re-arrange society." My aide-de-camp, on the other hand, explained that it was education that did the mischief. "Every sharp-witted boy or girl who goes to even a primary school, and gets on a little faster than the rest, begins to take an interest in the new ideas. They have notions about science and philosophy; and by-and-by, at sixteen or so, they leave their homes and cut themselves adrift from our effete conventionalities in search of the ideal life."

Both theories, no doubt, were in a way correct. Nihilism in Russia is an explosive compound, generated by the contact of the Slav character with Western ideas. It was only in the last reign that the university system of Russia developed into any importance. It was then forced into an artificial activity, under the tutelage of second-rate Western professors, mostly young, crude, and very advanced, as was inevitable where technical sciences were so strongly encouraged and speculative studies disapproved. The independent tendencies of Russian women came out strongly. There are one thousand of them now engaged in the higher studies at St. Petersburg, of whom two-thirds are of good birth. The result was that the Slavonic youth, hitherto densely ignorant, and contented in an artificial system of society and religion, was blinded by a blaze of effective theories, wherein everything they had been taught to believe in was brilliantly explained to be an antiquated absurdity. But the Slavonic youth is as impulsive when excited as it is docile in its normal state. The new ideas seemed to open up a limitless future of general reconstruction. Yet at the same time all the surrounding circumstances appeared absolutely hopeless. Not only was the official corruption and maladministration open and confessed on all hands, and seemingly so rooted in high places that no method short of the most drastic could affect it, but at the same time all free speech and all speculative inquiries were as far as possible repressed, and personal liberty was daily and hourly at the mercy of the police. Centres of crystallization were formed by individual discontents, arising often, no doubt, out of the disappointed ambition of men who had been half trained and now found no suitable career, but chiefly out of the arbitrary injustice constantly done to men either too honest to bribe, or too independent to

bow at the proper time. In the absence of all possible religion — for the Russian orthodoxy is too entirely formal to leave the faintest traces in the mind of the apostate, and the new creed contained no terms that even tended to supply the void — these men made themselves a religion of their despair. In a kind of blending of the fashionable modern pessimism with the Comtist enthusiasm for humanity, they held themselves ready to sacrifice a valueless life for the bringing to pass of the kingdom of man. Like the maniacs of the French Terror, they were too keenly alive to existing evils to see any road out of them except by wholesale demolition. A breach with the national past had no terrors to them, for they had broken with it already. Crime was not repulsive, for the landmarks of good and evil had been swept away.

Under a despotism, all dissent is a secret society. The young men and maidens, under their more experienced and more embittered chiefs, easily formed their rings and started their system of meetings and intercommunication. As has been said, a very large proportion of the conspirators were at least half-educated: the leaven ran like wildfire through the government technical colleges, and half the best engineers and chemists in St. Petersburg were bitten by the new disease. Nor were funds wanting. Many of the proselytes were both rich and noble, and their wealth, and, what was more valuable, their official positions or connections, and their access to the palace, became so many weapons in the hands of the Committee of Three. It was often probably a not ignoble weariness of the barbaric and immoral luxury which corrodes so much of the *noblesse*, that led men and women of high position and relatively great attainments either directly to join or quietly to sympathize with the organization. The universal corruption in all ranks of the public service was another opportunity. Even in the most vital matters the government was badly served, and the resultant distrust produced a ruinous paralysis. Members of the dreaded league were to be found in every public office, and it is said that the police agents who hunted the assassin were often his accomplices. The assistance of the car-men being essential, some of them were taken in; but this was not a very reliable method. It was better to send trusted agents into the streets as *isvostchiks*, and it is within my own knowledge that a Russian gentleman of

independent means (now living in Germany) has served for three years at the command of the association as a common droschke-driver in the streets of St. Petersburg. So long as such men are connected with the conspiracy, it will be very safe from the police.

But, as might be expected, the objects of this dangerous association are far from definite. Many of those in Russia who would in England be called moderate Liberals, will not hesitate to say, in safe company, that they sympathize to a large extent with the purposes of the Nihilist society. Their meaning is that they believe the Nihilists to aim primarily at the abolition of official corruption and the establishment of free criticism under a constitution. There is no doubt that these are the proximate aims of the more statesmanlike party — for there are many parties — among the revolutionists: and it is said by some that if these were conceded, they would be willing to hold their hands and allow the government a respite until the working of the constitution could be tested in practice. It is probable that if they did not adopt such a course, the society would lose a large amount of the support it now receives. But he would be a very optimistic prophet who would venture to say that even such reforms, however honestly carried through, would extinguish the Russian revolutionary party. Many, if not most, of the leading spirits have visions of a very different state of things, and are prepared to go on at all risks, till that is realized. There are those who believe that Lord Beaconsfield's favorite horror, "the secret societies," have the real control of the movement, and mean to use it in spite of all local reforms as a potent means of accelerating the general ruin of "the altar and the throne."

Such being the state of the problem, how does the government propose to deal with it? Most Liberals at home seem to regard the Russian court as a hopelessly stupid and reactionary body; but probably few have taken the trouble to think out what should in fact be done. It is easy to say "Give them a constitution;" but it must be remembered that probably at no time within historic memory was our own land so unfit for constitutional government as Russia is now. Amidst an all-prevalent official corruption, they have to reckon with a *noblesse* morally effete and every way unreliable, with a Church barren of all spirituality, and with an inaccessible territory half peopled by an

idealess population. What will a constitution do for *them*? My aide-de-camp complained bitterly of the English prejudice against the methods of the czar. "The Romanoffs," he said, "have never been selfish in the matter of political rights. When any reform has been shown to be practicable and for the good of their people they have never thought it a sacrifice to forego their own prerogatives. The present czar is at least as eager as his father to advance the freedom and prosperity of his children. He is perfectly ready to grant a constitution to-morrow if any one could prove that it would work. But at present it would only result in allowing the corrupt local dignitaries, whose misgovernment is at least as much against the interest of the palace as of the people, to bribe their unintelligent neighbors into sending them to Parliament. You would widen corruption wholesale, only to give the evil a new lease of power." If it was objected that in any case you would have free public criticism of the abuses of the bureaucracy, there was a ready reply. "You cannot give opportunities for reasonable and well-meaning criticism without letting loose a flood of malicious and revolutionary critics also. The Nihilists are too sharp-witted and too ubiquitous not to gain as much as any one by the new opportunities of a constitutionalism, which would never satisfy them."

So much for the court side of the case. The opposition told me a different, yet perhaps hardly an inconsistent, story. "It was a thousand pities," they said, "that the last attack on the late czar succeeded. The governorship of Loris Melikoff had begun to restore confidence. He was not a brilliant man, but he was trusted. Relying not on political theories, but on common sense and mother-wit, he sought practical solutions for practical questions, and always made it his first object, wherever he found signs of discontent, to ascertain what the people wanted." He had succeeded, as my informants averred, in getting a full constitution drawn up, and it lay in the emperor's desk, ready for signing. It was not perhaps a final settlement, nor anything like it; but it would have gone far to rally the support of all well-meaning men, however theoretically extreme, to the side of law and order. The czar was hesitating, and he could not have held out very long. But the assassination, with all its horrible details, introduced the new factor of revenge. Yet even then the new

czar hesitated. The party of Melikoff still pressed for the same great step. It was thought in ministerial circles that Alexander III. was on the point of signing, when the influence of some reactionaries in the innermost circles of the palace, and notably of the emperor's quondam tutor, produced an unexpected reaction. Suddenly, the able and single-minded fanatic who rules the world of Moscow, the veteran journalist Katkoff, obtained an audience. He is understood to have explained to the father of his people, that "Russia" was in no mind to be terrorized or bullied into concession. If these things were needful, let them be considered quietly and granted at some more peaceful time, out of the pure bounty and unbiased forethought of the czar. In the mean time, "Russia" was indignant that her loyalty should be doubted. Let him therefore trust "Russia," and appeal to the national traditions. A vigorous reassertion of the ancient and vital principle of Russian society, and sacred autocracy of a paternal ruler, was the necessity of the hour. If this were neglected, the insidious poison of foreign ideas would soon undermine all that remained of Slavonic nationalism, and the empire would be wrecked among the quicksands of German scepticism, French social disintegration, and English political economy. The prophet of a Pan-Slavonic reaction prevailed. Without sending for a single minister, the czar locked his draft constitution out of sight, and published next morning the famous "personal rule" proclamation, which astonished the world of St. Petersburg as much as it astonished the European public. From that hour the party and policy of Loris Melikoff passed out of account. The infamous Third Section was revived, and the police regulations, always strict, became as much stricter as it seemed practicable to make them. Finally, by the month of September, this new despotism seemed to be fully organized, and a new proclamation was issued by which it was indicated that these things were to be henceforth not exceptional measures, but the ordinary law of Russia. Upon this, the Council of Three met somewhere and resolved that as there was now no further hope of the czar coming to his senses, his Majesty and his minister Ignatieff must be condemned to death. The court was duly apprized of this resolution, and from that date the panic, already great, has been almost ludicrous within the palace. The rumors of the czarina's state of mind are

well known, and are probably not much exaggerated. The czar is practically a prisoner in one of two or three easily guarded castles. New plots are known to be afoot, and many arrests have been made of which, of course, as little as possible is said. The czar is not a coward, and is distinctly obstinate. There are no signs that the more Liberal statesmen are at all likely to return to power. The Moscow party is in full command, and reaction is the order of the day. Such is the tale, as it was told to me, and I have good reason to believe that it is in the main true. It will be seen that my informants regarded the matter entirely as a question of constitution or no constitution. That was no doubt the point about which the critical negotiations turned; but I do not think it was or is the vital issue.

Putting the suggestions of the court party and the opposition together, and trying to arrive at a result, one is tempted at first to say that such a state of things is altogether hopeless. But this would be a great exaggeration. The services and the business of the country go on, not well indeed, but fairly. "Russia," as one of my easy-going friends said to me, while we sipped our coffee after an excellent dinner on the Nevski, "Russia is a very pleasant place to live in after all." The people are in many ways like kindly children. Most of them care for none of these things. The horror of an assassination, real as it is for the time, passes over swiftly. Lady Olga returned one day from a round of visits to tell us a very terrible story: how a young widow lady, one of her intimate friends, had just been carried off to a common gaol, and kept there for a week amidst disgusting filthiness, and under the most degrading prison regulations, merely because one of the recently arrested students had falsely represented, years ago, that she was his aunt. Her child of five she had been forced to leave unattended in her rooms. She was not allowed to communicate with any of her friends, and even her landlady was so afraid of the whole matter that she professed to any who called that she did not know where or why the lady had gone. The narrator told this story with sympathetic horror and detail. When she had finished, an Englishman present exclaimed, in indignation, "What a barbarous country it must be where such tyranny is tolerated for a day." But our hostess reproved him with a dignified surprise at his impatience. "When such

barbarities have happened as the brutal murder of our sainted czar, little inconveniences like this are not to be wondered at. I pity my friend, but I would not change the system."

And so the Muscovite world goes on. Here and there an individual drops out into exile, or is removed to Siberia. He, and perhaps a few of his immediate friends, are converted into irreconcilable allies of the revolution. But the circle where he had his place closes up and forgets him. If this is so with the rich, it is equally so among the poor. Let their privations be ever so severe, they can always forget them quickly. They have something of the Irish capacity for being happy under difficulties, without any of the Irish tendency to periodical and furious reaction against circumstance. Like the Irish, too, they have a constant resource in their deep religious fervor. The Orthodox Church is obviously far less of a spiritual and moral power than Irish Catholicism; but the Russian peasant can always find a moment's peace, and even a very exquisite kind of happiness, when he turns aside into one of the gorgeous cathedrals and prostrates himself before the priceless sacred pictures. He does not pray for this and that advantage, temporal or heavenly. He does not repeat any traditional formula. Much less does he bethink himself of sin and of repentance. He simply crosses himself and adores, and as the smell of the incense hangs about the pillars, and the angel voices of the choir wander along the roof, the stupid, patient, miserable man is happy.

It is quite true, as has already been said, that tested by modern European standards, the administration in Russia is infamous. Official bribery is not merely general, but open and avowed. At the frontier, you may beckon to the grandest and most gold-laced officer you see, and hand him publicly a five-rouble note or so. In a government office, every contractor and every suitor of any kind will make no way except by the same process. The post-office is not safe. Justice is by no means infallible. The navy frauds under the grand duke Constantine, and the army frauds in the Turkish war, are matter of general history. But it must be remembered, on the contrary side of the account, that very large portions of the public service in Russia are under local control. Towns and rural districts are allowed in most details to manage their own affairs. The Commune as-

sesses and collects its own taxes. The populous and prosperous districts of the north-west have retained a very considerable autonomy since the days of Swedish and Teutonic rule. The commercial necessities of Russia have always forced her to allow some sort of fair play to the powerful colonies of foreign merchants, who still administer half her trade. It results, therefore, that in the end the main sufferers by this monstrous system of official corruption are the peasantry and the national exchequer—both proverbially patient.

As regards the peasantry, there is no doubt that their lot is very hard. The agrarian question, as it now stands in Russia, is peculiarly little understood here; and yet it is fruitful with interesting lessons, especially at the present juncture. Serfdom was not in Russia a survival of slavery. It was an administrative rule introduced by Boris Godunoff and his predecessors during the sixteenth century to secure a constant supply of hands for the cultivation of each district—the population having proved to be of a dangerously migratory temper. How the system became throughout the present century obnoxious to all that was best in Russia, and how it was abolished in 1861 is well known. In some provinces, however, as in Esthland, a voluntary emancipation had taken place at a far earlier date. When the serfs were freed, their masters were bound by law to allot to each man a holding of a few acres, the number varying according to the quality of the soil, for which payment was to be made by instalments spread over fifty years. Of this price the treasury advanced four-fifths directly to the landlord, on the security of the holding, taking from the "peasant proprietor" an annual interest of five per cent. on the amount. The one-fifth of the purchase money still due is paid by the peasant direct to the landlord, and there are land taxes of considerable amount as well. In the result, therefore, the "peasant proprietor" is practically a tenant at rack-rent. But there is a further difficulty. In almost every case the small allotment lies altogether, say, on the side of a hill. In order to the proper cultivation of it, the peasant requires to have a piece of river meadow also. The lord has kept this in his own demesne, and therefore he can make his own terms. He has no longer any interest in the well-being of the serf, and whatever slight sympathy resulted from the feudal tie is gone. The peasant

is at his mercy, for he needs the land. He is prevented by law from migrating without the consent of his commune, which is jointly liable for all his rents and taxes. Naturally, therefore, the landlord, like some others nearer home, wraps himself up in his political economy, and instructs his agent to get the best rent he can. It is not necessary to add that the result is what it must be everywhere in such a case; the peasant starves, and the land is starved also. The communal ownership, amongst so unenterprising a people, becomes a further barrier to agricultural improvement, and thus vast tracts of the less fertile soil in the centre and north of Russia are threatening to become again the dreary, undrained wilderness they were when first the Slavonic migration was compelled to settle there.

For this disastrous state of things a remedy is urgently needed, and the only remedy possible is a reduction of the effective rent to a point which will make it possible to do justice to the land and live. Many say that the commune must go also, and personal proprietary be established everywhere. But if the commune could be made to work properly, it is a method which offers great advantages. Under modern conditions, it is evident that land can best be dealt with where there is some means of obtaining such aid as machinery can give, and of procuring advances of capital. At the same time, the small peasant has an advantage over the large farmer in his immediate personal care and constant labor at small details, which become so important in the mass. The Russian commune ought to contain the possibility of combining both advantages. A limited development of personal proprietorship might be made consistent with a co-operation of the whole commune for such purposes as manuring, drainage, machinery, etc., and the details of such a scheme need neither be very complex nor very novel. The proper working of such a community is apparently a problem beyond the intelligence of the average rural population as yet. Still, it is surely an ideal to be kept in view.

In those parts of Russia where the commune is not the unit of society, the agrarian question is not at all unlike our own in Ireland. It was curious to leave the Lords and Commons contending over the modified three F's, and to find a great Esthonian proprietor granting to his tenants, of his own free will, a settlement far more radical. As we walked through his

glorious pine woods, Count Michael expounded his views to me frankly. "We freed our serfs," he said, "of our own free grace more than fifty years ago. We did it because we disbelieved in slavery altogether. Some few of these Esthens got leases; but most became tenants from year to year, dependent on our will for their tenure and their rents. The system has not worked well. They are industrious and patient fellows, whose only fault is occasional drunkenness; but they have no inducement to improve. If they put capital and labor into the soil it will belong to us, and sooner or later they will have to pay us in increased rent. Such a system is unjust and illogical, and in the long run it is bad for me. Besides, it can never be a self-acting system. My tenant's interests are not the same as mine. They are utterly antagonistic. Now that destructive theories are abroad, I cannot tell what fine day a schoolmaster or some other casual missionary of the new ideas, may put it into the heads of these quiet but very dogged tenants of mine to defy me. If they did, what could I do? The central government is not over fond of our autonomous provinces; but even if they did everything for us, we are set here between the woods, the morasses, and the coast. It would be a matter of great difficulty even for a regular body of troops to occupy this majorat; and if they were here, they could not help us much. They could hardly collect rent, and they could not keep my men at work. To import strangers would be impossible. We landlords are too few and too scattered to be able to help one another. The peasantry are entirely alien in race. Unless a self-adjusting scheme can be set on foot which will make it our mutual interest to maintain the *status quo* and to do all justice to the land, a ruinous revolution must sooner or later overtake us all."

He went on to describe to me what he had done. As soon as he could afford it, he had employed a government chief surveyor with three assistants, who were even now daily occupied in mapping out the whole property, and in allotting the holdings with the fullest possible regard to the circumstances of each farm. The regular farmers were obtaining allotments of a sufficient size, and having in most cases a sufficient portion of reclaimable land thrown in to employ the spare energies of the tenant. The whole was then valued on a low scale, and the rent was assessed at a fair percentage on the capi-

tal value, and fixed for fifteen years absolute. At the end of that term there was to be a general revaluation, and the original percentage was to be again taken upon the new value for another fifteen years, and so on forever. The perpetuity of tenure was absolute; but the tenant was to be entitled to have allotted to him further reclaimable lands at each fresh valuation, so long as any remained unreclaimed. In the mean while, the lord was commencing, with some success, a large scheme of arterial drainage, by which he hoped to convert many square miles of noxious marsh into almost inexhaustible meadow. He did not wish, he said, to have the tenants' improvements included in each revaluation. The general prosperity of the district would sufficiently repay him for foregoing that advantage. He desired only to take, as lord of the soil, a fair percentage on such general rise of value as might affect the land, and above all to adjust the rents periodically to the value of money, which in Russia, with its inconvertible paper, is liable to serious alteration. The tenant would therefore have a definite and very valuable interest in the soil for himself and his posterity; and by their provincial system of a *Land Credit-casse* the enterprising peasant would be able, with such security, to obtain all reasonable advances of money on easy terms, and would have every inducement to develop the resources of the country to the uttermost. It is needless to say, that when my courteous instructor had unfolded his far-reaching scheme, I answered that I could fervently wish the landlords of our own islands had come to learn liberality and wisdom in the barbaric wilds of Russia.

He would be a utopian politician who would expect to see the majority of the great landlords of Russia following the example of my friend Michael. The difficulty lies, not so much in their good-will — for they are kindly folk, and would be glad to help their people in any way that would not prejudice their own real interests. The difficulty lies in their want of intelligence. They are very ready to catch at new ideas, but they fail in administrative capacity. There are great nobles who have gone in for modern improvements, and bought agricultural machines regardless of expense; but the moment the novelty and interest of the toys wore off, the machines got out of order, and were left in the yard as a curiosity, no one being able or willing to set them right again. But though all will not follow the

example of this Russian land-reformer, there is no doubt that many will; and the success of these will prove, after a few years, a strong argument to convert others.

Meanwhile, the main question recurs. Is there no remedy for the grievous maladies that afflict the body politic? As to most such questions, the answer is both yes and no. There is much to be done assuredly; but a Morrison's pill for the ailments of the State will certainly never be discovered. The Nihilists, to begin with, are distinctly wrong. A real revolution is not possible, even if it were to be desired; and the mere murder of people in authority will only aggravate the bitterness of the present autocracy without really endangering the czarate. There have often been times in the history of great States when each succeeding monarch died a violent death, and yet the monarchy remained unshaken. The most they can effect is to terrify some weak ruler into throwing out a constitution to appease them. But it will not appease them, and in itself will do little good, if any.

The changes most wanted, besides the agrarian reforms, are two — the thorough elevation of the educational level of the whole population, and the courageous introduction of comparative freedom of speech. Both have their dangers, but the gain is greater than the risk. Publicity is perhaps the best means of checking the bureaucracy. Just because of the immense reserve of stability which she possesses, Russia has less to fear than any Continental government from comparative or even complete freedom of criticism; and this would be itself a powerful factor in the political education of the people. A reform of the judicial system which would insure the punishment of some at least of the evil-doers, would be a most happy amendment. But until the general disease is checked, this is itself impossible. *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* If it were possible to reform and spiritualize the Church, now sunk in a helpless Erastianism, and, above all, to educate the clergy, another great step would be taken. But this would be a hard matter, for the reactionary sentiment is in ecclesiastical circles a passion. Priests, often very ignorant themselves, are the most eager and ruthless ministers of the press *Censur* — that vast absurdity which extends even to the perfect blacking out of every syllable of adverse criticism, however humorously or gently put, from every

copy of the *Charivari* or of *Punch* that enters Russia.

But the one great and urgent change which would be on all sides welcomed is the recall of the trusted Loris Melikoff, or some other honest, painstaking, reasonable man. Ignatieff is not trusted, and indeed has not much effective power, in home affairs. The Moscow ring are now the real ministry; and their policy is fatal. They are patriotic Slavs, full of the enthusiasm of their rising nationality. Serious as their foreign ambition may be, it is not more dangerous than their reckless desire to exalt the Slavonic idea at home, by centralization, by suppression of all provincial rights and all variations of creed or language, and by exclusion and expulsion of all foreign influence, whether in the shape of officials or ideas, out of "holy Russia." The cry of "Russia for the Russians" will be more terrible some day, if it is not checked in time, than the dream of Constantinople. It is this tremendous tendency which has effaced Poland, which has crushed Lithuanian society and commerce, which persecutes alike the heterodox sects, the Roman Catholic populations and the Jewish colonies, and will annihilate them, if it can. It is the same tendency which makes a grievance of the appointment of skilled English and Germans, though Russia absolutely requires them to train her own workmen, and of the small proportion of Slavonic names among the high places of the army, although it is a proverb among tacticians that the Slav who is an excellent captain or lieutenant is utterly incompetent in posts of high command. It is the same tendency which is pressing even now for the abolition of the limited self-government which still prevails with the most excellent results throughout the Ostprovincen and in Finland, and which is seeking to devise further tariff restrictions in order more effectually to "close the frontiers" against the enemy. It is the same spirit that gives a defiant ring to the speech of Skobelev at the Geok Tepe banquet. It is the same pressure, courtly, sacerdotal, and popular at once, which half compels and more than half persuades the government to resent as an insult even the most courteous observations on the recent massacres of the southern Jews. The tendency is fast becoming a crusade.

It is needless to add that the presence of such a factor is a grave danger not merely to Russia, but to Europe. Even

if India, Egypt, and Armenia had never existed, there are questions enough in eastern Europe to start a dozen wars. The dangers that lie in every line of the Treaty of Berlin are plainly illustrated by the reception which Austrian conscription laws have met with in the Herzegovina. The possibilities of quarrel on the German frontiers are not the less real for being less known. Even within the last few weeks we have heard of Ruthenian troubles from Vienna, and of Polish anxieties at Berlin. There is a settled conviction in military circles on both sides that Germany and Russia must fight it out some day soon. Moltke's detailed plans for a Russian campaign have lain for years in the pigeon-holes of the general staff.

In the face of all these dangers, no immediate help can be expected, unless it be the advent to power of a strong and sensible ruler. Constitution-making is beside the question. The convocation of a parliament will not suddenly endow a nation with "sweet reasonableness." Let us promote this by all means; but let us remember that it is an affair of years, if not of generations, and that, meanwhile, the government must be carried on. To English notions, this is not a brilliant outlook; but surely it is not without hope. There are many men in Russia, able, conscientious, and liberal-minded, who could steer the ship even now with comparative safety. Only it requires a strong hand and a cool head. One of Carlyle's despotic heroes, if he can be found, will solve the problem without delay, and the vast empire will go forward rapidly in the path of material and moral progress. If the capable despot cannot be found at once, it is to be feared that many incapable ones will be blown up, with much damage to public safety and more to public morals.

"For the rest, in what year of grace such phoenix-cremation will be completed, depends on unseen contingencies." How much mischief may be done in the mean time, both within and without the frontiers of the empire, no man can calculate. But the future is on the side of nations that have reserves to draw on, and the latent resources of Russia are inexhaustible. It is not rash, therefore, to prophesy that she will weather the storm. If she does she will have a mighty destiny before her; for whatever may be the fate of our own Indian empire, geography has plainly appointed Russia to be the ruler of the East.

B. F. C. COSTELLOE.

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IAR-CONNAUGHT: A SKETCH.

THE most salient features of a region are not always its most characteristic ones, those which a longer and a better acquaintanceship stamps upon our memories as final. Roughly speaking, all acquaintanceship with scenery may be said to come under one or other of two heads: to be either extrinsic or intrinsic — the point of view, namely, of the man that looks at it from the inside, or of the man that looks at it from the outside; in other words, that of the tourist and that of the native. With the former everything, or nearly everything, depends upon first impressions. Should things go ill then for him, that scenery is destined ever after to remain blotted with the mists that enshrouded it during his visit, or, worse still, environed with the discomforts endured at that diabolical inn, whose evil memory stands out as the most prominent fact of his travels. He is also (unless possessed of unusual strength of mind) much at the mercy of his guide-book; still more perhaps — at all events in Ireland — at that of his local Jehu. Pursued with the terror of not seeing everything, he as a consequence sees little, and that little unsatisfactorily. The native, on the other hand, is troubled with none of these things. He keeps to his own ground, and he knows it well; its roads, lanes, fields ditches, dykes — probably its sheep, cows, and pigs. Here, however, as a rule, he stops. Beyond his own parish, or his own boundary, he knows and professes to know nothing. Why should he? He is not a tourist nor yet a land-surveyor; why should he trouble himself, therefore, to go poking about over mountains and moors, especially out of the shooting season? Now and then, however, one happens to come across a being who does not fall strictly speaking into either one or other of these categories; who is not tied by the ties and shackled by the shackles of the resident, and who, on the other hand, does not believe in the possibility of exploring an entire tract of country, and plucking out the whole heart of its mystery within a space of twenty-four hours; who has a prejudice, too, in favor of forming his own views unbiassed by the views of his predecessors. Now if in this particular region named in my heading I were happy enough to find myself in the company of such a discriminating traveller as this, what course should I suggest his pursuing in order as quickly

as may be to come at the main facts and features of its topography? All things considered, I should suggest his first and foremost clambering up to the top of one of the neighboring mountains — there are no lack, fortunately, to choose from — and there, having first seated himself as comfortably as may be upon an obliging boulder, to proceed leisurely to spell at the main features of the scene below, so as to secure some general notion of its character previous to studying it in greater detail. Before doing this it may be as well for me to state, however, a little more definitely what and where this same region of Iar-Connaught is, since, beyond a general impression that it is somewhere or other in Ireland, it is by no means impossible that some of my readers may be completely at sea as to its whereabouts. Iar or West Connaught, then, is, or rather was, the original name for the whole of the region now known to the tourist as Connemara, with the addition of a further strip of country stretching eastward as far as the town of Galway. This latter and more familiar name would seem to have crept gradually into use, and its limits consequently to have never been very accurately defined. In the generality of maps and guide-books it will be found to begin at a line drawn from somewhere about the south-east side of Kilkieran Bay to the upper end of Lough Corrib — a wholly imaginary line where no boundary whatsoever exists; west of this line being called Connemara, while the name of Iar or West Connaught is usually, though obviously improperly, assigned to the remaining or south-eastern portion. Any one who will glance at the map of Ireland will see the natural boundaries of the region at a glance. A great lake — the second or third largest in the kingdom — extends nearly due north and south, cutting the county of Galway into an eastward and a westward portion. This lake is only separated from the sea by a narrow neck of land barely four miles wide, which neck of land is again divided into east and west by the salmon river — dear to all fishermen — which falls into the sea just below the town. Between this and the Atlantic the whole region to the westward is more or less mountainous ground, some of the highest summits in Ireland falling within its area; while, on the other side, no sooner do we leave the coast than we get upon that broad limestone plain which occupies the whole centre of Ireland. Taking all this into consideration, it will, I think, be admitted that the origi-

nal boundaries are as good as need be, and that whether we call the region Iar-Connaught or Connemara, it is better to abide by them than by the newer and more obviously arbitrary ones. North, again, the boundary of our region coincides pretty closely with those of the counties Mayo and Galway; and here, too, what we may call the natural frontier is very sharply and clearly defined; the Killary Bay stretching its long arm some ten miles or so inland, while from the other side a long loop or "coose" at the southern extremity of Lough Mask stretches seaward in friendly fashion to meet it; the intermediate space being occupied by the Lake Nafaoey, and the various streams, small and big, which flow in and out of it. North of this, again, we have two more mountain ranges: the Fornamore, which, with Slieve Partry and the hill called the Devil's Mother, forms a single continuous train of summits; while to the west, on the further side of the Killary Bay, rise the great mountain mass of Mweelrea and its two brother peaks; the whole constituting a sort of fraternity or community of mountains, separated by the sea or intervening plains from every other.

And now to return to our much-enduring traveller, who has been left "poised in mid-air upon the giddy top" of one of the Bennabeolas (commonly known as the Twelve Pins), and whose patience will probably be at an end before he has begun even to acquire his lesson.

The first thing certain, I think, to strike any one who attains to at all an extended view over Iar-Connaught is the extraordinary extent to which land and water have here invaded, or rather, so to speak, interpenetrated, one another. To a more or less extent this of course is characteristic of all rugged coasts, but here it would really seem as if the process must have attained its maximum. Looking out from our eyrie over the surrounding country, the general effect is as though the sky had been dropping lakes upon the land, and the land in return had been showering rocks upon the sea. Westward, where the two great headlands of Angrus and Slyne Head jut into the sea, we see, between their outstretched points, and to right and left of them, and far out over the sea in every direction, an infinite multitude of island points, dark above, gleaming and glittering below, where the sun catches upon their wave-washed sides. Some of the islands are gathered together into clusters; others are single or in scattered groups. Round islands, long

islands, oblong islands; islands of every shape and size, from the tiny illauns and carrigeens, which barely afford a foothold to the passing gull, up to the respectable-sized islands of Inishbofin and Inishturk, which boast their populations of five and six hundred inhabitants apiece, and carry on, or did until lately carry on, a considerable traffic in kelp, receiving in return poteen and such other necessities of life as are not as yet grown upon the islands. Now if, turning our eyes away from the sea, we look inland, we shall see that the same sort of general effect presents itself, only that here the elements are reversed. Here the sea has everywhere invaded and taken possession of the land. Try to follow one of its glittering arms to its end, and when you think you have seen the last of it, lo! it reappears on the other side of some small summit, winding away in intricate curves and convolutions far as the eye can see. As for the lakes, they are endless, bewildering, past all power of man to count or to remember. With all the Celt's talent for bestowing appropriate names upon the objects with which he finds himself surrounded, here nature has been too many for him, a large proportion of these lakes having, so far as I am aware, received no names at all. Indeed, even to know them apart is quite sufficiently perplexing. Lough Inagh and Derryclare, perhaps, with their wooded islands; Ballinahiach, with its castle and its salmon streams; Kylemore Lake in its wooded glen, and Lough Muck and Lough Fee, filling up the deep gorge which stretches seaward between two steep cliffs; these, and perhaps some dozen or so more, we may distinguish readily enough; but who will undertake to give an account of the countless multitude of loughs and lougheens, drift-basins, bog-basins, and rock-basins, which stud the whole face of the country between Lough Corrib and the sea? Look at the low ground south of Clifden and between us and Slyne Head! You might compare it with a looking-glass starred with cracks, or to a net, of which the strands stood for the ground, and the intermediate spaces for the water! Many, too, of these lakes lie far away out of every one's reach, and are never seen at all, or only once a year, perhaps, by some turf-cutter, on his way to a distant bog, or some sportsman taking a fresh cast in hopes of coming upon that pack of grouse some one is reported to have seen in this direction. Others, again, lie high up upon the mountain-sides, often close to the very summit,

where they are still less likely to be seen, though any one who will take the trouble of clambering up in search of them will find that few things are more beautiful in their way than these little desolate tarns, set about with huge rocks, yet so clear that every modulation of the skies may be seen reflected on their surface. Most striking of these, perhaps, are the so-called "corries" — bowl-shaped hollows, usually flat-bottomed, and cut out of the solid rock. Often a whole series of these may be seen lying parallel to one another upon the vertical sides of precipices; the effect from below being very much as if so many mouthfuls had been bitten out of the cliff. Some of these corries contain water; others again are dry. When full they are usually partly formed of drift, which, accumulating at the mouth of the hollow, hinders the water from escaping. As to their origin, geologists differ not a little, some maintaining that they are due to direct ice action, and chiefly for the following reasons: first, that they differ entirely from hollows made by any other agencies; secondly, that nothing in the least resembling them is now being formed by the sea; and, thirdly, that they cannot possibly be due to the ordinary meteoric agents — rain, snow, wind, running water, etc. — since these very agents are at present busily engaged in smoothing them away. Others, equally entitled to our confidence, maintain, first, that other agents besides ice are perfectly capable of making similar hollows; secondly, that the sea is at this very moment engaged in scooping out small coves and cooses, which, if raised in a general elevation of the land, would in time present an appearance very similar to these hill corries, such as we now see them; and thirdly, that the original cause, or at any rate the chief agent, must have been, not ice, but faults and dislocations in the rock, aided subsequently by glacial or marine action. Where experts differ to such an extent, how, it may be asked, is the humble inquirer to steer his modest course?

But we are not dependent upon rock corries for our evidence of ice action in this neighborhood; we meet it in ten thousand different forms. In fact there is probably no district in Great Britain where its sign-manual has been written in plainer or more legible characters. In this respect our Bennabeola range is of special interest, as from it, rather than from either of the neighboring and rival ranges, is held to have spread that great ice-sheet whose effects are so plainly vis-

ible upon every scratched stone and crag-rounded hillside within an area of sixty miles. Why it *should* have spread here is, however, at first by no means obvious. On the contrary, it would at first sight seem more likely that from the higher and on the whole bulkier mass of Mweelrea and its brother peaks would have come that impetus which has thus stamped itself upon all the country round. But no — they have been swept across by ice coming from this direction. This has been very well and clearly shown in an admirable little memoir on the subject published some years since by Messrs. Close and Kinahan.* "The ice stream," say these authors, "has passed on and moved, not only against Croagh Patrick, but farther northward against the range of the Erris and Tyrawley mountains. Although partly forced out of its way by them, it has nevertheless streamed across them — certainly through their passes, *e.g.* that of Coolnabinnia on the west side of Nephin (as shown by the striations on the summit of Tristia, nearly eleven hundred feet above the sea), that of Lough Feeagh (witness the striations on the side of Buckoogh at twelve hundred feet), and that of Ballacragher Bay near Molranny (as evidenced by the striations in Corraun Achill on the north-west side of Clew Bay); in all these cases the movement of the red-sandstone blocks corroborates the evidence of the striations."

As to the further question of why this and not the Mweelrea range should have been selected for the honor of being the local "birthplace of glaciers," that is believed to be due, partly to the fact that, though less high, these Bennabeolas form on the whole a more compact mass than the Mayo group; but still more to the circumstance of the latter having been robbed of their full share of snow by the former, which, stretching further to the south-west, then as now were the first to intercept the moisture-laden winds of the Atlantic. Instead, however, of curdling into cloud and discharging themselves in sheets of rain as they do at present, their burden was then flung down in the form of snow, which, hardening and consolidating into ice, rapidly accumulated in the valleys, heaped itself up over every hillside, in many instances burying the very summits themselves under what was practically a huge superimposed mountain of solid ice.

* Glaciation of Iar-Connaught and its Neighborhood. G. H. Kinahan, M.R.I.A., and Rev. Maxwell H. Close.

Though often spoken of as a glacier, this, it must always be remembered, is not what in Switzerland and elsewhere is understood by a glacier at all. In picturing to ourselves the state of things which must once have existed in these islands, we are too apt to draw all our ideas and illustrations from these Swiss Alps — the only perpetually snow-clad region with which most of us have any practical acquaintance. Now nothing can be more misleading. In Switzerland the glaciers only exist down to a certain well-defined line, where, being met by the warm air of the valleys, they pass away in the milky torrents, familiar to any one who has stood, for instance, beside the Rhone, and seen it pour its white volumes into the Lake of Geneva, where, leaving behind it all the heavier and more insoluble part of its burden, it issues gaily upon the further side, the bluest of blue rivers leaping to the sea. Here, however, a very different order of things from this existed. The ice which has scraped and planed these hillsides was not in fact a glacier at all. No puny glacier, such as hills of this height could alone have given birth to, would ever have reached a tithe of the distance covered by this mighty stream, one arm of which alone has been traced the whole way up the valley of Lough Mask, and out at Killala Bay, a distance of over sixty miles; while how much further it went no human being of course can tell, all further traces of it being henceforth hidden by the sea. To find a region where ice is now *really* moulding and fashioning the landscape, as it once moulded and fashioned these Galway valleys and hillsides, we must go, not to Switzerland or to any temperate region at all, but to a very much less comfortable part of the world — to Greenland and the icy shores of Baffin's Bay. There, in the grim and gruesome regions of the "central silence," few, if any, of the phenomena familiar to us in Switzerland are to be seen; no tall peaks rising out of green, laughing valleys; no glaciers with their wrinkled ice-falls, their blue crevices, and their brown moraines; everything, save a few here and there of the highest summits, being hidden away under a huge, all-encompassing death-shroud of snow and ice, from which all life, and nearly all movement, have vanished. So, too, it must once have been with our Twelve Pins, and with all the region round about. They too have known what it is to be smothered up in ice and snow; ice which in this instance

must have risen high above their heads, as its handiwork can be seen written upon the crags at the summit; though how many feet or hundreds of feet higher, it would doubtless puzzle even the best and most experienced of geologists to decide.

Meanwhile we must not expend the whole of the time at our disposal upon one mountain summit, but must hasten away to other though not perhaps necessarily more attractive scenes.

I just now said that Iar-Connaught was a land of lakes; but, if so, it is even more emphatically a land of streams. Go where we will, our ears are filled with the noise of running water. Streams drop upon us from the rocks, dash across the road under our feet, and appear unexpectedly in all directions. Many, too, of the lakes are united to one another by streams — strung together, as it were, upon a thin, silvery thread of water. Not many, certainly, of these streams attain to any very great volume, but what they lack in size they more than make up for by their multitude. Larger ones, such as the Erriff and Joyce's River, are fed by an infinite number of small rivulets, which come racing down the hillsides from a thousand invisible sources, and after prolonged rains the hills appear literally streaked with white, so closely do the torrents lie together. Where smaller streams find their own way to the sea, their course is often impeded and almost obstructed by the mass of stones and detritus which they have themselves brought down from the hills. Walking up one of these stream-sides, one is often fairly astounded at the size and the number of these blocks. Boulders, varying from the size of a hen-coop to that of a comfortable-sized cottage, strew the bed of the stream, witness of a thousand forgotten storms. In the wider portions these get often piled up into small rocky islands, where sods of peat lodge, and where the young birch and mountain ash spring up safe from the tooth of marauding sheep or goats. It is in the narrower portions, however, where the stream has had to saw a channel for itself through the hard face of the rock, that the boulders become jammed and accumulate to such an extraordinary degree, often filling the narrow channel to the very brim, and obliging the water to escape, as best it can, in a series of small gushes and separate torrents, which meet again in a tumultuous rush below the obstruction. No one can wander much over this district without coming to the con-

clusion that these streams are very much smaller most of them now than they once were. Several facts point to this conclusion. Even after the heaviest rains their present carrying power is certainly insufficient to enable them to transport the enormous blocks with which we find their course encumbered; added to which the channels themselves are often much larger than are at present needed, and in some instances, as along the course of the Erriff River, are being actually now filled up with bog. Indeed, when we remember how lately the whole of this district was one great forest, traces — melancholy traces — of which are to be seen in every direction; when we come upon stumps of oak high up upon the bleak hillsides, where now nothing taller than the bilberry or the bog myrtle grows; when, on the other hand, pushing out from the shore, we look over our boat-side and see the big "corkers" rising up out of the marl and sand in which their roots lie buried — seeing all this, and remembering how invariably the destruction of forests is followed by a diminution of rainfall, it is not difficult to believe that, numerous as are these streams and rivers now, they were once more numerous, and certainly very much larger than they are at present.

North of Galway Bay the country is comparatively flat, and there the rivers run chiefly between low ridges or hills of drift, whose sides are thickly strewn with the omnipresent granite boulders which there form such a prominent feature in the landscape. Much of this district is uninteresting and monotonous enough, yet even here the scenery along the river edge is often full of interest and beauty. As often as the stream takes a bend, a little triangular patch of intensely fertile ground accumulates upon the convex side, where the river year by year has deposited a share of the spoil which it has elsewhere filched. These little fertile plots are taken advantage of, and respectable crops of oats and potatoes grown right up to the brink of the water, which is only too apt to overflow and destroy them when a freshet comes down from the hills. Here too, for the same reason, grow the loosestrifes and meadow-sweets, not scattered as elsewhere, but in a dense, variegated jungle, which is repeated, leaf for leaf and petal for petal, in the smooth, brown currents below. Nowadays the region is but a very thinly populated one. Looking around us, we see in every direction rows upon rows of granite boulders

lifting their grey sides out of the purple heather, while in one direction, perhaps, and in one direction only, a cottage, or a couple of cottages, scarcely less grey and time-worn, may be seen peering disconsolately over the little hills. As for trees, often for long distances the stunted, much-enduring thorn-bushes are the only representatives of these to be seen; then a corner is turned, and suddenly, out of the wild, melancholy moor, the stream rushes all at once into a tiny glen or valley green with brushwood, and gay with osmunda and bell heather and half-submerged willow-herbs — a genuine scrap of the old forest, where the gnarled oak stumps have sent up young shoots, and where the birch and willow and mountain ash dip downward so as almost to touch the water; then another turn, and the glen is left behind, and we are out once more in the open moor. No better way of getting to know this country can be devised than by following the vagrant course of one of these streams from its source to its finish, though it must be owned that the walking is far from invariably delightful. Where footpaths, with stiles or holes in the walls, have been left for the benefit of fishermen, there matters, of course, are simplified; this, however, is quite the exception. Generally the explorer has to make his own way over the tottering, lacework walls, whose stones have a most uncomfortable predisposition to fall upon his toes. When there are bridges, which is seldom, they usually consist of a few logs, supported and covered over with huge stones in a primitive and Cyclopean fashion. On smaller streams the bridges are of loose stones only, the central arch being flanked right and left with lesser ones, so as to allow the water in flood-time to escape. More often still there are no bridges at all, or only at intervals so wide as to be practically useless; he is forced, therefore, to find out his own crossing, choosing between stumping bodily through the stream, or picking his steps along the slimy tops of the stones, where the water rushes and races under his feet at the rate of some forty miles an hour, or slips by in those long, oily curves which always seem to draw our eyes down to them whether we will or no. Nor is this the only or even the chief part of his difficulties. What with crossing and re-crossing the stream; now skirting along where the projecting rocks nearly push him into the water; now out again into the open, clambering over huge boulders crouched like

petrified dragons or mammoths in his path; now picking his steps through squelching bog-holes, or, again, balancing upon tussocks which give way under his tread — what with all this, and the endless climbing of walls, the explorer who has conscientiously followed one of these streams through all its windings and doublings will find that he has about had his full share, and something more than his fair share, of walking by the time he again reaches home. In wild weather, when the wind is from the Atlantic, gales blow straight up these glens, cutting the tops off the small waves as they come careering over the stones, and apparently doing their best to drive the water upstream again. A salmon leap is a fine sight on such a day as that. The water, no longer a series of insignificant trickles, comes down in a broad yellow gush, sending out great flakes of foam before it, to be carried back by the wind and lodged in creamy clots upon the trees and upon every scrap of herbage within reach. On such days, the whole glen above the fall may often be seen through a sheet of finely divided spray, caught from the fall and flung backwards by the wind. Standing above the leap, and looking down, we may see the big salmon and white trout crowding in the pool below us, their heads held well up-stream, despite the tug of the current in the opposite direction. Now and then one detaches himself from the rest, leaps upward, quivers a moment in mid-air, and then, in nine cases out of ten, falls headlong down into the pool again. The height to which both salmon and white trout will spring on these falls is astonishing, a leap of eight and ten feet being by no means unusual; and, however often defeated, after a few moments' rest the same salmon may be seen returning again and again to the assault. When thus intent upon business the fish seem to lose all their natural shyness, as if every faculty was for the moment concentrated wholly in the effort to reach the upper waters. Leaning over the rocks alongside of the salmon leap, we may stoop so as to actually touch with a stick the smooth, brown backs so temptingly near at hand, and we shall find that they take little or no notice, merely moving to one side, without for a moment relaxing in their efforts to reach the top — a trait which unfortunately has the effect of making them fall only too easy a prey to the local poacher. No art of any sort is required to spear a salmon when, spent and exhausted, it reaches the top of its

climb. Armed with a gaff — one extemporized out of a scythe — the loafing "gossoon" or village ne'er-do-weel may pick and choose amongst a crowd of salmon and white trout, and the silvery scales which catch the eye here and there amongst the wet grass are a proof only too convincing that he has not neglected his opportunities.

Throughout the whole of this part of Iar-Connaught the presence of the granite largely influences the character of the landscape. Where limestone predominates we usually get peculiarly transparent effects, delicate aerial greys and blues everywhere prevailing. On the other hand, limestone is cold, and even when weathered the rocks seldom present any particular beauty of detail. Granite, on the contrary, lends itself peculiarly to richness of coloring, no foreground being so rich as a foreground of granite rocks. Here, too, the granite has an especial beauty of its own, from the presence of large pink or violet crystals of feldspar, which in weathered places frequently stand out in bold relief, as though handfuls of pale amethysts had been sprinkled loosely over the surface. Lichens, too, of a peculiar brilliancy and beauty cling to the granite, so that whatever else is wanting to the picture we may always count upon a foreground of ever-varying beauty and interest. A few of these boulders might nevertheless be spared with advantage! The multitude strewn broadcast over the whole face of the country here is almost past belief, and increases perceptibly as we approach the sea — here cropping up in the middle of a potato-patch — there built into the sides of a cabin — now raised on stalks showing the amount of wear and tear which has gone on since they took their place — now sunk deep in the ground with only a corner appearing above the brown turf mould. Many show signs of having fallen from a height, lying broken as they fell, not flung about in fragments, but seamed through and through with a single crack, which has been further prized open by small stones falling in at the top and gradually working their way to the bottom; others again stand perched high overhead, or balanced upon the very brink of a cliff, as though ready to be launched upon some aerial voyage. Foreign rocks, quartzes, sandstones, and mica schists, coming from the other side of the country, mingle occasionally with the granite, all contrasting strongly, in their rough-hewn masses, with the smooth, glacier-ground

rocks upon which they rest, and which are as smooth and as polished still as if the great ice-plane had only left them yesterday.

Now that we are approaching the coast we find that our stream widens. Strengthened by a couple of contributions, it has swollen well-nigh to the proportions of a river. No longer champing and churning, fretting against every stone in its bed, it rolls silently, conscious that at last it is nearing its destiny. Now fast and fleet, but with hardly a sound, it swirls along under the tottering banks, raking out the loose stones and water-weeds; now widening into a mimic lake, and then again narrowing as it rushes between two steeply overhanging rocks. The last corner is turned. The grey hills of Clare rise over the parapet of the little bridge; between them and us flash the waters of the bay, with perhaps a solitary "pook-haun" or "hooker" working upon their way to Galway; under the bridge darts the stream, and with a flash and a ripple, and a quick noisy rattle over the stones, it has taken its last leap, and flung itself rejoicing into the arms of the sea.

From the hills we have wandered to the rivers; from the rivers let us now glance for a few minutes along the shore. Leaving Galway with its fringe of villas and of bathing-houses behind us, the road runs westward for many a mile, along a low coast, varied only by an occasional ridge or "esker" of granite drift. The shore itself mainly consists of loosely piled boulders, alternating with small sandy bays; the most unprofitable of all shores, by the way, for the marine zoologist, whose game is apt to be uprooted with every tide. Here and there, however, long reefs project seaward, and these being seamed with fissures are worth exploring when they can be reached, which generally is only at the dead low tide. As we advance we find ourselves passing over an endless succession of low drift-hills with intervening valleys choked with boulders, the road keeping steadily west, the country growing wilder and wilder with every mile. At Barna a small grove of trees is passed, with grass and ferns growing rich and rank beneath their shadow. The trees themselves are nothing very particular, — a few moderate-sized oaks, with ash, and a sprinkling of sycamores, and elsewhere doubtless pass them without a glance; here, however, we turn to look at them again and again with an interest quite pathetic, sighing regretfully as we pass out into the grey desolate

moorland again. It were worth spending a few weeks in Iar-Connaught, if only to learn to appreciate trees for the future! Still on and on, and on, mile after mile, over a treeless, almost featureless tract, abounding in stones and abounding in very little else. A police barrack, green with ivy, up which some dog-roses are creeping, is greeted with enthusiasm. So, too, are a couple of villas, through whose gates we catch a pleasant vista of haycocks, and children playing, with the rocks and the tumbled surf beyond. Turning away from this somewhat lamentable foreground, we fix our eyes upon the range of terraced hills which stretch beyond the bay, and further yet again to where a line — worn by distance to a mere thread — shows where the far-famed cliffs of Moher lift their six hundred feet of rock above the sea. Westward again, the three isles of Aran stream across the horizon, so low and grey as hardly to be visible, save where the surf catches against their rock-girt sides; yet, looking intently, we can, even at this distance, distinguish the huge outline of Dun Connor, the great rath which crowns the middle island, and whose watch-fires when lighted must have been visible along the entire line of coast from the Mayo hills to the mountains of Kerry. About Spidal the scenery begins to improve. Far in the distance the Twelve Pins once more come into sight, long chains of lakes stretching northward to their very feet. Near Tully the coast is broken up into small brown creeks, where turf is being dug at low tide; islands dot themselves about in the bay beyond; a substantial-looking row of coastguard houses presently rises into sight, with chimneys hospitably smoking; yet another half-mile, and we find ourselves brought up short by the discovery that our road ends abruptly, all further advance in this direction being hopelessly at an end. We have in fact arrived at a regular *cul-de-sac* — one of the many to be found in Iar-Connaught. Only one road of any kind extends beyond this point, and that merely lands us at a fishing-lodge some three miles or so further on. To reach the mountains which we see so distinctly before us, we must either retrace our steps to Spidal, and so round by Oughterard, a distance of over forty miles, or else take to the moors, and try to make our own way across country, an attempt which would probably result in our having to crave hospitality for the night at some cabin door, the chances of reaching any

other shelter before nightfall being problematical to a degree. A more unfrequented and a more unbefriended region is perhaps hardly to be found in her Majesty's dominions than that same stretch of country between Cashla and Roundstone Bay. Life there is indeed reduced to the very elements. A few villages exist, thinly scattered over its surface, but hardly any roads connecting them — none certainly over which vehicles with springs could travel. Everywhere, too, the land is invaded by long arms of sea, still further increasing the difficulties of communication. For instance, as the crow flies, the distance between this point and Roundstone is barely twenty miles; whereas, if the coast-line were followed, it would probably be found to extend to fully five times that length. The variety of seaboard, too, is extraordinary; many of the islands being separated from the mainland by the merest streak of sea, the promontories, on the other hand, being in several instances connected by strips of land so low that a depression of a few feet would result in the setting free of a fresh crop of islands. The best, indeed the only, way of exploring this, the wildest bit of all Iar-Connaught, is to take boat, and to sail from headland to headland, and in and out of the archipelagoes of islands, which choke up every bay, and lie scattered in a thick fringe along the coast. There are several landing-places, but the most convenient probably will be found to be Roundstone, where the harbor is good, and a pier, built when dreams of an Atlantic packet station were in the air, stands ready for us to moor up our yacht or hooker. Here, too, is an hotel, and here, if the traveller is a naturalist, he can hardly do better than spend a few days, for not only is the shore itself unusually rich in zoology, but in the bay below he will find perhaps the best dredging-ground to be met with along the entire line of coast. From Roundstone the road lies direct to Clifden, which claims, and fairly claims I suppose, to be the capital of our mountain region. Thence, turning northward, we bowl along the wide coaching road, through the refreshingly clean little village of Letterfrack; through the valley of Kylemore, where the towering crest of the Diamond stands a glittering sentry over our heads; under steep wooded banks; past more lakes and glens, and across a valley floored with bog, until we suddenly find that we have come full circle, and are back again at the foot of the Twelve Pins,

the place from which we originally started.

Two more remarks before I end. First as to the question of popularity, or rather lack of popularity. It is undeniable that few regions equally come-at-able, and equally admittedly striking and picturesque, find so few admirers, not to say lovers, as Connemara. People come and go, drive along its roads, fish in its lakes, and even praise it after a fashion, but grudgingly; they break into no raptures, as for instance over Killarney, and, what is still more significant, they seldom show any particular desire to return to it again. Now this probably may be set down to a combination of causes. Its hotels, for one thing, are not (with one or two exceptions) by any means equal to the demands of modern sophistication; and this, deny it who will, is a very important factor in the matter. When a man's cogitations are secretly turning upon the badness of his breakfast, and the yet more doubtful prospect which awaits him at dinner, he is seldom, it must be owned, in the mood for very warmly appreciating scenery — especially when that scenery is admittedly somewhat of the bleak and hungry kind. Then, again, there is another and a very serious matter — the weather! Without going into the vexed and oft-disputed question as to whether this part of Ireland or the west of Scotland is the worst and the wettest, it may be admitted at once, and without further question, that it is bad — *very bad indeed*. Even while in the very act of abusing it, however, it is only fair to add that to this very badness, fractiousness, what you will, of the climate the scenery owes a share, and to my mind a by no means inconsiderable share, of its charm. The actual landscape doubtless is fine, but the actual landscape is nothing, literally nothing, until you have seen it under a dozen different moods: now grey and sullen; now fierce and passionate; now, when you least expect it, flashing out smile after smile, as only an Irish landscape can smile when the sun suddenly catches it after a spell of rain. At all events I can personally vouch for the fact of long-continued dry weather being anything but becoming to the scenery. Wanting the moisture which lends them atmosphere and distance, the mountains lose their aerial tints, become dull and grey, oppressed as it were with their own nakedness. I remember (the statement, by the way, is not perhaps a particularly credible one) — nevertheless as a matter of fact I *do* remember a sum-

mer in the west of Ireland, when for weeks together not a shower fell. The loughs sank low in their beds of rock; the bogs, seamed with cracks, showed as dry as so many high-roads; the grass turned brown; the flowers withered; the mountains, hard as iron, stood out with every muscle in their stony anatomy brought into the strongest possible relief; now and then a wind got up, but no rain fell; every atom of moisture seemed to have vanished out of the atmosphere, and from morning till night the sun shone down with the same broad, unwinking persistency. It was exactly what everybody had always been wishing and sighing for, but somehow when it came no one appeared particularly gratified, and I can recall no very genuine expression of regret when at last one morning we got up to find that the sky had lost its brazen look, and that the greys had once more resumed their dominion. Nowhere, perhaps, in the world are there such greys as here — pale greys, dark greys, greys tinted with blue, and with green, and with rose-color; greys merging and melting into one another, and into every other tint imaginable. Yet nowhere, on the other hand, is the coloring more gorgeous when now and then the sky does take a coloring fit. See it at the coming on of rain! A minute, perhaps, ago sky and sea were cloudless; suddenly as you look again the clouds have gathered, struck against the cold sides of the mountains, and begun to descend in rain, which goes sweeping like a pall along the whole length of the valley, brushing against the flanks of the mountains, and passing away eastward, to be followed by a rapid burst of sunshine, bringing out the colors of the wet grass and smoking rocks; in its turn passing on, reappearing for an instant in fantastic patches of light upon the distant slopes, and then again being swallowed up in the wide-spreading darkness of another sudden storm. The brilliancy and swift chromatic changes of these alternate sun-bursts and rain-squalls are indescribable, and, when seen from a height where they can be followed across a wide stretch of mountain and sea, they constitute a never-failing panorama — a drama the incidents of which are perpetually varying. One is in fact tempted to dwell far *too* much upon these transitory effects, because in a climate so capricious it is they rather than the permanent features which create the most vivid and lasting impressions. Looking back into that private picture-gallery which most of us,

consciously or unconsciously, carry about with us, two scenes at this moment start into my memory, and both, as will be seen, owe the fact of their being remembered at all not certainly to anything in the actual scenery, but wholly and solely to the disposition of the lights and atmosphere.

The first was an effect of early morning seen from a window overlooking a wide tract of comparatively low-lying land, sodden with recent rain, where small pools caught the eye, leading it on to a large fresh-water lough which lay beyond. Across this tract lay the arch of a rainbow, stretching from the grey of the water to the pale green of the hillsides above. Not a rainbow which came and vanished, but a rainbow which hovered and lingered; now fading until it was all but invisible, now unexpectedly flaring into sudden splendor again. And behind, the nearest hills were vague and dim with mist, while the distant ones were wholly hidden under a vast and capacious cloud-canopy, through which a pale sun shone upon the lough, so that it gleamed like a tarnished shield. All the greens and blues had vanished out of the landscape, but the yellows seemed brighter than ever; the highest note of all being struck where the foam, driven in a long, sinuous line across the lough, was washed in a broad, palpitating drift against the yellow sand.

The second — an effect of a very different kind — occurred at the end of one of those utterly hopeless days when the weather, after holding out some slight promise in the morning, settles down to rain with a dull and dogged self-satisfaction, as if it never had rained before. For an hour or more we had been tramping homeward, knee-deep in drenching heather, and had just reached the crest of a ridge, overlooking the bay and the dull grey flanks of the opposite hills; already the sun had set behind fourfold walls of cloud without showing itself, and without a moment's intermission of the pelting rain. Suddenly, when we least expected it, an arrow of red light was seen to shoot across the leaden-colored sky. Another and another followed. Layer after layer of clouds caught the glow, until the whole heavily laden floor of heaven was burning with an intense and terrible conflagration, out of the very midst of which bars of molten metal appeared to rise, writhing and melting as in a furnace. Across all this swept a few lighter clouds, driven by the wind, each tipped with an edge of

light, too intensely luminous to be looked at. A rush of color, caught from the sky, spread itself over the dull face of the bay, the very stream at our feet being tinged with the pale, opal-colored tints. Nor was this all; for the clouds, which had been rolling over-head, began suddenly to descend; not in wisps and scrolls, nor in a thin, impalpable veil, but altogether, in a vast and apparently solid body; rolling, pouring, gathering on the tops of the hills, and streaming down through the passes. It was a regular cloud avalanche; and, despite our knowledge that we were too near home to run any risk by being enveloped in its folds, there was something curiously alarming in the sight of these huge summits rolling down-hill, and approaching momentarily nearer. On and on they came, until suddenly, just as they were within about a hundred yards of us, their course was arrested by a fresh conflicting current of air. Here, then, the vanguard stood still, and began slowly melting, passing away in thin shreds and rags of vapor; but the rearguard still continued to pour in fresh reinforcements from behind; which, accumulating faster than they could be dissipated, reared themselves up in vast, dome-like masses, towering thousands of feet in air, and gradually slipping downwards until they had enveloped not only us, but the whole valley in their folds. An hour later the overcharged atmosphere relieved itself by a couple of violent thunder-claps following one another in quick succession; after which the night grew calm and clear, and the next morning was glorious; but, alas! before the day ended the dull, persistent, pitiless drizzle had again set in. E. L.

From The Spectator.
THE "BURDEN OF SOVEREIGNTY."

THE necessity which sovereigns plead for recreation is not unreal, though it is not often produced by the causes which the public suppose. We very much doubt if any sovereign in Europe is "over-worked," as ordinary professionals, or even ministers, are over-worked; if any king or queen labors steadily for eight hours a day, during six days a week; or hurries his or her meals, or goes without regular exercise, or even falls into that condition of fluster which with most men and all women follows upon a clear per-

ception that the necessary work cannot be overtaken. A despotic sovereign ought to be overworked, for he ought to be prime minister, first judge, commander-in-chief, and sovereign, all in one; and the mere business of those many offices, if properly done, would crush any single person. We do not find, however, and we have read many memoirs, that except in very rare cases, the most remarkable being that of Frederick the Great, the sovereign is so overwhelmed. Frederick tried to be rid of sleep, and to the end could only read a haphazard selection of the letters he had ordered to be written in his own name. Men do not like labor, as a rule, and kings have this immense advantage, or disadvantage, over other men, that as their labor is the exercise of power, those around them are only too delighted to take it off their hands. The less the king worries about a department, the more the minister is pleased; and as this is true down to the smallest secretary, the king who desires to shift off actual work can always do it. We fancy that he usually does do it, and that a sovereign usually finds nearly as much leisure for reading, music, the theatre, conversation, and eating, as any one of the wealthy classes not professionally idle. His signature must, no doubt, be a burden to him. Sovereigns in all countries must have endless masses of papers to sign, — commissions, orders, and above all, letters which cannot be operative without their autographs or initials. They retain much of their power by the use of this check, just as the head of a great firm does when he keeps the bank-book; and even in constitutional countries, the burden is sometimes severe. Our own queen either is or was much tried in this way; and in England the number of commissions is insignificant, compared with that in many Continental countries. Reviews, too, take up time, and cannot be exactly delightful; while ceremonials of all sorts never end, and must be, if the sovereign is constructed like other human beings, utterly detestable. Imagine "receiving" for nearly seven hours, as the king of Prussia sometimes does in the White Hall, according to the rules of an etiquette which varies with each person who advances. The president of the United States is pitted on reception days, but at least every person who approaches him, not being minister of a foreign power, expects to be treated in the same way, and cannot be dishonored by an accidental

mistake. Still, signatures, reviews, and ceremonials notwithstanding, the kings usually find time for amusement, for conversation or cards, the theatre or music, not to mention feasting, and in a large majority of cases, a very considerable amount of flirtation and gossip. The burden on them is not exactly work, which is got rid of at stated times, and through trusted delegates, but is a kind of mental pressure, to which hardly any other man with a profession can be exposed.

Hardly any one, except a chief minister, can be so incessantly affected in mind by all that occurs as a decent king, who, whether actually or in theory, guides the administration. Events occur every day, every event affects the central power more or less, and after every event a working king must either feel responsible, or consider what responsibility is likely to arise. He may have done nothing in the matter, yet be instantly aware of much that will arise compelling him to act. An earthquake in Agram is to the Austrian military secretary only an earthquake, a calamity, that is, possibly a great calamity, but still a calamity allowed by God, or evoked by some internal convulsion of natural forces. To the emperor, it is all that, and this more, — that people in whom it is his duty to be interested are suffering, that he must act or see that others do, must send messages, must sympathize, must, if it be possible, help to encourage, to soothe, and to repair. The earthquake, from the moment it occurred, is part of his business, he must, at the very least, know all about it. It is, in some sort, a disaster to himself, something which comes home to him in pain, as it can hardly come to any other person not personally involved in the ruin. A personal concern in disasters of any magnitude is always expressed by a Continental ruler, and is often, we imagine, very keenly felt. The emperor Nicholas thought himself bound to be present at all great fires; the emperor Napoleon III. held that floods, like revolutions, "involved his honor," and once, at least, personally ordered the repairs; and only three months ago, the emperor of Austria was so moved by the burning of the Ring Theatre, that he made his personal displeasure felt in the most unmistakable way, censuring this great man, dismissing that, and ordering the very severe prosecutions now going on. We have selected disasters, because they are so visible; but

every kind of event must make a distinct impact on a real sovereign, and affect even a constitutional one. The latter ought not to feel responsible, but the tradition of a mystical relation between the king and the country is very strong — even our queen, for example, in her very motherly and kindly letter to her people, thanking them for their recent display of loyalty, writes as if she felt that their honor and glory depended in a great degree on her individual effort — and no sovereign probably is quite clear that the right to take advice is distinct from the right to command, when it is given. The sovereign must feel everything in some way, must move through an atmosphere heavy with that consciousness of a *national* self which the late Mr. Sanford, in his account of the English kings, said differentiated hereditary rulers from other men; and if genuinely good, must feel hourly the kind of sympathy or anger felt by a philanthropist when anything, good or bad, happens to the object of his care. Clarkson was not responsible for all slaves, nor is Mr. Colam for all animals; but Clarkson felt every new slave law as if he were a slave, and Mr. Colam, we dare say, feels as keenly when a prosecution he has ordered breaks down, because the law does not cover its particular object. That universality of interest, that thinness, so to speak, of mental skin, must be an equivalent in mental fatigue for actual work, and it is increased by another peculiarity of the position. The sovereign's profession is for life. Most other men — all other professional men, except bishops — look forward to a period of ease, when they shall have done with their daily labors, and may, as they think, enjoy themselves, or at least be rid of the sense of responsibility for the weather. The king has no such hope, except in death, which he does not look forward to any more pleasurably or exultantly than other people. On the contrary, he has been taught through his whole life to think, with Tennyson's Northern Farmer, how immense his loss will be to other people. "There are those 'cows to calve,' say the Hungarian deficit to be filled up, and 'Thornaby waäste to plow,' Bosnia to be reduced to civilization, as I comprehend it." What the king is doing this year he must do in all years to come, without cessation or respite, while life and strength shall last, regencies being, even to men of great age, like the German emperor, or to weary men, like Alexander II.,

practical impossibilities, if only because all the men and women whom he has worked with, and who have helped or consoled him, want him to be king, and not that other. Abdications are so few, that they stand out landmarks in history; and if we read the narratives aright, neither Diocletian nor Charles V. felt rest. Diocletian asked for his sceptre back at least once, and Charles V. drove couriers and his son distracted by incessant letters of advice and demands for information. The regal work lasts forever, and that idea of itself carries with it the possibility of fatigue. At seventy, as at thirty, there may be next week a ministerial crisis, an invasion, or a grand ceremony to be performed, the latter being the worst. The lady who told George III. she had seen everything but a coronation, and now wanted to see that, has lived in anecdotal history as the exemplar of uncourtly naïveté; but we have never felt quite sure that George III., who loved mutton, did not chuckle to himself over the thought that he, at least, could never be wearied with *that* ceremonial again.

So far from wondering that a queen should wander abroad, our wonder is that kings are not always gadding. It must be such a luxury to be rid for a few moments of that responsible relation to the very soil, even if it be wholly imaginary — to be among things and people which have no closer relation to yourself than to any other spectator. The traveller may have been a fool who, when warned that the ship was on fire, replied, "I am only a passenger," but was certainly a philosopher, who understood the true sources of mental ease. A king outside his own hereditary dominions must feel very like him, must fancy the air lighter, and read the local news with a much deeper feeling, if not of content, at least of placidity. Nowhere except abroad can the atmosphere of responsibility be lifted, in his own imagination, from his brain; nowhere else can he feel that most recuperative of feelings, the sense which Tennyson described as the sense of afternoon, and somebody else, Theodore Hook, we believe, as "after-dinnerishness," when "you have nothing to do, and be hanged if you'll do it." There is no reason to grudge sovereigns their holidays, or the restfulness that should seem to them embodied, not in "being abroad" as other professionals put it, but in the infinite and reinvigorating luxury of not being at home.

From The Spectator.

MIDNIGHT TEA.

MIDNIGHT tea is not tea taken on the very stroke of twelve, — it is tea taken in the dead waste and middle of the night, that is to say, our modern night; somewhere early in the small hours. And we speak of an institution, not of a solitary instance, much less of a rival to five-o'clock tea. An inquiring mind may ask, "Why should I drink tea at the hour when hot-blood suggested itself to Hamlet?" and it is a reasonable question. Of course, the scholar might do it to keep himself awake over his books, but the student is usually thinking of shutting up when the small hours have dropped down the chimney once or twice, and the toper is seldom far behind him. Midnight tea is neither a labor, nor a vulgar indulgence, nor a fashionable institution, nor a sheer necessity. It is a genial outgrowth or development from ungenial circumstances, in the midst of which there is a root of geniality.

There are maladies, there are lists of maladies, there are groups of maladies, forms of illness which keep each other company, whose pride and joy it is to make the small hours hideous, and eat the sweet kernel out of sleep. Two, three, four in the morning, which is really night, is the time when these dolorous companions hold high-jinks around the bed or the "Judy" chair of the sufferer. No device cheats them; they know the time like a chronometer, and their forbearance is as incalculable as their severities. But, after a time — where the patient is not lonely (which God forbid, as a rule), and where the case to be dealt with is not (we will say) that of the wildest paroxysms of gout, or anything so red-hot of immediate torture — after a time, the periodical accessions of these not "jolly hours" may very well tend, and do, in fact, tend, to start a new rhythm in the life of, say, two friends, or a man and wife, or a mother and daughter, who pass the night together, in order that one of the two who suffers may receive unfailing help, such as only one hand can give. Here there is an opening for much sentiment, but this we will neglect. What happens is something like this, perhaps. There is a pause in the immediate suffering of the hour. "Come, that is good. *He* is over for the night, and let us hope we shall see neither of his friends nor allies." Then springs up a sudden thought, out of the very bosom of domestic peace, "Let's have a cup of tea!" It can be managed there

and then. The tea is forthcoming, the spoons tinkle in the cups, — gently, for it is midnight tea — the sweet incense goes up, and there is calm and cheer in that retreat, for a time. Even if the tea-takers were not weary, it is not a time for chat; but there is a hopeful sense of being refreshed and soothed, and a feeling of quiet triumph in human resource. Pain and exhaustion are quite bad enough; but yet, behold, without artifice or effort, how a little festival of alleviation, repose, tenderness, and cheerfulness arises at dead of night, out of their terrible pranks with “the finely-fibred human frame.” Of course, everywhere tea is soothing to pain and enlivening to weariness. What is the bedside of the sick without tea? But tea at dead of night, as an amiable institution, a genial parenthesis of homely light in the long tract of the dark hours, and the worst of them is quite another thing.

At first it is, no doubt, extemporized, and of course it is not rigidly held to, like dinner or breakfast, by the healthy, because the occasion comes, and goes, and varies; but it can stand on its own feet, and make its own ceremonies and laws. Of course it implies a half-toilet, as probably the occasions which bring it about do. But the great thing is silence, —

Still-born silence, thou that art
 Floodgate of the deeper heart;

that is to say, very little speech. One of the friends is weary with suffering, and the other with nursing; the talk, if any, is very homely, and the “cleverness” confined to allusive phrases with light and life in them. It does not matter whether the rain beats on the roof or not, or what footsteps, if any, are to be heard outside. There are the faces in the fire to make out, most likely there is a railway whistle once in the course of an hour, some piece of furniture is sure to creak, and a familiar picture or dress hanging up will take on some new appearance. But incidents like these are not peculiar to midnight tea, half the pleasure of which lies in the gentle intimacy of the festivity, and part, though but little, in what some people would call its irrationality. As for taking trouble, when you have a fire, with hot water, where is the trouble in making it? Tea is the final cause of such things. And in all the whole realm of fairy-land, there is nothing less pleasing than those wonderful feasts which come of themselves. *They* are irrational, if you please; but “making” tea is both rational

and delightful. There could be no poetry and no refreshment of the higher order in tea turned on from a hose, or served up by the Wizard of the North out of inexhaustible taps, or by Mephistopheles in Auerbach’s cellar.

The tea that is used at midnight tea must not be too strong, nor must it be of such a refined order as to *awaken* the palate. Not too strong, certainly, or it might drive away the wished-for sleep, and yet it must not be weak. What is the good of weak tea, however, or indeed of weak anything? Nobody advises you to eat weak raspberries or greengages, and tea ought to be normally, reasonably strong. The tea for midnight tea might be indicated as a cottage tea, not washer-woman’s rasping bohea, of course, nor Lady Dedlock’s pale, straw-colored infusion; but just a nice, homely liquor, that will refresh, and then leave the system at peace.

In the institution of midnight tea, bread-and-butter is not contemplated. It is not a meal, it is a soft, soothing refreshment, that somehow gets mixed up with weary and painful nights, and is not a hard-and-fast item in the programme of the twenty-four hours. It is very far indeed from being like a fairy festivity, for fairies have neither suffering nor sympathy, and this grows out of both, —

Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

Much amusement was caused some years ago, when a judge of the Divorce Court, refusing to grant the separation sought by the parties, made this pleasant remark, upon certain ugly incidents in the case, which would have taxed the ingenious amenity of Lord Stowell himself. How much there is in the experience of the sick-room, especially in mixed and chronic cases, which is of this character! But there can be no question of the wisdom or felicity of diluting such experience with what may certainly be remembered with pleasure some day. Only midnight tea is rather the sort of thing that steals into the painful, weary hours like a dream, than a thing to be arranged and pre-determined. Some may not like the idea. But those who do will always have a euphemism for some of their worst times. “In the days when we had midnight tea,” will be a pleasanter thing to say than, “In the days when the nights were almost unbearable;” and pleasanter than all will be the recollection of the last time when the spoons tinkled in the cups, — if that was the last night of the weariness, or the pain.

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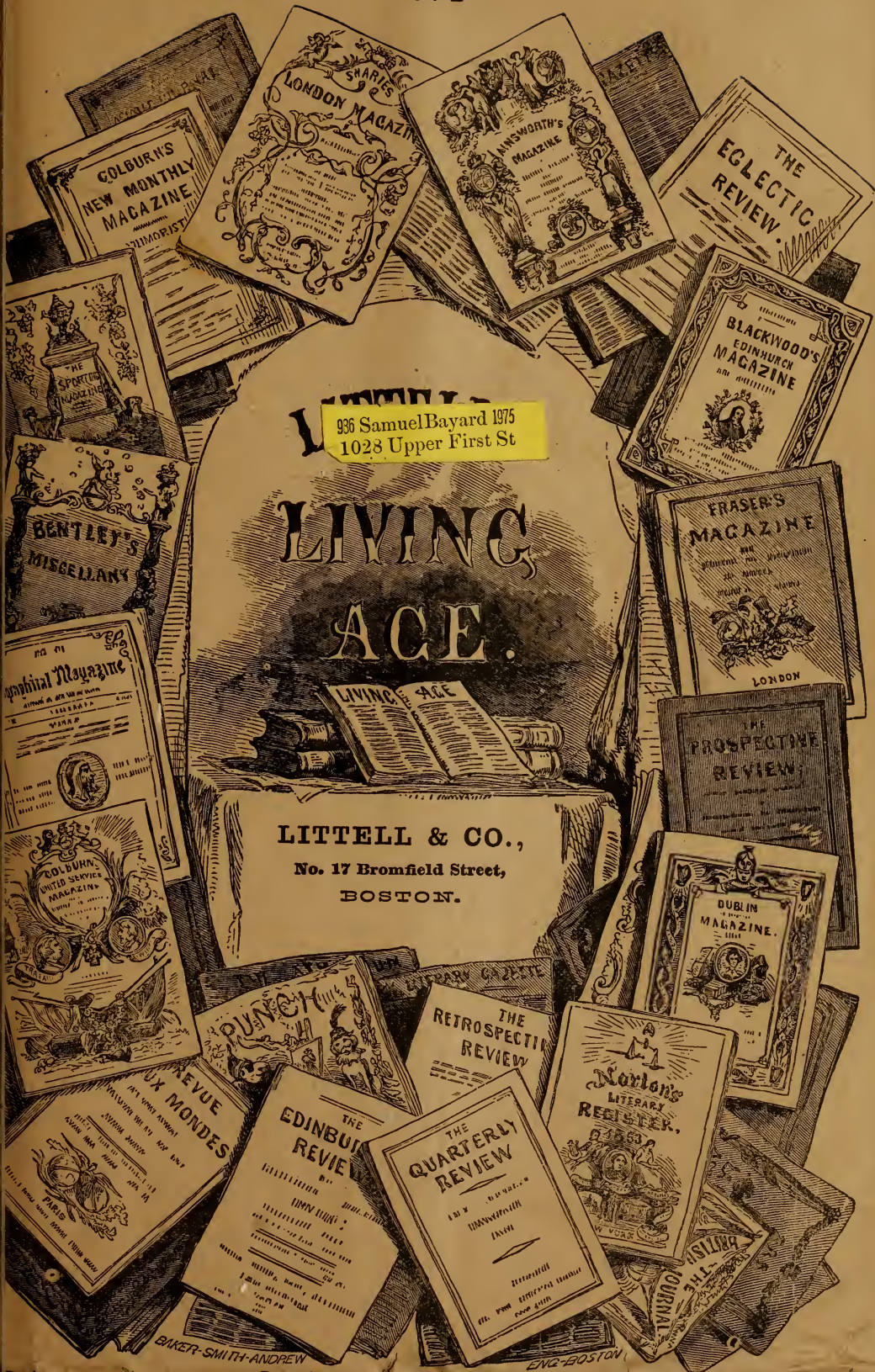
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{ From Beginning,
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CONTENTS.

I. ITALY AS IT IS,	<i>Fortnightly Review,</i>	131
II. LADY JANE. By Mrs. Oliphant. Part III., .	<i>Good Words,</i>	143
III. QUEEN ELIZABETH AT HATFIELD,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i>	156
IV. AT HIS WITS' END,	<i>Sunday Magazine,</i>	166
V. ROBIN. By Mrs. Parr, author of "Adam and Eve." Part VI.,	<i>Temple Bar,</i>	171
VI. ON THE NAMES OF THE GREEKS,	<i>Nineteenth Century,</i>	180
VII. PROPERTY <i>versus</i> PERSON—INEQUALITY OF SENTENCES,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i>	188

POETRY.

THE SLEEPER,	130
"COUNT EACH AFFLICTION, WHETHER LIGHT OR GRAVE,"	130
MISCELLANY,	192

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THE SLEEPER.

I.

THE fire is in a steadfast glow,
 The curtains drawn against the night ;
 Upon the red couch soft and low,
 Between the fire and lamp alight,
 She rests half-sitting, half-reclining,
 Encompassed by the cosy shining,
 Her ruby dress with lace trimmed white.

II.

Her left hand shades her drooping eyes
 Against the fervor of the fire,
 The right upon her cincture lies
 In languid grace beyond desire,
 A lily fallen among roses ;
 So placidly her form reposes,
 It scarcely seemeth to respire.

III.

She is not surely all awake,
 As yet she is not all asleep ;
 The eyes with lids half open take
 A startled deprecating peep
 Of quivering drowsiness, then slowly
 The lids sink back, before she wholly
 Resigns herself to slumber deep.

IV.

The side-neck gleams so pure beneath
 The underfringe of gossamer,
 The tendrils of whose faery wreath
 The softest sigh suppressed would stir.
 The little pink-shell ear-rim flushes
 With her young blood's translucent blushes,
 Nestling in tresses warm as fur.

V.

The contour of her cheek and chin
 Is curved in one delicious line,
 Pure as a vase of porcelain thin
 Through which a tender light may shine ;
 Her brow and blue-veined temple gleaming
 Beneath the dusk of hair back-streaming
 Are as a virgin's marble shrine.

VI.

The ear is burning crimson fire,
 The flush is brightening on the face,
 The lips are parted to suspire,
 The hair grows restless in its place
 As if itself new tangles wreathing,
 The bosom with her deeper breathing
 Swells and subsides with ravishing grace.

VII.

The hand slides softly to caress,
 Unconscious, that fine pencilled curve
 "Her lip's contour and downiness,"
 Unbending with a sweet reserve ;
 A tender darkness that abashes
 Steals out beneath the long dark lashes,
 Whose sightless eyes make eyesight swerve.

VIII.

The hand on chin and throat downslips,
 Then softly, softly on her breast ;
 A dream comes fluttering o'er the lips,
 And stirs the eyelids in their rest,
 And makes their undershadows quiver,
 And like a ripple on a river
 Glides through her breathing manifest.

IX.

I feel an awe to read this dream,
 So clearly written in her smile ;
 A pleasant not a passionate theme,
 A little love, a little guile ;
 I fear lest she should speak, revealing
 The secret of some maiden feeling,
 I have no right to hear the while.

X.

The dream has passed without a word
 Of all that hovered finely traced :
 The hand has slipped down, gently stirred
 To join the other at her waist ;
 Her breath from that light agitation
 Has settled to its slow pulsation ;
 She is by deep sleep re-embraced.

XI.

Deep sleep, so holy in its calm,
 So helpless, yet so awful too ;
 Whose silence sheds as sweet a balm
 As ever sweetest voice could do ;
 Whose tranced eyes, unseen, unseeing,
 Shadowed by pure love, thrill our being
 With tender yearnings through and through.

XII.

Sweet sleep ; no hope, no fear, no strife ;
 The solemn sanctity of death,
 With all the loveliest bloom of life ;
 Eternal peace in mortal breath :
 Pure sleep, from which she will awaken
 Refreshed as one who hath partaken
 New strength, new hope, new love, new faith.
January, 1882. JAMES THOMSON.

Cornhill Magazine.

COUNT each affliction, whether light or grave,
 God's messenger sent down to thee ; do thou
 With courtesy receive him ; rise and bow
 And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
 Permission first his heavenly feet to lave ;
 Then lay before him all thou hast ; allow
 No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
 Or mar thy hospitality ; no wave
 Of mortal tumult to obliterate
 The soul's marmoreal calmness : grief should
 be

Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate ;
 Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free ;
 Strong to consume small troubles ; to commend
 Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting
 to the end.

AUBREY DE VERE.

From The Fortnightly Review.
ITALY AS IT IS.

ANY one who writes an account of a visit to Italy generally begins by saying that his going there had been looked forward to during his previous life with great expectation. I may say the same of a visit recently paid to that country. The reasons in my case, however, were widely different from those which generally lead people to go there. While enjoying the country, the cities familiar from history, and the works of art with which they abound, it was the state of agriculture I longed to see; the rich plains from Capua to the sea, where, from the time of Hannibal to the present day, with little cessation, luxuriant crops have been grown; the plains of Lombardy, of more recent fame, but still old in high farming compared with the Lothians; the dreary, fever-stricken Maremma, with the slightly rolling and undulating lands of the Campagna, leading down to the Pontine Marshes, which have been subjects of interest to every one acquainted with the history of agriculture both in past and present times.

That the old Romans were well advanced in the knowledge of the methods of culture which enabled them to grow much produce is apparent from their writings, and their maxims show their practice was intelligent, though occasional references are made to superstitious customs, oftener quaint. Columella, in addressing landlords, advises them to be "more rigorous in exacting good cultivation than rent, as this for the most part brings profit;" and "except in the case of storms, the farmer cannot ask ease of rent;" and further, "The land ought to be weaker than the husbandman." Their systems of manuring, draining, liming, top-dressing, composting, and irrigation showed the progress they had made in a knowledge of the essentials to success in agriculture. Many of the practices at present followed in Italy seem to have been handed down from those remote times with little change, and several even of the implements now in use in the south answer the description of those used by the Romans.

Italy now contains about twenty-eight millions of people, one million or so less than Great Britain. The extent of surface (or area), including the islands, is about one hundred and twenty thousand square miles, or seventy-seven millions of acres. Bounded on the north by the Alps, and divided along the centre by the Apennines, while washed by the sea on its other boundaries, produces considerable variety in the climate, though even far up the mountains, on the sunny side, from the intense heat, vines flourish, and fruit, besides many other plants or shrubs which would not thrive in England. To a visitor from our northern clime this influence of the sun on the lofty mountain range is most remarkable, since where deep snow lies throughout the winter months, grapes are gathered in the autumn. Another very noticeable fact is the great extent of land in the plains upon which wheat is cultivated, and in some districts grain crops, trees, and vines are all to be seen growing in close proximity.

The extent of productive land is estimated at about fifty-seven millions of acres, equalling the whole of Great Britain. Of this, twenty-seven millions are arable, twelve and one-half millions pasture, three millions are meadow land, half a million rice-ground, olive and chestnut plantations cover about one and one-half millions each, and woods and forests are put down at ten and one-half millions. The yield of wheat is over twelve millions of quarters, maize six millions of quarters, barley, oats, rye, rice, and millet about six millions of quarters, lupines and beans about one and one-half millions of quarters, chestnuts two millions, and potatoes four millions of quarters. The wine made affords eighteen to twenty gallons for each of the population; very little is exported save from Sicily, which province contributes nearly a third of the whole make, and is followed at a great distance by Piedmont and Romagna. Silk culture is still very considerable, but has been stagnant for years.

It is shown that nine millions of men and women find employment on the land, and one-seventeenth of the grown popu-

lation, males and females, are small proprietors, who cultivate their own land. There is nearly an equal proportion of *messadri*, or occupiers who cultivate the land they hold for proprietors, retaining half the produce or thereabouts as their share; and in addition there are upwards of three hundred thousand tenant farmers paying rent, a portion of whom are females. Under the head *coloni* there seems a further number of very small holdings, amounting to between three and four hundred thousand; while one-third of the whole agricultural population belongs to the day-laborer class without any land.

Italy, therefore, depends largely on the cultivation of the soil. This is very evident to a visitor from England, accustomed to see the rapid succession of mineral and goods trains on the railways of Great Britain, there being no similar stir on the Italian lines. About Turin there is a little bustle; one hears the sound of the hammer, and smoke arises from some few factories, but in general there is an entire absence of such signs of mechanical industry from all the towns; and when a visitor ascends the campanile or cathedral towers, the view of the surrounding country is never interrupted from this cause. In the streets of all the chief towns few loaded wagons are to be seen, and the horses which draw such as are met are light of build, while the most conspicuous are long, narrow carts (laden with hay or other fodder), set on a couple of wheels of considerable height, and of the same form, but of much less substantial construction, than those of France.

The traffic of the streets of Glasgow, or even of Edinburgh, would soon grind down the best-formed roadways in the Italian towns, and the little that can be said of their cleanness would be changed to complaint of mud in wet and dust in dry weather, were such heavy loads as ours to pass along them.

The fuel of the country being wood, coal traffic scarcely exists, and the consequent back cartage of ash, so overpowering to the municipal authorities of our northern towns, is unnecessary. The

water supply of towns such as Turin is defective, and though as of old Rome has great displays in her fountains, it is by no means universally diffused. Much manurial matter is retained for field or garden use. In Genoa, one of the most cleanly-kept cities, refuse is carried from the streets outwards on the backs of ponies and mules, and women do much of the scavenger work. In general all town refuse is most cared for where the best farming prevails in the adjoining country.

SOIL.

THE soils of Italy are of the most varied character. For all the purposes of cultivation I have seen no finer in any country than those found around Capua and the plain of the Volturno onward to Naples and the sea. They are deep, friable, and of a dull color, changing into richer brown all the more striking from the bald, bare, stony-looking hills which form their boundary inwards. Much of the soil of other districts rests on stiff, tenacious clay, the remains of what I am inclined to believe is the *débris* produced by the ice-sheet, which, originating in the mountains and extending to the sea, left the spoils of the high land on the flats.

The subsoil is in many cases akin to the boulder clays of England and Scotland, at least so far as the dissimilar rocks from which it was formed could produce it; and it is impervious to moisture. Much of it has a covering of stiff soil of good depth, which is still kept in those narrow ridges formed by a couple of turns of the plough or more, as directed by Palladius. These are perhaps not over two feet wide where the soil is wettest, but three, four, or five feet where it is drier, with deep furrows between them for drainage.

On the subsoils corresponding to the upper drift of Scotland the soils are more friable, are naturally dry, and carry more luxuriant crops; while on the traps, or volcanic rocks, their constant decay leaves, as in Scotland, a soil fit for carrying all kinds of crops.

The river flats on the plains of Lombardy and the banks of the Arno and Volturno consist of alluvial deposits from

their waters, rich in the elements of vegetable growth. The soils along the Tiber are chiefly of the dull yellowish-grey color which characterizes so much of the country through which it flows, and give their color to its waters. The lower mountains are thinly covered with soil, of which the best use is made by terracing in suitable situations, while the valleys among the hills have large accumulations of moranic matter which the streams are working away, and this is the chief cause of the dull, muddy appearance of the waters they contain.

The agricultural districts of Italy may be divided into the plains or river flats, the downs, and the mountains. First, the plains, or river flats, have a large extent of excellent farming land fit for all crops; in no country can that of Lombardy be surpassed, or the Volturno, primitive though it be. While much of the lower district of the Po and Venetia are poor enough, as in most of the countries of Europe, the plains, or river flats, as they provide the most accessible soils of the greatest depth and endurance, are the best cultivated; these portions, however, are often limited in extent, though considerable here. The whole of the flat country from Alessandria by Milan to Brescia, and by Lodi, Pavia, Novaro, and Vercelli, is well farmed, though all is not irrigated. Of many places in this district it may be said, when you take your stand on some lofty campanile or cathedral tower that —

Beneath is spread like a green sea
The waveless plain of Lombardy.

To a northern agriculturist accustomed to green, but green of a dingy sort, the bright, clear green of the grass or corn-fields in spring is something to be remembered in this part of Italy, and when the cause which has produced this appearance is looked into, art is seen to triumph over nature. For more than six hundred years has the great canal of the Ticino carried eighteen hundred feet per second of water from that river to fertilize by thousands of channels the soil of the country between the river near its source in Lake Maggiore and the city of Milan, while

other rivers have been tapped by numerous canals. So that there are nearly one and three-quarters of a million of acres watered in the plains of Lombardy and Piedmont by five thousand miles of canals, besides smaller channels, which spread out the supply of water to the farms where wanted. There are several thousand acres under water, — meadows, — where the flow is constant. These afford two or three cuttings of grass during winter, besides three in spring and summer. The large portion of the irrigated grass-land is not cut until April, richly manured portions affording a supply about the first week of March, and then two or three others afterwards. A portion of the land is grazed for the two months of the autumn; sheep-land seems not again irrigated until early spring. The grass from the winter meadows is used for the food of dairy cows in milk, and the cuttings from the permanent summer meadows, after supplying the immediate wants of the dairy and other live stock, are made into hay for winter food. The crops grown in the lower plains are rice on the marshy flats, generally all hand-cultivated; green crops of different sorts; potatoes forming a moderate portion, maize, wheat, much the largest, followed by flax, with a small acreage of millet. In the plains of Piedmont and Lombardy many farms of from six hundred to twelve hundred acres are passed; on these a more definite rotation of crops is met with than elsewhere.

The tall red-brick steam-engine stalk of the Lothian and the border counties is wanting, while the farm buildings are lofty, in the form of a square, or say sixty yards by fifty yards, or of greater proportions, all built round, with large haystacks within and accumulations of straw outside. Stately oxen, tall and well-proportioned as many horses, are the chief animals of draught, and are seen there in perfection. Manure, liquid and solid, is properly valued, a full stock of cattle being kept. Compost heaps are everywhere attended to. Where the soil is deep, portions are made into dressings with various sorts of material. These, after due time to make, are spread over

the fields and bush-harrowed into the grass-land. Silt from the watercourses, where of value, is also used, and every vegetable or animal substance procurable is turned to account for manure. Guano has been, and is still, in use, as well as phosphates. All the processes of husbandry are carried out in a thorough way. It is strange to see so many trees surround the fields. The poplars are cut straight up and regularly branched. Mulberries, elms, and maples abound, while cherry and other fruit trees are not wanting. At certain yearly intervals these are lopped and dressed for firewood and fencing, while vines also form an important branch of culture in different localities. Milk, cheese, grain, and wine are the chief articles of produce, with some flax and hemp, besides medick, clover, turnips, potatoes, and other vegetables. Of course, silk culture is carried out where the mulberry-trees abound. The greatest watchfulness is exercised over the water supply, the canals and minor channels being closely looked at under the supervision of a class of engineers trained from their boyhood, and who add to their acquirements a thorough knowledge of practical agriculture as carried on in the district, and act as valuers in connection with the entry and the removal of tenants. These engineers have a thorough training in all questions of hydraulic art, and a knowledge of the system of irrigation and the rights of property.

The part they play in the irrigated districts is most important. They not only design and superintend the construction of all works in connection therewith, but also arrange the whole details of leases, as those are for a term of years, and usually at a fixed rent in money and certain quantities of produce. On the entrance of a tenant to a farm the proprietor appoints an engineer to make out a list of its fixtures and stock, and to report on the state of every field, its size, cultivation, and condition. Plantations are noted and trees numbered, and everything of a permanent nature stated, and the whole valued according to a scale of prices. The tenant has the right to associate an engineer of his own choice with the one appointed by the proprietor. When the lease expires, the same work is gone over again, and should ameliorations have been made by the tenant he is credited with these at their value; and, on the other hand, should deteriorations have taken place he is debited with them, and he either receives from his landlord, or

has to pay him, the sums brought out in the revaluation. This is a simple and efficient way of solving the question of tenants' improvements, so much discussed at present throughout this country.

From what I could learn of the estimation in which this method is held, both the landlord and tenant seemed satisfied. When the tenant invests capital in the farm and improves the property he is sure of receiving the fair value for it when he leaves, and the landlord of paying no more than the actual value of the improvement made. In this country there are no such educated professional valuers as are found in Milan or Lombardy. This would operate against the success of the introduction of the system at present. The tenantry have no great confidence in land valuers, who are paid by the landlords. The establishment of a school for the training of agricultural surveyors on the lines of that of Piedmont seems the first step, and the next, that landlords consent to allow such valuation to be made, and the tenant to appoint a valuer along with his.

While the valuations made by parties employed to ascertain the rental of land are being continually challenged in this country, I heard comparatively little of this from those I conversed with who knew the work of the Italian valuers; and what succeeds in Piedmont and Lombardy is surely worth considering here, seeing that it has long been in practice among farms of different sizes—from not very small to very large—over the wide lower plains of those provinces. Tenants are entitled to assign their leases in the absence of provisions in the lease to the contrary; the consent of the landlord is not required to such assignments; the principal tenant remains bound to the landlord. In the case of loss of crop, or half loss, the tenant is entitled to claim a reduction of rent, which is allowed unless compensated for in previous years' excess. The tenant for a single year is also so entitled to claim for the whole or half loss of year's crop. This, or something like it, was understood to be the law of Scotland, although not acted on of late. The landlord has also a right over the tenant's stock and crop for rent due and to become due.

In the flat, alluvial land by Capua, Caserta Averso, and the banks of the Volturno on to Naples the cultivation is by the hand, few animals being employed in ploughing. The oxen may draw on the manure, which is often laid out in drills

two feet or more wide, and at the rate of ten to sixteen tons per acre or so. It is spread in the rows and dug in with a spade, which has a long handle, and a spur on the lower part for the foot to press it into the soil. Bands of men are seen at work in spring digging in the manure and *sovericio*, the latter a mixture of green lupines and beans, raised in autumn and kept growing during winter for green manuring. This second crop in the year keeps the land in heart. There are no fences here.

Most luxuriant crops of wheat, beans, maize, are raised. By the first week in March the winter-sown beans are in bloom, the wheat is also far advanced, and the sowing of the spring crops mostly completed, and the land left with a most beautiful garden finish on the surface. There are seven or eight crops had in five years. The fields are of various sizes, often not much more than half an acre in extent, and surrounded with trees when near the towns. In other situations they are much larger.

The rotation is *sovericio*, followed by cotton, *sovericio*, or grasses, then hemp or Indian corn, madder, *sovericio*, cotton; or in some places Indian corn, wheat, hemp, and wheat. In such lands, counting the crops as passed, there is always a greater number of fields under wheat than of all the other crops put together. Thus the proportions of rye, barley, oats, beans, or other cereals are together less than wheat. A good many potatoes are raised, and great attention is paid to their culture, though the varieties did not seem the most desirable.

In the garden farms hand-watering with liquid manure is resorted to, tanks being kept in the fields, from which a supply is to be had. It is apparently a portion of this district that Pliny writes of, and which he calls "*Laboriæ*," and describes as "bounded on two sides by consular ways, the one leading from Puteoli, and the other from Cannæ to Capua, which is never allowed to rest, producing a valuable crop every year, and where the straw of the crop is so strong that it is used in place of wood." The trees which bound the fields carry the vines, which root and feed on the cultivated land.

There are few surface drains, and the soil—in the main alluvial—has been added to by volcanic ash and the application of all the manure which much vegetable wealth and careful preservation supplies.

The shade of the trees would in most

northern countries injure the quality of the grain grown. Here it has not that effect; there is ample light, and the wheat—grown among them—is capable of making excellent flour, though its produce may be reduced.

Oranges are abundant, and all the productions of a climate without frost and with a powerful sun and cloudless sky succeed. The abundance of cheap manual labor, a fertile soil, and a genial climate are here united.

The land is not without weeds. The twitch, when the land is dug, is carefully thrown out on the surface, collected, washed, and made up into bundles of a couple of handfuls, and sold at the markets and at shop-doors for horse-feeding. In Naples during spring the cab-horses are partially fed on this. The cabmen call it *gramenia*. In spring, too, all vegetable products are in great demand, and the leaves of autumn-grown turnips serve the cattle, the best being used for human food. In those deep, friable soils around Naples, and in the garden enclosures close to that city, the luxuriance of the turnip-leaves from autumn-sown plants is prodigious, the warmth of the winter being great, and sufficient moisture, which is often scarce in summer, being then abundant. There are many old olive-trees, and mulberry, loquat, figs, and more southern fruit-trees abound.

The large population have the advantage of living in a climate where winter is like the summer of many parts of Scotland. The larger portion of the land is held by tenants, although a goodly number of peasant proprietors hold small patches of ground which they cultivate. Tenants rent land from two acres upwards. The very small holdings where garden culture prevails have two men employed per acre, while the largest do not require one-third of that number.

The Downs.—Every one has heard of the unhealthiness of many parts of Italy during summer and autumn; few districts are worse in this respect than the wide plain from Pisa to Terracina. This tract of country lies between the Mediterranean Sea and the Apennines; all the drainage water from those hills passes through it. The Maremma of Tuscany extends from near Pisa to the Roman States, has six considerable rivers, of which the Ombrone is the largest; all of them are more or less sluggish, carrying dull, muddy waters. So much is this the fact that the Ombrone was diverted from its course fifty years ago into the Lake of Castigli-

one, for the purpose of filling it up with the silt and rougher deposits it fetches down from the upper country. A large extent of the lake has been made dry by this operation of warping; the process is not yet completed. Over the Maremma, the rivers run in shallow beds, and the drainage into them is difficult. Water underlies the soil, and where drainage operations were in progress much water was drawn out of the subsoil, showing that it exists there to the injury of the crops grown and the health of the inhabitants. The Maremma is the least inviting, and it is, indeed, the most dismal district in Italy, forming a portion of the land occupied by the ancient Etruscans, who had much of it under cultivation. It is said to be from the overflow of the streams, the growth of marsh land, and the rough, coarse vegetation and constant neglect, that it has reached its fever-stricken condition. Making all allowances for the effect of neglect, it is scarcely possible to believe that all this country was ever thoroughly cultivated. A large portion is covered with a thin, poor soil resting on stiff, tenacious clay of all colors of yellow, grey, or whitish. Here and there apparently drift-shingle is met with covered by a finer soil, drier and deeper. Much, however, of this large district has an inferior soil on a cold subsoil, unfit for cultivation in its present state. This state seems very like that condition described by Palladius, where he writes of those stiff, lean soils which should be shunned as land that breeds the pestilence. There is land met with here and there, such as is described by Virgil as being a loose and crumbling mould fit for any crop; on such, a goodly field of wheat may be seen, but very little other cultivation.

Large herds of cattle, supplemented by young horses, graze among the creeks in the scrubby woods, while in the open land you see flocks of sheep. Buffaloes of a not very inviting appearance frequent the marshes and less accessible land. These animals are said to have been brought to Tuscany by Lorenzo the Magnificent. Save for such districts they are not of much account. Attempts have been made by opening canals and carrying the waters more directly to the sea to improve the sanitary condition of parts of the country. All such local attempts never can effect what only thorough and complete drainage operations and cultivation can secure, and certainly such attempts are not now being made.

Neither farmhouses nor cottages are

erected, and the people interested in the land appear to reside in the villages or small towns on the high land or rocky eminences on the edge of flat country; rough vegetation is allowed to spread over the district; scrubby timber also abounds, which charcoal-burners utilize in the winter season. It is still, as it has been, subject during summer and autumn to pestilential exhalations, which strike down even the natives, and much more strangers; the wet, rancid soils, the rank vegetation allowed to decay on the surface, and the sun's heat produce the reek from the rotting fens, so destructive to health. Following the example of the monks at Tre Fontane, near Rome, the railway authorities have of late been draining pieces of land around the stations on the line along the flat country, digging pits four feet deep and square, exposing the output to the atmosphere, and planting blue-gum trees. These trees spring up with great rapidity in a few years; those first planted are thriving and healthy, and in the deep, rich soil at Grossetta, the chief city of the Maremma, about four acres of land were being planted last spring around the station. In soil as shown in the pits, they will have very favorable conditions for growth; and if, as is expected, they extract from the air the miasma as it rises, in a few years they will be so grown as to test the correctness of the opinion, as every station is to have a surrounding of these eucalyptus or blue gums. The dwellers there will realize their value, and it may be hoped will enjoy better health than they hitherto have done.

I am afraid that at many of the railway stations the extent of land planted is too limited, and that the blue gum alone will not cure the evil. The whole district requires to be looked to; the government alone can secure such improvements as seem likely to overcome the poisoning emanations which from the earliest times have afflicted this part of the country. Draining from the sea upwards of all the stagnant flats during the winter season, when laborers can work with safety, clearing off the rough vegetation and burning and keeping the scrubby timber in check, would prove a sure means of preventing the decay of vegetable matter on the surface of a moist soil under a hot sun. Various of the old Roman writers on agriculture praise the advantages of burning off all surface growths. It is a well-known fact that in many gum-tree districts of Australia, when fresh taken up, much

fever prevailed. After repeated burning of the surface growths, a much healthier state of matters existed. If M. Lesseps can hope successfully to overcome the Chagres fever in making his Panama canal, within nine degrees of the equator, the opening up of the Campagna and Maremma may be more easily accomplished, with more beneficent results than in the big guns that the Italians boast of.

The Roman Campagna is a continuation of the Tuscan Maremma southwards; it is more undulating, with outbursts of trap and deeper watercourses running from the hills to the sea. The Tiber flows in a valley from a few hundred yards to more than a mile in width, and the bed it has cut out varies from fifty to fully a hundred yards broad. The other streams are sunk in the valleys, and all seem to indicate a much larger flow of water at one time than at present. In many of the brooks boulders occur, and such carried blocks are scattered over several districts. The rock covering here consists of material very much resembling the boulder clay with a covering of drift gravel, and the soils vary accordingly.

Outside of Rome the Appian Way passes over outbursts of bluish basalt, which is largely quarried for the streets of the city, as it had been for the old Roman roads. Onwards, Albano is largely composed of traps, the surface of which is decaying. The soils of the Roman Campagna in all the higher districts have little alluvial matter in them, while in general the quality is superior to the Maremma of Tuscany. The cultivation is better, though very antiquated. You see twenty old Roman ploughs each drawn by four oxen, in charge of one man who stands on it. They work in two lines and are attended by a man on horseback in charge. The work done is rough. In other large fields bands of thirty or forty men and youths are at work weeding wheat, which with hay is the principal crop in the Campagna. Sheep are grazed during winter over the hay-grounds, and cattle in herds are supplied with hay and straw out of doors. In summer the sheep are removed to the hills. Should the blue gums succeed in rendering the malaria harmless to the dwellers in the belts around the railway stations in the Maremma, much of the Campagna could be turned into the finest sugar-beet growing land in the world. With the manufactories placed in suitable situations, and surrounded by those trees, and by tramways of simple construction reaching over wide

districts, the produce of the fields could supply roots enough to yield sugar for the whole of Italy, while the manure from Rome and from cattle fed on the refuse of the factories would be sufficient for the land. Barley for exportation could be had to succeed the beet, followed again by grasses for hay, which is in great demand for live stock in and near the city.

Through a cheap system of tramways, the work-people could be quickly conveyed from the highlands to their work during winter and spring; and opening the levels so that waters could not stagnate anywhere, cultivating and exposing the soil to the action of the atmosphere, and allowing nothing in the shape of animal or vegetable matter to decay in the soil or on the surface, but collecting all manure into heaps for fermentation, are among the most likely means of checking this deadly poison from getting into the air.

Occupation for an increasing population may some day, now that there is an Italian kingdom, force on such beneficent work. It ought to be the work of the nation. The Maremma being mostly in the hands of large proprietors and clear of inhabitants, arrangements could more easily be made to effect such a result. The finding of occupation for a poorly employed people, and prospectively adding to the home production of food, should surely induce Italian legislators to spend money on such improvements.

A large population occupies the hill-sides and lower mountains of many districts. In general the soil is thin; and water, scarce at times, is over plentiful at others. By terracing or building up stone facings they check the waste of the soil by the sudden melting of the snow or rushes of the rain-water. Vines, walnuts, chestnuts, almonds, and many fruit-trees are grown, while vegetables provide food for their cattle, on which they depend for manure for their crop.

Many of the mountains have a bare, grey look, and the want of wood seems remarkable. The planting of timber would appear to have been neglected. Those stone pines, of which a few stately examples are seen about Rome and elsewhere, rarely meet the eye of a visitor on the mountain-sides. It is more frequently the juniper, the berries of which form an article of export to this country. At certain elevations the summer pastures prevail, to which so many of the sheep are driven in spring and removed in autumn.

There is a large amount of excellent cultivation by small proprietors in Piedmont and Liguria, where about six hundred thousand of them are to be found — not, however, that they are all exemplary in their practice; many are certainly the reverse. Those of them on the river flats show clean, carefully managed lands. In Lombardy there are many *mezziauli* in the upper plain, and in the plain of Bologna they abound. The farms are here from twenty to fifty acres; the tenancy, being annual, is generally renewed. Six months' notice to quit from May is given in the event of leaving, and an equal division of the products of the soil between landlords and *mezziauli* constitutes the usual terms of occupancy, though differences exist. When the crops fail both suffer, and the loss is less to the cultivator than where the rents are fixed. On *messadri* land mulberry-trees and vines are the subject of contract. The landlord supplies half the manure for the use of the farm and half the cattle, and the *mezziaulo* pays income-tax, hearth-tax, and half the cattle-tax. When there are successive bad seasons the *mezziaulo* gets into his landlord's debt, and at Florence and elsewhere I heard landlords complain of this, even for one season, and of the difficulty of improving the management and cultivation of the land by *mezziaulo* tenants. From what I learned, though there have been bad seasons in different districts, there has been no succession of them; 1879 was locally unfavorable, while 1880 was generally good, and the present year 1881 irregularly so.

In the absence of diseases, such as the *phylloxera*, the vine seems very suitable for the soil and climate of the country, and with the abundance of cheap labor may be largely extended. The demand for grapes from Germany for wine-making was very considerable last year. As yet the Italians have not succeeded in making a wine which has a high character and stands transportation well. Perhaps this easy mode of disposing of their growth of grapes to others who can make wine may pay best. Some cultivators seem to think so, as they are planting on the French system and training to poles, and on such land as is most suitable for large crops.

In Great Britain we find no class of small proprietors of from two to twenty acres farming their own land, and no equally small tenants such as are found in Italy. A class of large farmers exists

in Lombardy and Piedmont, the Tuscan Maremma, and the Roman Campagna, who will compare with the larger tenant farmers of England and Scotland, and between whom and the small landlords and tenants of Italy there is a wide difference. How it comes it is difficult to say, that there should be large farmers in the plains of Lombardy and Piedmont and small proprietors in the valley of the Arno, about Foligno and Perugia (and of whom Mr. Kay, in his "Notes of a Traveller," speaks in such raptures, save that, as Topsy says, "they grewed.") Such growth, however, is often dependent on local conditions, and these conditions, with certain acts of legislation, direct industrial occupation.

It is difficult to agree with the reasons those writers give who disparage the class of small landlord cultivators and farmers, or with those of other writers who exalt the same class and run down the large tenant farmers. There is no reason why a country should not be well farmed by numbers of small landlord cultivators if they have been trained to the business. In Italy that class is not tempted to leave it for less laborious and more lucrative employment, as neither trade nor manufactures offer great inducements; while at present, what could small proprietors do in the Maremma country (to which Mr. Kay alludes as in "such a wretched plight," from its being cultivated by large farmers) in its fever-stricken condition? Some of the cultivation as carried on by small landlords in the valley of the Arno and elsewhere is excellent undoubtedly; so also is that of the large cultivators in Piedmont and Lombardy; both are advantageous to the country. In some of the districts where the small cultivation abounds laborers scarcely have a place, and where found are in great wretchedness from want of regular work and fair pay. On the other hand large farms of Lombardy employ many more laborers' time, and they are more continuously occupied. The salable produce from these large farms, taking the amount of labor employed into account, is certainly in excess of that of the small farms. But no large farmers could support themselves and laborers, and turn out from the terraced slopes on the lofty mountain-sides of Italy the same salable produce which the small cultivators supply. Neither could an equal amount of human labor be employed in any other way on such land. It is the beneficent power of the summer sun which enables this to be done.

It is the want of such genial influence which renders the Scottish mountains less fit for occupation by such small tenants, and to utilize which, for either sheep or deer, so many glens have been cleared of the cottar occupants who reared black cattle in those glens as their chief source of living, and partly utilized the hills for their summer grazing. These cottar tenants were, no doubt, like many of the messadri tenants of Italy, slovenly, backward, and slow to improve.

It is questionable, now that large portions of the north-west highlands of Scotland have been cleared of that class of occupants, whether the landlords in reality draw more rent from the land than would have been got from those cottar tenants, the dwellers in hundreds of glens, had measures been taken to improve their position by giving each enough of land on which to live. The stocking of the cleared country with sheep, the large outlay of capital in such stock, and the heavy death-rate, together with the inability of the land to winter the number required for summer grass, all diminish the actual rent obtainable from such hill country.

In Italy the existence of many small proprietors in the hills as well as the small occupants, and the essential difference in the character of the people, make clearances impossible. The effects of evictions in Ireland are only too notorious, and had such been attempted on the large scale in Italy the result would have been more serious still, judging from the frequency of revengeful attacks, stabblings, and murders reported. It is only among a loyal, law-abiding people like the Scottish Highlanders that such clearances could be made as have drafted to the seashore, Canada, and the United States the occupants of so many glens.

Apparently it is impossible to change in one generation the habits, customs, and practices, the growth of centuries, and it is also equally impossible always to succeed in a wholesale way in supplanting old systems of occupation with new methods, equally advantageous to the individual and the country. In the highly cultivated counties of the south and east of Scotland there at one time existed many hundreds of cottar tenants. None such are to be found now. As the amount of stocking they owned was small, the operation of the law of hypothec told against them, and the game laws, and the extra cost of buildings requisite on those smaller holdings,

has effectually crushed them all out. Had such been in existence now, they would have provided the means for preserving industrious ploughmen, rising in the world and becoming masters. No such step now exists. To cut up farms and divide into forty or fifty acre allotments is a very difficult and expensive affair. Many landed proprietors are now regretting the absence of such small farms, as it seems in certain districts the rents have been better paid by those tenants who do all the work on the farm by themselves and their families, since the great rise in the rates paid for hired labor on larger farms in Scotland.

In Italy during the making of the railways the price of labor rose; it has fallen again. Neither the small proprietors farming their own land, nor the messadri, nor those tenants who share with the landlords the produce of the land they occupy, employ many hired work-people, and as a consequence much of the agricultural work of Italy is done by the owners and occupiers themselves; the landowners share the loss in bad years and participate in the profit in good years under the *mezzeria* system. However much the lot of these small occupants and little landlords may be praised, it is anything but a pleasant one; many of them, though literally living under their own vine and fig-tree, have no outlet for their families, and further subdivision of the land they own is not possible, though the soil and climate of such a country as Italy, still affords enormous opportunities for industrial occupation, were the skill and money at command. It would be a long time before a great increase in the rate paid for labor could take place, by the steady addition made to the population and the small emigration. If the practice so universal in England of employing horse or steam power, instead of manual labor, were introduced, it would still further keep down the rise of the labor rate. Cultivation by steam power, however, will not, for various reasons, soon extend in Italy. For threshing grain it has already been introduced, and it certainly may increase; but for ploughing, the small size of the fields in all the cultivated districts and the high price of fuel stand in the way. In the Maremma and Roman Campagna the steam plough or grubber and reaping machine ought to be serviceable, but they cannot succeed in other districts, while reaping machines, land rollers, and many other machines used in England are

of no use over Italy, as the hand does the work at little cost.

Thus in Italy may be found all the modes of owning and occupying land. We have the large landowner leasing or cultivating his own land, the large farmer of from three hundred to twelve hundred acres or more, in the Campagna, the smaller farmer of from fifty to three hundred acres, and the small *mezzauolo* of two to fifty acres, with a very large proportion of the population owning land from a few acres up to fifty and farming it themselves, while tenants pay rent yearly in money and kind and service.

When a person dies intestate, his or her descendants, males or females, alike inherit his or her capital. The surviving husband or wife has the absolute property of one-third, and no person can dispose by will of more than a moiety of his property if at his death he leaves children.

These laws tend greatly to prevent the accumulation of land and to favor its dispersion, and were it not for the earth-hunger, as it has been called, which exists, tending to add field to field, the land of Italy would be more divided than it even is.

LABORERS.

THE laborers in Italy are poor enough. Their numbers far exceed the demand for them, and being largely dependent on agricultural work they are in much the same condition as the Irish were before the potato famine.

In the south (Naples) and north-east (Venetia) their condition is the worst I saw. Work is irregular and poorly paid; perhaps two hundred to two hundred and fifty days' employment in the year is all they have, at 1s. per day on an average. Wheat bread is as high in price as in this country; indeed higher, taking quality into account. They have not much of it, however; Indian corn forms their chief food, along with chestnuts, flour, vegetables, including a few potatoes. Usually animal food is beyond their reach, and, where they can obtain it, it is pork, cheese, and offal. In other districts wages are rather higher, viz. from 1s. 3d. to 1s. 8d. Food is supplied by some employers for a few weeks in harvest, with a poor sort of wine called workmen's wine. The wives of the laborers, their daughters and sons, are also employed in the fields; their pay is less than half that of the men. Wherever the farms are large, such as in the Campagna, Lombardy, and

Liguria, bands of from twenty to forty are seen hoeing, or weeding, or engaged at other out-of-door work, according to the season. In the small-farm districts a few laborers only are at work together; these are the families of the *mezzauoli* and small owners, few laborers being here employed save in harvest. In a country so dependent on agriculture, and where such an extensive subdivision of the land exists, laborers have little chance of rising; their hope of improvement must be very slight, as there is little use for them in the towns, and they neither have the means nor the spirit to emigrate, while their numbers are always increasing. The three millions or more of them and their belongings must form a source of great anxiety to the rulers of the nation. On the verge of starvation in good seasons, when a series of poor crops and great depression prevails their lot must be sad indeed. Even in fair seasons, with so much green vegetable food, inferior quality of meal, little milk, and their poor wine, the deadly disease called *pellagra* kills many of them.

So far as my observations went, wherever farms were of fair size, not too large, and where hired laborers do the work, their condition compares well with that of those employed by the *messadri*, or even with small proprietors who farm their own land and do their own work. In many other districts they are hopelessly poor. However, the class of tenants immediately above them are only slightly better off, and from the fellow-feeling that this begets, and from never having known a happier condition of life, they are apparently resigned to their lot.

The rural districts of such a country are not pleasant to live in. A class always so abjectly poor, so short of the necessities of life, often idle, and always nigh to want, are exposed to many temptations to which well-employed and fully-paid laborers never are. Hence the high walls and strong enclosures which surround many farming places, and hence the strange precautions taken to indicate any interference with property, such as whitewashing the coal-heaps and the tops of the loaded coal-wagons on the railways, the almost universal use of locked wagons for all sorts of merchandise; and all private precautions that are taken on the fields and farm-places to prevent petty spoliation.

In many districts education has been low, and ignorance rampant; the loafing

habits of the youth stick to them when they grow up, and render them little serviceable as members of the community. Their number keeps down the rate of wages. Education, now that there is a united Italy, is well attended to; as the class of teachers they possess have not themselves had the best training, time will be required for its effects to be developed. Their teachers must be first taught, however.

Had the Italian laborer, the small tenant class, and many *messadri*, as large a share of the produce of the land as the Scottish laborer has, the amount left for rent would be inconsiderable indeed; in many districts there would be no margin. In saying this, I by no means desire to see the Scotch laborer share less. He has little enough certainly. The Italian, however, has less, and but for the abundance of vegetables, life could not be sustained. It is impossible fairly to compare the Scottish agricultural laborers with the laboring class in Italy. On the large farms of Piedmont and Lombardy it may be so far comparable, but even there the Scottish laborer is vastly better placed; his nearness to great centres of trade and manufactures, where his sons and daughters are readily employed, enables him to obtain fair wages for his labor and to check over supply, while the easy access to the ports of departure of the various foreign and colonial steam shipping companies enables those inclined to go to join other friends and acquaintances abroad. In Italy no such facilities exist. The trade and commerce of the country is small, while little emigration for settlement abroad is heard of. It seems to me that our laborers are not only far in advance in the comforts of life, but they are far above those of the small tenant class and many of the *messadri*, and will compare favorably with the small property class who farm their own land.

CATTLE.

THE cattle are of a motley sort. No finer draught oxen are to be seen than those around Alessandria, south and north-west, with large, well-proportioned, muscular frames, strongly-knit limbs, and capital feet, not very long, tapering horns, and of light ashen white color. They are admirably adapted for slow, steady work. The finest sell when three or four years old at £40 to £50 a pair. Some of the milking sorts of Lombardy seem much prized; many are, however, imported from

Switzerland, the land being too valuable for breeding. The cattle of Naples and the south are of all colors and shapes; few of them are good, being of an inferior stock, for fat or milk; indeed, there are no true beef-producing cattle in Italy. None have the mellow touch, the tendency to fatten, and the kindly look of the English breeds. When visiting the cattle markets of Rome and other towns I saw large numbers collected for sale. These, even in the last week of February, when in England they are in the highest condition, were not in first-class fat; indeed, the most of them would be deemed third-rate in this country. They were of all ages, chiefly white in color, and many had been used for draught, to which purpose the breeders' attention had been chiefly directed. I by no means wish to decry the stately, sturdy draught oxen which you meet in the Campagna, or on the banks of the Arno or the Po. Without, however, interfering with this noble class, there is ample room for improvement in most of the other breeds. Any one who recollects the Irish cattle of fifty years ago, and knows them now, can appreciate the benefit which improved breeding confers. Such as the Irish were then, so are the greater number of the south-Italian cattle now.

It would be rash in a stranger to say the Italian breeder should use this breed or that breed for crossing his with. It is enough to say that in shape, form, and quality, either for milk or beef, they are sadly inferior. Slowly, and by using the best bulls that they can obtain of their present breeds, they would improve their stock. Through judicious crossing, as in the case of Ireland, they would in far fewer years make a more rapid improvement. In several of the northern towns, such as Genoa and Florence, the veal is particularly good, though injured by the absurd custom of blowing up with air; and generally the care shown about carrying meat from the slaughter-houses to the shops, and from them to the consumers, is superior to that in England and Scotland. On the top of a hotel omnibus I asked my neighbor what those little, neat vans drawn by smart ponies contained. "Butchers' meat," he said. "You English say you have the best meat in the world, and you have good meat, but you treat it badly; you throw the carcasses into a cart, often cast a dirty sheet over them, and the driver jumps up and sits on the load. In Paris, if anywhere, beef,

veal, mutton, and lamb are cleanly handled and neatly kept."

The price of beef and mutton varies in different towns in Italy. It is highest in Naples, where the supply is very poor. What is fairly good might reach nearly home price; and fair comparison can only be made with equal qualities. That which is priced at the butcher's stall or shop-doors is generally the inferior sorts.

THE DAIRY.

If the Italians cannot be praised for the quality of their beef and mutton, the products of the dairy in the shape of cheese is of the highest class. Gorgonzola, which along with English stilton forms the favorite of the clubs, is chiefly made at the village of that name a few miles from Milan. In other parts of Lombardy the Parmesan, the best-known product, is made for export, with a variety of the *grana*, or cheese for country sale. Gruyère cheese is also being imitated, while that from skimmed milk is the common food of the laborer, hard and uninviting though it be. What may be called factories for making cheese abound, and now several companies have started for the purpose of supplying milk to the towns. The Lombard Condensed Milk Company has its factory at Locate, and another is the Lateria Lombarda. These subject the milk which they purchase from the farmers to a process by which, in the hot climate of Italy, when sent to the towns it keeps fresh for four days, and with the addition of sugar for longer periods, and even for exportation. It appears that the price paid for the milk to the farmers by the company is about sevenpence a gallon. The extension of railways and tramways allows its being sent to the factories more readily, and from them to the towns. Very little first-class butter is made in Italy, though there is a fair quantity of second quality.

HORSES.

In Italy you may travel far without meeting any one on horseback. The horses of Italy have yet to be improved; neither for riding, cart, plough, nor carriage have the Italians the right sort, nor are they in numbers sufficient to supply the army with the choice that the service requires. Of the thousands of troop horses I saw at Milan and elsewhere few had substance enough, and many were weak over the loins and not well ribbed home. So long as the ox proves the chief beast of draught, the Italian horses will

be limited in numbers. This, however, does not preclude the improvement of those that they now possess for the car, carriage, or army. Some of the Roman horses are of good shape, fair size, and well topped, but the best horses (few in number, no doubt) which you see are either imported horses or their produce. Such as the English dray or shire horse, not to speak of the Clydesdale, are not to be found in the country. The absence of such animals, seeing that the state of farming and trade is so different from ours, is not felt yet. The load their horses draw is for their weight perhaps equal to what English horses of similar size would take. I carefully noted the loads both in the north and south, and found that as a rule a horse, an ox, and a mule yoked to a cart drew nearly an equal load to that which one horse would do in Scotland, yet the weight of the Clydesdale would nearly equal that of all the three. I freely admit that the small size of so many of the holdings, and the inability of the cultivators to purchase higher-priced, larger-framed animals, must be considered. Why, however, should no attempt be made to breed even at light weights beasts which would have symmetry, strength, and endurance? It is not that there are no good horses of the various sorts, but it is that the shapely, well-proportioned animals are so few as compared with the "weeds." At Rome, in the Capitol, the horse on which the Roman emperor Marcus Aurelius is mounted is an animal worthy of its rider, but no such horse is seen in Italy now. He is a clean-legged, long-bodied Clydesdale, with a noble head, though a little low at the withers for our present ideas. With such a pattern before them, than which a better does not exist, it only shows that Italian breeders cannot appreciate the truest and grandest specimen of the ancient sculptors' art as a model to work from.

Bakewell and all the other great improvers of the breeds either of horses, sheep, or cattle had an ideal form to breed to, and the chief benefit derived from shows of cattle, horse, or dog arises from exhibiting to the public those animals which more nearly approach the ideal forms which the best judges have adopted for their own. In this the Italians have much to learn. I had an opportunity of seeing an exhibition at Florence of a procession of the Hunt Club; about two hundred horses were turned out, among them many hacks and carriage horses, with some good hunters. At Rome also during

the Carnival the carriage horses were very mixed, but a goodly sprinkling, including those of the royal carriages and those returning from hunting the wild boar on the Campagna, were good, and would compare well with English horses. Such animals, however, sell at high prices in every country; but the horse which is met doing either farm work or in the conveyances on the roads is of low value, selling usually for less than the best oxen, £10 to £20 being the range of prices, and often exceeded by the mules, of which a goodly number is used in preference to the horse.

SHEEP.

THE sheep of Italy are of a very mixed sort, being well adapted neither for wool nor mutton. Their bone and offal form too large a proportion of their bulk, while wool does not make up for the defect. The butchers' shops in many towns exhibit in spring what they call lamb; it is so precocious that it is far from inviting, and along with juvenile kid it makes an entry to such places repulsive. Ewe milk and goat milk is more valuable than well-fed lamb or kid.

In nothing can the Italians benefit their country more than by improving the breed of sheep. Were they crossed with English breeds they would carry more wool, and better mutton would soon appear in the shops. The large-boned, long-legged, narrow-backed breed met with in the country between Ferrara and Padua would give a better account of their food if so crossed than they now do. The yield of wool, at present only about two and a half pounds, might be doubled, and the value of the sheep increased from what they are at present, namely 10s. to 20s., to 30s. or 40s.

Taxation is high in Italy, and agriculture bears a large share, being levied in all sorts of forms on the farms and at the city gates, to pay the interest of the debt incurred for a united Italy, the cost of a large standing army, and an expensive system of administration. Were the energy and skill displayed on the large farms of Lombardy and Piedmont, as well as by the peasant proprietors of the Arno, diffused over the kingdom, the poorly employed laborers would have full work, and the land, now in many places almost idle, yield such an increase of produce as greatly to lighten the burden of the taxes.

JAMES MELVIN.

From Good Words.

LADY JANE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER VII.

SUSPENSE.

WINTON stayed in London until September, with a certain sense of satisfaction in this self-martyrdom. It was totally unnecessary and could advantage nobody—but the thought of going into the country and pretending to enjoy himself while everything was so doubtful as to his future prospects, was disagreeable to him. He neglected his friends, he declined his invitations, he took pleasure in making himself miserable, and in pouring out his loneliness and wretchedness on sheet after sheet of note paper, and addressing the budget to Billings Court; from whence, very soon indeed after this practice began, the duchess, alarmed, sent him an energetic protestation. “Such a hot correspondence will soon awaken suspicions,” she wrote; “for Jane’s sake I implore you to be a little more patient.” “Patient! much she knows about it,” Winton said, when, pouncing upon this letter with the hope of finding, perhaps—who could tell?—the duke’s consent in it and final sanction, he encountered this disappointing check. What could she know about it indeed, with Jane by her side, and all that she cared for! Perhaps in other circumstances the young man might have had a glimmering perception that the duchess was well acquainted with the exercise of patience, even though Jane was her daughter; but at present his own affairs entirely occupied his mind. He spent a good deal of his time in Wardour Street and other cognate regions, and attended a great many sales, in which there was some degree of soothing to be obtained; for to “pick up” something which might hereafter grace her sitting-room gave a glory to *bric-à-brac*, and thus he seemed to be doing something for her, even when most entirely separated from her. Jane herself wrote to him the most soothing of letters. “So long as we know each other as we do, and trust each other, what does a little delay matter?” she said. Poor Winton cried out, “Much she knows about it!” again, as he kissed yet almost tore, in loving fury, her tender little epistle. This was very unreasonable, for of course she knew quite as much about it as he did. When a pair of lovers are parted it is not the lady that is supposed to feel it the

least. And yet he was more or less justified in that despairing exclamation, for Jane's perfect faith was such as is rarely possible to a man who has been in the world. He did not feel at all sure that she might not be capable out of pure sweetness and self-sacrifice — that pernicious doctrine in which, he said to himself angrily, women are nourished — of giving him up. Even the duchess sometimes thought so, deceived by the serene aspect of her child who did not pine or sigh, but pursued her gentle career with a more than ordinary sweetness and pleasure in it. Lady Jane had the advantage over both these doubting souls. Doubt was not in her; and she was aware, as they were not, of the persistency of her own steadfast nature, which, in the absence of all experience to the contrary, she held to be a universal characteristic. It did not occur to her as possible that having made up his mind on an important subject — far less given his heart, to use the sentimental language which she blushed yet was pleased in the depths of her seclusion to employ — a man — or woman either — could be persuaded or forced to change it. Many things were possible — but not that. She had no excitement on the subject because it was outside of all her consciousness, a thing impossible. Change! give up! The only result of such a suggestion upon Lady Jane was a faintly humorous, and perfectly serene smile. But Winton had not this admirable serenity. Perhaps he was not himself so absolutely true as the stainless creature whom he loved. He worked himself up into little fits of passion sometimes, asking himself how he could tell what agencies might be brought to bear upon her, what necessities might be urged upon her. It was very well known that the duke was poor; and if it so happened that in the depths of his embarrassment somebody stepped forward with one of those fabulous fortunes which are occasionally to be met with, ready to free the father at the cost of the daughter, as happens sometimes even out of novels, would Jane be able to resist all the inducements that would be brought to bear upon her? Winton sprang from his feet more than once with a wild intention of rushing to his lawyers and instructing them to stop his Grace's mouth with a bundle of bank-notes, lest he might lend an ear to that imaginary millionaire. And on coming to his senses it might be said that the duke's overweening pride which was working his own harm, was the point

of consolation to which the lover clung, and not any conviction of the firmness of Lady Jane in such circumstances. It *was* a comfort that his Grace was far too haughty in his dukedom to suffer the approach of mere millionaires.

In September, Lady Germaine returning from that six weeks at Homburg with which it was the fashion in those days for worn-out fine ladies to recruit themselves after the labors of the season, and pausing in London two days in a furious *accès* of shopping before she went to the country, saw Winton pass the door at which her carriage was standing, and pounced upon him with all the eagerness of an explorer in a savage country. "You here!" she said, "for goodness' sake come and help me with my shopping. I have not spoken two words together for a week — not even on the journey! There was nobody; I can't think where the people have gone to; one used to be sure of picking up some one on the way, but there was nobody. Well! and how are things going?" she added, making a distinct pause after her first little personal outburst was over.

"Very badly," Winton said, with a sigh.

"Papa will not pay any attention?" said Lady Germaine. "I warned you of that: don't say you were taken unawares. I told you he was the most impracticable of men, and you, in your holy innocence —"

"Don't," said Winton. "I remember all you said; you called me names: you confessed that you felt guilty —"

"Be just. I did not say I felt guilty, but only that his Grace would think me so, which are very different things. And so he will not have you? poor boy! but I knew that from the beginning. There is one fine thing in him, that he has no eye to his own advantage. Most people would think you a very good match for Jane."

"Don't speak blasphemy," said Winton. "I agree with the duke, he is as right as a man can be. There is nobody good enough for her —"

"Except —"

"Except no one that I am acquainted with. I don't deserve that she should let me tie her shoes. Oh, don't suppose I have changed my opinion about that."

"I am glad to find you are in such a proper frame of mind; then there will be no trouble at all, none of the expedients adopted in such cases? Poor Lady Jane! but since that is the case there is

nothing more to be said. And what, may I ask, you good, humble-minded young man, are you doing in town in September? You ought to be shooting somewhere, or making yourself agreeable."

"I am knocking about at all the sales," said Winton, "trying to pick up a little thing here and there for her rooms at Winton. What are the expedients you were thinking of, dear Lady Germaine? It is always good to know."

Lady Germaine laughed. "Then you have not given in?" she said. "I did not suppose you were the sort of person to give in. What did he say? was it final? did he show you to the door? You will think it hard-hearted of me to laugh, but I should like to have been in hiding somewhere to have seen his Grace's face when you ventured to tell him."

"He has not received that shock yet," said Winton, not very well pleased.

"He has not ——! Do you mean you have never asked the duke? Are things just as they were, then, and no advance made?" said Lady Germaine in a tone of wonder that was not quite free of contempt.

"They will not let me speak," said Winton in a voice from which he could not keep a certain querulous accent. "It is not my way of managing affairs; but what can I do? Her mother says ——"

"Then you have got the duchess on your side?"

"I suppose so," said the young man. "I sometimes doubt whether it is for good or evil. She will not let me speak. She says she will let me know the right moment. In the mean time life is insupportable, you know. I shall take my courage *à deux mains*, and when I go down there ——"

"You are going down there — to Billings?" cried Lady Germaine with a gasp of astonishment.

"On the tenth," said Winton with a sigh, "but whether anything will come of it or not ——"

"When the duchess is taking the business into her own hands! Reginald Winton, I have told you before you were a goose," said Lady Germaine solemnly. "And what is the use of mooning about here and asking me what are the expedients? Of course, she has thought of all the expedients. Whatever *he* may be, the duchess is a woman of sense. Are you furnishing Winton? Have you all your arrangements made? I should have everything ready — down to the footstools and door-mats — and servants engaged,

and your carriages seen to. You can't marry a duke's daughter without taking a little trouble about the place you are going to put her in."

"Trouble — there shall be no sparing of trouble!" he cried; but then shook his head. "We are a long way off that," he added in a dolorous tone.

"This is the confident lover," said Lady Germaine, "who scoffed at dukes and thought himself good enough for anybody's daughter. Don't you see that if it comes to nothing, something must come of it directly? Things of this sort can't hang on — they go quicker than the legitimate drama. If I were you, I would have the steeds saddled in their stalls, and the knights in their armor, like Walter Scott, you know."

"Do you think so?" said Winton, his eyes lighting up. "If I could imagine that anything so good as this was on the cards ——"

"On the cards! Oh, the obtuseness of man! Do you think the duchess will let herself be beaten? Oh, yes, her husband has been too many for her again and again. I know she has had to give in and let him take his own way; but now that Jane is concerned, and she has pledged herself to you ——"

"She has been very kind. I had not the least right to expect such kindness as she has shown me; but she has given no pledge," said Winton with a recurrence of his despondency.

Lady Germaine, who had stopped herself in the full career of her shopping to hold this conversation with him in a luxurious corner of the great shop, where all was still at this dead moment of the year, and only velvet-footed assistants passed now and then noiselessly, gave him at this moment a look of disdain, and rose up from her chair. "I did not think you had been such a noodle," she said, and, before he could answer a word, went forward to the nearest counter, where an elegant youth had been waiting all the time with bales of silk and stuffs half unfolded for her ladyship's inspection, and plunged into business. That elegant youth had not in any way betrayed his weariness. He had stood by his wares as if it were the most natural thing in the world to wait for half an hour, so to speak, between the cup and the lip: but he had not been without his thoughts, and these thoughts were not very favorable to Lady Germaine. Most likely this was the origin of a paragraph which crept into one of the society papers in the deadness of the sea-

son and puzzled all the tantalized circles in country houses, and even bewildered the clubs. Who could the "Lady G." be who had awakened the echoes of the back shop at Allen and Lewisby's? Here is the advantage of an immaculate reputation. Neither the clubs nor the country houses ever associated Lady Germaine with such a possibility; but this, of course, was what that elegant young person did not know.

"Why am I a noodle?" said Winton, going after her, and too much absorbed in the subject to think of the attendant at all.

"If you can think of a stronger word put that instead," said Lady Germaine. "I can't call names here, don't you see, though I should *so* like to. No pledge! Oh, you — What should you like in that way? Something on parchment with seals hanging to it like a pope's bull? as if every word she said and every suggestion she made was not a pledge, and the strongest of pledges? Go away, and let me choose the children's new frocks in peace. It is easier to do that than to make people understand."

But Winton did not go away. He leaned over her chair, making certainty more certain to the spectator behind the counter. "Look here," he said, "do you really mean what you say — that I ought to have everything ready?"

"Don't you think these two shades go nicely together?" said Lady Germaine, putting the silk and the merino side by side with skilful hands, and with an air of the profoundest deliberation. "The girls have not a thing to wear. I should have the steeds in the stables and the knights in the hall, if I were you, and William of Deloraine ready to ride by night or by day."

Perhaps this advice was not the clearest in the world, but, such as it was, it was all the lady would give; and it sent Winton along the half-lighted, half-empty streets, in the twilight of the soft September evening, with an alert pace and a heart beating as it had not beat since London had suddenly become empty to him by the departure of one family from it. He went over every room of his house that evening, calculating and considering. It was a charming house, and he had regarded it with no small satisfaction when, only a year or two before, its decorations had been completed. But now, with the idea in his mind that at any moment (was not that what she said?) he might have to be ready for the princess,

the wife — that his happiness might come upon him suddenly, and his life be transformed, and his house turned into *her* house — in this view it was astonishing how many things he found that were incomplete. Nay, everything was incomplete. It was dingy — it was small; it was commonplace. The drawing rooms had become old-fashioned, though yesterday he had been under the impression that there was an antique grace about them — a flavor of the old world which gave them character. The dining-room was heavy and elaborate; the library too dark; the morning-room — good heavens! there was no morning-room in which a lady could establish herself, but only a half-furnished place, uninhabited, cold, with no character at all. It brought a cold dew all over him when he opened the door of that empty chamber. He could scarcely sleep for thinking of it. What if she might be ready before her house was! The idea was intolerable; and everything was petty, mean, without beauty, unworthy of her. He had not thought so when he walked through those over-gilded drawing-rooms in Grosvenor Square, and said to himself that not amid such tawdry fineries as these should his wife be housed. Everything had changed since that brief moment of confidence. He was dissatisfied with everything. Next morning he had no sooner awoke from a sleep troubled by dreams of chaotic upholstery, than he went to work. Perhaps, after all, things were not so bad. With the aid of a few experts, and a great deal of money, much, if not everything, can be done in a very short space of time. He ran down into the country as soon as he had set things going in Kensington, and arrived at his old manor-house without warning, to the great consternation of the house-keeper. Winton had still more need of the experts and the *bric-à-brac*. It wanted many things besides, which were not to be had in a moment, and his life for the next week was as laborious as that of the busiest workman. The excitement among the servants and hangers-on at both places was indescribable. He said nothing of his approaching marriage, and yet nothing but an approaching marriage could account for it; or else that he was going clean out of his senses, which was another hypothesis produced.

This fit of active and hopeful exertion got over these remaining days with the speed of a dream. The hours galloped along with him as lightly at least, if not as merrily, as though they were indeed

carrying him to his wedding-day. But when all was done that he could do, and the moment approached for his visit to Billings, a cold shade fell over him. Lady Germaine's clever little speeches began to look like nonsense as he thought them over; "quicker than the legitimate drama;" what did she mean by that? Could he imagine for a moment to himself that Jane, the princess of her own race as well as of his affections, the serene and perfect lady of his thoughts, would be the heroine of any vulgar romance? That he could have entertained such a thought for a moment horrified him, when he paused in his feverish exertion and began to think what it all meant. But this was only on the way to Billings, when every pulse in his body began to throb high with the thought of being once more in her presence, under the same roof with her, and about to put his fortune to the test to gain everything or—no, not to lose her. He said to himself with a sudden passion that he would not lose Jane. Such a calamity was not possible. Father and mother and all the powers might do what they would or could, but she was his, and give her up he would not. Thus the anxious lover went round the compass and came back to the point from which he started. He found Lady Germaine as wise and clever as he had always thought her, when he came thus far. There were expedients—and the duchess was pledged to the employment of them as certainly as if he had her word for it engrossed on parchments sealed and signed and delivered. One way or another, his visit to Billings would be decisive. He went like a soldier to the field of battle, with a thrill of excitement over him, as well as with all the softening enthusiasm of a lover. Happen how it might, he could not leave that unknown fortress, that Castle Dangerous, as he came.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DECISIVE MOMENT.

It was not, however, at all like a conquering hero that Winton made his appearance at Billings. A number of other people arrived by the same train and were conveyed in various carriages both before and after him to the great house. It was a long drive, and he had time to think about it and to go over the approaching meeting, rehearsing it again and again. Winton knew as well as any one what it is to arrive at a country house—the confusion of the arrival, the little

pause when no one knows what to do, the hesitation of the people who have never been there before, the well-bred attempts of the people who have, not to seem too much at home, the anxiety of the hosts to distribute their attentions equally and leave no one out—were all familiar to him. But somehow his special position now gave him much of the feeling of surprise and disappointment and involuntary half-offence which a new comer, unused to society, and expecting perhaps to be received with all the warm individual welcome of more intimate hospitality, feels when he finds himself only one of the least considerable of a large party. All the other members of the group were of greater consequence than Winton, and almost all were *habitués* of the place, accustomed to come year after year—persons whom the duke could receive as sufficiently near his own level to be worthy the honor of his friendship. Such a party is always diversified by some one or two people who are altogether nobodies, and afford either a sort of background like supernumeraries in a play, or are elevated to the most important position by dint of dexterity and adulation. Winton felt himself to belong to the background as he stood about in the hall when all the greetings were going on, waiting for his. It had been like a sudden downfall from heaven to earth to perceive, as he cast his first rapid glance round on entering, that Jane was not there. Afterwards he said to himself that he could not have endured her to be there, but for the moment her absence struck him like a blow. And what could the duchess do more than shake hands with him as she did with all her other guests? He thought she gave him a glance of warning, a little smile—but no doubt every man there supposed that for himself individually her Grace had a kind regard. He stood talking for a short time after the ladies had been swept away to their rooms. He knew several of the more important of the guests, and he knew one of the nobodies who was a very prominent figure. But it was with an indignant sense that his reception ought to have been a very different one that he found himself following a servant up the grand staircase into those distant regions allotted to bachelors, where his non-importance was to be still more forcibly brought home to him. He who ought to have been received as the son of the house—he to whom its brightest member had linked her fate—that he should come in on the same footing as Mr. Rosen-

crantz, the German librarian, or that stale hanger-on of the clubs who made a sort of trade of country-houses, was very bitter to Winton. He was not accustomed to be a *super*, and he did not like the post. To tell the truth, in the first half-hour in Billings Castle Winton felt his own hopes and dreams come back upon him with a bitterness and sense of ridicule which drove him almost out of himself. Had he not been a fool to entertain any hopes at all? Was not Lady Germaine ludicrously mistaken when she talked of the duchess's pledge? The duchess, was she not far too great a lady to care what happened to a simple gentleman? He began to think he had been a fool to come, a fool ever to permit himself to shipwreck his heart and life in this way, and doubly a fool, a ridiculous idiot to go drivelling into decorations and pieces of furniture, as if his little manor-house could ever vie with — All these thoughts were put to flight in a moment by the sudden opening of a closed door which flooded a dark passage to his right with the glory of the sunset sweeping through it. Some one came out and stood for a moment in the midst of that glory: then Winton heard himself called. The servant disappeared by magic, and he suddenly found himself in a small sitting-room with a broad window flooded by the evening light. The duchess held out both her hands to him, but he scarcely saw them, for behind her, coming in through another door, a little flush upon her soft cheeks, and that liquid golden illumination in her eyes — it was as if some one had said to him out of the glowing west, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

This meeting, however, was of the briefest — for the house was very full and the dinner hour approaching. "You must go away directly," the duchess said, "but I could not trust you to meet for the first time down-stairs before so many eyes."

"So it was policy?" Winton cried.

"Entirely policy — is not every step I take more or less of that description? but Jane could not have borne it," she said, "and neither could you, I think. I did not bring you here to ruin you. We must all be on our p's and q's."

"P's and q's," cried Winton, "become insupportable. Dear duchess, you will not be too hard upon me. Now at least I must have it out, and know my fate. How can I bear to hang on — to have everything pushed off in indefinite space?"

Lady Jane touched his arm lightly with her hand, stroking it, with a pretty move-

ment of mingled soothing and sympathy. "*Pazienza!*" she said softly; but she liked the impatience. It pleased her delicate sense of what was best.

"Would you prefer, Mr. Winton, to know the worst? — would you rather have a definite no than an indefinite suspense?"

"Don't call him Mr. Winton," said Lady Jane in her under-tone.

Winton looked from one lady to another keenly, with an inquiry which the duchess met without flinching, and Lady Jane without being at all aware what it meant. Her Grace gave him an almost imperceptible nod, always looking him full in the face. Her eyes seemed to promise everything. "In that case," he said — "in that case — better the refusal: then we shall see what there remains to do."

The duchess sighed. "I believe it is the wisest way," she said, "after all: but you cannot suppose it is very pleasant to me. Now, go; you must go, and leave us to dress. You may come here to-morrow after breakfast, or when we come in, in the afternoon — but you must not be always coming. And in the mean time prudence, prudence! you cannot be too prudent. If you betray yourself I cannot answer for the consequences. You must remember that for Jane's sake."

Then they put him out of the room, out of the shining of the sunset in which he thought she stood transfigured, the soft glory caressing her, the level golden radiance getting into her eyes and flooding them — and closed the door upon him, leaving him in the darkness of the passage, which looked all black to his dazzled eyes. Fortunately his guide appeared a moment afterwards and he was led up to his chamber, in the wilds so to speak of the great house, where he came back to himself as well as he could. Winton was only a man like the rest of his kind. He wondered if the women enjoyed, with a native feminine malice such as everybody has commented upon from the beginning of time, the position in which they had placed him. Ah, not *they*; not Jane, who was a world above all jesting — but perhaps the duchess, who, he could imagine, did not mind making him pay a little in his dignity, in his self-regard, for the promotion he had got through her daughter's love. She would do anything for him because Jane loved him, but perhaps she had a mischievous satisfaction in the little drama which she was arranging round him — the external slights, the sudden bliss, the dismissal back again to humil-

ity and the second floor. Was this so? He concluded it was, with a half-amused irritation, a sense of being played with. She was kind; but was it in mortal to suffer without a pang, without an attempt at reprisals, the loss of Jane? And then, perhaps, the duchess too had a little feeling that he was not one of her own caste, her daughter's equal—not enough to make her resist that daughter's choice, but yet enough to prompt in passing a little prick as with a needle at the too fortunate. As a matter of fact, had Winton been cool enough to notice it, the duchess had meant him no prick at all. He had been received in the usual way, lodged according to the general rule. She had thought it wisest not to do anything to distinguish him beyond his neighbors, but that was all.

The evening was full of tantalized and suppressed expectation, yet of a moment's pleasure now and then. Except the German librarian and the man from the clubs, and a young author who had been the fashion and was the *protégé* of one of the great families visiting at Billings, the company was all much more splendid than Winton. Names that were known to history buzzed about him as he sat down to dinner, with Lady Adela Grandmaison beside him, who was exceedingly relieved to fall to his lot and not to one of the elderly noblemen who illustrated the table. Lady Adela wore a *sacque* like a dainty lady of the eighteenth century, but was apt to throw herself into attitudes which were suggestive of the fourteenth. She did not feel at all disposed to be disdainful of Winton. Instead of this she took him into her confidence. "Did you ever see such a party of swells?" she said, notwithstanding her mediæval attitudes. "Don't they frighten you to death, Mr. Winton? I am so glad to have somebody I dare talk to. The duke is too funny for anything, don't you think so? like an old monarch in the pantomime. It is all exactly like the theatre. He says 'My lord'—listen! exactly as they do on the stage."

"I suppose they did that sort of thing when his Grace was young," said Winton, looking up the great table to where that majestic presence showed beyond the ranks of his guests. A little tremor ran over him when he realized the splendor of the personage to whom he was going so soon to carry his suit. "Perhaps we are a little too free-and-easy nowadays," he said.

"Don't desert your generation," cried

Lady Adela, and then she added significantly, "there is Jane looking our way. Jane is so sweet—don't you think so, Mr. Winton?"

Winton met the soft eyes of his love and the keen ones of this young observer at the same moment; and this, though he was a man of the world, brought a sudden flush to his face. All the fine company, and the gorgeous table heavy with plate and brilliant with flowers, grew like a mist to him, and nothing seemed real except that softly-tinted, tender-shining countenance, turning upon him the light of her eyes. They were so placed that though they never spoke they could see each other across the table, through a little thicket of feathery ferns and flowers. Lady Jane was too courteous, too self-forgetting to neglect her special companion, or to abandon the duty of entertaining her parents' guests. But now and then she would lift her eyes, and empty out her heart in one look across the table through that flowery veil. He was not nearly so entertaining in consequence as Lady Adela had hoped.

Next morning there were some moments that were full of excitement and happiness in the midst of a day which was just like other days. Lady Jane agreed fully with Winton, that to be there under her father's roof without informing him of the object of his visit was a thing unworthy of her lover; and she was, like him, entirely convinced that, whatever might come of it, the explanation must be made. The duchess did not contest this high decision of principle—but she shook her head. "I have nothing to say against you. I suppose you are right. It must be done sooner or later," she said. "There is only one thing—put it off till the last day of your visit; for this I am sure of, that you will not be able to spend another night at Billings."

"Mamma!" Lady Jane cried, with a fervor which brought the tears to her eyes, "my father will say nothing that one gentleman may not say to another."

The duchess once more shook her head. "When one gentleman asks another for his daughter and is refused—though the one should be the most courteous in the world, and the other the most patient, yet it is generally considered most convenient that they should not continue in the same house."

"I will take your mother's advice, my dearest," said Winton; but it was hardly possible for mortal man to have it put before him so plainly without a little feel-

ing of offence. It had been settled that he was to stay a week, and notwithstanding the happiness which the duchess had secured to him by giving him the entry to this sacred little sitting-room into which no stranger ever intruded, and by affording him as many opportunities as was possible of seeing Lady Jane, he spent the rest of the time with a certain feeling of hostility in his mind towards her, which was thoroughly unreasonable. He began to doubt whether she wished him to succeed, whether she was indeed so truly his friend as she represented herself to be. A man must be magnanimous indeed who can entirely free his mind from the prevalent notions about the love of women for "managing," and their inclination towards intrigue and mystery. A conviction that his own manly statement of his case would tell more effectually with the duke, who was a gentleman though he might be pompous and haughty, than any semi-deceitful feminine process, began to grow in his mind. And this conviction, in which there was a partially indignant revulsion of feeling—rank ingratitude and unkindness, but of that he was not conscious—from his allegiance to the duchess, gave him a natural inclination to propitiate the head of the house and see him in his best light, which was not without a certain influence even on the duke himself, who more and more felt this modest young commoner, though he was nobody in particular, to be a person of discrimination, and one who was capable of appreciating himself and understanding his views. Thus with new hopefulness on one side, and mistrust on the other, Winton counted the days as they went by towards the moment which was to decide his fate. He impressed his own hopefulness upon Lady Jane, who was indeed very willing to believe that nothing but what was noble and honorable could come from her father. They discussed the subject anxiously, yet with less and less alarm. To her it seemed, as she heard all the wise and modest speeches her lover intended to make as to his own lesser importance, but great love—it seemed to her that no heart could hold out against him. That tenderest humility, which was the natural characteristic of her mind underneath the instincts of rank which were so strong in her, and the sense of lofty position which was part of her religion, was touched with the most exquisite wonder and happiness at the thought that all this noble and pure passion was hers, and hers only.

"It is impossible," she said, "if you speak to him as you do to me, Reginald—oh, it is impossible that he can resist." "It is impossible, my darling," said the young man, "when he hears that you love me." Thus they encouraged each other, and on the eve of the great day wrought themselves to an enthusiasm of faith and certainty. The duchess's limitation of his visits had of course come to very little purpose, and every moment that Winton could manage to escape from the bonds of society below stairs he spent with Lady Jane above, discoursing upon their hopes, and the manner in which best to get them wrought into fulfilment. They talked of everything, in those stolen hours of sweetness: of what was to happen in the future, of all they were to be to each other, coming back again and again to the moment which was to decide all, always with a stronger and stronger sense that the duke's consent must come, and that to be balked by this initial difficulty was impossible. But it cannot be denied that Winton had certain difficulties even about that future in his communings with his bride. He could not get her to understand that very little self-sacrifice would be necessary on her part, and that the house to which he proposed to transplant her was little less luxurious than her own. Lady Jane smiled upon him when he said this with one of those little heavenly stupidities which belong to such women. She did not wish it to be so, and so far as this went put no faith in him. It was a settled question in her own mind. Arabella's famous elucidation had fortified her on that point beyond all assault. It pleased her to look forward to the little manor-house, and the changed world which would surround the squire's wife. If he had carried her direct to a palace more splendid than Billings she would have felt a visionary but active disappointment. She drew him gently to other subjects when he entered upon this, especially to the one unfailing subject, the duke, and what he might say. They both grew very confident as they talked it over: and yet when Winton came to tell her, on the evening preceding that momentous day, that he had asked for an interview and it had been granted to him, Lady Jane lost her pretty color, which was always so evanescent, and her breath, and almost her self-possession. "No," she said, "oh, not afraid! if you say *that* to him, Reginald, he cannot resist—but only a little nervous; one is always nervous when there is any

doubt. And then to think that this is the last evening!"

"If things go right it will not be the last evening," he cried. "The duchess said a man could not stay who had been refused; but even she would allow that a man who has *not* been refused may remain and be happy. Ah, Jane! imagine the happiness of being allowed to belong to each other! no more secret meetings, no further alarms of discovery."

She gave a sigh of happiness and relief, yet blushed almost painfully. The idea of doing anything which she did not wish to be found out hurt her still, notwithstanding that in the stress of the crisis she had yielded to do it. Winton's conscience was not so delicate, and his excitement made him wildly confident. It is a woman's part to fear in such a case as it is her part to encourage in the midst of doubt. "Provided," she said, with a little sigh of suspense, "provided it all goes as we wish."

He took her hands in his and held them fast, and stood bending over her looking into her eyes. "Supposing," he said slowly, "supposing" — he was so excited and sure of what was going to happen that he could afford to be theatrical — "supposing all should not go as we wish, Jane — what then?"

Lady Jane did not make any reply. She returned his look, with her hands clasping his, standing steadfast without a shadow of wavering. She felt as she had done in her youth when she had imagined herself facing the guillotine. She was ready to suffer whatever might be inflicted upon her, but to yield, she would not. It would have been easier by far to die.

All this time the duchess let them have their way. They were ungrateful, they were even unkind, but she endured it with a patience and toleration to which long experience had trained her. If it was with a little pang that she kissed her daughter, wondering at that universal law which makes a woman, still more than a man, forsake father and mother, and cleave to her husband, she said nothing about it: she left them to themselves and their hopes. She said to herself that they would find out too soon what a broken reed they were trusting to, and her heart ached for the failure of those anticipations which gave Lady Jane so beautiful a color, and an air of such serene happiness. Better that she should have a happy evening, that she should sleep softly and wake hopefully once more.

The morning of the great day dawned

in a weeping mist, the heavens leaden, the earth sodden, and streams of blinding rain falling by intervals. Lady Jane, as she opened her eyes upon the misty daylight, and thought, as soon as her faculties were awake, of what was going to be done, clasped her soft hands, and said a prayer for *him*, and for herself, and still more warmly for her father, who was, so to speak, on his trial. He had never been less than a noble father in Lady Jane's eyes. She had not found him out, being scarcely of her generation in this respect, and accepting unaffectedly what was presented to her as the real state of things; but she could not help feeling that the duke was on his trial. He might deny her lover's suit and break her own heart, and yet keep his child's respect. But a vague fear lest he should not do this had got into her soul she did not know how. She waited with a tremor which she could not subdue for the moment. How fortunate it was that it rained, and that it was impossible to go out! For once in her life Lady Jane failed in her duty. She escaped from little Lady Adela, who was so anxious to be taken into her confidence, and from the other guests, who, seeing the hopelessness of the weather, were yawning together in the great bow-window of the morning-room, gazing out upon the sodden grass and dreary avenue, dripping from every tree, and wondering how they were to kill the time till luncheon. Lady Jane, instead of helping to solve that problem, as she ought to have done, fled from them and escaped to the seclusion of her mother's drawing-room, where she sat with the door ajar, listening for every footstep. The duchess, though she had felt her desertion, and knew that the foolish pair of lovers were in a sort of secession from her, following their own way, yet was very magnanimous to their wrong-headedness. She said no word and looked no look of reproach, but gave up her writing and her business, and went down herself among the unoccupied ladies, and did her best to amuse them. This was perhaps of all the sacrifices she made for them the one that cost her most.

It was about eleven o'clock when Winton presented himself at the door of the duke's room; which was a handsome room, full of books, with a large window looking out upon the park, and some of the finest of the family pictures upon the walls. Over the mantelpiece hung a full-length portrait, looking gigantic, of the duchess, with Lady Jane, a little girl of

eight or nine, holding her hand. It seemed to Winton, as his eye caught this on entering, that there was a reproachful look in the eyes, and that Jane's little face, serene and sweet as it had always been, had a startled air of curiosity, and watched him from behind her mother. The large window was full of blank and colorless daylight, and an atmosphere of damp and rain. The duke rose as he came in with much graciousness, and pointed to a chair. He came from his writing-table, which was at some distance, and placed himself in front of the fireplace, as an Englishman loves to do, even when there is no fire. "I hope," the duke said, "that you are going to tell me of something in which I can serve you, Mr. Winton." There arose in Winton's mind a momentary thrill of indignation and derision. Serve him! as if he were not better off and more fit to serve himself than half-a-dozen bankrupt dukes! But Winton remembered that this was Jane's father, and restrained himself; and indeed the excitement and suspense in his breast left him at no leisure for more than a momentary rebellion. He replied, "It is true I do appear before your Grace as a suitor"—but here his voice failed him and his courage.

"You must not hesitate to speak plainly," said the duke, always more and more graciously. "Alas, I am in opposition, and my influence does not tell for much. Still, if there is any way in which I can be of use to you—there is no one for whom I should more willingly stretch a point."

"You are very kind," said Winton. "It is not in that way that I should trouble you. I am not in want of patronage—in that way. I may say that I am rich—not," he hastened to add, "as you are, but for my position in life; very well off—almost more than well off."

"I am delighted to hear it, Mr. Winton; but that is all the more reason why you should serve your country. We want men who are indifferent to pecuniary advantage. I shall be most happy to mention your name to Lord Coningsby or to——"

"If you permit me," said Winton, "it is your Grace only whose favor I desire to gain."

Here the duke began to laugh in a somewhat imbecile way, shaking his head with an air of complacency which would have been too ludicrous for mortal powers of gravity, had not Winton's mind been so much otherwise occupied. "Ah," he said, "I see! you are thinking of that

old story about the Foreign Office. You must know that was mere talk. I do not expect that anything could come of it. But if," his Grace added with another little run of laughter, "when we return to power—he assured, Mr. Winton, that nothing could give me greater pleasure——"

What was he to say? Winton knew very well that he himself was as likely, if not more so,—for he was a young man, with the world before him—to be foreign minister than the duke; and what with the confusion of the mistake and the ludicrous character of the patronage offered, he was more embarrassed than tongue could tell. "You are very kind," he faltered, scarcely knowing what he said; then, taking his courage with both hands, "duke," he said boldly, "it was on a much more presumptuous errand I ventured to intrude upon you. What you will say to me I dare not venture to think. I come not to ask for patronage or place, but for something a great deal more precious. I come——" Here he paused, so bewildered by the dignified unconscientiousness and serene superiority of the potentate in whose presence he stood that words failed him, and he stood and gazed at that immovable countenance with a sort of appalled wonder to think that anything should be so great yet so small, so capable of making himself ridiculous, and yet with power to spoil two lives at his pleasure. The duke shifted his position a little, put his right hand within his waistcoat in an attitude in which he had once stood for his portrait, and regarded his suppliant with benignity. "Go on," he said, waving his other hand, "go on."

Ah, how right the duchess was! Oh, what a miserable mistake the lover had made! But there was no drawing back now. "I am not worthy, no one is worthy of her," he said with agitation. "I am only a commoner, which I know is a disadvantage in your eyes. The only thing, and that is nothing, is, that at least I could make ample provision and secure every comfort for my wife."

"Your wife!" said the duke, with a surprise which was ineffable. If any gleam of suspicion came over him he quenched it in the sublime patronage of a superior. "This is very interesting," he said, "and shows a great faith in my friendship to take me into your confidence on such a delicate subject. I am happy to hear you are in such favorable circumstances; but really," he added with a laugh, "when you think how very unlikely

it is that I can have any knowledge of the future Mrs. Winton —”

The young man grew red and hot with a mixture of embarrassment and resentful excitement, stung by the look and the tone. “It is your daughter,” he said, “who has given me permission to come to you. It is of Lady Jane I want to speak. You cannot think me less worthy of her than I think myself.”

“Lady Jane!” The duke grew pale; he took his hand out of his waistcoat, and stared at the audacious suitor with dismay. Then he recovered himself with an effort, and snatched at a smile as if it had been something that hung on the wall, and put it on tremulously. “Ah! ah! I see,” he added. “You think she might render you assistance. Speak a good word for you — eh?” The attempt to be jocular which was entirely out of his habits convulsed his countenance. “Yes, yes, I see! that is what you mean,” he said.

There was a pause, and the two men looked each other in the face. A monarch confronted by the whole embodied force of revolution — scorning it, hating it, yet with an insidious suggestion of alarm underneath all — on one hand; and on the other the revolution embodied, pale with lofty anger and a sense of its own rights, yet not without a regret, a sympathetic pang for the old king about to be discrowned. The mutual contemplation lasted not more than a few moments, though it seemed so long. Then the duke turned on his heel with a grimace which in his agitation he intended for a laugh. “I prefer,” he said, “on the whole that Lady Jane should not be appealed to. My disposition to serve you was personal. The ladies of my family are not less amicably inclined, I am sure; but I do not wish them to be mixed up — in short you will understand that wishing you well in every way, I must advise you to trust to your own attractions in a matrimonial point of view. I cannot permit my daughter to interfere.”

He had moved about while he was speaking, but at the end returned to his place and fixed Winton with the commanding look, straight in the eyes, of a man determined to intimidate an applicant. It was the least successful way in which he could have attempted to influence the present suitor. Winton’s excitement rose to such a pitch that he recovered his calm and self-possession as if by magic.

“I feel that I have explained myself badly,” he said, “and this is not a matter

on which there can be any misunderstanding between us. I must ask you to listen to me calmly for a moment.”

“Calmly, my good sir! your matrimonial affairs, however important to you, can scarcely be expected to excite me,” cried his Grace sharply, with irritation in every tone.

“There can be nothing in the world so exciting — to both of us,” said Winton. “My lord duke, I come from your daughter, from Jane.”

“SIR!” cried the duke. But no capitals are capable of expressing the force, the fury of this outburst, which struck Winton like a projectile, full in the face so to speak. He made a step backward in momentary dismay.

“I must finish,” he said, somewhat wildly. “Jane sends me to your Grace. I love her and she me. She has promised to be my wife. It is no intercession, it is herself I ask. Jane — duke! on her account I have a right to be heard — a right — to have an answer at least.”

The duke was beyond the power of speech. He was purple with rage and astonishment, and at the same time a kind of furious panic. He caught at his shirt collar like a man stifled. He had no voice to reply, but waved his hand imperiously towards the door. And Winton, too, was in a degree panic-struck. He had never seen such a blind and helpless fit of passion before. Such things had been heard of as that a man should die of rage. That indeed would be a separation from Jane beyond any power to amend. He drew back a little with an anxiety he could not conceal.

“I have taken you by surprise,” he said. “I ask your pardon. Whatever I can do to soften the shock — to meet your wishes — I will do.”

“Go, sir! Go, sir!” the duke stormed in his fury. “That is all you can do — go! there is the door.” He waved his hand towards it with a threatening gesture. He was transported out of himself. He followed Winton step by step with a sort of moral compulsion, forcing him to retire. The young man’s blood, it is needless to say, was in an uproar; his heart thumping against his breast, every pulse going like a hammer. But he made a stand again midway to that door which seemed the only reply he was to have. “You will remember,” he said, “that I have no answer — you give me no answer; I will leave the room and the house as your Grace bids, but that is not a reply —”

"Go, sir," the duke cried. He stamped his foot like an enraged fishwife. He had the sense to hold himself in, not to allow the torrent of abuse which was on his lips to pour forth; but how long he would have been able to endure, to keep in this vigorous and fiery tide, could not have been predicted. He flung open the door with a force which made the walls quiver, and the action seemed more or less to bring him to himself. He recovered his voice at last. "I ought," he panted, with a snarl, "to thank you for the honor you have done my poor house," and thus with an explosion of laboring breath drove the astonished suitor out, as if by a blast of wind. Winton found himself in the corridor, while the crash of the great door swung behind him echoed through the house, with an amazement which words cannot describe. It had all passed like a scene in a dream. He paused a moment to recover himself. He, too, was breathless, his whole physical being agitated, his head hot and throbbing, his heart choking him. He could not speak to the duchess, whom he met a moment after coming along the corridor with a packet of papers in her hand. "It is all over," he said incoherently, waving his hand as he passed her. The only idea in his mind for the moment was of indignity and wrong.

CHAPTER IX.

ACTING FOR HERSELF.

THE duchess's little sitting-room had not for years enclosed so melancholy a group. She herself, in old days when she first began to realize all the circumstances of the life which she had come into, had wept many an unnoticed tear in it; but in after years she had acquired the philosophy of maturity, and had too much to do holding her own amid all the adverse circumstances about her, to be able to indulge in personal lamentations. But Lady Jane had never known any of those burdens which had made her mother's career so full of care. When Winton rushed in, in all the excitement of the scene which he had just gone through in the duke's library, too much disturbed even to tell her what had passed, it was almost her first experience of the darker side of existence. For the first moment he had not been able to keep some resentment and sense of the indignity to which he had been exposed from getting to light. He told her with a pale smile and fiery eyes that he had scarcely time to speak

to her, that he must go instantly, that her father had turned him out. But as Winton came to himself and began to perceive the pain which he was inflicting upon her, he did his best to smooth away the first unguarded outburst. Lady Jane's pallor, the tears which she could not restrain, the serenity of her countenance turned into anguish, all made apparent to him the fact which he had forgotten, that there were to her two sides to the question. He tried to draw in his words, to smooth away what he had said in the first outburst of his resentment. "After all, we must remember it was a great shock to him. I am nobody, only a simple gentleman, not fit to place myself on a level with the duke's daughter," he said, though still with that smile of wounded pride and bitterness about his lips. Lady Jane was too heartbroken to say much; she listened like a martyr at the stake, standing silent while spears and arrows were thrust into her. Her father! he had been tried and he had not borne the trial. What she understood by rank was the highest courtesy, the noblest humbleness. A man who would turn another to the door, who would suffer his guest to perceive under any circumstances that he was not as a prince in his host's eyes, Lady Jane did not understand such a being. It hurt her so deeply that she did not even at first realize the fact that it was her lover who was turned away. She tried to ask a few faltering questions, to make out the circumstances to be less terrible; but failing in this, fell into silence, into such shame and consternation and deep humiliated pain as even Winton scarcely comprehended. No other hand, no other proceeding could have struck such a blow at all the traditions of her life. She sat with her hand indeed in her lover's, but in a kind of miserable separation even from him, feeling her life fall away from her, unable to think or realize what was to happen now; until Winton, recovering from his excitement only to fall into a deeper panic, took renewed fright from her silence. "Jane," he said, "Jane! you don't mean to give me up because your father has turned me away." Lady Jane turned her head towards him, gave him a miserable smile, and pressed his hand faintly, then fell, as perhaps had never happened in her life before, into a passion of tears. He drew her into his arms, as was natural, and she wept on his shoulder, as one refusing to be comforted. It was but vaguely that Winton could even guess the entire upheaval of all her foun-

dations, the ruin into which her earth had fallen. He thought it was the tragedy of his own love that was the cause, and that with this heartbreaking convulsion she was making up her mind to see it come to an end.

This was the attitude in which the duchess found them. She, too, was pale, her eyes bright, her nostrils dilated, as if she had been in the wars. She found her daughter in this speechless passion of weeping, with Winton's pale countenance very despairing and tragical, yet touched with a livelier alarm, a frightened incomprehension, bending over her. He gave her a look of appeal as she came in; was it true that all was over, as he had said? The duchess went to her child's side and took the hand that lay on her lap and caressed it. "My darling," she said, "this is not a moment to give in; and you are not one to fail in a great crisis, Jane. We have only a very little time to decide what we are to do before Reginald goes away."

She had not called him Reginald before, and there was a faint smile in her eyes as they met his — a smile of forgiveness and motherly kindness, though he had asked no pardon. The sound of her mother's voice broke the spell of Lady Jane's self-abandonment, and it went to Winton's heart with a forlorn sense of happiness in the midst of all the misery, that even her mother exercised a constraint upon her which when alone with him she did not feel. Was it not that he was herself, and that with him nature had free course unabashed? But the scene grew brighter and more hopeful when the duchess came into it. She was not surprised nor overthrown by what had happened. She put back the soft hair from her child's forehead, and gave her a kiss of consolation. "My dearest," she said, "the crisis has come which I knew would come. Reginald must go as soon as it is possible for him to go. It is for you now to say what is to be done. You are of age; you have a right to judge for yourself. When you told me first I warned you what was before you. You have never taken the burden of your life upon you hitherto. Now the moment has come. I will not interfere. I will say nothing; neither will Reginald, if I understand him rightly. You must judge for yourself what you will do."

Winton obeyed her Grace's lead, though with reluctance and a troubled mind. He only partially comprehended what she meant. He would have liked, for his own part, to hold his love fast — to cry out to

her once more, "You will not give me up because your father sends me away?" But he yielded to the duchess's look, though with a grudge, feeling that this was moral compulsion almost as absolute as that with which her husband had turned him out. He rose from the sofa on which he had been sitting with Jane and stood before her, feeling in his hand still the mould of hers which had lain there so long, and which left his, he thought, with reluctance. This proceeding brought her altogether to herself. She looked around her with an almost pitiful surprise. "Am I to be left alone," she said, with a quiver in her lip, "when I need support most?" And then there was a pause. To Jane and to Winton it seemed as if the very wheels of existence were arrested and the world stood still. No one spoke. He was not capable of it; the duchess would not. Lady Jane between, with wet eyelashes, and cheeks still pale with tears, and mouth quivering, her hands clasped in her lap as if clinging to each other since there was nothing else to hold by, sat perfectly still for a moment which seemed an hour. When she spoke at last there was a catch in her voice, and the words came with difficulty, and with little pauses between.

"What is it I am to decide?" she said. "All was decided — when we found out — in town — We cannot separate, he and I — That — can never come into question now. Is it not so? — I may read it wrong — It appears — I have already read something wrong —" And then a spasm came over her face once more; but she got it under control. "What you mean is — about details?" said Lady Jane.

Winton, who had been in so extreme a state of excitement and suspense that he could bear no more, dropped down upon his knees at the side of the sofa on which she sat, and, clasping them, put down his face upon her hands. Lady Jane freed one to put it lightly upon his bowed head, with something of that soft, maternal smile of indulgence of which love has the privilege. "Did he think I was a child?" she said to her mother, with a gentle wonder in her eyes. "Or not honest?" She herself was calm again; steadfast, while the others still trembled, seeing the complications so much less clearly than the fair and open way. She was a little surprised by Winton's broken ecstasies, by her mother's tremulous kiss of approval. "Is there anything left for me to decide?" she said.

Nobody knew very well what was said or done in the agitated half-hour that remained. It was agreed between them that "the details," of which Lady Jane had spoken with a blush, should be arranged afterwards, when all were more cool and masters of themselves — a state to which no one of the little group attained until Winton was hurrying along the country roads towards the station, and Lady Jane and her mother were seated in forlorn quiet alone in that little room which for the last week had been the scene of so many excitements. The duchess rose with a start when the little French clock on the mantelpiece chimed one. "My dearest," she said, "we have many things to do which look like falsehood, we women. You and I must appear at luncheon as if nothing had happened. There must be no red eyes, my love, no abstraction. It will be all over the world in no time, if we do not take care. For myself, alas, I am used to it; but you, Jane —"

Lady Jane did not immediately reply. She said, "There is one thing, mamma, to which I have made up my mind —"

The duchess was examining herself in the glass to see if she was pale or red, or anything different from her ordinary aspect. She turned round to hear what this new determination was.

"I will speak to my father myself," Lady Jane said.

If a cannon had been discharged into the peaceful little boudoir the effect could scarcely have been greater. "You will speak to your father, Jane? There are some things I know better than you. It will wound you, my darling — for no good."

"But I think it is right. There should be no means neglected to make him give his consent. With his consent all would be better. I think I ought to do it. It will be no shock to him now — he knows. To think of him like *that* is the thing that gave me most pain."

"But if you should see him like *that*" — the duchess said; then added hastily, "I know you are right. But you must set your face like a flint; you must not allow yourself to be made unhappy. Jane, your father does not think as I think in many ways. I have tried to keep you from all opposition; but he is old and you are young; you judge differently. You must not think because his point of view is different that he is wrong, even in this case — altogether."

Lady Jane lifted her mild eyes, which were almost stern in their unwavering

sense of right. "I sometimes feel that you think nothing is wrong — altogether," she said.

"Perhaps not," the duchess replied, with a smile and a sigh.

"It seems noble to me that you should think so, but I cannot. My father will not be like *that* to me," she added, with a little sadness. "Do not be afraid, and I will take a little time — not to-day, unless he speaks to me."

"He will not speak to you," said the duchess eagerly. She thought that she had at least secured that.

And then they went to luncheon. A little look of exhaustion about Lady Jane's face, a clear shining in her eyes like the sky after rain, betrayed to some keensighted spectators that there had been agitation in the atmosphere. But for a novice unaccustomed to trouble, she bore herself very well. And as for the duchess, she was perfect. Her unruffled mind, her easy grace of greatness, were visible in every movement. What could so great a lady have to trouble her? She was gracious to everybody, and full of suggestions as to what should be done, as the afternoon promised to clear up, proposing expeditions to one place and another. "Mr. Winton would have been an addition to your riding party, but unfortunately he left us this morning," she said in a voice of the most perfect composure. "So that there was nothing in it, after all," little Lady Adela whispered to her mother. But Lady Grandmaison, who was a woman of experience, shook her head.

And next morning Lady Jane, pale, but courageous, with a heart that fluttered, but a purpose as steadfast as her nature, went softly down-stairs in her turn and knocked at the duke's door.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AT HATFIELD.

I.

AN order of King Henry VIII.'s Council, bearing date December 2, 1533, nearly three months after the birth of the Princess Elizabeth, runs as follows: —

The King's Highness hath appointed that the Lady Princess Elizabeth shall be conveyed from hence towards Hatfield upon Wednesday the next week, and that on Wednesday night to repose and lie at the house of the Earl of Rutland in Enfield, and the next day to be conveyed to Hatfield, and there to remain with such Family in household as the King's

Highness has assigned and established for the same.

The early history of Hatfield, with which Elizabeth thus, in the beginning of her life, became connected, must not detain us here, though it is one of those old English manors whose story is quaint and curious. The manor, originally a royal possession, had belonged to the see of Ely from the days of St. Dunstan till the time of Henry VIII., when it again became crown property, and a bishop's palace had all along existed there; but the palace to which Elizabeth was brought was then only half a century old, having been built by Morton, Henry VII.'s great chancellor and archbishop, during his tenancy of the bishopric of Ely from 1478 to 1486. Morton was a great builder. The palaces at Canterbury, at Knowle, the Manor House at Lambeth, the episcopal residences at Maidstone, Addington Park, Ford, and Charing, were all either added to or rebuilt, by him; and it is probable that he was his own architect.

The conclusion of the Wars of the Roses, and the consequent settlement of the country, caused a considerable modification in the palaces and mansions built in the latter part of the fifteenth century. The necessity for a defensive structure was less felt, and though the characteristic style of the castle and fortified house was not entirely abandoned, yet buttress, tower, keep, and embattlements, instead of being enforced by necessity, had become a mere embellishment; and the demands of a generous hospitality, and of extended ideas of comfort, were answered by the introduction of important new features. The quadrangular area came in; halls and state apartments—a withdrawing-room for the guests, a presence chamber; parlors both for winter and summer, and an apartment for ladies—enormous in size by comparison with the past, were now become indispensable. For the accommodation of a large household, a great number of private rooms had to be provided, which, though woefully small and inconvenient when measured by modern ideas, contrasted very favorably with those of a previous age.

Hatfield Palace well exhibited these characteristics. It was a quadrangle of two hundred and eighteen feet square, external measurement. Standing on the crest of the hill overlooking the church and town, it had its principal entrance on the east or opposite side, where ran the approach to it from London. Passing

through the east gates, a broad walk divided the inner court, leading up to the still existing West Tower. When the present Hatfield House was built in 1611 by Sir Robert Cecil, three sides of the quadrangle were pulled down, and the west side only now stands. It consists of a double tower flanked by two wings, which formed the banqueting hall of the palace. At the centre of the hall are two doors, the one to the west having been the entrance to the palace from the town, and the other, to the east, gave access to the inner courtyard. At the south end of the hall was the withdrawing-room, and next to it was the chapel, which has now disappeared. At the north end were several living-rooms, and beyond an archway, through which ran a road leading round to the east or principal front of the palace. The ground plan of the whole is still preserved among the Hatfield MSS., and is engraved by Robinson in his "*Vitruvius Britannicus*." It shows that there was another large apartment, on the west side, facing the garden; the remainder of the rooms, fourteen in number, being of more moderate dimensions.

Defences were abandoned in the palace, but the spirit of the feudal castle remained in its buttresses, towers, and battlements. The exterior West Tower now remaining, with its circular loop-holed staircase, small chambers, with high windows and wide hearths, is a miniature copy of the Norman keep. The building is of brick. The use of brick, which had been employed by the Romans in this country, had been lost till the reign of Richard II., when it was reintroduced, principally for monasteries. By Henry VI.'s time it was gradually displacing timber for dwelling-houses, and stone for castles, churches, religious houses, and palaces; the change of material being largely brought about, in the latter cases, by the change in design which has been traced above.

The first use of brick appears to have been for the gateways and chimneys (luxuries then confined to monasteries and palaces) of stone or flint houses; afterwards, when the body of the building was of brick, stone dressings for the doors and windows were commonly used. In Hatfield Palace the use of these stone dressings was entirely abandoned, and their place supplied by brick. The stucco which had even then come into use for disfiguring brickwork was eschewed by the bishop. As was usual at the time, the

external walls were ornamented here and there with glazed or vitrified bricks, disposed in squares and lozenges.

The banquetting hall, though now used as a stable, is a room whose fine proportions, stained glass windows, and high-pitched, open chestnut roof, springing from fanciful corbels, recall its original purpose. The high-pitched timber-frame roof, "jointed with admirable contrivance," was a feature of the halls of this date. "The boldness of projection, and the beauty of unpainted oak or chestnut, upon a grand scale, never attained to greater excellence than at this time," says Dallaway; and the Hatfield roof is an admirable specimen. The present internal fittings of the hall are of course all modern. The dais at the upper end, with its high table, and the benches and forms for the household and dependants have disappeared. The windows, partly of stained glass, remind us that glass windows were at the time still the luxury of the great.

Some yards west of the north-west corner of the palace stands the gatehouse, which gave admission from the town to the west entrance. This building, including the cottages adjoining, is the only other relic of Bishop Morton's time. The windows, and the ornamentations in vitrified brick here seen, are strictly in keeping with the palace. In the gatehouse, and over the gateway itself, is a room which contained till recently on its smoke-stained walls a curious fresco representing a battle, now, however, all but obliterated. Such painting in fresco on walls was in use from the time of Henry III. to Elizabeth. In Henry VIII.'s reign tapestry, becoming somewhat cheaper, began to be more generally used for the better apartments. It is not improbable, therefore, that this fragment of fresco is but a sample of the decorations of all the ordinary chambers of the old palace.

Baker and Godwin, the chroniclers, both mention the great cost which the bishop bestowed upon the palace and Camden, in his "Britannia," speaks of the beautiful manner in which it was fitted up. It must have been a noted building in its day, both as one of the residences of the powerful churchman, and on its own architectural merits. The monasteries were at this time at the very height of their magnificence, and we may well conclude that the bishop's palaces were no whit behind other ecclesiastical buildings in luxury, display, and splendid hospitality. The bishops' households at Hatfield from Edgar to Henry VIII. no doubt

consisted of monks of the Benedictine order, to which Ely belonged. It must have been with great regret that the villagers saw the last of the jolly brethren pass down the hill when the palace was taken over by Henry VIII. The open-handed charities of the orders had so endeared them to the common people, and so blinded them to their real evils that it was, says a contemporary author, "a pitiful thing to hear the lamentations that the country people made for them." West, too, the last of the Ely bishops who held Hatfield, was noted to have lived "in the greatest splendor of any prelate of his time," and to have relieved two hundred poor people daily at his gate with meat and drink.

At the end of 1533, as we have seen, Elizabeth was sent down to Hatfield, which the king had evidently then decided on acquiring, though the transfer was not made till some months afterwards. In 1534 West died, and Bishop Goodrich was appointed by Henry to the vacant see. Following a time-honored custom, Henry "robbed Peter to pay Paul," and in exchange for Hatfield, conveyed to the bishop other Church lands which had before undergone the same process of "conveyance," in Pistol's sense, at his own hands. A document in the Exchequer Queen's Remembrancer Accounts gives the valuation of the manor at the time of transfer. In it the "fine and ornate mansion, with the many edifices thereto annexed, on the east side of the church," was valued at 2,000*l*.

It is said that the king himself occasionally resided at Hatfield; he assembled the Privy Council there for six days in August, 1541; but his favorite residences were Richmond, Hampton Court, Windsor, Eltham, and Woodstock. It was as a nursery for his children that he acquired the palace and manor, as he had done Enfield and Hunsdon. The name was altered for a short time to Hatfield Regis, but retook its old form of Bishop's Hatfield.

Lady Margaret Bryan, the wife of Sir Thomas Bryan, Kt., and afterwards Baroness Bryan, who had been appointed "lady mistress" of the princess Mary shortly after her birth, was now placed in charge of the infant Elizabeth at Hatfield, possibly without entirely relinquishing her connection with Mary, as Mary and Elizabeth were frequently under the same roof until Henry's death. There is a letter extant from Lady Bryan to Lord Cromwell from Hunsdon, written

on behalf of Elizabeth, complaining of the child's being put from "that degree she was afore," and of the scantiness of her wardrobe, "for she hath neither gown nor kettel, nor petecot, nor no maner of linnin;" also that Master Shelton — an officer of the household — will have Elizabeth to dine at the "board of estate," which she herself thinks is not mete for a child of her age, and prejudicial to her health, on account of the divers meats, fruits, and wines, and to her behavior, as there is "no place for correction there." "A mess of meat in her own lodging" is what Lady Bryan proposes. She then speaks of the great pain the child endures in cutting her great teeth, which makes the lady mistress "to suffer her grace to have her will more than I would. I trust to God, and her teeth were well graft, to have her grace after another fashion, than she is yet," adds the guardian quaintly, "for she is as toward a child, and as gentle of conditions, as ever I knew one in my life."

Hunsdon, near Hoddesdon, Herts, was Mary's usual and favorite residence, Hatfield being Elizabeth's, and Prince Edward dividing his time between Hatfield, Hertford Castle, and Amptill, Beds. It appears from Mary's Privy Purse Expenses, that she paid a visit to Hatfield in January, 1537, and again in March of the same year. Numerous entries of gifts of jewelry and dresses from one sister to the other appear in this account, which extends from 1536 to 1544, and shows that they were frequently together, at times, indeed, having but one household. Their intercourse, then, as far as can be judged, was most affectionate. The ban under which they were both laid by Henry no doubt helped to draw them together in sympathy. In 1537, when five years old, Elizabeth is recorded to have given Mary a pair of "hosen gold and silk," and in 1540 she presents her brother Edward with "a shyrt of cameryke of her own woorkynge." She was then but eight years old. A glimpse is afforded us of the establishment at Hatfield Palace at this time by the accounts of reparations to the king's palaces in March, April, and May, 1542. The account relating to Hatfield is for "reparations done against my lord prince's grace coming thither," Edward being then in his fifth year. The carpenters were at work at 7*d.* and 8*d.* a day, in making a new bolting-house, and troughs for flour and meal, framing planks for dressers in the "pastry" and larder, and mending the tables

and trestles in the hall, and the "jowpets" in the great chamber. The bricklayers, at 6*d.* a day, made a furnace for the bolting-house, underpinned the new bolting-house, and laid a tiled roof upon it. The plasterers mended the walls of the stables and garner. The glaziers were busy, some few new panes of glass being supplied, but in the majority of cases the old ones were mended. The rooms mentioned are Mr. Controller's lodgings, the lady mistress's lodgings (Lady Bryan, who had been so appointed at Edward's birth), the chapel, the vestry, the high chamberlain's, and Mr. Fey the chamberlain's lodgings, the lodgings of the steward, the clerk of the spicery, and of Lady Lincoln. Finally the orchard was mown, the alleys "pared," and the trees pruned. The account is signed by John Cornwallis, steward, and Richard Cotton, comptroller. Sir John Cornwallis, the steward of Edward's household, was the ancestor of the Earls and Marquises Cornwallis. Richard Cotton, comptroller of his household, was knighted by Edward on his accession. The high chamberlain was Sir William Sydney, the ancestor of the Earls of Leicester, made in 1544 steward of Edward's household. It is probable that the three royal children spent the whole of the summer and autumn of this year, 1542, together at Hatfield, for we find from Mary's Privy Purse Expenses that on going to her father in London in December of this year she made presents to Edward's under officers; Elizabeth's presence also being shown by various entries of gifts to her from Mary. The officers were those of the pantry, the buttery, the cellar, the ewry, the kitchen, the larder, the squyllary (scullery), the chaundry (chandlery), the pastry, the scalding-house, the boiling-house, and the poultry, the marshal and ushers of the hall, the porters at the gate, and the guard of the beds. Presents were also given to the children of the kitchen, the pastry, and the squyllary, and the drawer of the buttery.

During all this time of residence at Hatfield, varied by visits to Hunsdon or Ashridge, Elizabeth was making great progress in her education. Her first governess, or "tutoress," was Lady Champenoun, the wife of Sir Philip Champenoun. Ascham mentions the "counsels of this accomplished lady," as having contributed to Elizabeth's advancement in learning, and Bohun describes her "as a person of great worth, who formed this great wit (Elizabeth) from her infancy, and improved her native modesty with

wise counsels, and a liberal and sage advice." She very soon, however, had the advantage of sharing with Edward the instructions of Dr. Richard Coxe, Bishop of Ely, one of the most accomplished scholars of the day. Letters from Coxe upon Church matters, dated at Hatfield, in October, 1546, show that the two royal pupils were together there at that time. Hayward says, with regard to their habits of study, that they "desired to look upon books as soon as the day began. Their first hours were spent in prayers and religious exercises. The rest of the forenoon they were instructed either in language, or some of the liberal sciences, or moral learning; and when Edward was called out to any youthful exercise becoming a child of his age, she in her privy chamber betook herself to her lute or viol, and, wearied with that, to practise her needle." Her progress is attested by her translation in her thirteenth year of Queen Catherine's "Prayers or Meditations" into Latin, French, and Italian, which she inscribed to her father in a dedication dated Hatfield, December 30, 1545.

As to her religious education, the zealous reformer Parker, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, had in 1533 or 1534 succeeded Betts as chaplain to Anne Boleyn, with whom he soon rose to great favor, and who, not long before her death, gave him particular charge as to Elizabeth, "that she might not want his pious and wise counsel." Elizabeth was thus early brought into the sphere of the principles of the Reformation. As early as 1535, when Elizabeth was two years old, it is recorded that Parker preached before her at Hunsdon, as in 1540 he did at Hatfield. Outwardly, however, she remained like the other royal children of the religion of her father, Catholicism, without the papal supremacy. A list of Elizabeth's Hatfield household, which appears from internal evidence to have been drawn up some time before Henry's death, is preserved. The ladies attending on her were Lady Troy (Lady Herbert of Troy, a relative of the Pembroke family, who continued with her till after Henry's death), Mistress Chambrini, (Mrs. Catherine Chambron), the Lady Gard, Elizabeth Candysele, or Canish (Cavendish), and Mary Norne; the gentlemen were Thomas Torrell, Robert Power, and Richard Sands. Her chaplain was "Sir" Rauffe, who had succeeded Mr. Bingham in that office. There were also two chamberers, two grooms of

the chamber, a laundress, a woodbearer, and grooms. Her establishment and Mary's jointly bore, at one period, the expense of a set of minstrels.

Lady Bryan was succeeded in the office of head of Elizabeth's household by Mrs. Catherine Ashley. She was appointed to this place by Henry, and the relationship thus formed was afterwards knit by the ties of strongest affection, as abundantly appears in the subsequent narrative. Mrs. Ashley was wife to John Ashley, a kinsman of Elizabeth's, and a man of education, commended by Ascham for his knowledge of Italian, and the author of a treatise on horsemanship.

Henry's death and Edward's accession now occurred. Holinshed records that at Henry's death, shortly after the proclamation, the Earl of Hertford, with other of the lords, resorted to Hatfield, where the young king then lay, whence they conducted him with a great and right honorable company to the Tower. Edward's journal, however, names Enfield as the scene of this event. The death of her father brought about several changes to Elizabeth. Mary withdrew herself from the party of the Reformation, which then took the head of affairs, and the intimacy between the sisters was broken. Elizabeth left Hatfield, was placed in the charge of the accomplished queen dowager, Catherine Parr, and went to Chelsea, accompanied by Mrs. Ashley. Dr. Coxe, about the same time, ceased his tutorship of Edward, and was succeeded by Sir John Cheke* (whose sister Cecil had married), "a man of great learning, rare eloquence, sound judgment, and grave modesty." Elizabeth had his assistance for a short time in the prosecution of her studies. Sir John Fortescue, afterwards her chancellor, also read Greek with her about this time. She had a resident tutor in the person of William Grindal, who had been bred up under Ascham, and was appointed by Cheke to that office. His relationship to the celebrated Bishop Grindal is not known. He was a young man of great hopes, and highly esteemed by his friend Ascham. He died in Elizabeth's service, of the plague, in January, 1548.

Elizabeth was now, whilst zealously prosecuting her studies, about to take a hard lesson in life. Next to the imminent risk she ran at the time of the Wyatt rebellion, the most dangerous pass of Elizabeth's

* Apostrophized by Milton in his sonnet on "Tetrachordon," and the translator of St. Matthew's Gospel.

abeth's life, as princess, occurred immediately after Edward's accession, in connection with Lord Seymour of Sudeley; and as this episode of her career had its climax and conclusion at Hatfield, and as the principal records concerning it are among the Hatfield MSS., a few notes concerning it may be given.

Lord Seymour of Sudeley, brother of the protector Somerset, and uncle to the king, was a handsome, dashing, gallant, and accomplished man, in the eyes of those with whom it was his object to stand well, and who could help to serve his ambition; but at heart covetous, tyrannical, revengeful, and cruel. His designs, which were many, were rash and daring in the extreme; but his talent for intrigue was only skin-deep, and his want of consistent plan, and of caution, rendered his suppression an easy matter to Somerset.

His first step had been, on the death of Henry VIII., to pay court to, and to marry, Henry's widow, Catherine Parr, an alliance from which he expected to gain both wealth and influence. Catherine, who had no unworthy motive, was, like him, bitterly deceived in the match, and an affecting picture is given by Lady Tyrwhitt, her attendant, wife of Sir Robert Tyrwhitt, and afterwards Elizabeth's governess, of a scene between Catherine and Seymour two days before Catherine's death. Having the lord admiral by the hand, Catherine said, "My Lady Tyrwhitt, I am not well handled, for those that be about me care not for me, but stand laughing at my grief, and the more good I will to them, the less good they will to me." Seymour answered, "Why, sweetheart, I would [do] you no hurt;" to which she replied, very sharply and earnestly, "No, my lord, I think so, but you have given me many shrewd taunts." Seymour then tried to calm her, but Lady Tyrwhitt perceived Catherine's trouble to be so great that "her heart would serve her to hear no more." It is chronicled that the queen dowager died "not without suspicion of poison," but there was nothing but common rumor in support of the accusation.

A constant inmate in the household of Catherine and Seymour, at Chelsea, Hanworth, and Seymour Place, was, as we have noted, the princess. It would appear that Seymour had cast his eyes upon Elizabeth before his marriage with the queen, and had paid her some court, though she was then but in her fourteenth year. Disappointed at the results of his

marriage with Catherine, he now, with an eye to the future, endeavored to obtain a hold upon Elizabeth. In Mrs. Ashley he found a ready tool for his purposes. Whether she was won over by gold, or promises, or a weak yielding to what she conceived to be her ward's hidden wishes, we do not know. Even during Catherine's lifetime Ashley had, she subsequently confessed, "had commune" with Seymour in St. James's Park as to Elizabeth, expressed to him her regret that he had not married Elizabeth in Henry's time, and mentioned to him rumors that he should yet marry her; to which he said, "Nay, I love not to lose my life for a wife." At this interview Catherine's speedy death appears to have been treated as a certainty.

This was a private meeting of confederates, and of what passed at it Mrs. Ashley no doubt confessed just what she chose, and no more. The public conduct of Seymour towards Elizabeth, however, during the time she was resident under his roof, was marked and extraordinary. Mrs. Ashley's confessions relate a series of familiarities of manner practised by him towards the princess from the very time of his marriage. To what extent these familiarities were attributable to the free manners of the time and how far to Seymour's insolent assurance of possessing the princess's affections, it is difficult to say. They have been described by one historian as "a sort of semi-barbarous feudal flirtation." A perusal of the documents certainly shows that they were displeasing to Elizabeth, who withdrew herself as far as possible from the chance of them; but Seymour as certainly made an impression upon the young girl. It is curious, indeed, that the queen sanctioned these familiarities on several occasions by her presence without remonstrating. Once at Hanworth, Seymour wrestled with Elizabeth, and cut her gown of black cloth into a hundred pieces; and when Ashley chid her, she replied that the queen had held her while the lord admiral did it. Mrs. Ashley, though favoring the lord admiral, appears, according to her own account, to have opened her eyes to the unseemliness of his conduct, to have complained to his servant, John Harrington, and to have remonstrated with him personally. Still the judicious woman was at this very period reminding Elizabeth that if Seymour might have had his own will, he would have had her and not the queen!

In the end, however, Catherine's jeal-

ousy became excited, and Elizabeth left her house abruptly. Mrs. Ashley's version of the incident was that the lord admiral loved Elizabeth too well, that the queen, suspecting his frequent visits, had come suddenly upon them, and found him with Elizabeth in his arms; and that this was the cause of Elizabeth's sudden departure.

Immediately after the queen's death, which took place in September, 1548, Seymour had so far decided on prosecuting his scheme of marrying Elizabeth, as according to common report, to retain in his service the maids who had formerly waited upon his wife, in the hope of speedily giving them Elizabeth as a new mistress. Mrs. Ashley, not to be behind-hand, took the opportunity of urging Elizabeth to write to the admiral to comfort him in his sorrow; but the princess refused, "for it needs not," she said, and "for that I should be thought to woo him."

Seymour sounded some of his friends as to what would be thought if he married "one of the king's sisters," but received poor encouragement. He had other irons in the fire. He had obtained a control over Lady Jane Grey, with the view of marrying her to the king, whom he urged to throw off Somerset's protection. To what lengths his daring would have gone it is impossible to say, but he probably hoped to destroy Somerset, and then, as guardian of Edward and husband of Elizabeth, to hold supreme power in the country.

Elizabeth, on leaving the house of Queen Catherine, removed to Hatfield, still under the guardianship of Mrs. Ashley. To what extent her affections had been gained by Seymour it is difficult to say. The most searching examinations both of herself and her intimate companions could produce no evidence of a consent on her part to his addresses.

Seymour had won to his interests, in addition to Mrs. Ashley, Mary Cheke and John Seymour, two of Elizabeth's attendants, and Thomas Parry, her cofferer or treasurer, who had frequent private conference with the admiral at Seymour Place. Thomas Parry, afterwards Sir Thomas, was of Welsh extraction, and, according to Lodge, was distantly related to Cecil, by whom he may have been introduced into Elizabeth's service. His wife, Anne, daughter of Sir William Reed, of Borehall, Bucks, succeeded Lady Troy as attendant on the princess soon after Henry's death. John Ashley was privy

to the whole matter, but warned his wife to take heed, as Elizabeth seemed to bear some affection for Seymour, to be well pleased with him, "and sometime she would blush when he was spoken of;" but Mrs. Ashley never made any secret of her desire for the match, though on the condition, she asseverated, of the Council's consent. Parry appears to have ably seconded her efforts. He, as well as Mrs. Ashley, pressed Elizabeth on the point as to whether she would accept Seymour if the Council agreed. Elizabeth's answers, however, were far beyond her years, and—whatever her feelings might have been, and no doubt there was, as Parry said, "good will between them"—gave evidence of a caution and fear of committing herself thoroughly characteristic. "Would she marry him, if the Council consented?" "When that came to pass she would do as God should put in her mind. Who bade him ask?" "No one, but he gathered the admiral was given that way." "Then it was but his foolish gatherings." "Seymour would now come to woo her." "Though he might want her, the Council would not consent to it."

In addition to these overtures through his agents, Seymour took more public steps. Learning that Elizabeth intended to go to London to see the king, and that she had been disappointed of Durham Place, which she wanted, he wrote, through Parry (who had brought him a letter from Elizabeth in favor of her chaplain, Allen), placing his house and household stuff in London at her disposal; and also sent her word that he would come and see her at Hatfield. These offers, however, rather scared Mrs. Ashley, who was prudent at times, and held the Council and their powers of dismissal and incarceration in great awe; and upon her advice (as she claimed) Elizabeth refused both offers, though according to Parry, she had received the news of the visit "very joyfully and gladly."

Seymour's proceedings, which were probably not much of a secret to Somerset and the Council, at the end of the year, 1548, grew ripe enough for their public attention. Seymour was sent to the Tower on January 17th, 1549, and about the same time "the Lord Great Master (Sir William St. John) and Master Denny," two privy councillors, were sent on a visit of inquiry to Hatfield. Sir Anthony Denny was no stranger to Elizabeth. He was one of her father's executors. She had stayed with him at Cheston

before Queen Catherine's death, and he had married the daughter of Lady Champnour, Elizabeth's first governess. The consternation caused by their appearance there is noted in subsequent letters. Upon the news that they were at the gate, Parry went hastily to his chamber, and said to his wife, "I would I had never been born; I am undone." The same night the unwelcome commissioners supped with Mrs. Ashley, Parry and his wife, and Lady Fortescue, Parry's niece, and a grim enough meal no doubt they had. After the meal and the withdrawal of the guests, Mrs. Parry looked upon her husband and wept, saying to Mistress Ashley, "Alas! I am afraid lest they will send my husband to the Tower;" but Mrs. Ashley assured her there was no cause. Afterwards Parry sent Mrs. Ashley word that he would be torn in pieces rather than open "that matter." What the matter was, must remain a mystery. She, on her side, forbade him to mention her communications with him on the subject of the lord admiral, for fear, she said, of her husband, who would have been displeased, "as he feared the admiral's plans would come to naught."

No document remains recording the proceedings of the two commissioners, but we find that they were soon after replaced by Sir Robert Tyrwhitt, whose letters indicate that the commissioners had subjected Elizabeth to a preliminary examination. Sir Robert Tyrwhitt of Leighton, Huntingdonshire, was a relative by marriage of Queen Catherine, whose master of the horse he was, after having been esquire of the body to Henry VIII. His wife's connection with Queen Catherine has been mentioned above. The only subsequent notices of him are in connection with his office as one of the lords lieutenant of Huntingdonshire, to which he was appointed in 1551. He died in 1556.

Tyrwhitt's eight letters sent to the protector from Hatfield at the end of January and beginning of February, 1549, are very interesting, not only with regard to the immediate business in hand, but to the glimpses they afford of Elizabeth's character, and the methods of inquiry sanctioned by the protector and Council.

The first letter, dated on January 22nd, shows that Tyrwhitt had recourse at the commencement to artifice and deceit to make Elizabeth confess. He "devised" a letter to Mistress Blanche Parry, from a friend of hers, stating that Mrs. Ashley

—who at the beginning of the inquiry had been discharged from her post—and Parry had both been committed to the Tower. The devised letter probably contained something more than this bare fact, for Mrs. Ashley and Parry had actually been so committed on January 20th. This letter he showed to Elizabeth, who, not doubting its genuineness, but concerned for the fate of her servants, and possibly not without misgivings for herself, was abashed, wept, and endeavored to learn from Lady Brown, another lady then in attendance, whether they had confessed anything. The false letter had the effect of making Elizabeth more communicative than she had been to the two commissioners, and she proceeded to give her version of the admiral's proposal to visit her, and her refusal. Tyrwhitt thereupon began to deal more roundly with her, "required her to consider her honor and the peril that might ensue," reminded her that she was but a subject, declared what a wicked woman Mrs. Ashley was, "with a long circumstance," as he expressed it in his letters, artfully saying that if Elizabeth would confess of herself, all the evil and shame should be ascribed to Mrs. Ashley and Parry, and her own youth considered. But whatever secrets there were, if any, between Elizabeth and her governess and cofferer, she was staunch to them. At the end of his letter detailing his tricks and subterfuges to obtain evidence, Tyrwhitt was obliged to confess his belief that she "would abide more storms" before she would be brought to accuse Mrs. Ashley. In a subsequent letter he expresses his belief that there has been some secret promise between the three "never to confess till death." In spite of Tyrwhitt's cleverness, worthy of a French *juge d'instruction*, Elizabeth would in no way "confess any practice," and yet, he adds, "I do see it in her face that she is guilty."

The next day, January 23, Tyrwhitt attacks his antagonist in a new manner. He has "gently persuaded" with her grace, and "begins to grow with her in credit." He obtains an admission that Parry had mentioned to her the subject of the marriage. "This is a good beginning," he writes, "I trust more will follow." Elizabeth, he finds, "has a good wit, and nothing is gotten off her but by great policy."

Two days after, January 25, Tyrwhitt reports progress. Another stratagem was now in practice. A letter from the pro-

tector to him, written for the purpose, was shown to Elizabeth, "with a great protestation that I would not for a thousand pounds be known of it." Whatever the letter contained, Elizabeth still remained obdurate, and Tyrwhitt has to confess, "I cannot frame her to all points as I would wish it to be." In despair of extracting more and with evident respect for Elizabeth's ability, he casts about for help, and writes that he wishes Lady Brown (who apparently had left) to return to Hatfield as "nobody could do more good to cause her to confess" than she, "nor anybody with better will." Who this useful Lady Brown was is difficult to decide. There was a Lady Jane Browne then living, the wife of Sir Anthony Browne's son, King Henry's master of the horse; but a Lady Brown, the wife of a London judge, is also mentioned.

When Tyrwhitt writes again, on January 28th, three days more had been spent by him in "practising with Elizabeth by all means and policy" — whether with Lady Brown's aid or not we are not informed — to no purpose, perhaps because there was nothing more to be told. The week's questioning and cross-questioning, however, had determined Elizabeth to write direct to the protector. Her letter, which embodies the whole of her admissions, is as follows: —

THE LADY ELIZABETH *to the* LORD PROTECTOR.

My Lorde, your great Gentilnis, and good wil towarde me, as wel in this thinge, as in other thinges I do understande, for the wiche even as I oughte, so I do give you most humble Thanks. And whereas your Lordshippe will-eth and counselleth me, as a earnest frende, to declare what I knowe in this matter, and also to write what I have declared to Master Tirwit I shal most willingly do it. I declared unto him first that after that the Coferar had declared unto me what my Lorde Admiral answered for Alin's matter, and for Diram Place, that it was appointed to be a minte, he tolde me that my Lorde Admiral did offer me his house for my time beinge with the Kinge's Majestie. And further sayd and asked me wether if the counsel did consente that I shulde have my Lord Admiral wether I wolde consente to it or no. I answered that I wolde not tel him what my minde was, and I inquired further of him what he mente to aske me that question or who bad him say so; he answered me and said, no bodye bad him say so, but that he parseved (as he thoght) by my Lorde Admiral's inquiringe wether my patente were scaled or no, and debatinge what he spent in his house, and inquiringe what was spent in my house, that he was given that way rather than otherwise. And as concerninge Kat.

Aschilye, she never avised me unto it but said alwaies (whan any talked of my mariage) that she wolde never have me marye, nether in inglande nor out of inglande, with out the consent of the Kinge's Majestie, your grace's, and the counsel's, and after the Quene was departed whan I asked of her what newes she harde from London, she answered merilye, The sayther that your grace shal have my Lord Admiral, and that he wil come shortly to woue you. And moreover I said unto him that the Cofferar sent a letter hither that my Lord sayd that he wolde come this waye as he went doune the cuntrye, than I bad her write as she thoght best, and bade her shewe it me when she had done, so she write that she thoght it not best for feare of suspicion, and so it went forthe, and my Lord Admiral after he had harde that asked of the Coferar whie he mighte not come as wel to me as to my Sister; and than I desired Kat. Aschilye to write againe (lest my Lorde might thinke that she knewe more in it than he) that she knewe nothinge in it but suspicion. And also I tolde Master Tirwit that to the effect of the matter I never consentid unto any suche thinge without the counsel's consent therunto. And as for Kat. Aschilye or the Coferar the never tolde me that the wolde practise it. Thes be the thinges wiche I bothe declared to Master Tirwit and also wherof my conscience berethe me witnis, wiche I wolde not for al ertely thinges offende in anythinge, for I knowe I have a soule to save as well as other fokes have wherfore I wil above al thinge have respect unto this same. If ther be any more thinges wiche I can remembre I will ether write it my selfe, or cause Maister Tirwit to write it. Maister Tirwit and others have told me that ther goeth rumors abroad wiche be greatly bothe agenste myne honor, and honestie wiche above al other thinkes I estime, wiche be these, that I am in the tower and with childe by my Lord Admiral. My Lord these ar shameful schandlers, for the wiche besides the great desier I have to se the King's Majestie, I shal most hartely desire your Lordship that I may come to the court after your first determination, that I may shewe my selfe there as I am. Written in hast frome Alfelde this 28 of Januarye.

Your assured frende to my litel power,
ELIZABETH.

This letter is written in the beautiful Italian hand which had been taught her by Ascham, the hand in which most of her early letters are written, but which she relinquished in after years, under the pressure of business, for a current hand very difficult to decipher.

From Tyrwhitt's letter to the protector of January 31, we find that the latter answered the above-quoted letter of Elizabeth, who received his instructions "very kindly," but who would acknowledge nothing further "as yet." She still screened

Mrs. Ashley, and denied having ever spoken to her on the admiral's proposals. Then Tyrwhitt proceeds to bear evidence of his own zeal in his task. "If your grace did but know," he says, "of my processions with her, all manner of ways, your grace would not a little marvel that she will no more cough out the matter than she doth." After speaking of her love to Mrs. Ashley, he proceeds to suggest that if the latter "would open any of these things that she is so replenished withal, and that Elizabeth might see some part of it, then I would have good hope to make her cough out the whole."

This hint was not fruitless, as will be seen from his next letter, dated February 5th. After saying that Elizabeth had received very "thankfully" a letter from the protector, he proceeds: "At the reading of Mrs. Ashley's letter she was very much abashed, and half breathless, before she could read it to an end, and knew both Mrs. Ashley's hand, and the cofferer's with half a sight, *so that fully she thinketh they have both confessed all they know.*" Immediately after her reading this letter he told her that Mrs. Ashley would utter nothing until she and Parry were brought face to face; that Parry stood fast to all he had written; and that Ashley thereupon called him "false wretch," and said that he had promised "never to confess it to death."

This curious letter, Tyrwhitt's trump card, apparently a confession in general terms signed both by Mrs. Ashley and by Parry, is not extant. The circumstance, however, of Tyrwhitt having expressed a wish to have such a paper to show, coupled with the significant phrase in italics above, points to the grave conclusion that Tyrwhitt and Somerset were capable of "devising" not only letters but also pretended confessions. There is in the State Paper Office a confession by Mrs. Ashley, dated the day previous, February 4th, at the Tower, but this could hardly have been the document referred to, as it is not signed by Parry, and contains nothing involving Elizabeth. It is possible therefore that the document shown was a "device," and the scene between Mrs. Ashley and Parry simply the previously expressed suspicions of Tyrwhitt as to a secret compact put into dramatic form. Elizabeth, however, though shaken for the moment, was equal to the occasion, merely replying to Tyrwhitt that it was a great matter for Parry to promise such a promise and then break it. Tyr-

whitt concludes his letter with an assurance that he will travail to-morrow all he can.

Thus a fortnight after Tyrwhitt's arrival at Hatfield we find the struggle still continuing, he endeavoring by all means fair and foul to obtain from Elizabeth something substantial which, true or untrue, might serve the protector's object by being used as evidence against Seymour; and she, conscious no doubt of youthful indiscretion, but of no guilt, enduring the inquisition with masculine fortitude.

On February 7th, Tyrwhitt sends the results of his further examinations—meagre enough, for Elizabeth will in no way confess that either Mrs. Ashley or Parry willed her to any practice with Seymour. "They all sing one song," he adds in despair, "and so I think they would not do unless they had set the note before."

Mrs. Ashley had before this, as we have noticed, been removed from Hatfield by the Council. Lady Tyrwhitt, who was a most estimable person, had been appointed to her office, but Elizabeth would not recognize her appointment at all, maintaining that Ashley was her mistress, and that she had not so demeaned herself that the Council should now need to put any more mistresses upon her, and taking the matter so heavily that she "wept all that night, and lowered the next day." The Council on this administered a reprimand to Lady Tyrwhitt for her inability to obtain a recognition, and a remonstrance to Elizabeth in a letter of February 17th.

Tyrwhitt, in reporting to the Council Elizabeth's reception of the above letter, says he perceived she was very loath to have a governor, saying the world would note her to be a great offender, having so hastily a governor put upon her—she fully hoping to recover her old mistress again. "The love she yet beareth her is to be wondered at." "If he were to say his fancy," he writes, no doubt with a vivid recollection of his encounters with her, "it is that it were more meet she should have two governors than one!" His offer of advice to her in the composition of a letter to the protector was scornfully rejected. He adds that she was beginning to droop, because she heard the admiral's houses were dispersed; and she would not hear him discommended, "but is ready to make answer therein, and so she hath not been accustomed to do, unless Mrs. Ashley were touched, where-

unto she was very ready to make answer vehemently."

On the 21st of February, Elizabeth again writes to the protector, answering his complaint that she "seems to stand in her own wit, it being so well assured of her own self," by a dignified assurance that she has told only the truth; expressing her desire to preserve her fair fame in the eyes of the people; and desiring a proclamation to be issued to stop the false rumors about her, which was done.

With this letter the documents on the subject conclude. It is unnecessary here to follow the history of Seymour's speedy execution, and his attempt, in his last hours, if Latimer is to be believed, to sow dissension between Mary and Elizabeth. Somerset's design of obtaining from Elizabeth weighty evidence against his brother signally failed, and the means he took to obtain it cannot be excused. Her affections had undoubtedly been to some extent engaged by the admiral, and she narrowly escaped being made the tool of a reckless schemer. The circumstances demanded investigation, but to none was the inquiry so beneficial as to Elizabeth herself. It developed the girl of fifteen into a woman. The process was short and painful, and painful because short, but she was to be prepared for no ordinary career. Henceforth she was mistress of herself, "standing in her own wit, as being well assured of herself," and armed with that triple mail of circumspection which is the first requisite of the kingly office.

We have seen above that Lady Tyrwhitt was substituted for Mrs. Ashley as head of Elizabeth's household. Lady Tyrwhitt, says Mr. Stevenson, was a good woman, of deep religious convictions. The princess would however by no means reconcile herself to the loss of Mrs. Ashley, to whose gross neglect of duty she owed all these troubles, and on the 7th of March she wrote to the protector, praying the Council to be good to Mrs. Ashley and her husband; saying that she did not favor her "evil doing," but explaining and excusing her conduct, and detailing the pains Mrs. Ashley had been at in bringing her up "in learning and honesty." This letter—too long to quote here—is a most interesting one, and may be read in Ellis's "Letters," 1st series, v. 2, p. 153.

In the end Elizabeth carried her point, and Mrs. Ashley subsequently rejoined her, though at what particular date is uncertain.

R. J. GUNTON.

From The Sunday Magazine.
AT HIS WITS' END.

A STORY OF INVENTION.

BY MRS. CHARLES GARNETT.

CHAPTER I.

HOW HE WAS DRIVEN THERE.

"THOU'LL have to do the same as t' rest on us. What call hast thou to set thyself up, a man wi' only his day's wage to look till? To look at thee folk would think thou could pocket-out t' national debt at five minutes' notice."

"Nay, none so, mate. Times has been pretty slack with most on us of late."

"Then what a fool thou must be when a bit o' extra work turns up not to take it."

"Ah!" interjected another dust-begrimed mechanic, who, with bare and folded arms, was leaning, half-sitting half-standing, against his anvil; "and there's another mouth to fill at your place, old chap, since yesterday, I hear tell."

"Yes—a little lass; the marrer of her mother!" said the man addressed, his teeth gleaming whitely as he smiled. He was a fine-looking fellow—tall, strong, and powerful, with good-humored blue-grey eyes shining under a broad forehead, and relieving by their brightness the plainness of the other features and the weight of the square-cut jaw. He was eating his breakfast of bread and bacon in a primitive fashion, cutting pieces off the very thick sandwich with his pocket-knife, and then, transfixing them on the blade, he speared them into his mouth, and every now and then refreshed himself likewise with a drink from a tin bottle, which was standing on the forge to keep the tea it contained hot.

"Come thou in to-night, Aaron," he continued, looking up at his mate who had last addressed him, "and thou shalt see her. I was thinking happen thou'd stand for her when the missus gets about."

"Well, lad, I'se none again' being sponsor to t' little lass. I reckon I sha'n't have so many sins to answer for her but what they may go along wi' my own without making much differ."

"Thou knows thou's nobbut joking. Thou doesn't think that."

"I do though, old chap," answered his friend, nodding his large head covered with red hair vigorously, and then winking aside to their companion, the first speaker.

A shrill whistle rang through the vast place, and in another moment the men

had pocketed their pipes, Aaron and Stephen took up their hammers, Jerry turned to the forge. The thunder of blows, the resounding clang of the struck metal, and the rush and roar of the machinery made the very air of the workshop pulsate and throb with sound. For hours it went on, the sweat poured from Aaron's face, and the muscles rose and fell in great bands across Stephen's shoulders, showing their quick working through his damp shirt. There was no time for speaking now. They worked with a will.

"Though I say it what shouldn't," said Aaron in a short pause, as he straightened himself for a rest, "there's no two chaps in Hanworth's can beat you and me, mate, at a spell of piece-work. Well, half-work is what I can't abide, nor thee neither, mate."

"Right, there, Aaron; so here goes."

And again the regular rhythm of the blows rang out. Once more the whistle sounded. The hum of labor ceased, and the workmen crowded toward the pay-window of the office.

"Now, don't be a fool, lad!" whispered Aaron as his turn and his friend's came. "Thou can't afford scruples just now."

"Can't afford — ay, that's where the shoe pinches," whispered Stephen back.

As each man had his little pile of money pushed towards him and passed on, some were spoken a few words to, and answered, "All right," or, giving a short nod of acquiescence, passed on. Aaron's turn had arrived, and Stephen was close behind him. The clerk hardly raised his head as he said, —

"The anvils must work to-morrow. You'll be here?"

Aaron gave a grunt which might be taken for "Yes," and then Stephen was there.

"You would hear what I said?" asked the cashier.

"Yes. But could not we three work a night instead, till nigh twelve to-night and again from half past twelve on, sir? We'd prefer that."

The clerk turned questioningly towards a gentleman who, sitting in the office with his hands in his pockets and his legs stretched out, was poising his chair on its back legs and gazing into the fire.

"What am I to say, sir?" asked the cashier.

"Eh! what!" cried the master, letting his chair come down suddenly on the floor and fixing his keen eyes on Stephen. "What does he want?"

"To work over-night, sir, instead of on Sunday. He says his two mates he thinks will be willing to join him too, and he'll make full time."

Not condescending to notice the clerk's explanation, the master, springing to his feet, cried, —

"Come in here, Steve."

And Stephen entered the counting-house cap in hand.

"Now, my lad, what nonsense is this?" demanded Mr. Hanworth. "You know well enough how slack trade has been, and I think you ought to be glad Hanworth's has got the order. It's good for you as well as me."

"So I am, sir, I'm sure."

"And you know it has to be executed to time?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then do you mean to tell me you won't work on Sunday?"

"I'll make it up fully, sir. I know my two mates will come, and we'll give you full satisfaction; but I cannot break the Sabbath. I never have, sir, and I hope you won't ask it now."

"Shut up!" cried Mr. Hanworth angrily. "Do you think I'm going to be preached at by any hand here? Are you going to accommodate me or are you not?"

Stephen stood silent, and then he raised his eyes and looked full in his master's angry face.

That silent look was enough. White to his lips, Mr. Hanworth said slowly, —

"If you won't accommodate me you may go," and then turned his back.

Stephen waited a moment or two and then slowly left the office and passed out into the now empty foundry yard.

In the street he found Aaron lingering.

"Well, lad?"

"I've got the sack!"

Aaron would have said some word of consolation, but, glancing at the sorrow-stricken face beside him, he forbore and left Stephen to walk home alone. As he did so, he did not feel much like a hero! A man may do the right thing, but those know nothing of such struggles who represent that, therefore, peace — nay, joy — will flood his soul. Nothing of the kind. There is only one way into the kingdom; and that way is strewn with thorns, and the thorns pierce the feet which press them; yes, sometimes they wound so deeply that they even *lame*, and it is with hesitating and bleeding footsteps that the traveller presses sorrowfully — it may be regretfully — onward.

Visions of victory fade away, and all that the worn and wearied soul dares to hope for is strength to struggle forward, and, maimed and broken-hearted, to reach some day the goal, and *then* rest.

Stephen, miserable and sad, grew more low-spirited as he neared his home. He did not fear having to listen to reproaches, but he trembled as he thought of the look he would receive. It was with a slow footstep that he entered the cottage and ascended the stairs to the neat room above where wife and child awaited him.

With a bright countenance and shining eyes Mary looked up into her husband's face, and then before he spoke a word she stretched out her white hand and took his fondly.

"Dear lad, sit down and tell me what is the matter."

"A great deal, wife! I've got the sack."

Certainly as he spoke the face he loved so well became downcast. Mary cast a frightened glance towards the little bundle by her side, but the next instant she regained her confidence and said cheerfully, —

"Never mind, you are sure to get on somewhere else. Thou art a first-class hand, Steve, there are plenty more works in this big town beside Hanworth's. Have any more got turned off? Is work slacker?"

"No; it's better, and I'm the only one out."

"Thou the *only* one; tell me all about it, dear Steve."

And then he related his story, and as he spoke his wife's face grew as quiet and as settled as his own, and when he concluded with the remark, "It's very hard on you and the little lass, Mary, but what could I do?" she answered, "Nothing but what thou hast done. My Steve would have to grow a different man from what he is, afore he'd put us above his duty to God. Never fear for us, a way will be made; kneel down and pray a bit, lad!"

And when in a few low-murmured, heart-felt sentences her husband had done so, she fell quietly asleep holding his hand in hers. Afraid to disturb her, he sat still thinking of many things, and his thoughts were not sad, for, now the first shock of losing his work at such a critical time was past, he felt convinced he should have little difficulty in getting another place. He knew himself to be a first-rate workman, and that his character as a steady and reliable man stood high and

was pretty well known amongst those to whom on Monday he must apply for employment, and he thought with some satisfaction on the fact that from his apprenticeship he had always remained at Hanworth's. "Yes, I never was a chap for running about. I've never worked anywhere else, and though it's hard to be turned out of the old place, being so long there will help me to a new one." So he sat quietly resting till the gathering twilight rendered all things indistinct, and the fitful glow of the fire threw long, fantastic shadows on the ceiling of the little chamber.

A quiet, restful Sabbath followed, and on Monday morning very early, with a hopeful, cheerful heart, Stephen sallied forth to seek new employment.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT HE LOOKED FOR THERE.

MR. HANWORTH usually — as a respectable custom — attended church on Sunday morning. There was a feeling of satisfaction in accompanying his elegant wife and well-dressed children there. He did not think much why he did go, nor when he arrived at church did he think at all about worship or praise. He stood up and sat down in the right places — he did not kneel, of course; so far as the neighbors saw he was sufficiently devout, but if some unknown power had obliged Mr. Hanworth to reveal himself to public gaze, his human fellow-worshippers as well as the "cloud of witnesses" would have known that church time was a time of busy business — a quiet time for speculation, investment, invention, calculation, and plans, anything but devotion to this seemingly correctly religious man.

Mr. Hanworth was "put out" more than he liked to own by Stephen's resolute bearing, and the little incident in his counting-house and the steadfast look in his workman's eyes kept recurring with disagreeable distinctness to his mental vision. Coming out of church he met, as he frequently did, another iron-master; living in the same direction, they usually walked home together, talking various little business matters over. To-day Mr. Hanworth mentioned Stephen's obstinacy.

"Just shows how disobliging those fellows can be; man and boy he's worked about the place for twenty years. Detestable impudence! he's only one of a class. Combination is our only remedy.

"Are you coming to the masters' meeting to-morrow? yes, of course. You'll mention this little circumstance?"

"No, I think not; I don't want to injure the fellow."

"Then I shall. Fine day, isn't it? good-bye."

The next day the "little circumstance" was mentioned, and called forth many indignant and contemptuous comments. Nearly all the gentlemen present were self-made men. And yet amongst no set of aristocratic landowners could more determined counsels of class (*their* class, that is) supremacy be heard. One benevolent old man did dare certainly to remark that this did not seem to him a case of insubordination, but of conscience, and that every man had a right to his Sabbath, but this gentleman was treated with scant attention.

And there the matter was dropped; but not ended, as Stephen found to his cost next day.

All Monday Stephen went from foundry to foundry, but trade had been dull and was just beginning to revive, no new workmen were required, and he met with refusals at all save one place; there he was told a foreman who understood his own particular branch was wanted, but the master was engaged out at a meeting, and he might call next day. When he did call he found *he* was not wanted.

So a bitter time of trial began; for three long weeks Stephen wandered about constantly asking for work. When he had penetrated into every workshop and foundry-yard in the vast town where he had been born and always had lived, and met invariably with disappointment, he began by his wife's advice to travel to the neighboring smaller towns.

Frequently he walked very long distances on vague rumors of employment, which always turned out to be false, for the iron trade, which was beginning to revive in the great town, was still stagnant in the outlying districts. Constant refusals crushed even his brave and trustful spirit, and he went now, at the end of a fortnight, on his daily search with so despondent an air that misfortune seemed to accompany him and cling naturally to his side.

Stephen tried each evening as he neared his house to put on the cheerful air he did not feel, and enter his home briskly, but one look at Mary's anxious face and large, questioning eyes, and all his sham brightness vanished.

The couple had only been able, on ac-

count of the long bad times, to make but a very small provision against a rainy day. A sick sister — a widow — had needed and received help to the utmost of their power, and many unusual expenses had come to be paid during the last month, so the little savings had dwindled rapidly away, and it was with a feeling akin to despair that Stephen, on the Monday in this the third week, was obliged to go to the savings bank and withdraw their last pound.

Through all the years which have passed since then Stephen looks back upon that week as the most miserable of his life, and sometimes even now he wonders how he got through it, and owns with humble gratitude that nothing short of the sustaining hand of his God and the patient, uncomplaining, cheerful love of his wife prevented him from utterly despairing.

He had been everywhere! He knew the uselessness of applying where he had been already refused, and yet it was intolerable to remain in the house doing nothing but watch, as he could not help watching, his pale, feeble wife and the helpless little baby. Out in the streets there seemed more room to move. He avoided the hours when he should meet his fellow-workmen returning from that employment to gain a share in which would have been the greatest earthly happiness to himself. He wandered about fighting a sore battle. Few persons passing the man in the street in his unused working-dress, and with that look of misfortune hanging like a mist about him, would have given him credit for being a hero, and little did he feel like one himself. And yet each night as he knelt and prayed for that daily bread which seemed so long in coming, he also offered a thanksgiving for having passed one more day without having yielded to sin, for every waking hour of the day had been passed in fighting temptation. A voice had been constantly urging him, with sometimes such terrible vehemence that it seemed as though no denial was possible, —

"Go to Mr. Hanworth, say you are sorry and you will work on Sunday when he finds it needful. He will take you back. The wages are good, and Mary and the child will be provided for. Go at once; here you are just passing the gates."

"No, no! not even for them. Lord, help me to be true to thee, and to do what I'm sure is right," he would cry in his

heart; and then with hurrying feet would hasten past the well-known walls.

Saturday night came. There was a question Stephen must ask, and he tried twice or thrice to say the words before they would form the very simple sentence.

"Have we any money left, Mary? I know you've had coals to get."

"A shilling, dear lad; but don't be low-hearted; we've three big loaves and a bit of cheese and some tea and sugar—enough to put us over Monday. Keep up thy heart, Stephen; our Lord's sure to make a way for us."

Stephen groaned as he buried his face in his hands.

So the third week ended.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT HE FOUND THERE.

ANOTHER Sabbath had come round, and perhaps, of all the sorrow-laden souls in the great congregation assembled in the time and smoke blackened old parish church, none carried a heavier heart than the working man who knelt with bowed head and passionately clasped hands in the shadow of the farthest pillar.

Stephen was sitting silently by the fire that afternoon, and Mary, singing a hymn, was trying to quiet the child to sleep as she rocked it to and fro in her arms, when the door opened and Aaron came in.

"Well, old chap, are you getting on middling?"

"No, not at all; I can't get a chance to go to work."

"Ay, but that's bad! You see, Steve, it's gotten out why Hanworth sacked thee. Have you tried old Mr. Wilson? He's of thy own way of thinking."

"Ay, and I should have got a job, maybe; but they've not work for their own old hands."

"I'm sorry for you, Steve. I've wished many a time since I'd been man enough to do t' same. All these three Sundays I've been fair miserable, and I've thought such a sight of thee. I thought to mysen to-day, directly I've got washed I'll go on and see Steve."

"Have you been working every Sunday sin'?"

"Ay, that we hev; and now, whenever it suits Hanworth, we shall have to do it again. He comes down for an hour in t' afternoon, looking so clean, and with a flower in his coat. It fair rouses me. But what is a chap to do?"

"Obey God, rather than man." Ste-

phen said the words sadly, and as though speaking to himself.

"Ah, it's well enough for thee," Aaron began, and then he stopped suddenly, for he caught sight of Mary's face, and her eyes were full of tears. She rose hastily, and began nervously moving about. Stephen looked up also.

"You'll stop, Aaron, and have a cup of tea with us? We can yet afford to give a friend that."

"Yes, do, Aaron," echoed Mary. "Here, Steve, hold baby, will you? while I get it ready."

Stephen took the little creature carefully—he was not much used to holding babies—in his arms; but he had hardly received his little daughter when she set up a pitiful cry. He rocked himself backwards and forwards, holding the baby closely to him, and trying to hush it; but in vain; the more he rocked the more she cried.

Mary, who had gone into the cellar to fetch the bread, ran hastily up.

"What ever's the matter?" said Stephen, turning helplessly towards his wife. "I never heard it go on like this afore."

"You've run a pin into it! Here, give me hold of her; I'll soon put it straight."

The baby ceased to cry, and remained quite happy on her father's knees till the poor meal was spread. Then, though Mary and Aaron talked cheerfully together, Stephen became quite silent, and when tea was over, and they drew their chairs around the hearth, his thoughtful gaze turned to his little child, peacefully slumbering in her wooden cradle, and he became absorbed apparently in contemplating her small face. Suddenly he exclaimed,—

"Yes, that's how it could be done."

"What done?"

"Why, I know how I could make a pin that wouldn't hurt."

"Then do it, lad," cried Aaron. "Lots of t' women folk would buy them; ay! and men too, for naught drives a man out of himsen like a crying barn."

"But I can't do it."

"For why?"

"Because our money's done, and we've naught even to buy pin-wire."

"Here, I lend thee it. Will ten shillings fit thee?"

"Ay, five shillings will, and plenty too; and thank you, mate."

"Nay, take ten shillings; you're kindly welcome."

After that a cloud seemed lifted from the party, and when Aaron left at nine

o'clock, after again partaking of bread and cheese, he thought, as he strolled home, he had seldom spent so happy an evening, and found himself wishing he had a wife too, and home of his own.

The early dawn was hardly flushing the sky above the crowded roofs when Stephen the next day awoke, and he was the earliest customer the wire-seller had that morning.

Very diligently and happily he worked. Mary even heard him whistling and singing at intervals; and before dinner-time he called her.

"Wife, come hither; here are some pins finished. You must have the first, my joy."

And he held out towards her half a handful of the now universally known 'safety pins.'

"Will they do?" Stephen added rather anxiously.

She looked at them, this first judge of his invention, examining them minutely, and then cried, —

"Do? Yes, grandly!" She hastily laid them down and turned to the cradle, and without any apparent reason picked up therefrom the baby, covering its tiny face with kisses. "My little barn, my lamb! I sadly feared for thee; but father can keep us both now." And the mother burst into tears.

"Why, Mary, what hast thou been thinking of?"

"That I must get mother to take the little one, and go back to service till times mended."

"I thought, wife, we promised for better or worse. We must always stick together."

She looked pitifully up into his kind face.

"But, Steve, soon there would have been no other way, though it would have been the very *worst* that could have come. We are bound to be honest thou knows, lad."

"Thank God!" reverently responded her husband, "he has not let us be tried above what we *could* stand. As long as he spares *thee* everything else I can bide to lose."

But henceforward it was no tale of loss that their lives told. Two days later, with a workbox of his wife's filled with various sizes of the new pin, Stephen sallied forth and visited some of the largest drapers' shops in the town. He returned in two hours with a handful of silver and an empty box, and set to work at making more; and, although Aaron joined him the

following week, the demand could not be met.

Safety pins became the rage, and Stephen soon had no difficulty in obtaining money to patent his invention, nor in opening a small manufactory, which presently grew to such large dimensions that Aaron finds the salary he receives as manager a very comfortable provision indeed for the wife and little children he has now the honor of supporting.

Stephen is able to surround his Mary with every indulgence even his warm love can wish to supply her with, and perhaps the reason why he remains so unassuming and humble a man, though now a rich one, is found in the fact that he acutely feels all his prosperity has come to him — a most unexpected gift — from following resolutely the will of God. It was because he was at his wits' end for bread that he was led to think out and find what proved to be a blessing both to himself and family and to tens of thousands of mothers and their babes. God's ways are sometimes rough, but they always lead to what is bright and good.

We need hardly add Sunday labor is unknown at the "Safety-pin Works."

From Temple Bar.

ROBIN.

BY MRS. PARR, AUTHOR OF "ADAM AND EVE."

CHAPTER XII.

(continued.)

ALLUDING to something which she was to do — in the conversation which ensued that evening in the public gardens — Robin said, —

"But we shall have to draw in our horns when you are gone: we couldn't afford to do by ourselves what we have done while you have been with us."

"Afford!" said Christopher reprovingly; "why do you pain me by making me repeat the same thing again and again to you, Robin? What good is there in calling myself your brother, if you will not give me the privileges of one?"

Either his tone or manner seemed to trouble her; she shot a quick glance at him.

"Give!" she said with a half smile and shake of her head, "you have done nothing else but give from the first minute we saw you. I don't know how we shall ever repay you, Christopher."

"By consenting to come to England, you could."

And give up Jack forever! That was what her sigh meant.

"It's not possible?" he asked anxiously, looking at her; "you wouldn't like it?" The little sigh had not escaped his ear.

"Oh, I don't think I should mind. The only question is, how would our fathers agree?"

With the knowledge he had of Mr. Veriker's health, Christopher hardly knew what to reply. Mr. Blunt had at all times an ungovernable temper, and he regarded it a privilege of his prosperity that he was not called upon to restrain himself for any one. At any moment an outburst of passion might be fatal to Mr. Veriker; and the two men together, how soon cause might be given for that to come, no one who knew them both could say.

"Agree?" he said as if he had been considering the matter, "perhaps better now that they are both older."

Robin smiled.

"I don't know that—age seldom improves tempers, I fancy."

"I am sure you would get on with my father," Christopher began.

"You think so—I wonder, should I?"

"Yes, I am sure you would, and with everybody about too, and that is why he wants to know the neighbors better than we do."

"Would there be girls among the neighbors to know?"

"Some there are."

"Nice girls?"

"I think so."

"Pretty?"

"I believe they are thought so."

"Haven't you seen them, then?"

"Many times I've seen them."

"And yet don't know what they are to look at, whether they are pretty or not." Robin laughed softly—"When they ask you about me, Christopher, what are you going to say?"

"They won't ask me," he stammered.

Oh! if she could but read his thoughts, and learn from them what he wanted to say.

"But your father will ask you?"

"I have your photograph to show."

"And you think that does me justice?" and the look of mischief she turned on him was beyond the art of photography to portray. "Oh, Christopher, you are not given to flattery, that I must say."

"Would you like me to flatter you?" he managed to ask.

"No, I should like you to tell me the truth," and she smiled saucily.

"The truth, Robin," he said, and his voice almost died away.

Was it the return of that vague fear which made her interrupt him, and quickly cry,—

"But I am wasting our last evening in nonsense, forgetting how far away this time to-morrow you will be, and the hundred things I shall remember then that I have forgotten to say to you now."

"Never mind," and Christopher drew a long breath, "what you forget"—his decision was taken: he wouldn't risk a longer stay—"if you will keep your promise not to forget me."

CHAPTER XIII.

"The lucky have whole days, which still they choose;
Th' unlucky have but hours, and those they lose."

MR. VERIKER was the victim of two states of feeling. When he was tolerably well, and the chances seemed remote as to when it might occur, he could—to any one but Robin—talk of his death as probably near. The instant any cause brought back symptoms he had been told to fear, and though his life had depended on it, he could not have approached the subject, the very thought that any one about him suspected his dread, was sufficient to aggravate his pain and distress his breathing. Unconsciously the promptings of many things he had to say to Christopher, was the supposition that they might never meet again, and the continued repetition of the thought became oppressive to him—it acted on his nerves and made them sensitive and irritable.

While Robin and Christopher were absent at the gardens, he had been annoyed by some trifling incident which had gone wrong in the hotel. At another time he would have passed it over, now he believed it had been done purposely to aggravate him. He tried to make light of it on their return, and Robin, skilled in the art of soothing disaster, hoped when they set off to dine that he had got over it. The dinner—as is often the case when no one feels particularly cheerful, and every one is bent on seeming so—was rather a dull affair. Another party had secured Erasmo, and the waiter they had was a fresh man who did not know anything about them; the dishes were ill-made, had been kept waiting; the wine, "nothing like what they had usually," did not go well with them. Like most brilliant, fascinating people, when Mr. Veri-

ker was disposed to find fault, nothing satisfied him.

"I don't think he is well," said Robin in an undertone to Christopher. They had finished their dinner and were crossing over to Florian's for coffee and ices. "You ask him how he feels, he does not like me to notice him."

"Feel all right?" said Christopher with pointed inquiry — they had found a table and were waiting for chairs.

"Right!" — Mr. Veriker's tone implied what in heaven's name should make any one ask him if he felt right — "as a trivet," he said, "that is, as right as any one can feel who has had to eat the most abominable dinner ever served to mortal man. Whew!" he said in a voice which scared the very senses out of a flower-girl, and an urchin with matches who had come up close, in prospect of a customer, "I should like to have on the end of a fork the heart of the wretch who cooked it."

"Papa, you have scarified those two poor creatures. Hist! hist! come here," she called in Italian. "Christopher, buy something of them — I'll pick you out a button-hole. Which do you like, pink or red? Oh! here's some orange-blossom — you'll have that, won't you?"

"What does it mean?" Christopher asked.

"Oh, nothing that you need be afraid of; on the contrary, you will be quite safe forever from me; you never marry the person to whom you give orange-blossom."

She had taken hold of his coat, the little bouquet was in her hand; Christopher snatched it from her and threw it again into the basket.

"Give me a pink one," he said, "that oleander will do."

"And not the orange-blossom? Oh, well I will have it myself then."

"I won't pay for it if you do."

"How disgustingly mean of you! Papa, give me some money, I haven't any, and Christopher won't buy a bouquet for me."

"I haven't got any," said Mr. Veriker — "since Christopher has been with us I haven't carried any, on principle."

Robin turned and said something in Italian to the girl.

"She'll trust me, she says."

"All right," replied Christopher, "let her; I don't care how you get it as long as you can't say I gave it to you."

This little episode, which at another time would have provoked Mr. Veriker's

good-humor only now increased his discontent.

"What is the good," he thought, "of his plucking up courage now? that's the sort of thing he ought to have begun a week ago, not have waited until just as he is on the verge of starting. I'm sure he has had opportunities enough, but he has made nothing of them. If that had been Jack now — pshaw!" Mr. Veriker's imagination failed him to think to what point under similar circumstances Jack would have reached by this time. Since the departure of that letter his regrets for the friend he had cast himself off from had been never-ending. With no hope of their meeting again, Jack had been exalted to a height of perfection he had never attained before; and whenever — and of late he had very frequently done so — he compared him with Christopher, Mr. Veriker was disposed to consider that in his daughter's interest he had made himself a martyr.

"We none of us want to be late to-night, do we?" said Robin, interrupting this reverie of her father's.

"I don't," he said, "but I suppose you and Christopher will want to go off presently and have your stroll by the water. Hist!" he called to a man in the distance with newspapers, "which of those fellows is it, can you see, Robin? Not that it much matters. I don't expect one of them has got a *Figaro*."

"If not, we'll go and try and get you one."

"Rubbish, child, get me one! if I can't have the *Figaro*, I shall do well enough with something else. Be off, the two of you, and have your walk, and then there'll be some chance of getting home in decent time to-night."

Robin looked at him uneasily; all the old signs of worry had come back: he sighed, stretched himself out, altered his position restlessly, pushed back anything that happened to be near, moved his chair if people came close to him.

"We're not thinking of going to-night," she began. "Christopher and I have said all we want to say to each other. We want to be all three together for the last time, don't we, Christopher?"

"Yes," said Christopher.

Oppressed, perhaps, by the compliment paid him, Mr. Veriker suddenly shifted himself on his seat, a chair near him lost its balance, and in its fall knocked against the arm of a waiter, who attending to anything but the tray of glasses he carelessly held, down they went with a clatter which

made everybody near jump up, thus affording an opportunity for Mr. Veriker to rid himself of the burst of expletives that were boiling over against Christopher.

This threatening of the old trouble which for more than a month now had seemed gone forever, had brought back all his anxiety about Robin's future. He wanted to feel assured that it was securely settled, and he was seized on by the idea that this would be done if Christopher spoke to her. In a conversation of a few nights before, the subject had been lightly touched on between them; but at that time Mr. Veriker, in capital spirits — after a pleasant day and an excellent dinner — saw no reason to hurry matters. Young girls, he said — generalizing — seldom knew their own minds, and often it was not until they missed a man that it ever occurred to them how much they had cared for him. He did not know that one succeeded any the better for being too pressing in such cases. His advice would be, leave a little for absence to do — that and time work wonders.

Even to Mr. Veriker, Christopher had not in plain words admitted the feeling he was inspired with for Robin — but yielding to the encouragement to confidence, and assured of the knowledge he possessed, he had permitted himself to find an outlet in those vague discussions which, without naming, bear reference to our individual affections. With all his art and tact it was impossible for Mr. Veriker to assume sympathy with feelings he knew nothing of, and it therefore frequently happened that at the very moment when Christopher was about to make a clean breast of his love, a word, a doubtful joke, a past experience would make him draw back his confidence and lock it tight up again.

On this last evening, however, he had made up his mind to speak more openly. One reason for his previous silence had been the fear of Mr. Veriker's making inopportune allusions to his state of feeling; his departure would render this impossible, therefore he might reasonably tell him of that hope he nourished of making Robin at some future time care for him. It would be an opportunity to convince him of the interest he had in her, and a pledge of assurance that in case her father was taken from her she would still have a protector left. Christopher was much occupied with all he meant to say, — the matter of his speech and how he should best arrange his words made him thought-

ful and absent. That he was able to keep under that pain of parting and to think of others rather than himself, was but in keeping with his character. Robin, more than usually anxious, spoke only by fits and starts, the wrong twist which every thing that evening had taken seemed to have upset her.

Mr. Veriker seizing on any occasion to find fault declared, rising, that he couldn't stand the two of them any longer. "Mutes at a funeral would be cheerful to you," he said; "we'd best go in — another hour of this sort of thing," and he gave a most obtrusive shiver, "would make me ready to throw myself into the canal yonder."

Robin jumped up; Christopher followed. "You're anxious, I'm afraid," he said softly.

"A little — I was hoping it was all past and gone — he seemed so much better."

"So I hope he will be again to-morrow."

"I am so sorry you are going, Christopher." Because she was speaking in a whisper, to emphasize her words, she stretched out her hand towards him. He took it — the little warm palm lay next to his: why should he not carry it to his lips and cover it with kisses — kisses that must surely tell her what he was longing to utter. No, no; there were so many people about, near enough to see, and close enough to listen to them — it would never do — so he only tightened his hold of her hand as he said bending down, —

"Sorry are you, Robin — tell me — why?"

"Because he has been so well ever since you came here," she answered simply.

Did the girl guess the pain she was giving? Was it the desire to wound which made her answer so?

Love is very cruel to love, and the heart which has given itself to another is often hedged about by thorns ready to make all who come too near bleed and suffer.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Like our shadows
Our wishes lengthen, as our sun declines.

THE next day Christopher left Venice. He started at an early hour before the morning haze had cleared away, and before the time the train reached the end of the long bridge which crosses the Lagoon every trace of the city behind him had vanished.

Fortunately, as he considered it, he had the carriage to himself and could move about as he pleased, and do as he liked without disturbing any one. He had said good-bye to Mr. Veriker at the hotel, had parted with Robin at the railway station; and as the line of towers and spires on which his eyes remained fixed became faint, obscure, and now blotted out altogether, he asked was it all a dream, a vision that had passed away and was over? Should he wake up presently to find himself the Christopher he had been — aimless, purposeless, with no settled interest in life — the round man in the square hole? No, thank God! that was not likely; whatever might come of this visit, and the presentiment was strong in him that the result would be more of pain than of pleasure, it had had the effect of lifting him out of himself — had tried his strength, tested his capabilities, made him know what he could do, and alas! feel how much he could suffer.

There had been very few words exchanged between him and Robin that morning, and certainly not a whisper of love had passed between them, and yet Christopher felt she was nearer to him, that in some way she had herself drawn closer. Would the words Mr. Veriker had said come to pass? Was it true that sometimes not until the hour of parting was love discovered? Christopher would not cheat himself so far as that, but the tremulous allusions to good-byes, the regretful eyes that looked farewell, lit up within his breast the torch of hope.

"In time, in time," a voice within went singing. Nurtured by tenderness, strengthened by devotion, might not the tiny germ spread out into fair blossom yet? Christopher's heart swelled at the bare supposition — the craving for love had grown so strong in him that he caught at and clung to each straw of promise, finding great comfort in the fact of Robin's youth, her jesting talk and utter disbelief in love, and in all that was advanced in proof of man's devotion. That showed — so Christopher argued — that her heart was yet untouched: she could not jest at scars if she had felt a wound, and in all the conversations he had had with her and her father, there had never been a mention made of any one whom by any possibility he could turn into a rival. Mr. Veriker — as well as Robin — had been very frank in all he had told him about their past life, describing, with that happy knack he had, their surroundings and associates, so that for the time Chris-

topher saw both the places and the people.

It had so happened that during the journey to the railway station, notwithstanding it was his last morning with Robin, at least for some time — and how often for some time means forever! — Christopher's thoughts ran mostly on Mr. Veriker. Perhaps Robin guessed as much, for, unlike her usual self — pouring out hopes and fears — she sat either silent or making some passing remark, but without an allusion to her father, and yet she had seen him, had gone up to his room to ask if he was not coming down to say good-bye to Christopher, as the night before he had announced he meant to do.

On the previous evening when they got back to the hotel, Christopher was prepared for some final communications which they had long spoken of having; but though to afford the opportunity Robin left them undisturbed, Mr. Veriker had apparently nothing to say: at least, he said nothing, until Christopher broached the conversation, when suddenly jumping up, he declared he must go at once off to bed — he was tired out, could not talk then if the whole universe depended on it. "Yes, yes," he knew, he hadn't forgotten what he wanted to say, but it must be said to-morrow, he'd get up early, and see Christopher off; there would be time enough before he started for both of them to have a talk, and say all they wanted to say to each other. So in expectation of his making his appearance, Christopher had tranquilly waited, until the hour for departure drew so dangerously near that Robin volunteered to run up to her father's room, and see if she could not hurry his movements.

"Christopher!" she called, "Christopher! you are to come up here: he is not going to the station, he is not well this morning."

Conversant by this time with the self-indulgent habits of Mr. Veriker, and his rooted dislike to early rising, Christopher was beginning to twit him, when at sight of the altered face, pinched and pain-drawn, he stopped. Since the first dawn of early day, when — awakening from unrefreshing sleep — Mr. Veriker had remembered that Christopher was going, he had been screwing up courage to send for him. Now that he had put it off until there was but a moment or so to spare, he could only feebly grasp the hand put into his without having strength to utter

a word, but the look he gave! oh, how it haunted Christopher — he could not rid himself of it, it seemed to come between him and everything he turned his eyes upon; and if for a moment his thoughts went off elsewhere, the memory of that drawn face and those despairing eyes beckoned them back, and stirred him with new regrets.

It was quite a relief to him that Robin did not question him, and that when he came down they had to hurry off to the steps, making no remark to each other but such as related to the things he had to carry and how pressed he was for time. He hardly dared look at her, fearing she should discover the trouble in his face — trouble which sprang from reproach, that he had made so little of his opportunities in trying to influence the poor fellow he had just left.

To a serious, contemplative mind like Christopher's, there had always been something very terrible in the flippancy displayed by Mr. Veriker regarding his state — to be judged leniently because he could but acknowledge the magic that that gay humor exercised upon himself, so completely carrying him away that at moments when he had resolved to be most earnest his gravest thoughts had been swept off in its whirlwind of fun and frolic.

Up to the previous evening he had hardly realized that a frown could abide on that smiling face, or that ill-temper could more than brush past that careless, genial disposition. Now — this morning — another door had been unlocked for him, and without a word of warning the skeleton which hitherto Mr. Veriker had hidden out of sight had been shown to him.

There were no doubts now in Christopher's mind as to the reasons which had prompted that first letter — it had not only been written by a dying man but by a man who knew that he was dying; and recalling the jests made over doctors' mistakes, the laughter indulged in at their cautions and croaking, Christopher was filled with unutterable sadness, for he saw plainly now that all this talk was but a subterfuge to conceal the dread reality.

"Can it have anything to do with your going away?" Robin said abruptly.

They had reached the station, she and Christopher were standing on the platform together, and his thoughts had trav-

elled back to the short time since, when on that very spot the two had stood side by side, strangers to one another.

He looked at her questioningly, his ear had not quite caught what she said — they had not been speaking of Mr. Veriker.

"You thought he looked ill, didn't you, this morning?"

"I did not think he seemed at all well last night," Christopher answered evasively.

Robin took hold of his hand and held it tightly in her own; she said nothing, but her face, half averted from Christopher, told him the distress she was controlling.

"But you know," he said soothingly, "that I am very often ill myself."

"Yes?" and she drew nearer, as if finding sympathy.

"Don't you remember my telling you that at home for weeks together, at times, I am not well?"

"And yet you get all right again?"

"As you see."

A smile came into her face.

"Oh, Christopher!" and in the sigh she gave she seemed to find relief, "why must you go? Why can't you stay?"

"Ah!" he said, getting into the carriage, for the train was on the point of starting, and, like many another one, just as he was going he felt his courage come, "if I could but think you felt half as sorry to part with me, as I do to say good-bye to you."

Was it fear of the carriage moving that made her suddenly draw back? Perhaps having to raise it gave her voice that altered tone.

"I don't take it as good-bye," she said, "but as *au revoir*."

"What does that mean, that you are coming to us, or am I to return to you?"

"Which would you like?"

"Either — both — anything — everything — that would keep me with you."

The desire to say the words, and the fear of saying them — for it seemed as if his meaning must be heard in each syllable — made everything before Christopher's eyes dance to and fro; the carriage gave a jerk which sent him forward and back, there was a shrill whistle which made him start up to exchange one more look with Robin, and they were off — the train was moving, he had lost sight of her and very soon strain to the utmost his eyes — as he did — they no longer saw anything that could be called Venice.

CHAPTER XV.

"Did the man enjoy
In after-life the visions of the boy?"

MR. BLUNT had proposed that his son should diversify his journey back from Venice, instead of which, Christopher had written to say he was coming home direct. A telegram from Paris would announce the day and hour of his arrival.

Now that he had left the Verikers, he was all anxiety to see his father, and accustomed to reproach himself with want of tact in his usual management of him, most of his thoughts ran on how he could act so as best to serve his friends.

Unfortunately for Christopher he had to struggle against a terribly sensitive nature, of which his father had never been able to form the slightest comprehension. Blessed with robust health and great bodily strength, that inherent delicacy of constitution which gave his son nerves and a dozen unexplained ailments, was a mystery to Mr. Blunt; one which he tried to solve by every remedy in which he had any curing faith. "Let him get up and eat a good breakfast" — "Take a ten-mile walk" — "Put a bottle of good wine into him," these were Mr. Blunt's prescriptions, and after more than twenty years of failure, he still went on repeating them.

With the one exception of his late wife, to whom he had most discovered his feelings, not a living soul had an idea of the sort of idolatry in which Mr. Blunt held Christopher — not *that* Christopher, with whom as an individual he had no sympathy, felt no companionship, had not a taste in common — but that fruit of his body who bore his name and would inherit his money. Why, it was to make him a gentleman that he had toiled and labored — on his account that he lived hedged in by surroundings from which he drew neither comfort nor enjoyment.

While Mrs. Blunt had lived, her good sense and influence had prevented the outburst of display in which her husband had since indulged. Sensible of his social defects, she had taken care to arrange their household with a due regard to hide them; but another rule had sway now, and Mr. Blunt sat at his meals in solemn state, with a magnificent footman behind his chair, and the eye of a solemn butler fixed on him.

What a curse to many a self-made man are those small niceties of behavior, so difficult of practice to those who have not been early trained in them! That "Oh, beg pardon, sir, thought perhaps I hadn't

placed you a fork" was sufficient, feeling his knife was in his mouth, to upset Mr. Blunt's appetite for the most tempting dishes; "This glass, sir — for hock, sir," and the wine had no more flavor than water.

Why didn't Christopher get married? That was what Mr. Blunt wanted, then he could come and go when he liked, have a home in the country and a little place in London, where with a few companions of bygone days he could eat as he pleased, drink as he liked, talk, make merry, cut jokes, and enjoy himself. But to get married, you must go out and seek a wife, for though persuaded, as he was, that not a girl in Wadpole or the country round but would snap at being Mrs. Christopher Blunt, his son's wife, yet it was expecting too much that in the first instance they should all come running after him. "We want somebody here to look after us," he would say, if at any time chance brought a young lady in his way.

"I'm not speaking for myself, I'm too old to try a number three, but my son Christopher, there" — and he would look at his son, thinking he had made an opportunity for him; but Christopher would take no notice, and worse still, he would take no notice of the lady.

"I don't know what's come to young chaps nowadays," Mr. Blunt had said. "You haven't none o' you got what I call the making of men about you — don't think of sweet-heartin', nor nothing o' that kind, it seems to me."

"Oh, there's time enough for me yet," Christopher would reply pacifically.

"Time enough for you! and what about me I should like to know; ain't I to see those that's coming after me? It don't seem so very much for a father to ask of his son to take a wife, so that he may have his grandchildren round about his knee."

That was Mr. Blunt's desire, the wish which had taken possession of his life, to see his grandchildren — to be able to look beyond Christopher and make sure that, come what might, there would be those belonging to him to have what he must leave behind. The knowledge that his son was delicate — although to himself he refused to admit that such was the case — but added to his anxiety, and a chief motive in letting him go to see Mr. Veriker had been that it would shake him up a bit, take him out of leading-strings, make him more of a man than he was now. Mr. Blunt could better have excused a life of excess than the one of

unostentatious retirement towards which Christopher was disposed.

Between father and son a constant struggle went on — the one pushing forward, the other as resolutely holding back.

Mr. Blunt would have had Christopher attend every ball and meeting, far and near, he wanted him to put his name down for every club in the county.

Christopher, on the other hand, could hardly be induced to pay a call, and if he saw certain of his neighbors coming, he would go a mile out of his way to avoid them. That love of display in which Mr. Blunt delighted was torture to his son — to be thrust into notice because of their equipage and fine liveries humiliated him. There was but one man in Wadpole with whom he was sufficiently intimate to call him a friend, and he, to his father's disgust, was a new comer and the curate.

"You haven't no spirit in you," Mr. Blunt would say, "instead of trying to get in with those that could be of some use to you. What's the good of a fellow like that?"

It was not that he had any especial dislike to Mr. Cameron, but he wanted to have his vanity ministered to by seeing Christopher mix with those in whose company he himself could never feel at ease. When his son was on horseback, Mr. Blunt was riding, in whatever he did the father had a share, and followed with pride that portion of himself which had always been well fed and clothed and nursed in luxury. The greater half of much ambition has root in a similar selfish prompting.

During the time Christopher had been in Venice Mr. Blunt had been taking his pleasure in London, thoroughly enjoying the fellowship of some of his old companions, indemnifying his apparent forgetfulness of them in the country by the generous treatment he gave them in town.

The letter announcing that Christopher was returning had sent him back to Wadpole, and a telegram a few days later on, saying the hour to expect him, took Mr. Blunt off to the station.

Few things put him in better humor than a drive through the little town of Wadpole, a sleepy, out-of-the-world, old-fashioned place which, though but a short distance from London, seemed so far as progress went to have been overlooked or forgotten.

There was one main street composed of substantial dwelling-houses mixed up with

shops kept by well-to-do folk, who with their business inherited their customers, and on market-days when the country people came in and the farmers were about, there was a little show of bustle here; but at ordinary times the noise of carriage-wheels brought people to the doors and windows, and Mr. Blunt was greeted with the obsequious salutations due to such horses and such liveries.

"That was something like! something worth looking at; a man who'd got the money and knew how to spend it — and spend it among them too, which was more than Mr. Chandos did" — their own squire — a very unpopular man, who seldom of late years had cared to do more than pay a visit to Wadpole.

However much the neighboring gentry might give the cold shoulder to Mr. Blunt in Wadpole itself he had secured the popularity usually awarded to one whose advent is heralded by fabulous wealth, wonderful speculations, and an enviable facility of turning all he touched into money.

No one could exactly tell how, but there was a general belief that Mr. Blunt's coming meant some good to the town, and various hints were given and reports exchanged as down the whole length of the street they watched him out of sight.

Then the coachman permitted the horses to slacken their pace; they had but to cross the wooden bridge, mount the short, steep hill, and the station would be reached.

No longer satisfied with the pent-house shelter which up to now had served well enough, public spirit — aided by a handsome subscription from Mr. Blunt — had demanded a proper waiting-room, which was now in course of erection, together with the offices which should form a respectable terminus.

None of these being yet fully finished Mr. Blunt remained seated in his carriage, an object of admiration to the few persons waiting about, none of whom being of sufficient importance to engage in conversation, his attention was caught by some workmen occupied — and very busily too, since the great man had drawn near — in completing the masonry of boundary wall. A mischance had caused the train to be late, and as the time went on Mr. Blunt became more and more engrossed in the work he was watching.

Country fellows who had learned the trade in the little town near to which they had been born, how clumsily they managed their tools! if it was in that slipshod

way the work was to be done, the whole thing would be down — in pieces about their ears — before a year was out.

There was one man who particularly stirred his wrath, a happy-go-lucky lout who kept time in the dabbing-in of his mortar to some doleful composition which he slowly whistled.

Oh, the purgatory of having to look on and to sit still!

At that moment Mr. Blunt would not have grudged a good sum to be able to jump from the carriage, pull off his coat, and knocking the whole five bumpkins to the right-about, give them a sight of what well-done, proper work ought to look like. He had not forgotten his tools, or how to handle them either.

Did any one suppose that if he had ever scamped his work in that fashion that he should be where he was now? and before his eyes there rose up a poor boy carrying a mason's hod on his shoulder.

In an instant Mr. Blunt's rubicund face had turned crimson, it was as if he felt that others must have seen that vision, and have recognized that long ago he was that boy.

Casting his eyes sharply round, he fancied he detected a snigger on those stolid faces near, that they exchanged meaning looks, guessed perhaps why he was interested in the progress of that wall.

"What — I should like to know is the meaning of all this delay?"

Mr. Blunt's comely appearance was as ruffled as an angry turkey-cock.

"Where's the station-master? oh, Mr. Watkins, there you are."

"It's a little hitch with the Bocking train, sir," said Watkins, coming forward, "they got stuck fast by Greentree, but it's all right now — they've signalled us past, they'll soon be here. I was waiting to tell you, but I see you was noting how they was getting on here — slow work it seems to me."

Turn between the desire to point out the defects of the work and the fear of displaying too much knowledge of it, Mr. Blunt hesitated, when fortunately a diversion occurred in the shape of a new arrival — a high sort of butcher's cart with a rough pony, driven by a bright-looking girl, dashed up to the station.

"Am I in time?" she said, standing up so as to look on to the platform over Mr. Blunt. "Down train not in yet? that is good! Watkins," to the station-master, "come here, I want a parcel sent. How d'ye do, Mr. Blunt? I was so afraid I shouldn't do it;" and as she looked at her watch she gave a nod of satisfaction,

then in a graver tone, seeming to address all who were near, she said, "You will be sorry, I am sure, to hear that the squire has been taken ill — the rector had no idea that it was anything serious when he went to London, but the account yesterday was so unfavorable that he has determined to go on to Brighton from there, and these are some things, Watkins, I want taken up to meet him at Victoria Station. Lambert will be able to manage it for me, don't you think?"

"If it's anything for you, Miss Georgy, he'll do it if it's to be done," said Watkins heartily.

"Of course he will," and the girl's face reflected the smiles turned towards her; "it's of no use having friends unless one makes use of them, is it, Mr. Blunt?" and without waiting his answer she asked, "Are you here to meet your son? I heard he was expected to-day."

"Yes; I fancy he must be in a hurry to get home. I wanted him to take it easy and stay by the way, but he's come straight back from Italy. I'm sorry to hear this about Mr. Chandos, though. Is it sudden, or anything he's subject to?"

"Papa does not say, but he evidently thinks seriously of it, and the rector isn't one to look at the dark side of things, you know."

While speaking, she had jumped down unassisted, and stood looking about for some one to entrust her pony to.

"Shall I — would you like my — footman?" Mr. Blunt hesitated. His footman had but recently come from the service of an earl. Dare he venture to ask him to descend thus far?"

"Thanks; oh dear, no. Stop where you are," she said, taking it for granted the man intended at once acting on his master's suggestion. "I see somebody who has been looking out for me," and she nodded affirmatively to an old fellow who, at a little distance off, stood pulling his forelock in anticipation.

"I shall go on to the platform," she said, "and interview Lambert myself."

Mr. Blunt had already got down from the carriage with the gallant idea of being able to assist her.

"I don't think I can do better than follow your example," he said. "The train must be close at hand by this time."

So going round and through the wicket they went chatting one to the other, and when a few minutes later the engine came puffing in, Christopher, looking out of the carriage window, was greeted by his father and Miss Georgy Temple, standing side by side together.

From The Nineteenth Century.
ON THE NAMES OF THE GREEKS.

Διὰ ταῦτα δὴ, ὡς ἔοικεν ὁρθῶς ἔχει καλεῖν τὸν τοῦ σωτήρος υἱὸν Ἀστυνάκτα τοῦτον ὃ ἔσωξεν ὁ πατήρ αὐτοῦ ὡς φησιν Ὁμήρος. — PLATO'S *Cratylus*.

THE object of this paper is to invite attention to the significance of Greek proper names. If the drama of Greek history abounds in every kind of interest to engage the mind, it is surely worth while to note the names of the *dramatis personæ*. We hope to show that many interesting indications, and not a little unsuspected information, may be derived from this study. The intelligent reader of Holy Scripture habitually keeps in view the significance of proper names, since the vicissitudes of the Hebrew people, historical and moral, can be legibly traced in the names they gave their children. And in a measure the same may be said of the personal names of the Greeks. Nor need any one be startled by the comparison thus suggested. Little as the Hebrew and Hellenic peoples seem to have in common, they at all events are alike in their great fondness for names derived from divine titles. Nor does the similarity end here; for both Hebrews and Greeks, avoiding an elaborate nomenclature like that of the Romans, or of modern Europe, made it a fixed rule for each individual to bear but one personal name.

The point from which we start is the elementary fact that parents do not give their children names at random. Even in England, where such mingled influences are at work, and where large sections of the population idly follow the fashions of their betters, this rule holds good. Few that have not read Miss Yonge's "History of Christian Names" can appreciate what a strange side-light our choice of Christian names sheds upon the history of our country — its changes of rulers, its changes in religion, its changing fashions in literature and art. Much more should we expect to find this the case in Greece, where the influences operating upon society were vastly more simple, and the character of the population vastly more homogeneous than our own.

It was customary for the new-born child to receive its name on the tenth day after birth, when the friends of the family were invited to the house to sacrifice and feast together, and gifts of congratulation were presented. The choice of the name generally lay with the father, as appears from many expressions in the curious speech of Demosthenes, "Against Boiotos con-

cerning his Name."* But we may be sure that a mother would have some voice in such a matter, in spite of the father's right. And accordingly Euripides represents (Edipus and Jocaste as alternately choosing their children's names, Antigone having been named by her mother, and Ismene by her father.† And the humorous account of Strepsiades in "The Clouds"‡ is clearly true to life, where the parents quarrel over the naming of their babe, the father wanting to call him Pheidonides ("Thriftison"), after his grandfather, but the mother preferring some compound of ἵππος, until they compromise matters and fix upon Pheidipides.

In this instance the ambition of the mother was bent on a high-sounding name; and the popularity of names from ἵππος, not only in Attika, but everywhere in Greece, while partly due to the influence of the chariot races at the games, yet far oftener indicated that passion for horseflesh as a mark of grandeur which proved fatal to many a patrimony.§ The names derived from ἵππος are far too many to enumerate, but we may take note in passing, that Hippias and Hipparchos were fit names for young princes; that Xanthippe perhaps came of a gay, fashionable family (she called her son Lamprokles), and so was hardly the wife for a Sokrates; and that the pride of the Macedonians in their cavalry, long before the organization of their phalanx, is reflected in the name Philippos.

But to return to the passage in "The Clouds." It is observable that the old-fashioned father was true to Greek usage in wanting his boy to have his grandfather's name.|| This practice is one of the many indications of the strong domestic feelings of the Greeks. A son might naturally wish to keep the family tradition unimpaired, and to make the father he was losing to live again in the grandchild; nor can we forget how often peculiarities of feature and character reappear in the third generation. The claims of sentiment were strengthened by the prospect of succession to the family property. Thus when Isæus's client

* Cf. Eur. Ion, 800. Plato, Theag. 122, D.

† Eur. Phœnissæ, 53.

‡ Line 60 fol.

§ ἵππους ἀγαλμα τῆς ὑπερπλοῦτος χλιδῆς, Æsch. P. V. 466. Cf. Xen. *De Re Equis*. ii. 1; hence the ominous word καθιποτροφείν.

|| Demosth. *l.c.* p. 1002: ἀξιοῖ δ' αὐτὸς ὡς δὴ ρεοβύτερος ὢν τοῖνομι' ἔχειν τὸ τοῦ πρὸς πατὸς πάππου. See also what a father says about his children's names, *Contra Macart.* 1075.

(*De Meneclis Hered.* 36) says of his adoptive father, "My wife and I paid him all dutiful regard, and I named my little boy after him, that his name might not die out of the family," it was hoped that the inheritance would go with the name. On the other hand, it was contrary to old Greek usage for a son to take his father's name; Mæandrios, son of Mæandrios, being the only instance of such a thing in all Herodotus. Empedokles, the philosopher, was named after his grandfather; * Aristeides, as son of Lysimachos, named his first-born, Lysimachos; Iophon, the son of Sophokles, named his son Sophokles; and so in cases without end. Perikles, the son of Perikles, is an exception which proves the rule, for Perikles named his son and heir after his father Kanthippos, and it was only when the plague had deprived him of both his legitimate sons that the Assembly made an exception in his favor, and legitimized his son by Aspasia, who accordingly, out of order, took the name of Perikles.† But later on it became common enough for a son to bear his father's name; and Δημοσθένους Παιώνιος is only one sample out of hundreds that might be quoted. For since the official "style and address" of an Athenian citizen was the man's own name, followed by the name of his father and of his deme,‡ it happens that the usage in question can be very fully illustrated from inscriptions. And so common did the practice become, that in the lists of ephebi or members of the gymnasium at later Athens it gave rise to a convenient abbreviation; for when the father's name is identical with the son's, instead of repeating it, it is indicated by a dash in a bracket — (Διογένους), (Φίλων), (Ἐπίγονος), and for Diogenes son of Diogenes, Philon son of Philon, etc.§ We can plainly see that the family feeling of the Greeks was sorely tried by the practice of having only one name. The peculiar system of the Romans enabled them to associate with the individual's name an intimation of his clan and his family. But the Greeks, without such help, endeavored to make a single name indicate as much as possible concerning the individual's relationship.

Thus a Mantias names his son Mantitheos (see Demosth. *l.c.*), preserving one element of the name, and varying the remainder. This method was exceedingly common, as appears from the witness of epitaphs, such as Δημοφῶν Δημονίκου, Σωγένης Σωκράτους, Φιλοξενίδης Φιλοκράτου, etc. Sokrates, son of Sophroniskos, is a case in point.* And again brothers would sometimes receive names similarly allied, as Hippias and Hipparchos, sons of Peisistratos, Diodotos and Diogeiton in Lysias *Adv. Diog.*, and Cleobis and Biton famous in Herodotus, whose names are both derivatives of βίος. Those families, moreover, which could boast of illustrious names in the past would of course take care not to let them die out. Thus in a Samian inscription lately discovered.† when we find the name of a certain *Douris*, we may safely conjecture him to be a member of the same family as the Samian historian of that name. And Plutarch ‡ says, that among his fellow-students he knew a Themistokles, so named after his great ancestor.

Often however, instead of giving a child one of the favourite family names, a parent would wish to commemorate in a name some striking event that happened at the time. Polyænus tells a story about Jason of Thessaly, to the effect that on the birth of a son he invited his brother Meriones to the tenth-day feast, and made him preside at the banquet. In the mean time Jason, aware that his brother would be grudge any present upon the occasion, pretending to be detained out hunting, sent to his brother's house and rifled it of twenty silver talents. Then, returning to the banquet, he begged Meriones to name the child. Meriones, hearing that robbers had entered his house (πεπορῆσθαι τὴν οἰκίαν), named his little nephew Porthaon. The story has little in it, but it indicates a source of names which must be common enough. The events which affect the family circle, however little known to the world outside, have often found a record in the family names. Sometimes also the great events of history combined with domestic motives in fixing the choice

* The list of names in Böckh's *Corpus Inscriptionum* No. 172 contains numerous instances of the kind: e.g. Εὐθύδημος Εὐθύδομου, Ἀντιγένης Ἀντιγενίδου, Μενεκλῆης Αὐτομένους, Ἀπολλύδωρος Πιστοδώρου, Λεωστράτος Λεωκράτους, Ξενοκλῆς Ὀνομακλέους, and so on. How jealously families regarded their family names is seen from Demosth. *Contra Macart.* 1077.

† Carl Curtius, *Inscriften und Studien zur Gesch. von Samos*.

‡ *Vita Themist.* fin.

Diog. Laert. viii. 2, 1.

Plutarch, Perikles, 37.

Demosth. 997: καὶ τίς ἤκουσε πώποτε, ἢ κατὰ τὸν νόμον προσπαράγραφοιτ' ἂν τοῦτο τὸ παράμυθον ἢ ἄλλο τι πλὴν ὃ πατὴρ καὶ ὃ δῆμος. Cf. ῥοῦθεν ἐπονομάζον, of Nikias addressing his men (see vii. 69).

See Greek Inscriptions in the British Museum, 46.

of a name. The mother of Euripides was among those who left Athens in the Persian invasion, and took refuge at Salamis. On the very day of the battle (so we are assured by the ancients) she gave birth to a son, whom she named Euripides, "*ab Euripo*"—i.e. in memory of the operations of the fleet at Artemision and Chalkis. There is really no reason for doubting this story: the name Euripides may not have been new, but it was certainly rare; and who knows whether some near kinsman of the poet's had not recently died at the Euripus while serving in the fleet? * When Miltiades' daughter, born shortly before the battle of Marathon, was named by him Elpinike, we cannot mistake his motive. A similar association attaches to the name of Deinomache, the mother of Alkibiades. She was the daughter of Megakles, whose victory at the Pythian games took place in the very year of Marathon. † And the martial names of two of Themistokles' daughters, Mnesiptolema and Nikomache, are another echo, we may be sure, of the great struggle with Persia. The name Thessalonike had a similar origin. Kassander called the flourishing town, which he founded on the site of Therma, Thessalonike, in honor of his wife, Philip's daughter. But Philip had coined this name for his daughter to commemorate the important step in his career by which he became master of Thessaly (B.C. 352). The name of Thebe, the daughter of Jason, implies that her father, about the time of her birth, was courting the friendship of Thebes. The names of Themistokles' daughters—Italia, Asia, and Sybaris—curiously illustrate the adventures of their father. Asia, the youngest, was probably born during his exile within the Persian dominions. The other two names belong to an earlier period. The founding of Thurii upon the ruins of Sybaris, and the extension of Athenian influence to Italy, is an undertaking associated with the name and genius of Perikles. But Herodotus ‡—who ought to know—makes Themistokles suggest this very scheme of colonization upon the eve of the battle of Salamis. "We Athenians," he says, "can at any moment take our households and migrate to Siris in Italy, which has long been ours by right, and the oracles advise us to plant a colony

there." Now these names of Italia and Sybaris confirm Herodotus, and prove that in this enterprise Perikles did but realize the dream of Themistokles. In most of the above instances it is a daughter who receives so significant a name; and the exclusion of Greek women from politics prevented such names from proving any embarrassment to them in after life. Yet examples are not wanting of a similar naming of sons. Perikles called his son Paralos, in manifest allusion to his own maritime policy.* And this prepares us to understand how Lykurgus the lawgiver named his son Eukosmos, in commemoration of his "discipline." When we further learn that Lykurgus' father (or brother by other accounts) was named Eunomos, we need not dismiss the name as mythical, and nothing better than an epithet of the lawgiver himself; but we rather conclude (with Böckh) that the family of Lykurgus—and he was of royal blood—were bent upon disciplinary legislation. Still less are we surprised at the name of Philokypros, † the king who entertained Solon in Cyprus, and is said to have named his reorganized city after his famous guest and adviser (Σόλοι). Philokypros called his son Aristokypros; and there was evident policy in the choice of such names for the successive heirs of the dynasty. When Aristotle ‡ states that Psammetichos, son of Gordios, succeeded Periander at Corinth, the historian E. Curtius infers from this that the Corinthian dynasty was on terms with the rulers of Phrygia and Egypt. A similar conclusion may be drawn from the name of Phrygios, son of Neleus, the founder of Miletus. § When a son of Peisistratus, born in the latter part of his reign, was named Thessalos, it is safe to infer that the ruler of Athens was in communication with the ruling houses of Thessaly. Just in the same way Kimon || named his twin sons Lakedaimonios and Eleios, in compliment to his Peloponnesian friends, while his third son, Thessalos, marks the connection of Kimon with the rulers of Phææ. The name of Libys, borne by the brother of Lysander, sounds strange enough until we read the account of Lysander's visit to the temple of Zeus Ammon; ¶ and the name and the visit, when considered together, make us suspect that

* During the Crimean War "Alma" became a common name; one heard of a soldier's wife naming her twins "Inkermann" and "Alma."

† Pindar, Pyth. vii.

‡ Book viii. 62.

* Paralos was the name of a mythical Attic hero.

† Plut. Solon. 26; Hdt. v. 113.

‡ Polit. viii. (v.). 12.

§ Plut. *De Mulier. Virt.* 16.

|| Plut. Kim. 16; cp. Perikl. 29.

¶ Plut. Lysand. 20.

ysander's restless ambition had brought him into correspondence with the Libyan oracle years before, when his brother was born. The Samios of Herodotus iii. 55, was so named because of the heroic death of his father, Archies, at the siege of Samos — so Archies the grandson told the historian. And similarly the enthusiasm of the Akarnanians for Phormio (Thucyd. i. 7) is proved by the perpetuation of his name among them.*

For in truth, apart from the policy of statesmen, the employment of what may be termed "international" names was common enough in families, which through trade or otherwise were connected with foreign cities. Now a connection of this kind was effected by means of what is technically called *proxenia*. And as the isolation of Greek cities makes every trace of their intercommunication all the more interesting, we will describe in few words what *proxenia* really was. Instances like the following were extremely frequent. A citizen of Rhodes shows kindness to citizens of Samos who are led by business or pleasure to Rhodes; or perhaps a citizen of Ephesus, living at Rhodes, shows similar attentions towards Samian visitors. It would probably be decreed before long by the senate and people of Samos that the benefactor in question should be declared a *proxenos* of the Samian state, and be enrolled as a Samian citizen, both he and his sons after him, and that he should receive a gold crown and other public honors.† Would it be surprising if the person who was thus closely connected with Samos should introduce into his family names borrowed from his adoptive city? In this way we can easily account for the common occurrence of international names. Hardly a town or region of any importance could be found in Greece that has not given rise to a personal name. In Athens alone we are familiar with Boiotos from Demosthenes; Argeios was an orator (Aristoph. *Eccles.* 11); Eretrieus was a soldier who fell in battle (Böckh, *Corp. Inscr. Gr.* 169); Hieræos was a brother of Demetrius Phareos (Plut. Dem. 28); Magnes was an early comedian; Lesbios was an ephebus (Böckh, *ibid.* 268); Milesios occurs more than once; Opuntios and Syrakosios are named by Aristophanes (*Av.* 1294-97). Then, again, a Karystios was a gramma-

rian of Pergamon (Athen. i. 24 b); and Nikopolis appears as the mother of one of the Politarchs in the well-known inscription from Thessalonika (Böckh, *ibid.* 1967). But, indeed, examples of this kind might be endlessly extended. Pausanias tells of an ancient king of Arkadia, named Pompos, who was so delighted with the enterprise of merchants from Ægina in bringing their wares by sea to Kyllene, then the port of Elis, and thence pushing on with packsaddles into Arkadia, that he named his son Æginetes, "for love of the Æginetans" (viii. 5, 8). Without pledging ourselves to the historical existence of King Pompos, we may certainly accept the story as typical of a large class of Greek names.

Names of this kind were visible pledges of international friendship; and it is easy to understand how, at critical moments, diplomacy would be glad to make use of them. Two examples from Thucydides will illustrate this. At the conclusion of the siege of Plataea (iii. 52), when the hapless Plataeans were brought before a high-handed Spartan commission, seeing their peril, they asked permission to defend themselves, and chose for their spokesmen "Astymachos, son of Asopolaos, and Lakon, son of Aeimnestos, who was proxenos of the Lakedæmonians." The choice was wisely made. If any one could conciliate the Spartans, surely Lakon might: his name was a password to their sympathies, and his father, Aeimnestos, had fought by their side on the battle-field of Plataea (Her. ix. 72). Again, when the Lacedæmonians were anxious for peace, in order to secure the release of the prisoners at Pylos (Thuc. iv. 119), one of the ambassadors they sent to Athens was "Athenæos, son of Perikleidas." We may be sure that he was connected with Athens by *proxenia*, and his very name was a pledge that Sparta was in earnest about the truce. Naturally enough, when two envoys — one Spartan and one Athenian — were chosen to convey the news of the armistice to Brasidas and the cities in Thrace, Athenæos was deputed by Sparta (*Ibid.* 122). Guided by these examples, we may understand how wisely Perikles selected Lakedæmonios, son of Kimon, to command the ten ships sent to defend Corcyra (*Ibid.* i. 45). Plutarch indeed repeats the calumny that Perikles wished by this move to compromise the reputation of the son of his old rival. But the precise wish of Perikles was to assist Corcyra without committing himself to hostility towards Sparta; and the name

* See Böckh, *Corp. Inscr. Gr.* No. 1746 b.; and an inscription probably of B.C. 337, published by Koehler, *J. A.* ii. 121.

† No class of inscriptions is more common in every part of Greece than decrees of *προξενία*.

and connections of Lakedæmonios were the pledge of a policy of "defence not defiance." We may further conjecture that it was no accident which made a Dorieus the leader of the Peloponnesian party at Thurii, and an Athenagoras the advocate of Athenian interests at Syracuse.*

It should be recollected that most of the Greek names, unlike our Christian names, had a transparent etymology, so that their meaning was obvious to all. And consequently we find the Greeks not averse to a play upon names. Herodotus (vi. 50) tells how King Kleomenes, when repulsed from Ægina, threatened Krios, the Æginetan, saying, "You had better copper-plate your horns, my Ram (ὦ Κρίε), before you run your head against destruction." When the Persians at Artemision, capturing a Greek ship, proceeded to sacrifice to the gods the handsomest man they could find among her crew, Herodotus adds (vii. 180), "His name was Leon, and perhaps his name in part cost him his life." Again, when the Samians, just before the battle of Mycale, sent to the Greek fleet at Delos to urge them to come and liberate Ionia, Leutychides chanced to ask the Samian stranger, "What was his name?" and hearing it was Hegisistratos, he joyfully accepted the omen (*Ibid.* ix. 91). Not that the Greeks were guilty of the excessive superstition about names which obtained among the Romans.† But one observes that the Greek names, with rare exceptions, avoid all reference to sorrow and death, and were usually expressive of hope and good-fortune. And it can hardly have been accidental that an Aisimos ("god-sent") should have headed the triumphal procession of citizens upon the return of the Demos from Phyle (Lysias, *Contra Agorast.*). As for playing upon names, Aristophanes revels in it, both punning upon existing names,‡ and coining all kinds of new ones. In the orators, indeed, we find no parallels to Cicero's *Jus Verri-num*: perhaps they were too much bent upon hard hitting to waste time upon word-trifling. But such pleasantry is more in place in the Platonic dialogue: three examples occur in the "Symposium,"§ and even in the "Apology" the name of Melétos ("careful") is repeatedly played

upon.* When, therefore, St. Paul in his letter to Philemon plays upon the name of Onesimus, he is quite true to classical feeling.

This peculiarity of Greek names — their obvious significance — would alone convince us that Greek parents had something to express in the names they gave their children. There hangs a tale by each of the names of the Greeks, if only we could discover it. But at such a distance of time, this can only be done in certain instances like those discussed above. And our curiosity is very soon baffled if all we have to ask is why Pindar was called Pindar, why Sophokles, Sophokles, and so on.

But when we leave the discussion of individual cases, and look on the meaning of Greek names in the mass, another part of our subject comes into view. Greek names may be regarded as an index of the mind and character of the people. And for this purpose let us attempt a fresh classification of Greek names, taking as our *principium divisionis* the range of ideas to which the names belong — not their etymology, but, so to say, their moral derivation.

By far the greater number of the Greeks bore names relating either to: (1) The worship of the gods (Herodotus, Thucydides); or (2) to politics (Xenophon, Isokrates, Demosthenes); or (3) to warfare (Lamachos, Alexander); or (4) to wealth and social distinction (Plutarchos, Perikles, Xanthippos, Themistokles).

Next in frequency to these great classes come (5) names expressive of personal appearance or moral qualities (Æschylus, Sophroniskos); or (6) of family incidents or hereditary crafts (Euripides, Smilis).

Most Greek names will be found to fall easily into one or other of these divisions. Sometimes, indeed, a name will appear to fit equally well into several classes, as Kleobulos, which fluctuates between the second and fourth; Herakleitos, between the first and fourth; Herostratos, between the first and third, and so on. But a little attention will show that in most of these compounded names one element alone gives its character to the word, the other being almost emptied of its meaning. In the name Thucydides, *e.g.*, the important element is clearly the first.†

* Thuc. vi. 35; viii. 35.

† See Cic. *De Div.* i. 45; Tacit. Hist. iv. 53: ingressi milites, quis *fausta nomina*, felicitibus ramis.

‡ *e.g.* Ach. 1070: ὦ πόνοι τε καὶ μάχαι καὶ Λάμαχοι.

§ 174 B; 185 C; 198 C.

* 24 c; 25 c (ὦ Μέκητε . . . οὐδέν σοι μεμέληκε κ.τ.λ.); 6 D.

† Athenæus (x. 448 E) divides names into θεοφόρα and ἀθεα. It is noticeable that in "godless" names

1. Now a mere glance at this classification reveals some important facts concerning Greek life and character. Foremost stands the fact that they were an intensely religious people. Little as their polytheism tended to moderate their passions or elevate morality, yet no people ever lived under a more constant belief in the divine power as concerned in every affair of the individual, the family, and the State. No wonder, then, that they loved to name their children after the names and epithets of the gods, not at all from irreverence, as Lucian seems to hint,* but just the contrary.† The choice of a particular god might be determined by many circumstances. Thus an inscription from Pantikapæon shows how a priestess of Demeter, named Aristonike, had named her daughter Demetria.‡ The favorite gods for the purpose of naming appear to be Zeus, Apollo, and Athene; § and, next to these, Artemis, Dionysos, Hermes, and Poseidon. Sometimes the names of the gods were employed without alteration for men. Hermes is not unfrequent; Apollon, Eros, Phæbos, Artemis are not unknown. The festivals too supplied a great number of names, the choice being dictated by various motives — such as the birth of a child at the festival time. Carneades the philosopher was so named because born at the *Karneia*.|| Numenios, Lenæos, Apaturios, Bukatia are a few specimens of this kind. Penteteris was a frequent name at Athens, referring to the recurrence of the Panathenaic festival every four years; and a law existed forbidding any *hetæra* to bear the name. Under the head of “religious” names we must class the names derived from heroes and from rivers. These last are very common. Mæandrios *e.g.* was a favorite name in Asia Minor, Kephisodoros at Athens; while Strymodoros is accounted for by the Athenian possessions in Thrace.

2. Hardly less frequent are names connected with politics. These curiously illustrate the civic life of the Greeks.

when composed of two nouns, the two elements are commonly transposable: *e.g.* Ἀγορίναξ Ἀναξαγόρας — Κλεόστρατος Στρατοκλῆς — Νικόστρατος Στρατόνικος. But when a divine name enters into the composition, it must stand first: *e.g.* Herodotus, Diodorus, the only exceptions being in the case of the Egyptian deities, viz. Φιλῶμων, Φιλοσύραπις.

* *Pro Imagg.* 27.

† Plutarch, *De Def. Orac.* 21.

‡ Böckh, *Corpus*, 2108.

§ The Homeric triad; Il. ii. 371: αἱ γὰρ, Ζεῦ τε πάτερ καὶ Ἀθηναίῃ καὶ Ἀπόλλωνι.

|| Plutarch, *Sympos. Qu.* viii. 1, 2.

The assembly of citizens (Anaxagoras, Pythagoras), the conference of opinion (Thrasylbulos, Archebulos), the open debate (Peisistratos, Diopeithes, Peisander), the humors of the *demos* (Philodemos, Charidemos, Sosidemos), the exclusiveness which regarded the native of another town as a foreigner (Philoxenos, Xenotimos) — all this and much more may be found reflected in the names. Neither can it have been an accident that in Demosthenes' family there should be so many persons named from *δῆμος*. The name Demosthenes was borne by his father, Demon by an uncle and a cousin, Demophon by an uncle, Demochares and Demomeles by several of his kinsmen. We trace in this the democratic and political bias of the family.

3. Quite as numerous as the political names, perhaps more so, are those relating to warfare. Amongst this plentiful class one can recognize the campaign (Polemon, Strattis, Ptolemæos), self-defence (Alexander, Amyntas), the pride of command (Agesilaos, Aristarchos, Archelaos), the citizen-army (Demostratos, Nikodemos), its old formation (Archilochos), its equipment by land (Duris, Dorylaos) and by sea (Naukrates, Nauson), the soldier-spirit (Lamachos, Thrasymachos, Alkibiades), the hope of victory (Elpinikos), and its achievement (Telenikos, Nikias, Nausinikos). The love of military distinction in a society where every citizen was a soldier, and might become a commander, alone accounts for the frequent choice of warlike names.

4. Names expressive of wealth and distinction form another great class; and the fondness of names compounded with *κύδος*, *κλῆνος*, *κλέος*, *δόξα*, *τιμή*, *-αινος*, *-αίνετος*, *-γνωτος*, *-φάνης*, *-φαντος*, reveals the fact that love of praise was avowedly a ruling passion with the Greeks. To this class must also be referred names derived from *ἵππος*, *πλοῦτος*, and some of those in *-γένης*. It is characteristic of the great Athenian family of the Alkmæonidæ that their names are so largely drawn from this fourth class; witness Megakles, Kleisthenes, Hippokrates, Axiochos, Kleinias, Hipponikos, Xanthippos, Perikles. Few families could ever boast of greater hereditary gifts, and few in their choice of names so frankly laid claim to admiration. The singular fitness of Perikles' name has often been remarked; but it was as natural for an Alkmæonid to have such a name, as it was for him to justify it by his performances.

5. After these four great groups of

names will follow two smaller divisions. One of these comprises names relating to personal qualities of mind or body. And here it is a mark of Greek refinement that, as a rule, they avoided names ungraciously descriptive of bodily peculiarities. *Albius*, *Flavius*, *Rufus*, *Fronto*, *Naso*, *Niger*, etc., are common in Latin; but when similar names occur in Greek, we note them as unusual. *Megas*, *Melantichos*, *Pyrrhos*, *Smikythos*, *Smikylyon*, are specimens of this class: but *Leukon*, *Xanthias*, *Gorgias*, *Glaukon*, etc., are probably abbreviations of *Leukippos*, *Xanthippos*, etc., as *Xeuxis* undoubtedly is of *Xeuxippos*.* So also with the names of animals: *Leon*, *Leonidas*, *Lykiskos*, *Lagiskos*, *Kyniskos*, *Batrachos*, *Cherillos*, *Gryllos*, *Drakon*, *Iktinos*, *Karkinos*, *Krios*, *Mys*, *Skylax*, are all well known. But they do not strike us as so prominent among Greek names as names like *Porcius*, *Aper*, *Vitellius*, etc., are in Latin. Names expressive of beauty, strength, joy, and favor are extremely common in Greek, and record the loving wish of parents for the welfare of their child. *Aischrion*, however, was a good Athenian name, the force of the epithet being modified by the fondling termination. This is the case with *Æschylus*. Perhaps also in *Æschines* and *Leptines* the termination has a diminutive force (*ὑποκοριστικῶς*). One of the quaintest Attic names is *Kallaischros*, borne by the father of *Kritias* and others. One imagines that all such names originated in the gymnasia, and thence passed into the nursery; but how and when did the giantess who helped *Peisistratos* come by the name of *Φύη* (Stature)? Was it a *sobriquet*, or was it a family name, or had she been an infant prodigy?

6. Lastly we place names referring to family incidents or hereditary arts. Many of these have already been discussed above; but there remain to be mentioned some peculiar names of artists, musicians, and poets. Thus *Euchair* and *Cheiriso-phos* are known names of sculptors. *Mys* and *Strongylion* (as some think) got their names from the delicacy and finish of their touch; while *Smilis*, the old *Æginean* artist, whom Professor Brunn † declines to resolve into a myth, derives his name from chisel (*σμίλη*). No one will

say such names were accidentally given. But granting their appropriateness, are we obliged to suppose that they were descriptive names given to the artists in the noon of their fame, to the displacement of their original names? We think not, and for these reasons.

We have already seen that the giving of a name was a solemn act of the father's on the tenth day after birth, attended with religious rites and witnessed by the family. In Attika the father had to register his child's name, certainly within four years of birth, in the list of his own *phratría*. This registration was recognized by the law as proof of the child's legitimacy, and was therefore of the greatest importance: it took place every year on the third day of the *Apaturia*. Yet again, before the youth could enter the *ecclesia*, his name had to be entered at the age of eighteen in the register of his father's deme. And what importance was attached both in law and in sentiment to the identity of a person's name is seen in *Demosthenes'* speech against *Bœotos*. There is also evidence that the kind of registration required at Athens existed in some similar form throughout Greece. All this is against the probability of a common change of names. There are, it is true, certain real examples of men who changed their names. *Plato* was originally named *Aristokles* by his father *Ariston*, but is said to have been renamed in the gymnasium when a youth, from his *breadth* of chest. *Theophrastus'* name was *Tyrtamos*, until his master *Aristotle* named him anew for his *divinitas loquendi*.* *Demosthenes* asserts (what we need not believe) a similar change concerning *Æschines'* father; and *Theophrastus*, in his "Character of the Evil-Speaker," shows that this was a standing topic for the slanderer. But it is obvious that the change of a freeborn citizen's name was an exceptional thing. The historian *E. Curtius*, struck by the appropriateness of some of the tyrants' names, imagines that they assumed a new name when they quitted private life and ascended the throne. This was true of *Aeropos*, who became *Archelaos* the Second of Macedon, B.C. 396, and may possibly be true of *Aristion*, the philosopher-tyrant of Athens. But there is no ground whatever for supposing any change in the case of *Polykrates* or *Periander*: both came of ruling houses, and their names express their fathers' intentions concern-

* See *Sauppe* on *Plato*, *Protag.* 3:8 6, c, and the striking essay by *Dr. Fick*, *Die griechischen Personennamen nach ihrer Bildung erklärt*, etc., Göttingen, 1874, who explains nearly all non-compound Greek names as "Koseformen" from compounded names.

† *Geschichte d. gr. Kunstl.* i., p. 26 fol.

* *Cicero, Orator.* 19.

ing their future. There are also some instances of double or alternative names; but these usually occur amongst Hellenized foreigners, as at Olbia or in Palestine, or in the Græco-Roman world: they are found more frequently in the case of women than of men (as with Periander's wife) — the political importance of female names being less; and they nearly always are found to belong to a late time, when the Romans, with their *tria nomina*, had begun to set a new fashion. As for nick-names like *Θηραμένης ὁ Κόθορνος*, they are beside our purpose.

These considerations make us prefer, if possible, to explain such names as Smilis and Strongylion without supposing any change of name. And an obvious explanation is found in the hereditary character of many arts and trades. Sculpture was hereditary in families, not merely because the sense of form is a transmitted quality, but also because a sculptor of distinction might well wish to hand on to his son his lucrative connection and firm. With something of the feeling which made the old Italian artists speak of themselves as if the sons of their masters, so a Greek sculptor (it is thought), in inscribing his name on a work, never added his father's name to his own unless his father had been also his instructor in the art. *Μίκων Φανομάχου ἐποίησε* implied that Mikon had learned his art from his father Phanomachos. What more likely than for an artist to coin a significant name for his son whom he wished to designate as his successor? So, again, when we find Jason (*Ἰάσων*) a favorite name for Greek physicians, we explain the fact from the hereditary nature of ancient medicine. And so with the names of some of the oldest poets. If the etymology of Hesiod's name be *ἑσθαι αἰοδῆν*, it implies that he came of a family and school of poets. Terpander's name indicates the same thing. Probably a similar account is to be given of the significant names *Kyklaus*, the father of Arion (Arion being the great author of the dithyramb or *κύκλιος χορός*), *Ligyrtiades*, the father of Mimnermos (*μυῖσα λυγρία*), *Euphemos*, the father of Stesichoros, and the name of Stesichoros himself.

It is possible, indeed, for fancy to lead us astray, if we are too anxious to discern the reasons for all the striking names borne by the Greeks. When all is said, there will still remain instances of remarkable names, singularly appropriate to their owners, wherein the appropriateness is purely accidental. Such were Kallikra-

tes, the handsomest Greek on the battlefield of Platæa; and Killikratidas, the straightforward admiral who succeeded Lysander; and Tolmidas, son of Tolmæos, another hero of the Peloponnesian War, whose name may indicate a family trait. Kratesipolis, the heroic wife of Alexander son of Polysperchon, who, after her husband's murder, held Sikyon for Kassander, is a signal instance of a suitable name. But probably the appropriateness was accidental, the name having been given her (as with Thessalonike) to commemorate some victory contemporaneous with her birth. More singular still is the name of Tisiphonos, brother of Thebe, who murdered Alexander of Pheræ. And what shall we say of Sokrates son of Sophroniskos and Phænarete? Somebody once gravely suggested to Böckh that the names of Sokrates' parents were mythical, and merely were invented to typify the philosopher himself! More likely, said Böckh, the name of the father implied that self-control was a family characteristic, and Phænarete's mother may have been as good and clever as her daughter, and so gave Phænarete a name which expressed her own ideal and her best wish for her child.

Something ought to have been said about the names of slaves, the naming of ships, the naming of animals. The philology also of Greek names is a little-worked subject, on which much remains to be written. Our acquaintance with Greek names is, in fact, increasing every day; since each new inscription, however fragmentary, and however little information it contains, seldom fails to yield a name. The lists of magistrates from Athens and Sparta, lists of epehebi from later Athens, lists of victors in the various games, funeral monuments from every part of Greece, innumerable coins, inscribed vases, amphora-handles, which abound upon the track of the Thasian, Rhodian, and Knidian wine-trade, and are stamped with the name of the magistrate to mark the year of vintage — these all are affording ever-fresh material. As the eye wanders among this vast store of names from every corner of the Hellenic world, and representing every period of Greek history, many reflections suggest themselves. We note how, among the earliest historical names, many are obscure in meaning and harsh in sound, and how beautiful and euphonious are most of the names of the best times; how, on the outskirts of the Hellenic world, from Thrace, from Libya, from the Crimea,

from the Asiatic shores, alien sounds meet the ear, like Miltokythes, Oloros, Rhæmetalkes, Pixodaros, Orophernes. We take note of varieties characteristic of different parts of Greece; how names in -κράτης, common everywhere, are especially common (we wonder why?) at Rhodes; how patronymics, though universally used, yet have an old-fashioned sound, and belong more often to Dorians than Ionians; so that when an Athenian bears a name like Alkibiades, it is worth while asking whether his family had any connection with Sparta. We observe that Philopœmen, the one great hero reared by Arkadia, bore a name suggestive of old Arkadian life. We can measure by aid chiefly of names in -δαρος the comparative hold which foreign worships obtained in Greece: the mother of the gods (Μητρόδαρος, Μητρούνης), Ammon (Ἀμμώνιος, Φιλάμμων), Bendis (Βενδίδωρος), Sarapis (Σαραπίδαρος, Σαραπίων, Φιλοσάραπις), Isis (Ἰσίδωρος, Ἰσιγύνης), and still later Horus and Triphis (Ἐριγύνης, Τρυφιδάωρος). We observe how, in later Athens, the very names bear witness to the decline, having little to do with politics or war, and more suggestive of philosophy, or superstition, or mere fancy (Σόφος, Λόγος, Μυστικός, Νήφων, Σπένδων, Ἀβδόκαντος, Γραφικός, Στάχυς, Ἄνθος, Κόρνυβος). And meanwhile, as Roman names mingle themselves more and more freely with the Greek, we seem no longer to be in Greece at all, for the stream of Hellenic civilization is losing itself in the world at large.*

E. L. HICKS.

* I owe many of the examples above quoted to the essays of Keil, *Specimen Onomatologi Græci*; Le-tronne, *Annali dell' istituto*, xvii. 254 foll.; Boeckh, *Kleine Schriften*, vi. 37 foll.; E. Curtius, *Monatsberichte d. Berl. Akad.* 1870, p. 165.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

PROPERTY *versus* PERSON—INEQUALITY OF SENTENCES.

THERE is no subject of more importance to the public than the mode in which the criminal law is administered. Upon the mode of its administration, and its effect upon the criminal classes, the comfort, peace, and security of the public largely depend. Public attention has been lately drawn to the subject by the apparent increase of savage, and often unprovoked assaults upon peaceful persons going about their avocations in the streets. Having long felt that some change was needed, either in the law, or the way in which it was administered, I

addressed questions, in the House of Commons during last session, to the home secretary, calling his attention to some glaring cases where almost nominal punishments were inflicted upon ruffians for outrages of a most brutal character. Towards the end of the session I moved a resolution upon the subject contrasting the punishments awarded for assaults upon the person with the sentences passed upon criminals for attacks upon property. I endeavored to show, and I think succeeded in showing, that in the first class of cases they were often, indeed generally, entirely inadequate, while in the second they were almost uniformly excessive. If this statement is true, and I am sure that it is substantially so, it follows, that in the eye of the law, and in the minds of its administrators, property is more sacred than person or even life. I contended that drunkenness should not be allowed as a plea in mitigation of punishment, except in very rare and extraordinary circumstances. Finally I moved for a return of the number of outrages upon the person during the last five years, and the punishments awarded in each case. I fear that this return will show an increasing number of such crimes, and if it does, it will be due to the inadequacy of the punishments given by police magistrates and others. If it could be shown that the maximum punishments permitted by the law were generally given, then it would be clear that the law itself was to blame and not its administrators. Perhaps it is partly both, but before changing the law it must first be shown that its full power has been applied. I do not think that this is the case, for it often happens that not a tenth of the punishment allowed by law is given. This country has attained a most unenviable notoriety for a class of crime but little known in others. Brutal assaults upon wives and women of all kinds are a disgrace to the manhood of England, and it is high time that the reproach should be wiped out.

The home secretary was never able to suggest any means by which public attention could be called to cases of manifest injustice. He always contended that no person was competent to say whether a sentence was adequate or inadequate, unless he had been present in court when the case was tried, had heard all the evidence, and had had an opportunity of studying the demeanor of the witnesses. If this theory is a true one the public is indeed helpless and publicity useless. I contend, and I think most reasonable

people will agree with me, that when a person has been found guilty by a jury, a judge, or a magistrate, the public is quite competent to say whether the punishment has been commensurate to the offence, without having heard a word of the evidence or having seen one of the witnesses. I readily admit that the public is not competent, upon the mere report of a trial, to say whether the prisoner is guilty or not guilty with the same certainty as a judge or jury. But the evidence having been sufficient to satisfy the judge and the jury any one is competent to say whether the sentence is a fair one or an unfair one. The home secretary argued, too, that it was unreasonable to suppose that judges and magistrates were less humane than the mover of the resolution, and that, therefore, their judgments should not be criticised.

The following cases will show the impunity with which brutal injury can be inflicted upon the person, and the terrible consequences to the criminal when his crime has been the abstraction of a few pence or shillings from the pocket or the till. The first to which I ventured to call the attention of the home secretary last session was the case of a man named Hunt, tried before Lord Coleridge on the 26th of May. This man was indicted for the wilful murder of his wife. He was seen chasing her over a field, and having thrown her down, kicked her with his heavy boots either on the head or the back of the neck. The woman never moved, and when reproached by some neighbors, he said it "served her right." She died almost immediately, and when the police came they found the prisoner calmly smoking his pipe. The man was in a state of intoxication, and stated that they had had a thousand quarrels. The jury convicted him of manslaughter, a verdict in which the judge concurred. The learned judge then said "there was no crime which varied so much in its moral aspect as manslaughter, in one case it might nearly approach murder. In this case the prisoner had wilfully deprived himself of the guidance of reason, and had been the means of causing the death of this young woman with whom he might have lived happily. While giving effect to the recommendation of the jury he must pass upon the prisoner a sentence to show that human life was a precious thing in the eye of the law, and could not be taken without punishment. He sentenced him to six weeks' hard labor."

The solemn address of the judge about

the value of human life was a farce, and the sentence that followed was a burlesque. Be it remembered that this prisoner's crime was so very like murder that it had been mistaken for the real article by the coroner's jury. This sentence was passed on the 26th of May, and before the middle of July Hunt was a free man—free to look for a successor to the late Mrs. Hunt, with whom, the chief justice said, he might have lived happily had he not had the misfortune to kill her. If Hunt had stolen a small object more "precious in the eye of the law," namely a sixpence, he would probably have had to suffer loss of liberty for a longer period. In June, at the Surrey sessions, Michael Murphy was tried for taking a purse containing nine shillings quietly out of the pocket of a woman who was looking into a shop window. He had been previously convicted, and the sentence was ten years' penal servitude. It is but fair to Hunt to say that the one with whom he might have lived happily was the first wife he had killed. On the 11th of the same month, William Dean, described as "a brutal husband," was tried at the Guildhall for brutally assaulting and kicking his wife. He was a violent man, and ill-used her, drunk or sober. He struck her several times in the face, knocked her down, and while she was on the ground kicked her savagely in the face. It was not his first offence, and he got three months. On the 11th of July a man of the name of William Harcourt was charged, at Westminster, with assaulting a woman who was most justly described as "an unfortunate." The prisoner, without the slightest provocation, beat her most unmercifully about the head and face. The magistrate said the prosecutrix was as much entitled to the protection of the law as any one else, and gave the prisoner one month. At the Middlesex sessions in December a man was convicted of stealing two shillings worth of coals, and was sentenced to eight months' hard labor. At the same sessions another man was indicted for wounding his wife. The police found the woman bleeding from the leg and hand, and the prisoner with an open razor, wet with blood. He said "he wished he had cut her head off." A previous conviction was proved, and he had frequently been charged with similar offences, but was acquitted because his wife would not appear against him. He was sentenced to twelve months. The next case was of watch-stealing, the watch being valued at thirty-five shillings. One

previous conviction was proved, and the sentence was five years' penal servitude, and three years' police supervision. At the Middlesex sessions again on December 9th, a man who is described as "a dangerous character, was found guilty of having his hands in another person's pockets. He ran away, having taken a knife and some keys without violence, and the sentence was five years. The following contrast is worthy of special attention. At Lambeth police court, according to the report in the *Daily Telegraph* of December 10th, two men were charged with assaulting a married woman and her female servant, as they were passing along the Westminster Road. One seized Mrs. Pritchard, declaring she was his wife. Upon her resenting his behavior, he struck her twice in the face, and then threw her down upon the pavement. The girl was in the mean time being treated improperly by the other ruffian, and upon her resisting and trying to find a constable, he struck her violently in the face with his fists. The magistrate thought that six weeks in the one case, and a forty-shilling fine in the other, fairly met the requirements of the case. The same fine was inflicted at Wandsworth on the same day for driving a tricycle on a foot-path. I could multiply these cases, until your readers would be weary of them, but it is needless, for it is notorious that such cases are of daily occurrence. But I have still one or two that should not be omitted. At the Westminster police court, as reported on the 16th of December, a man named Caxton was charged with being drunk and assaulting a woman, who was a stranger to him, and, as events proved, had reason to regret the introduction. As this woman was leaving the Westminster Bridge Station, the prisoner addressed her offensively, and upon her telling him that she did not desire his company, he first abused and then knocked her down. This being in his opinion an insufficient punishment for declining his society, he kicked her about the left side, while on the ground. Allowing her to get up, he again knocked her down, kicked her, and finally, being satisfied that he had sufficiently avenged the slight offered to him, ran away. He was, however, captured, and being brought before the magistrate was fined four pounds and one pound costs.

People will ask, with a mixture of amazement and indignation, if this was a case for a fine. And they may ask at the same time what would have been the pun-

ishment of this man if instead of treating this woman in the way described he had simply robbed her without violence, or picked her pocket. Can any one, who has paid the smallest attention to the subject, doubt that the sentence would have been imprisonment with hard labor, or perhaps penal servitude for a number of years? And can any one doubt which the woman would have preferred, if she had been offered an alternative,—being robbed, without violence, or being maltreated in this way without being robbed? What woman, or any one else, would not have preferred giving up whatever the might happen to have about them rather than have their features smashed by brutal fists, or permanent injury inflicted by kicks from heavy boots? Let any one as himself or herself this question, and, venture to say, there will be but one answer. In whose interest, then, is it that such disparity should exist between sentences affecting property and sentence affecting the person? The administrators of the law seem to look upon attack upon property, however small, with the utmost horror, and deal with them accordingly. On the other hand they treat crimes of the most malignant and savage character against the person as trivial and venial, to be dealt with in the most lenient way. It has long been a puzzle to the few who take any interest in such matters that such should be the case, but I am glad to see that the public is becoming interested in the question. And it is time, for if ruffianism is to go on practically unchecked by exemplary punishments the streets of London will soon be unsafe for decent people to walk in.

It is time, too, that the wives of these savages should have some effective protection afforded to them. It may be safely assumed, that for every case of wife-beating that comes before the police at least a hundred occur that are never heard of. It may be a thousand, for there is great natural reluctance on the part of poor women to appear in such cases. It is not wonderful that it should be so, if a woman is merciful and forgiving. But there is a stronger reason, and that is the fear of consequences when the few days of comfortable imprisonment are over, and the husband and father returns. If the punishment were exemplary and sufficient to deter, this fear would be diminished. I am afraid that no punishment will be really effective, in these cases, that does not inflict bodily suffering, of an acute kind, upon the perpetrator. T

ruffian who is before the magistrate may be, for all his brutality, the bread-winner of the family, and to lock him up may result in sending them all into the work-house. Although this is a difficulty, it is not greater in the case of violence to the person than in cases of attacks upon property. It will not therefore afford any explanation of the disparity of the sentences, to which I am referring, although it is well worthy of consideration when any change in the law is contemplated. There is a strong feeling in this country, and it is a natural and commendable feeling, against the use of corporal punishment, except in very extreme cases. But is not such wife-beating as we see almost daily in the papers an extreme case? It is bad enough for a man to assault his own wife, but I hold it to be even worse to assault another man's wife, or daughter, in the public streets. And then to plead, as is so often done, that drink was the cause. One disgusting crime is pleaded as a set-off against another, and the plea is allowed. This would be, to a great extent, checked if drunkenness in the street, or any other public place, constituted an offence in itself, without waiting for the too common homicidal development of it. A night in a police cell, or a small fine, might be a sufficient punishment, but persons who are obviously drunk should not be permitted to go at large in public places. Lunatics are not allowed to walk about the streets, and drunken men are temporarily lunatics, and very dangerous lunatics too, as many poor people have found. If the streets were periodically swept by the police, and all persons found drunk were conveyed away to the cells, the effect would be most salutary, and many a loathsome scene would be avoided and many a brutal and bloody crime averted. But when drunkenness is not treated as an offence, but is daily held, in our courts, to be an admissible plea in mitigation of the punishment due for other crimes, committed under its influence, it is no wonder that it is common. An intelligent criminal who has made the literature of the police courts his study, must see that if he has made up his mind to commit a crime it may mitigate his offence if he can plead that he was drunk. He will find no instance, in all the records he may search, in which drunkenness has increased the punishment. Let every drunken man or woman, no matter what their position may be, who are found walking, or staggering, or lying in a public place, be locked

up, without appeal, until their senses have returned, and the number of such people will sensibly diminish. Those who commit outrages from the exuberance of their own brutality must be taught by the experience of bodily pain that which they are certainly not taught at present, and that is to dread the consequences to themselves.

I have reserved one case because it is recent and very important, owing to the serious nature of the crime. In this case the victim was more or less under the influence of drink, and the criminals were sober. A widow, named Anne Jacques, was in the neighborhood of Tooting on the night of the 7th of August. She was knocked down, outraged, and maltreated to such an extent that she died on the 14th of October from peritonitis, resulting from the injuries she received. Five men were put upon their trial for the wilful murder of this woman, at the Central Criminal Court on November 23rd. The prisoners were acquitted on the charge of murder. They were then put upon their trial for an indecent assault, and three were found guilty. Sentence was postponed, but ultimately one got sixteen months' and two others six months' hard labor. Mr. Justice Hawkins "commented on the atrocious aspect in which the case presented itself against one of the men, and also upon the unmanly and unfeeling way in which he had behaved." He finally expressed a hope that the sentences would "serve as a warning to the prisoners for the rest of their lives." I quote from the *Times* report, which states that the circumstances were "unfit for publication." It is difficult to comment freely upon a crime, the circumstances of which are unfit for publication, and which the *Times* report further states were of "a very horrible and revolting nature." The learned judge called the crime "atrocious," and regretted that he had not the power to send the worst of the ruffians into penal servitude. Surely then he gave the maximum sentence that the law allowed. On the contrary, he took into consideration the circumstance that the prisoners had been put to some inconvenience in having to wait from August to November before being tried! If the learned judge could not punish as severely as he desired, he need not have gone out of his way to give credit for the detention during the three months preceding the trial. Surely if the crime merited penal servitude, which owing to the nature of the charge could not be

given, the highest punishment the law allowed, under the circumstances, should have been imposed. One may reasonably ask how it happened that the second charge against the prisoners was not for rape, instead of indecent assault. This last may be of the most trivial nature, but in this case it ended in the death of the victim.

Once more, let me ask, what would have been the sentence upon these men if, instead of outraging this wretched woman in such a manner as to cause her death, they had only knocked her down and robbed her? And if, in robbing, they had killed their victim, is it not certain that if the crime did not amount to murder, it would have entitled the prisoners to a sentence just short of the capital one? And they would have got it. The

sacred rights of property were not infringed, and so sixteen months' imprisonment sufficed. Ten years would have been the least if a purse had been concerned, but a poor woman's property in her own life and honor are apparently not vested interests. This case has attracted some attention, but it is now nearly forgotten. It will be the fault of the public and of Parliament if scandals such as I have quoted are allowed to continue, and if a revision of the criminal law, and a proper, reasonable classification of crime is not insisted upon. Lawyers describe the things that ordinary people consider discreditable, if not actually disgraceful to the country, as "anomalies of the law." The sooner law and common sense and common justice are made to coincide the better.

DONALD H. MACFARLANE.

AGRICULTURE IN THE CRIMEA TO-DAY. — Rich as the land is, the crops by the roadside are few and paltry, the chief being rye, maize, millet, and sunflowers. The sunflowers are cultivated for their seed, which is either used for making oil, or more is generally sold in a dry state as *zernitchkies*. *Zernitchkies* furnish the Malo-Russ (folk of Little Russia), male and female, with one of their most favorite means of wasting time. Go where you will, at any time, in Kertch, you will find people cracking these sunflower-seeds, and trying to make two bites at the kernel. At every street corner you find a stall where they are sold, and you rarely come in without finding one of the little gray shards clinging to your dress, spit upon you by some careless passer-by or sent adrift from some balcony overhead. Besides these crops, you come across long strips of watermelons, the principal food of the Malo-Russ in the summer, and one of the chief sources of the Asiatic cholera sometimes so prevalent here. But for the most part the land is untilled — left to its wild flowers and weeds. The peasant of the Crimea makes but a sorry agriculturist. The Malo-Russ is lazy — good-natured ne'er-do-weel — his days being more than half *prasniks*, (saints' days), he devotes their holy half to getting drunk on *vodka*, the other half to recovering from the effects of the day before. One day you may see him in long boots and a red shirt, with his arms round another big-bearded *mujik's* neck in the drinking-den, or husband and wife, on the broad of their backs, dead drunk in the highway. The day after you'll find him in a moralizing mood, seated on his doorstep, smoking the eternal *papiros*, or nibbling sunflower-seeds. Russians have told me that there are more holy days than calendar days in the year. To be holy a day need not be a saint's day — a

birthday in the emperor's family is quite enough to make a *prasnik*. Of the actual church *fêtes* there are one hundred and twenty-eight. The great agriculturists here are the German colonists, whose neat homesteads remind one for the moment of lands nearer home. Even the Tartars are better than the Malo-Russ, but they have lately been leaving the Crimea in large numbers to escape the compulsory military service which Russia seeks to impose upon them. Everywhere the army seems to be the worst enemy of the State.

Temple Bar.

CARNE SECA. — This *carne seca* — dried or jerked beef — is exported to the amount of thousands of tons yearly from Montevideo, Rozario, and other parts of Uruguay and the Argentine Republic. In some of the *saladeros* or factories over a thousand head of cattle are killed daily in the season, one man being usually the executioner of the lot, and killing them by puncturing the spinal cord at the back of the head. The animals are cut up and the flesh piled in great heaps with layers of salt by semi-naked savages, half Basque, half Indian, who have a peculiar knack of causing the flesh to detach itself in flakes from the bone by giving it a slap with their broad cutlass-like knives. Wonderful quickness and dexterity are exhibited in every department of the process, but the whole forms one of the most disgusting spectacles imaginable. Mixed with black beans and *fariña*, or cassava-meal, jerked beef becomes the staple food of the lower orders throughout the coasts of South and Central America.

Chambers' Journal.

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THE SIXTEENTH YEAR

OF

THE AMERICAN NATURALIST,

A Popular Illustrated Monthly Magazine of Natural History and Travel

ANNOUNCEMENT FOR 1882. VOLUME XVI.

THIS journal of popular Natural Science is published by Messrs. McALLA & STAVELY, Philadelphia, Pa., under the editorial management of Dr. A. S. PACKARD, Jr., and Prof. E. D. COPE, with the assistance of eminent men of science. The typographical dress and illustrations which have heretofore given character to this magazine will be sustained, and it will be of a thoroughly popular nature, so as to interest the general reader as well as the young naturalist. It will continue to be a journal of science-education and for the use of science-teachers.

Each number of the NATURALIST contains carefully written articles on various scientific subjects, and, in addition, departments of *Recent Literature, Botany, Zoology, Entomology, Anthropology, Geology and Palaeontology, Geography and Exploration, and Microscopy*. The department of Entomology is edited by Prof. C. V. RILEY, that of Botany by Prof. C. E. BESSEY, and that of Microscopy is edited by Dr. R. H. WARD, of Troy, N. Y. A new department, that of Mineralogy, is added this year, which is edited by Prof. H. C. LEWIS, of Philadelphia. The department of Geography and Travels is edited by ELLIS H. YARNALL, Esq. Prof. OTIS T. MASON will continue his monthly summaries of Anthropological News, and will edit the department of *Anthropology*. Arrangements have been made to report the *Proceedings of Scientific Societies* with promptness. A Digest of the *Contents of Foreign Scientific Journals and Transactions* will also be given each month, together with the *Latest Home and Foreign Scientific News*.

The attention of publishers and teachers is called to critical notices of standard scientific books, to which especial attention has been given the past year, and will be given during the coming year.

A recent feature, and one which will render the NATURALIST most useful to American scientists and students of science, are summaries of progress made during the preceding years (1879, 1880, 1881) in different departments of science. Reviews of progress in *Botany* have been furnished by Prof. C. E. BESSEY; of *Crustacea* by Mr. J. S. KINGSLEY; of *Mollusca* by Dr. W. H. DALL. Prof. C. A. WHITE has reported on *Invertebrate Palaeontology*. Prof. OTIS T. MASON has prepared reports on progress in *American Anthropology* during 1879, 1880, 1881. These reports will be continued during the coming year. American *Geography and Explorations* will be reported upon by ELLIS H. YARNALL, Esq., and American *Microscopy* by Dr. R. H. WARD.

Original articles or notices by over fifty of our leading naturalists have appeared in the volumes for 1880 and 1881, among which occur the following names:—

Dr. C. C. Abbott,
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Mr. E. A. Barber,
Prof. W. S. Barnard,
Prof. W. G. Beal,
Prof. C. E. Bessey,
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Prof. W. K. Brooks,
Mr. Arthur E. Brown,
Mr. Edward Burgess,
Hon. J. D. Caton,
Prof. A. J. Cook,
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Dr. Elliott Coues,
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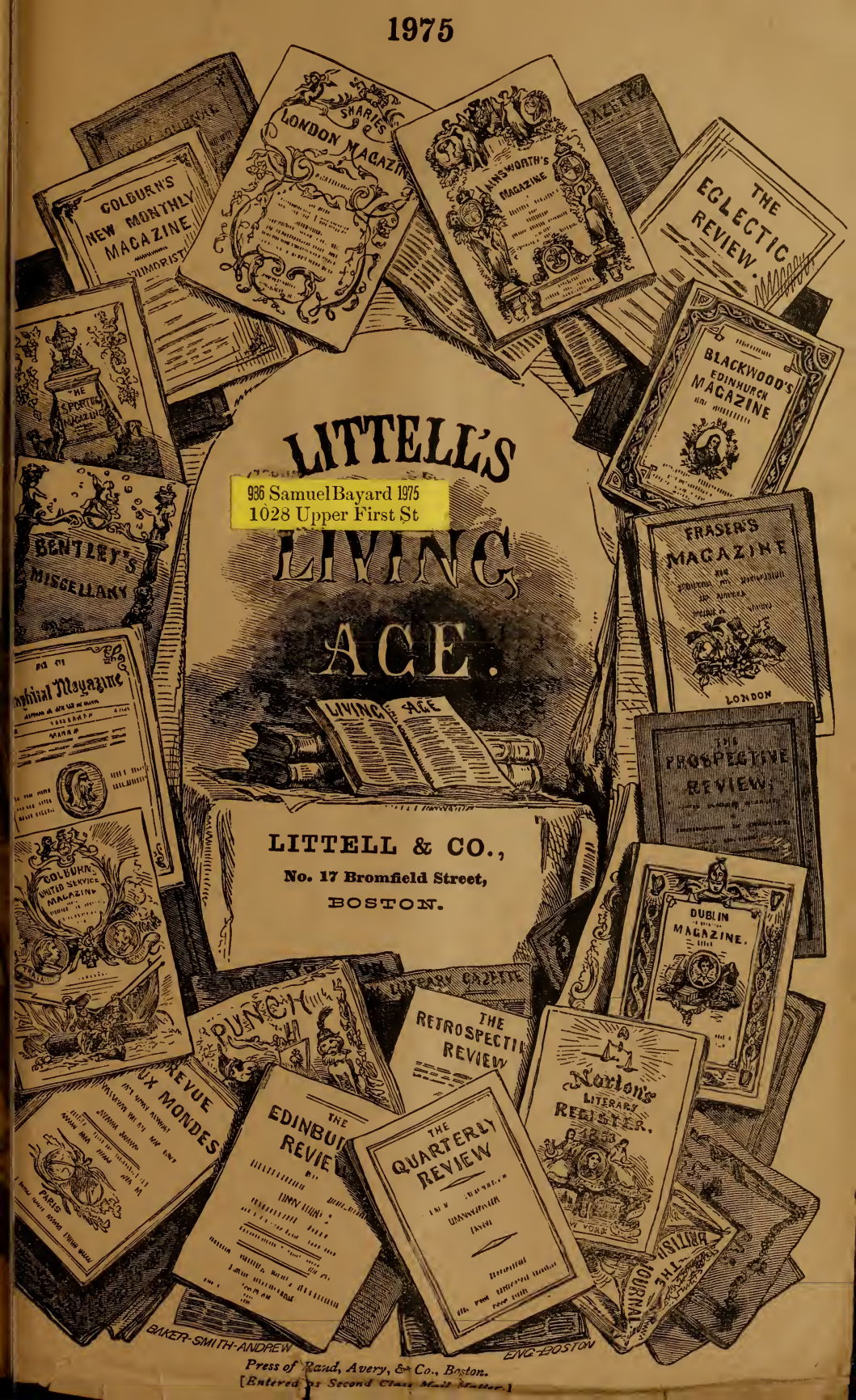
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CONTENTS.

I. THE STATE TRIALS,	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i>	195
II. ROBIN. By Mrs. Parr, author of "Adam and Eve," Part VII.,	<i>Temple Bar,</i>	207
III. QUEEN ELIZABETH AT HATFIELD. Conclusion,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i>	214
IV. LADY JANE. By Mrs. Oliphant. Part IV.,	<i>Good Words,</i>	223
V. JAMES AND JOHN STUART MILL: TRADITIONAL AND PERSONAL MEMORIALS,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i>	236
VI. TALK AND TALKERS,	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i>	243
VII. ECONOMIC GEOLOGY OF INDIA,	<i>Nature,</i>	248
VIII. THE FUTURE OF ENGLISH HUMOR,	<i>Spectator,</i>	253
IX. PRECIOUS CORAL,	<i>Nature,</i>	255

POETRY.

THE POET AND THE CHILDREN. By John G. Whittier,	194	"NO LONGER MOURN FOR ME WHEN I AM DEAD,"	194
THE DÆMON,	194	"LONG TIME A CHILD,"	194

MISCELLANY,	256
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THE POET AND THE CHILDREN.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

WITH a glory of winter sunshine
Over his locks of gray,
In the old historic mansion
He sat on his last birthday.

With his books and his pleasant pictures
And his household and his kin,
While a sound as of myriads singing
From far and near stole in.

It came from his own fair city,
From the prairie's boundless plain,
From the Golden Gate of sunset,
And the cedarn woods of Maine.

And his heart grew warm within him,
And his moistening eyes grew dim,
For he knew that his country's children
Were singing the songs of him :

The lays of his life's glad morning,
The psalms of his evening time,
Whose echoes shall float forever
On the winds of every clime.

All their beautiful consolations,
Sent forth like birds of cheer,
Came flocking back to his windows,
And sang in the poet's ear.

Grateful, but solemn and tender,
The music rose and fell
With a joy akin to sadness
And a greeting like farewell.

With a sense of awe he listened
To the voices sweet and young ;
The last of earth and the first of Heaven
Seemed in the songs they sung.

And waiting a little longer
For the wonderful change to come,
He heard the summoning angel
Who calls God's children home !

And to him in a holier welcome,
Was the mystical meaning given
Of the words of the blessed Master :
" Of such is the kingdom of Heaven !"
Wide Awake for May.

THE DÆMON.

SPAKE my Dæmon unto me :
" Wherefore discontented be ?
Fearest thou life's jolting ride,
Long as I am at thy side ?
Spurs thou hast and supple heel,
Hangs not there thy trusty steel ?
Lo ! I follow in thy train,
Careless, whether fire or rain.

See ! my bridle-rein is tied
Firmly to thy saddle's side.
Where thou goest, I will go,
All the dangerous pathways show."

Then I turned, and there beheld
A rider following in the wild.
Careless of the storm, he moved
Like a traveller tried and proved.
Strange — his steed was like my own ;
Strange — his face I should have known.
" Brother ! ridest thou my way ?"
Cried I in mine ecstasy.

But my Dæmon made reply :
" Thou shalt converse by-and-by.
This day's journey thou must make ;
On the morn, another take ;
Many more perchance thou hast ;
But, when lagging on thy last,
Love shall light the lonely realm,
As a crest upon thy helm ;
And this rider thou shalt see,
As the better part of thee."

Chambers' Journal.

C. McK.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to
dwell :

Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it ; for I love you so
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O, if, I say, you look upon this verse,
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse ;
But let your love even with my life decay :
Lest the wise world should look into your
moan,

And mock you with me after I am gone.

SHAKESPEARE.

LONG time a child, and still a child, when
years

Had painted manhood on my cheek, was I ;
For yet I lived like one not born to die ;
A thriftless prodigal of smiles and tears,
No hope I needed, and I knew no fears.

But sleep, though sweet, is only sleep ; and
waking,

I waked to sleep no more ; at once o'er-
taking

The vanguard of my age, with all arrears
Of duty on my back. Nor child, nor man,
Nor youth, nor sage, I find my head is grey,
For I have lost the race I never ran :

A rathe December blights my lagging May ;
And still I am a child, though I be old :
Time is my debtor for my years untold.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
THE STATE TRIALS.

IT sometimes strikes readers of books that literature is, on the whole, a snare and a delusion. Writers, of course, do not generally share that impression; and, on the contrary, have said a great many fine things about the charm of conversing with the choice minds of all ages, with the *innuendo*, to use the legal phrase, that they themselves modestly demand some place amongst the aforesaid choice minds. But at times we are disposed to retort upon our teachers. Are you not, we observe, exceedingly given to humbug? The youthful student takes the poet's ecstasies and agonies in solemn earnest. We who have grown a little wiser cannot forget how complacently delighted the poet has been to hit upon a new agony; how he has set it to a pretty tune; how he has treasured up his sorrows and despairs to make his literary stock in trade, has taken them to market, and squabbled with publishers and writhed under petty critics, and purred and bridled under judicious flattery; and we begin to resent his demand upon our sympathies. Are not poetry and art a terrible waste of energy in a world where so much energy is already being dissipated? The great musician, according to the well-worn anecdote, hears the people crying for bread in the street, and the wave of emotion passing through his mind comes out in the shape, not of active benevolence, but of some new and exquisite jangle of sounds. It is all very well. The musician, as is probable enough, could have done nothing better. But there are times when we feel that we would rather have the actual sounds, the downright utterance of an agonized human being, than the far-away echo of passion set up in the artistic brain. We prefer the roar of the tempest to the squeaking of the æolian harp. We tire of the skilfully prepared sentiment, the pretty fancies, the unreal imaginations, and long for the harsh, crude, substantial fact, the actual utterance of men struggling in the dire grasp of unmitigated realities. We want to see nature itself, not to look at the distorted images presented in the magical mirror of a Shake-

speare. The purpose of playing is, as that excellent authority is constantly brought to us, to show the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. But, upon that hypothesis, why should we not see the age itself instead of being bothered by impossible kings and queens and ghosts mixed up in supernatural catastrophes? If this theory of art be sound, is not the most realistic historian the only artist? Nay, since every historian is more or less a sophisticator, should we not go back to the materials from which histories are made?

I feel some touch of sympathy for those simple-minded readers who avowedly prefer the police reports to any other kind of literature. There at least they come into contact with solid facts; shocking, it may be, to well-regulated minds, but possessing all the charm of their brutal reality; not worked into the carefully doctored theories and rose-colored pictures set forth by the judicious author, whose real aim is to pose as an amiable and interesting being. It is true that there are certain objections to such studies. They generally imply a wrong state of mind in the student. He too often reads, it is to be feared, with that pleasure in loathsome details which seems to spring from a survival of the old cruel instincts capable of finding pleasure in the sight of torture and bloodshed. Certainly one would not, even in a passing phrase, suggest that the indulgence of such a temper can be anything but loathsome. But it is not necessary to assume this evil propensity in all cases; or what must be our judgment of the many excellent members of society who studied day by day the reports of the Tichborne case, for example, and felt that there was a real blank in their lives when the newspapers had to fill their columns with nothing better than discussions of international relations and social reforms? You might perhaps laugh at such a man if he asserted that he was conscientiously studying human nature. But you might give him credit if he replied that he was reading a novel which atoned for any defects of construction by the incomparable interest of reality. And the reply would be more plausible in defence of an-

other kind of reading. When literature palls upon me I sometimes turn for relief to the great collection of State trials. They are nothing, you may say, but the police reports of the past. But it makes all the difference that they are of the past. I may be ashamed of myself when I read some hideous revelation of modern crime, not to stimulate my ardor as a patriot and a reformer, but to add a zest to my comfortable chair in the club window or at the bar of my favorite public house. But I can read without such a pang of remorse about Charles I. and the regicides. I can do nothing for them. I cannot turn the tide of battle at Naseby, or rush into the streets with the enthusiastic Venner. They make no appeal to me for help, and I have not to harden my heart by resisting, but only for a sympathy which cannot be wasted because it could not be turned to account. I may indulge in it, for it strengthens the bond between me and my ancestors. My sense of relationship is stimulated and strengthened as I gaze at the forms sinking slowly beyond my grasp down into the abyss of the past, and try in imagination to raise them once more to the surface. I do all that I can for them in simply acknowledging that they form a part of the great process in which I am for the instant on the knife-edge of actual existence, and unreal only in the sense in which the last motion of my pen is unreal now. "I was once," says one of the earliest performers, "a looker-on of the pageant as others be here now, but now, woe is me! I am a player in that doleful tragedy." This "now" is become our "once," and we may leave it to the harmless enthusiasts who play at metaphysics to explain or to darken the meaning of the familiar phrase. Whatever time may be — a point, I believe, not quite settled — there is always a singular fascination in any study which makes us vividly conscious of its ceaseless lapse, and gives us the sense of rolling back the ever-closing scroll. Historians, especially of the graphic variety, try to do that service for us; but we can only get the full enjoyment by studying at first hand direct contemporary reports of actual words and deeds.

The charm of the State trials is in the singular fulness and apparent authenticity of many of the reports of *viva voce* examinations. There are not more links between us, for example, and Sir Nicholas Throgmorton — whose words I have just quoted — than between us and the last witness at a contemporary trial. The very words are given fresh from the speaker's mouth. The volumes of course contain vast masses of the dismal materials which can be quarried only by the patience of a Dryasdust. If we open them at random we may come upon reading which is anything but exhilarating. There are pages upon pages of constitutional eloquence in the Sacheverell case about the blessed Revolution, and the social compact and the theory of passive resistance, which are as hopelessly unreadable as the last Parliamentary debate in the *Times*. If we chance upon the great case of ship-money, and the arguments for and against the immortal Hampden, we have to dig through strata of legal antiquarianism solid enough to daunt the most intrepid explorer. And, as trials expand in later times, and the efforts of the British barrister to establish certain important rules of evidence become fully reported, we, as innocent laymen, feel bound to withdraw from the sacred place. Indeed, one is forced to ask in passing whether any English lawyer, with one exception, ever made a speech in court which it was possible for any one, not a lawyer, to read in cold blood. Speeches, of course, have been made beyond number of admirable efficacy for the persuasion of judges and juries; but so far as the State trials inform us, one can only suppose that lawyers regarded eloquence as a deadly sin, perhaps because jurymen had a kind of dumb instinct which led them to associate eloquence with humbug. The one exception is Erskine, whose speeches are true works of art, and perfect models of lucid, logical exposition. The strangely inarticulate utterance of his brethren reconciles us in a literary sense to the rule — outrageous in a moral and political point of view — which for centuries forbade the assistance of counsel in the most serious cases. In the

older trials, therefore, we assist at a series of tragedies, which may shock our sense of justice, but in their rough-and-ready fashion go at once to the point and show us all the passions of human beings fighting in deadly earnest over the issues of life and death. The unities of time and place are strictly observed. In the good old days the jury, when once empanelled, had to go on to the end. There was no dilatory adjourning from day to day.* As wrestlers who have once taken hold must struggle till one touches earth, the prisoner had to finish his agony there and then. The case might go on by candle-light, and into the early hours of a second morning, till even the spectators, wedged together in the close court, with a pestilential atmosphere, loaded, if they had only known it, with the germs of gaol fever, were well-nigh exhausted; till the judge confessed himself too faint to sum up, and even to recollect the evidence; till the unfortunate prisoner, browbeaten by the judge and the opposite counsel, bewildered by the legal subtleties, often surprised by unexpected evidence, and unable to produce contradictory witnesses at the instant, overwhelmed with all the labor and impossibility of a task to which he was totally unaccustomed, could only stammer out a vague assertion of innocence. Here and there some sturdy prisoner — a Throgmorton or a Lilburne — thus brought to bay under every disadvantage, managed to fight his way through, and to persuade a jury to let him off even at their own peril. As time goes on, things get better, and the professions of fair play have more reality; but it is also true that the performance becomes less exciting. In the degenerate eighteenth century it came to be settled that a minister might be turned out of office without losing his head; and it is perhaps only from an æsthetic point of view that the old practice was better, which provided historians with so many moving stories of judicial tyranny. But in that point of

view we may certainly prefer the old system, for the tragedies generally have a worthy ending; and instead of those sudden interventions of a benevolent author which are meant to save our feelings at the end of a modern novel, we are generally thrilled by a scene on the scaffold, in which it is rare indeed for the actors to play their parts unworthily.

The most interesting period of the State trials is perhaps the last half of the seventeenth century, when the art of reporting seems to have been sufficiently developed to give a minute verbal record — vivid as a photograph — of the actual scene, and before the interest was diluted by floods of legal rhetoric. Pepys himself does not restore the past more vividly than do some of those anonymous reporters. The records indeed of the trials give the fullest picture of a social period, which is too often treated from some limited point of view. The great political movements of the day leave their mark upon the trials; the last struggle of parties was fought out by judges and juries with whatever partiality in open court. We may start, if we please, with the "memorable scene" in which Charles I. won his title to martyrdom; then comes the gloomy procession of regicides; and presently to come we have the martyrs to the Popish plot, and they are followed by the Whig martyr, Russell, and by the miserable victims who got the worst of Sedgemoor fight. The Church of England has its share of interest in the exciting case of the seven bishops; and Nonconformists are represented by Baxter's sufferings under Jeffreys, and by luckless frequenters of prohibited conventicles; and beneath the more stirring events described in different histories, we have strange glimpses of the domestic histories which were being transacted at the time; there are murderers and forgers and housebreakers, who cared little for Whig or Tory; superstition is represented by an occasional case of witchcraft. And we have some curious illustrations of the manners and customs of the fast young men of the period, the dissolute noblemen, the "sons of Belial flown with insolence and wine," who disturbed Milton's

* In the trial of Horne Tooke in 1794 it was decided by the judges that an adjournment might take place in case of "physical necessity," but the only previous case of an adjournment cited was that of Canning (in 1753).

meditations, and got upon the stage to see Nell Gwyn and Mrs. Bracegirdle, in the comedies of Dryden and Etherege. It is unfair to take the reports of a police court as fully representing the characteristics of a time; but there never was a time which left a fuller impression of its idiosyncrasies in such an unsavory record office. Let us pick up a case or two pretty much at random.

It is pleasantest, perhaps, to avoid the more familiar and pompous scenes. It is rather in the byplay—in the little vignettes of real life which turn up amidst more serious events—that we may find the characteristic charm of the narrative. The trials, for example, of the regicides have an interest. They died for the most part (Hugh Peters seems to have been an exception) as became the survivors of the terrible Ironsides, glorying, till drums beat under the scaffold to silence them, in their fidelity to the “good old cause,” and showing a stern front to the jubilant royalists. But one must admit that they show something, too, of the peculiarities which made the race tiresome to their contemporaries as they probably would be to us. They cannot submit without a wrangle—which they know to be futile—over some legal point, where simple submission to the inevitable would have been more dignified; and their dying prayers and orations are echoes of the long-winded sermons of the Blathergowls. They showed fully as much courage, but not so much taste as the “royal actor” on the same scene. But amidst the trials there occurs here and there a fragment of picturesque evidence. A waterman tells us how he was walking about Whitehall on the morning of the “fatal blow.” “Down came a file of musketeers.” They hurried the hangman into his boat, and said, “Waterman, away with him; begone quickly.” “So,” says the waterman, “out I launched, and having got a little way in the water, says I, ‘Who the devil have I got in my boat?’ Says my fellow, says he, ‘Why?’ I directed my speech to him, saying, ‘Are you the hangman that cut off the king’s head?’ ‘No, as I am a sinner to God,’ saith he, ‘not I.’ He shook, every joint of him. I knew not what to do. I rowed away a little further, and fell to a new examination of him. ‘Tell me true,’ says I, ‘are you the hangman that hath cut off the king’s head?’ I cannot carry you,” said I. “No,” saith he;” and explains that his instruments had been used, but not himself; and though the waterman threat-

ened to sink his boat, the supposed hangman stuck to his story, and was presumably landed in safety. The evidence seems to be rather ambiguous as concerns the prisoner, who was accused of being the actual executioner; but the vivacity with which Mr. Abraham Smith tells his story is admirable. Doubtless it had been his favorite anecdote to his fellows and his fares during the intervening years, and he felt, rightly as it has turned out, that this accidental contact with one of the great events of history would be his sole title to a kind of obscure immortality.

Another hero of that time, unfortunately a principal instead of a mere spectator in the recorded tragedy, is so full of exuberant vitality that we can scarcely reconcile ourselves to the belief that the poor man was hanged two centuries ago. The gallant Colonel Turner had served in the royal army, and, if we may believe his dying words, was specially valued by his Majesty. The poor colonel, however, got into difficulties: he made acquaintance with a rich old merchant named Tryon, and tried to get a will forged in his favor by one of Tryon’s clerks; failing in this, he decided upon speedier measures. He tied down poor old Tryon in his bed one night, and then carried off jewels to the value of 3,000*l*. An energetic alderman suspected the colonel, clutched him a day or two afterwards, and forced him to disgorge. When put upon his defence, he could only tell one of those familiar fictions common to pickpockets; how he had accidentally collared the thief, who had transferred the stolen goods to him, and how he was thus entitled to gratitude instead of punishment. It is not surprising that the jury declined to believe him; but we are almost surprised that any judge had the courage to sentence him. For Colonel Turner is a splendid scoundrel. There is something truly heroic in his magnificent self-complacency; the fine, placid glow of conscious virtue diffused over his speeches. He is a link between Dugald Dalgetty, Captain Bobadil, and the audacious promoter of some modern financiering scheme. Had he lived in days when old merchants invest their savings in shares instead of diamonds, he would have been an invaluable director of a bubble company. There is a dash of the Pecksniff about him; but he has far too much pith and courage to be dashed like that miserable creature by a single exposure. Old Chuzzlewit would never have broken loose from his bonds. It is delightful to see, in days when most

criminals prostrated themselves in abject humiliation, how this splendid colonel takes the lord chief justice into his confidence, verbally buttonholes "my dear lord" with a pleasant assumption that, though for form's sake some inquiry might be necessary, every reasonable man must see the humor of an accusation directed against so innocent a patriot. The whole thing is manifestly absurd. And then the colonel gracefully slides in little compliments to his own domestic virtues. Part of his story had to be that he had sent his wife (who was accused as an accomplice) on an embassy to recover the stolen goods. "I sent my poor wife away," he says, "and, saving your lordship's presence, she did all bedirt herself—a thing she did not use to do, poor soul. She found this Nagshead, she sat down, being somewhat fat and weary, poor heart! I have had twenty-seven children by her, fifteen sons and twelve daughters." "Seven or eight times this fellow did round her." "Let me give that relation," interrupts the wife. "You cannot," replies the colonel, "it is as well. Pry-thee, sit down, dear Moll; sit thee down, good child, all will be well." And so the colonel proceeds with admirable volubility, and we sympathize with this admirable father of twenty-seven children under so cruel a hardship. But—not to follow the trial—the colonel culminated under the most trying circumstances. His dying speech is superb. He is honorably confessing his sins, but his natural instinct asserts itself. He cannot but admit, in common honesty, that he is a model character, and speaks under his gallows as if he were the good apprentice just arrived at the mayoralty. He admits, indeed, that he occasionally gave way to swearing, though he "hated and loathed" the sin when he observed it; but he was—it was the source of all his troubles—of a "hasty nature." But he was brought up in an honest family in the good old times, and laments the bad times that have since come in. He has been a devoted loyalist; he has lived civilly and honestly at the upper end of Cheapside as became a freeman of the Company of Drapers; he was never known to be "disguised in drink;" a small cup of cider in the morning, and two little glasses of sack and one of claret at dinner, were enough for him; he was a constant churchgoer, and of such delicate propriety of behavior that he never "saw a man in church with his hat on but it troubled him very much" (a phrase which reminds us

of Johnson's famous friend); "there must be," he is sure, when he thinks of all his virtues, "a thousand sorrowful souls and weeping eyes" for him this day. The attendant clergy are a little scandalized at this peculiar kind of penitence; and he is good enough to declare that he "disclaims any desert of his own"—a sentiment which we feel to be a graceful concession, but not to be too strictly interpreted. The hangman is obliged to put the rope round his neck. "*Dost thou mean to choke me, fellow?*" exclaims the indignant colonel. "What a simple fellow is this! how long have you been executioner that you know not how to put the knot?" He then utters some pious ejaculations, and as he is assuming the fatal cap, sees a lady at a window; he kisses his hand to her, and says, "Your servant, mistress;" and so pulling down the cap, the brave colonel vanishes, as the reporter tells us, with a very undaunted carriage to his last breath.

Sir Thomas More with his flashes of playfulness, or Charles with his solemn "remember," could scarcely play their parts more gallantly than Colonel Turner, and they had the advantage of a belief in the goodness of their cause. Perhaps it is illogical to sympathize all the more with poor Colonel Turner, because we know that his courage had not the adventitious aid of a good conscience. But surely he was a very prince of burglars! We turn a page and come to a very different question of casuistry. Law and morality are at a deadlock. Instead of the florid, swaggering cavalier, we have a pair of Quakers, Margaret Fell and the famous George Fox, arguing with the most irritating calmness and logic against the imposition of an oath. "Give me the book in my hand," says Fox; and they are all gazing in hopes that he is about to swear. Then he holds up the Bible and exclaims, "This book commands me not to swear." To which dramatic argument (the report, it is to be observed, comes from Fox's side) there is no possible reply but to "pluck the book forth of his hand again," and send him back to prison. The Quakers vanish in their invincible passiveness; and in the next page, we find ourselves at Bury St. Edmunds. The venerated Sir Matthew Hale is on the bench, and the learned and eloquent Sir Thomas Browne appears in the witness-box. They listen to a wretched story of two poor old women accused of bewitching children. The children swear that they have been tormented by imps, in the shape of flies,

which flew into their mouths with crooked pins—the said imps being presumably the diabolical emissaries of the witches. Then Sir Thomas Browne gravely delivers his opinion; he quotes a case of witchcraft in Denmark, and decides, after due talk about “superabundant humors” and judicious balancing of conflicting considerations, that the fits into which the children fell were strictly natural, but “heightened to a great excess by the subtlety of the devil co-operating with the malice of the witches.” An “ingenious person,” however, suggests an experiment. The child who had sworn that the touch of the witch threw her into fits, was blindfolded and touched by another person passed off as the witch. The young sinner fell into the same fits, and the “ingenious person” pronounced the whole affair to be an imposture. However, a more ingenious person gets up and proves by dexterous logic, curiously like that of a detected “medium” of today, that, on the contrary, it confirms the evidence.* Whereupon, the witches were found guilty, the judge and all the court being fully satisfied with the verdict, and were hanged accordingly, though absolutely refusing to confess.

Our ancestors’ justice strikes us as rather heavy-handed and dull-eyed on these occasions. In another class of trials we see the opposite phase—the manifestation of that curious tenderness which has shown itself in so many forms since the days when highway robbery appeared to be a graceful accomplishment if practised by a wild Prince and Poins. Things were made delightfully easy in the race which flourished after the Restoration. Every peer, by the amazing privilege of the “benefit of clergy,” had a right to commit one manslaughter. Like a school-boy, he was allowed to plead “first fault;” and a good many peers took advantage of the system.

Lord Morley, for example, has a quarrel “about half-a-crown.” A Mr. Hastings, against whom he has some previous grudge, contemptuously throws down four half-crowns. Therefore Lord Morley and an attendant bully insult Hastings, assault him repeatedly, and at last fall upon him “just under the arch in Lincoln’s Inn Fields,” and there Lord Morley stabs him to death, “with a desperate impreca-

tion.” The attorney-general argues that this shows malice, and urges that Mr. Hastings, too, was a man of good family. But the peers only find their fellow guilty of manslaughter. He claims his privilege, and is dismissed with a benevolent admonition not to do it again. Elsewhere, we have Lord Cornwallis and a friend coming out of Whitehall in the early morning, drunk and using the foulest language. After trying in vain to quarrel with a sentinel, they swear that they will kill somebody before going home. An unlucky youth comes home to his lodgings close by, and after some abuse from the peer and his friend, the lad is somehow tumbled down-stairs and killed on the spot. As it seems not to be clear whether Lord Cornwallis gave the fatal kick, he is honorably acquitted. Then we have a free fight at a tavern, where Lord Pembroke is drinking with a lot of friends. One of them says that he is as good a gentleman as Lord Pembroke. The witnesses were all too drunk to remember how and why anything happened; but after a time one of them is kicked out of the tavern; another, a Mr. Cony, is knocked down and trampled, and swears that he has received what turned out some days later to be mortal injuries from the boots of Lord Pembroke. The case is, indeed, doubtful; for the doctor who was called in refused to make a post-mortem examination on the ground that it might lead him into “a troublesome matter;” and another was disposed to attribute the death to poor Mr. Cony’s inordinate love of “cold small beer.” He drank three whole tankards the night before his death; and when actually dying, declined “white wine posset drink,” suggested by the doctor, and “swore a great oath he would have small beer.” And so he died, whether by boots or beer; and the lord high steward in due time had to inform Lord Pembroke that his lordship was guilty of manslaughter, but, being entitled to his clergy, was to be discharged on paying his fees. The most sinister figure amongst these wild gallants is the Lord Mohun, who killed, and was killed by, the Duke of Hamilton, as all the readers of the journals of Swift or of Colonel Esmond remember. He appears twice in the collection. On December 9, 1690, Mohun and his friend Colonel Hill come swaggering into the play-house, and get from the pit upon the stage. An attendant asks them to pay for their places; whereupon Lord Mohun nobly refuses, saying, “If you bring any of your masters I will slit their

* This case was in 1665. It is curious that in the case of Hathaway in 1702, a precisely similar experiment convinced everybody that the accuser was an impostor; and got him a whipping and a place in the pillory.

noses." The pair have a coach-and-six waiting in the street to carry off Mrs. Bracegirdle, to whom Hill has been making love. As she is going home to supper, they try to force her into it with the help of half-a-dozen soldiers. The bystanders prevent this; but the pair insist upon seeing Mrs. Bracegirdle to her house, and mount guard outside with their swords drawn. Mrs. Bracegirdle and her friends stand listening at the door, and hear them vowing vengeance against Mountford, of whom Hill was jealous. Presently the watch appears — the constable and the beadle, and a man in front with a lantern. The constable asks why are the swords drawn. Mrs. Bracegirdle through the door hears Mohun reply, "I am a peer of England, touch me if you dare." "God bless your honor," replies the constable, "I know not what you are, but I hope you are doing no harm." "No," said he. "You may knock me down, if you please," adds Colonel Hill. "Nay, said I" (the lantern-bearer), "we never use to knock gentlemen down unless there be occasion." And the judicious watch retire to a tavern in the next street, in order, as they say, "to examine what they (Mohun and Hill) were, and what they were doing." There was, as the constable explains, "a drawer here, who had formerly lived over against him," and might throw some light upon the proceedings of these polite gentlemen. But, alas! "in the mean time the murder was done." For as another witness tells us, Mr. Mountford came up the street and was speaking coolly to Mohun, when Hill came up behind and gave him a box on the ear. "Saith Mr. Mountford, what's that for? And with that he (Hill) whipped out his sword and made a pass at him, and I turned about and cried murder!" Mountford was instantly killed; but witnesses peeping through doors, and looking out of windows, gave conflicting accounts of the scuffle in the dim street, and Lord Mohun, after much argument as to the law, was acquitted. Five years later, he appears in the case reported by Esmond, with little more than a change in the names. An insensate tavern brawl is followed by an adjournment to Leicester Fields; six noblemen and gentlemen in chairs; Mr. Coote, the chief actor in the quarrel, urging his chairman by threatening to goad him with his sword. The gentlemen get over the railings and vanish into the "dark, wet" night, whilst the chairmen philosophically light their pipes. The pipes are scarcely alight, when there

is a cry for help. Somehow a chair is hoisted over the rails, and poor Mr. Coote is found prostrate in a pool of blood. The chairmen strongly object to spoiling their chairs by putting a "bloody man" into them. They are pacified by a promise of 100*l.* security; but the chair is somehow broken, and the watch will not come to help, because it is out of their ward; "and I staid half an hour," says the chief witness pathetically, "with my chair broken, and afterwards I was laid hold upon, both I and my partner, and kept till next night at eleven o'clock; and that is all the satisfaction I have had for my chair and everything." This damage to the chair was clearly the chief point of interest for poor Robert Browne, the chairman, and it may be feared that his account is still unsettled. Mohun escaped upon this occasion, and, indeed, Esmond is unjust in giving to him a principal part in the tragedy.

Such were the sights to be seen occasionally in London by the watchman's lantern, or the candle glimmering across the narrow alley, or some occasional lamp swinging across the street; for it was by such a lamp that a girl looked into the hackney coach and saw the face of the man who had sent for Dr. Clench ostensibly to visit a patient, but really in order to strangle the poor doctor on the way. They are strange illuminations on the margin of the pompous page of official history; and the incidental details give form and color to the incidents in Pepys' "Journals" or Grammont's "Memoirs." We have kept at a distance from the more dignified records of the famous constitutional struggles which fill the greatest number of pages. Yet those pages are not barren for the lover of the picturesque. And here I must put in a word for one much reviled character. If ever I were to try my hand at the historical amusement of whitewashing, I should be tempted to take for my hero the infamous Jeffreys. He was, I dare say, as bad as he is painted; so perhaps were Nero and Richard III., and other much abused persons; but no miscreant of them all could be more amusing. Wherever the name of Jeffreys appears we may be certain of good sport. With all his inexpressible brutality, his buffoonery, his baseness, we can see that he was a man of remarkable talent. We think of him generally as he appeared when bullying Baxter; when "he snorted and squeaked, blew his nose and clenched his hands, and lifted up his eyes, mimicking their (the Nonconformists') manner,

and running on furiously, as he said they used to pray;" and we may regard him as his victims must have regarded him, as a kind of demoniacal baboon placed on the bench in robes and wig, in hideous caricature of justice. But the vigor and skill of the man when he has to worry the truth out of a stubborn witness, is also amazing. When a knavish witness produced a forged deed in support of the claim of a certain Lady Ity to a great part of Shadwell, Jeffreys is in his element. He is perhaps a little too exuberant. "Ask him what questions you will," he breaks out, "but if he should swear as long as Sir John Falstaff fought" (the chief justice can quote Shakespeare), "I would never believe a word he says." His lordship may be too violent, but he is substantially doing justice; and shows himself a dead hand at unmasking a cheat. The most striking proof of Jeffreys' power is in the dramatic trial of Lady Lisle. The poor lady was accused of harboring one Hicks, a Dissenting preacher, after Sedgemoor. It was clear that a certain James Dunne had guided Hicks to Lady Lisle's house. The difficulty was to prove that Lady Lisle knew Hicks to be a traitor. Dunne had talked to her in presence of another witness, and it was suggested that he had given her the fatal information. But Dunne tried hard in telling his story to sink this vital fact. The effort of Jeffreys to twist it out of poor Dunne, and Dunne's futile and prolonged wriggling to escape the confession, are reported at full, and form one of the most striking passages in the State trials. Jeffreys shouts at him; dilates in most edifying terms upon the bottomless lake of fire and brimstone which awaits all perjurers; snatches at any slip; pins the witness down; fastens inconsistencies upon him through page after page; but poor Dunne desperately clutches the secret in spite of the tremendous strain. He almost seems to have escaped, when the other witness establishes the fact that some conversation took place. Armed with this new thumb-screw, Jeffreys leaps upon poor Dunne again. The storm of objurgations, appeals, confutations, bursts forth with increased force; poor Dunne slips into a fatal admission: he has admitted some talk, but cannot explain what it was. He tries dogged silence. The torture of Jeffreys' tongue urges him to fresh blundering. A candle is held up to his nose that the court "may see his brazen face." At last he exclaims, the candle "still nearer

to his nose," and feeling himself the very focus of all attention, "I am quite cluttered out of my senses; I do not know what I say." The wretched creature is allowed to reflect for a time, and then at last declares that he will tell the truth. He tells enough in fact for the purpose, though he feebly tries to keep back the most damning words. Enough has been wrenched out of him to send poor Lady Lisle to the scaffold. The figure of the poor old lady falling asleep, as it is said, while Jeffreys' thunder and lightning was raging in this terrific fashion round the feeble defence of Dunne's reticence, is so pathetic, and her fate so piteous and disgraceful, that we have little sense for anything but Jeffreys' brutality. But if the power of worming the truth out of a grudging witness were the sole test of a judge's excellence, we must admit the amazing efficiency of Jeffreys' method. He is the ideal cross-examiner, and we may overlook the cruelty to victims who have so long ceased to suffer.

In the post-revolutionary period the world becomes more merciful and duller. Lawyers speak at greater length; and even the victims of '45, the strange Lord Lovat himself, give little sport at the respectable bar of the House of Lords. But the domestic trials become perhaps more interesting, if only by way of commentary upon "Tom Jones" or "Roderrick Random." Novelists indeed have occasionally sought to turn these records to account. The great Annesley case has been used by Mr. Charles Reade, and Scott took some hints from it in one of the very best of his performances, the inimitable "Guy Ranning." Scott's adaptation should, indeed, be rather a warning than a precedent; for the surpassing merit of his great novel consists in the display of character, in Meg Merrilies and Dandie Dinmont and Counselor Pleydell, and certainly not in the rather childish plot with the long-lost heir business. He falls into the common error of supposing that the actual occurrence of events must be a sufficient guarantee for employing them in fiction. The Annesley case is almost the only one in the collection in which facts descend to the level of romance. The claimant's case was clearly established up to a certain point. There was no doubt that he had passed for Lord Annesley's son in his childhood; that he had for that reason been spirited away by his uncle, and sold as a slave in America; and, further, that when he returned to make his claim and killed a man

by accident (an incident used by Scott), his uncle did his best to have him convicted for murder. The more difficult point was to prove that he was the legitimate son of the deceased lord by his wife, who was also dead. A servant of the supposed mother gave evidence which, if true, conclusively disproved this assumption; and though young Annesley won his first trial, he afterwards failed to convict this witness of perjury. The case may therefore be still doubtful, though the weight of evidence seems decidedly against the claimant. The case—the “longest ever known” at that time—lasted fifteen days, and gives some queer illustrations of the domestic life of a disreputable Irish nobleman of the period. Perhaps, however, the most curious piece of evidence is given by the attorney who was employed to prosecute the claimant for a murder of which he was clearly innocent. “What was the intention of the prosecution?” he is asked. “To put this man out of the way that he (Lord Anglesea, the uncle) might enjoy the estate easy and quiet.” “You understood, then, that Lord Anglesea would give 10,000*l.* to get the plaintiff hanged?” “I did.” “Did you not apprehend that to be a most wicked crime?” “I did.” “If so, how could you engage in that project, without making any objection to it?” “I may as well ask you,” is the reply, “how you came to be engaged in this suit.” He is afterwards asked whether any honest man would do such an action. “Yes, I believe they would, or else I would not have carried it on.” This is one of the prettiest instances on record of that ingenious adaptation of the conscience, which allows a man to think himself thoroughly honest for committing a most wicked crime in his professional capacity. The novelist who wishes rather to display character than to amuse us with intricacies of plot, will find more matter in less ambitious narratives. A most pathetic romance, which may remind us of more famous fictions, underlies the great murder case in which Cowper the poet’s grandfather was defendant. Sarah Stout, the daughter of a Quaker at Hertford, fell desperately in love with Cowper, who was a barrister, and sometimes lodged at her father’s house when on circuit. She wrote passionate letters to him of the Eloïse to Abelard kind, which Cowper was ultimately forced to produce in evidence. He therefore had a final interview with her, explained to her the folly of her passion, there being already a Mrs. Cowper,

and left her late in the evening to go to his lodgings elsewhere. Poor Sarah Stout rushed out in despair and threw herself into the Priory river. There she was found dead next morning, when the miller came to pull up his sluices. All the gossips of Hertford came immediately to look at the body and make moral or judicial reflections upon the facts. Wiseacres suggested that Cowper was the last man seen in her company, and it came out that two or three other men attending the assizes had gossiped about her on the previous evening, and one of them had, strange to relate, left a cord close by his trunk. These facts, transfigured by the Hertford imagination, became the nucleus of a theory, set forth in delicious legal verbosity, that the said Cowper, John Masson, and others “a certain rope of no value about the neck of the said Sarah, then and there feloniously, voluntarily, and of malice aforethought did put, place, fix, and bind; and the neck and throat of the said Sarah, then and there with the hands of you, the said Cowper, Masson, Stephens, and Rogers, feloniously, voluntarily, and of your malice aforethought, did hold, squeeze, and gripe.” By the said squeezing and gripping, to abbreviate a little, Sarah Stout was choked and strangled; and being choked and strangled instantly died, and was then secretly and maliciously put and cast into the river. The evidence, it is plain, required a little straining, but then Cowper belonged to the great Whig family of the town, and Sarah Stout was a Quaker. Tories thought it would be well to get a Cowper hanged, and Quakers wished to escape the imputation that one of their sect had committed suicide. The trial lasted so long that the poor judge became faint, and confessed that he could not sum up properly. The whole strength of the case, however, such as it was, depended upon an ingenious theory set up by the prosecution, to the effect that the bodies of the drowned always sink, whereas Miss Stout was found floating, and must therefore have been dead before she was put in the river. The chief witness was a sailor, who swore that this doctrine as to sinking and swimming was universal in the navy. He had seen the shipwreck of the “Coronation” in 1691. “We saw the ship sink down,” he says, “and they swam up and down like a shoal of fish one over another, and I see them hover one upon another, and see them drop away by scores at a time;” some nine escaped, “but there were no more saved out of the

ship's complement, which was between five and six hundred, and the rest I saw sinking downright, twenty at a time." He has a clinching argument, though a less graphic instance, to prove that men already dead do not sink. "Otherwise, why should government be at that vast charge to allow threescore or fourscore weight of iron to sink every man, but only that their swimming about should not be a discouragement to others?" Cowper's scientific witnesses, some of the medical bigwigs of the day, had very little trouble in confuting this evidence: but the letters which he at last produced, and the evidence that poor Miss Stout had been talking of suicide, should have made the whole story clear even to the bemuddled judges. The novelist would throw into the background this crowd of gossiping and malicious *quidnuncs* of Hertford; but we must be content to catch glimpses of her previous history from these absurdly irrelevant twaddlings, as in actual life we catch sight of tragedies below the surface of social small talk. Sarah Stout was clearly a Maggie Tulliver, a potential heroine, unable to be happy amidst the broad-brimmed, drab-coated respectabilities of quiet little Hertford. Her rebellion was rasher than Maggie's, but perhaps in a more characteristic fashion. The case suggests the wish that Mr. Stephen Guest might have been hanged on some such suspicion as was nearly fatal to Cowper.

Half a century later our ancestors were in a state of intense excitement about another tragedy of a darker kind. Mary Blandy, the only daughter of a gentleman at Henley, made acquaintance with a Captain Cranstoun, who was recruiting in the town. The father objected to a marriage, from a suspicion, apparently well founded, that Cranstoun was already married in Scotland. Thereupon Mary Blandy administered to her father certain powders sent to her by Cranstoun. According to her own account, she intended them as a kind of charm to act upon her father's affections. As they were, in fact, composed of arsenic, they soon put an end to her father altogether, and it is too clear that she really knew what she was doing. It was sworn that she used brutal and unfeeling language about the poor old man's sufferings, for the poison was given at intervals during some months. But the pathetic touch which moved the sympathies of contemporaries was the behavior of the father. In the last day or two of his life, he was told that his daughter

had been the cause of his fatal illness. His comment was: "Poor, lovesick girl! What will not a woman do for the man she loves!" When she came to his room his only thought was apparently to comfort her. His most reproachful phrase was: "Thee should have considered better than to have attempted anything against thy father." The daughter went down on her knees and begged him not to curse her. "I curse thee!" he exclaimed. "My dear, how couldst thou think I should curse thee? No, I bless thee, and hope God will bless thee and amend thy life." And then he added, "Do, my dear, go out of the room and say no more, lest thou shouldst say anything to thy prejudice; go to thy uncle Stevens, take him for thy friend; poor man, I am sorry for him." The tragedy behind these homely words is almost too pathetic and painful for dramatic purposes; and it is not strange that our ancestors were affected. The sympathy, however, took the queer illogical twist which perhaps, who can tell? it might do at the present day. Miss Blandy became a sort of quasi saint, the tenderness due to the murdered man extended itself to his murderer, and her penitence profoundly edified all observers. Crowds of people flocked to see her in chapel, and she accepted the homage gracefully. She was extremely shocked, we are told, by one insinuation made by uncharitable persons; namely, that her intimacy with Cranstoun, who was supposed to be a freethinker, might justify doubts upon her orthodoxy. She declared that he had always talked to her "perfectly in the style of a Christian," and she had read the works of some of our most celebrated divines. In spite of her moving conduct, however, the "prejudices she had to struggle with had taken too deep root in some men's minds" to allow of her getting a pardon. And so, five thousand people saw poor Miss Blandy mount the ladder in "a black bombazine, short sack and petticoat," on an April morning at Oxford, and many, "particularly several gentlemen of the university," were observed to shed tears. She left a declaration of innocence which, in spite of its solemnity, must have been a lie; and which contained an allusion from which it appears that Miss Blandy, like other prisoners, was suspected of previous crimes.

"It is shocking to think," says Horace Walpole, in noticing Miss Blandy's case, "what a shambles this country has be-

come. Seventeen were executed this morning, after having murdered the turnkey on Friday night, and almost forced open Newgate." Another woman was hanged in the same year for murdering her uncle at Walthamstow; and the public could talk about nothing but the marriage of the Miss Gunnings and the hanging of two murderesses. Fielding, then approaching the end of his career, was moved by this and other atrocities to publish a queer collection of instances of the providential punishment of murderers. Another famous author of the day was commonly said to have turned a famous murder to account in a different fashion. Foote, it is said, was introduced at a club in the words, "This is the nephew of the gentleman who was lately hung in chains for murdering his brother;" and it is added that Foote's first pamphlet was an account of this disagreeable domestic incident. A more serious author might have found in it materials for a striking narrative. Captain Goodere commanded his Majesty's ship "Ruby," lying in the King's Road off Bristol. He had a quarrel with his brother, Sir John Goodere, about a certain estate. The family solicitor arranged a meeting in his house, where the two brothers appeared to be reconciled. But Sir John had scarcely left the house, when he was seized in broad daylight by a set of sailors who had been drinking in a public-house, and carried down forcibly to the captain's barge. The captain himself followed and rowed off with his brother to the ship. There Sir John was confined in a cabin, a suggestion being thrown out to the crew that he was a madman. A few hours later, one Mahony, who played the part of "hairy-faced Dick" to Hamilton Tighe, strangled the unfortunate man, with an accomplice called White. Attention had been aroused amongst the crew by ominous sounds, groans, and scuffings heard in the dead of night, and next morning, the lieutenant, after a talk with the surgeon, resolved to seize their captain for murder. A more outrageous and reckless proceeding, indeed, could scarcely have been imagined, even in the days when a press-gang was a familiar sight, and the captain of a ship at sea was as absolute as an Eastern despot. Every detail seemed to be arranged with an express view to publicity. One piece of evidence, however, was required to bring the matter home to the captain; and it is of ghastly picturesqueness. The ship's cooper and his wife were sleeping

in the cabin next to the scene of the murder. The cooper had heard the poor man exclaim that he was going to be murdered, and praying that the murder might come to light. This, however, seemed to be the wandering of a madman, and the cooper went to sleep. Presently his wife called him up: "I believe they are murdering the gentleman." He heard broken words and saw a light glimmering through a crevice in the partition. Peeping through, he could distinguish the two ruffians, standing with a candle over the dead body and taking a watch from a pocket. And then, through the gloom, he made out a hand upon the throat of the victim. The owner of the hand was invisible; but it was whiter than that of a common sailor. "I have often seen Mahony's and White's hands," he added, "and I thought the hand was whiter than either of theirs." The trembling cooper wanted to leave the cabin, but his wife held him back, as, indeed, with three murderers in the dark passage outside, it required some courage to move. So they watched trembling, till he heard a sentinel outside, and thought himself safe at last: he roused the doctor, peeped at the dead body through "a scuttle" which opened into the cabin; and then urged the lieutenant to seize the captain. The captain was deservingly hanged, bequeathing to us that ghastly Rembrandt-like picture of the white hand seen through the crevice by the trembling cooper on the throat of the murdered man. There is no touch which appeals so forcibly to the imagination in De Quincey's famous narrative of the Mar murders.

I have made but a random selection from the long gallery of grim and grotesque portraiture of the less reputable of our ancestry. It must be confessed that a first impression tends to reconcile us to the comfortable creed of progress. The eighteenth century had some little defects which have been frequently expounded; but it can certainly afford to show courts of justice against its predecessor. The old judicial murder of the Popish-plot variety has become extinct; if the judges try to strain the law of libel, for example, the prisoner has every chance of making a good fight; for which the readers of Horne Tooke's gallant defences, and of some of Erskine's speeches, may be duly grateful. The ancient brag of fair play has become something of a reality. And the character of the crimes has changed in a noticeable way. There are hideous crimes enough. A

brutal murder by smugglers near the case of Mary Blandy, surpasses in its barbarity the worst of modern agrarian outrages; though it is not clear that in number of horrors the present century is unable to match its predecessor. When the wild blood of the Byrons shows itself in the last of the old tavern brawls à la Mohun, we feel that it is a case (in modern slang) of a "survival." The poet's grandfather, the wicked Lord Byron, got into a quarrel with Mr. Chaworth about the game laws at a dinner of country gentlemen at the Star and Garter; whereupon, in an ambiguous affair, half scuffle and half duel, Byron sent his sword through Chaworth's body, and then politely requested Mr. Chaworth to admit that he (Byron) was as brave a man as any in the kingdom. But this little ebullition required Byronic impulsiveness, and was not a recognized part of a gentleman's conduct. Lord Ferrers, a short time before, was hanged, to the admiration of all men, like a common felon, for shooting his own steward; whereas in our day, he would almost certainly have escaped on the plea of insanity. Other cases mark the advent of the meddlesome, but perhaps on the whole useful person, the social reformer. Momentary gleams of light, for example, are thrown upon the scandals which ruined the trade of the parsons of the Fleet. Poor Miss Pleasant Rawlins is arrested for an imaginary debt, carried to a sponging-house, and there persuaded (she was only seventeen or thereabouts), that she could obtain her liberty by an immediate marriage to an adventurer who had scraped acquaintance with her and taken a liking to her fortune. The famous (he was once famous) Beau Fielding falls into a trap unworthy of an experienced man of the world. He is persuaded that a lady of fortune has fallen in love with him on seeing him walking in her grounds at a distance. A lady, by no means of fortune, comes to his lodgings, and passes herself off as this susceptible person. Hereupon Fielding sends off for a priest of one of the foreign embassies, gets himself married at his lodgings the same evening, and discovers a few days afterwards that he is married to the wrong person. It is exactly a comedy of the period performed by real flesh and blood actors. The catastrophe is painful. Mr. Fielding ventures to grant himself a divorce, and to marry the wretched old Duchess of Cleveland; and in due time the duchess finds it very convenient to have him tried for

bigamy. It did not take more than half a century or so of such scandals to get an improvement in the marriage law, which implies, on the whole, a creditable rate of progress. Another set of cases illustrates a grievance familiar to novel-readers. In "Amelia" the atrocities of bailiffs, sponging-houses, and debtors' prisons, are drawn with startling realism. We may easily convince ourselves that Fielding was not speaking without book. The bailiff who has arrested Captain Booth gives a "wipe or two with his hanger," as he pleasantly expresses it, to an unlucky wretch who gives trouble, and delivers an admirable discourse upon the ethics of killing in such cases. It might have come from the mouth of one Tranter, a bailiff, who, a few years before, had stabbed poor Captain Luttrell, for objecting to leave his wife in a delicate state of health. Soon after, we find a society of philanthropists headed by Oglethorpe of "strong benevolence of soul," endeavoring to expose the horrors of the Fleet and the Marshalsea. A series of trials, ordered by the House of Commons, had the ending too characteristic of all such movements. Witnesses swore to atrocities enough to make one's blood run cold; of men guilty only of impecuniosity, half-starved, thrust naked into loathsome and pestiferous dungeons, beaten and chained, and persecuted to death. But then arise another set of unimpeachable witnesses, who swear with equal vigor, that the unfortunate debtors were treated with every consideration; that they were made as comfortable as their mutinous spirit would allow; that they were discharged in good health and died months afterwards from entirely different causes: that the accused were not the responsible authorities; that they had never interfered except from kindness, and that they were the humanest and best of mankind. Nothing remained but an acquittal; though the investigation did something towards letting daylight into abodes of horror which Mr. Pickwick found capable of improvement a century later.

Other cases might show how in various ways the strange power called public opinion was beginning to increase its capricious and desultory influence. The strange case of Elizabeth Canning (1753) is one of the most picturesque in the collection. Miss Canning was a maid-servant, who disappeared for a month, and coming home told a story of kidnapping by a gipsy. Official neighbors rushed in, and by judicious leading question-

managed to help her to manufacture evidence against a poor old gipsy woman, preternaturally hideous, who sits smoking her pipe in blank wonder as the crowd of virtuous avengers of innocence rush into her kitchen. Mary Squires, the gipsy, was sentenced to be hanged, and doubtless at an earlier period she would have been turned off without delay. But in that delicious calm in the middle of the last century, when wars, and rebellions, and constitutional agitations were quiet for the moment, and people had time to read their modest newspapers without spoiling their digestions and their nerves, the case came to absorb the popular interest. If the news did not flash through the country as rapidly as that of the Lefroy murder, it slowly dribbled along the post-roads and set people gossiping in alehouses far away in quiet country villages. A whole host of witnesses appeared and put together a diary of a gipsy's tour. We follow the party to village dances; we hear the venerable piece of scandal about the schoolmaster who "got fuddled" with the gipsies; and what the gipsies had for dinner on January 1, 1753, and how they paid their bill; we have a glimpse of the little flirtation carried on by the gipsy's daughter, and the poor trembling little letter is produced, which she managed to write to her lover, and which cost her sevenpence: three-pence being charged for it from Basingstoke to London, and fourpence from London to Dorchester. After more than a week spent in overhauling this and other evidence, proving amongst other things that the scene of the girl's supposed confinement was really tenanted the whole time by a man strangely and most inappropriately named Fortune Natus, the jury decided that the accuser was guilty of perjury, but boggled characteristically as to its being "wilful and corrupt." However, Elizabeth Canning got her deserts, and was transported to New England, still sticking to the truth of her story. Her guilt is plain enough, if anybody could care about it, but the little details of English country life a century ago are as fresh as the doings of the rustics in one of Mr. Hardy's novels.

It all happened a long time ago, but we cannot hope with the old lady who made that consolatory remark about other historical narratives that "it ain't none of it rue." On the contrary such vivid little pictures flash out upon us as we read that we have a difficulty in supposing that they were not taken yesterday. Abundance of

morals may be drawn by historians and others who deal in that kind of ware; it is enough here to have indicated as well as we can, what pleasant reading may be found in the dusty old volumes which are too often left to repose undisturbed on the repulsive shelves of a lawyer's library.

From Temple Bar.

ROBIN.

BY MRS. PARR, AUTHOR OF "ADAM AND EVE."

CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN, on that late October afternoon after driving back from the station, Christopher reached home, he felt as if he had never before thoroughly appreciated the comforts by which he was surrounded. The house was so warm, the fires looked so cheerful, the rooms so well furnished, that a feeling of satisfaction stole over him—a feeling which involuntarily gave birth to the thought that perhaps the possession of all this might have some weight with Robin.

Thus far his father and he had spoken but little of her. Mr. Blunt, amazed at the improvement in his son's condition, at first could do nothing but comment on it.

"Why, I do believe that that's the place to make a man of you, Chris," he exclaimed, his face beaming with satisfaction. "You look pounds to the good from what you did when you went away. You must be weighed to-morrow; you've gained flesh, that's certain; managed to put something more than skin on your bones this time, anyway."

"They told me I was looking ever so much better than when I came," Christopher replied.

"Better! You're not the same. I say, young chap, I tell you what it is: the next time there's any need of a doctor, instead of calling one in I shall start you off to this Venice again."

"Oh, I don't know that all the credit's due to Venice. There's something in the care they've taken of me there."

"They were glad to see you, then?"

"Very glad. Mr. Veriker was never tired of saying how good it was of you to send me to him."

Mr. Blunt puffed himself out like a pigeon.

"I was glad to see," he said, "by the letters you wrote me, that my gentleman's come to his senses again. Poverty's

taught him which side his bread's buttered on, and he's learnt the lesson, upstart that he used to be."

"You'd find him greatly changed now," said Christopher, eager to divert the conversation.

"Ah, ah! I've no doubt I should," and Mr. Blunt accompanied his laugh by a wink of the eye. "Nothing alters people more than having to come down on their marrowbones."

"I feel certain he won't last long," said Christopher gravely. "It seemed to me as if I saw death written on his face when I said good-bye to him."

Mr. Blunt might have said that he was not sorry to hear it, but a superstitious dread of what must some day overtake himself made him answer, —

"Ah, well; he won't leave many behind to be sorry for him."

"There's his daughter."

"Oh, yes, of course."

Mr. Blunt felt that decency would oblige the daughter to assume some show of sorrow, although it was not incumbent on him to credit her with feeling it.

"What's she like to look at, eh? You had her photo. taken, I hope."

Christopher winced. It pained him to have to describe Robin.

"Yes; but I won't tell you about her until you have seen it, then you can give me your opinion."

"All right, you shall have it. I used to be thought a fairish judge of a good-looking woman."

"Then after dinner I'll fetch it down. We shall be by ourselves then, and I can tell you all about them. It's no use beginning now and having to leave off again."

This arrangement meeting with Mr. Blunt's approval, the conversation during dinner, while the servants were present, was confined to descriptions of the places which Christopher had seen, more especially of Venice and its wonderful buildings, in the accounts of which Mr. Blunt was much interested. He, in his turn, related all the home news, more especially that which, while waiting at the station, Miss Georgy Temple had put him in possession of.

Miss Temple was the eldest unmarried daughter of the rector of Wadpole—a cousin of Mr. Chandos, the squire, who was lying ill. Wadpole was a poor living, but Mr. Temple—in early days a gay collegian—had little else left now but its income to live on. Both he and his wife belonged to good old families, and in spite

of the very droll *ménage* they kept, they mixed with, and were welcome guests at, the best houses in the county. Every one said that nature had intended Georgy Temple—a fair young Amazon of twenty-two—for a man, and she, sighing over the mistake, did her best to rectify it. She rode and drove more fearlessly than any woman for thirty miles round, and if these accomplishments were not maintained with all the grace desired, she excused it under the plea that she always meant business when she went out.

"I hate them to feel obliged to remember that I am a woman," she would say, and she used to tell with triumph of a certain fox-loving squire who, on a day when she had come to grief, and lay doubled up studying the sky on the flat of her back, constrained, by the sight of a habit, to jump off his horse and offer help, exclaimed, "Oh, it's you, is it!" and was on and away before she could reply, saving the others from a like delay by shouting back, "Come on, it's only Georgy Temple."

Miss Temple had a certain familiarity with sport of all kinds. She would go out with a rod when there was nothing better to do, and shoulder a gun if her father needed a companion. In a fit of generosity the squire had given her a horse, and there was the family pony to which was attached the cart in which she had driven to the station.

"Miss Temple, by what she was saying, seemed to fancy the rector thought very seriously of what's the matter with the squire," said Mr. Blunt, continuing to retail scraps of the conversation. "He's not so young as he used to be," he added; "and at that time of life anything sudden is likely to go hard, I should say."

"Let me see," said Christopher, trying to recall what he had heard about him, for since they had come the squire had been but little seen in Wadpole; "he hasn't any children, has he?"

"No, never has married; always was going to be, but somehow it never came off. He's got a nephew he brought up, but he quarrelled with him. Terrible thing for a man to be on his death-bed, and nobody he can call his own to leave his money to," and Mr. Blunt sighed lugubriously. He sympathized acutely with such a situation.

"There are the Temples," said Christopher. "I'm sure they want it badly, and they are his cousins, aren't they?"

"Cousins!" repeated Mr. Blunt contemptuously. "What if they are? I've

got cousins, haven't I?" and turning his head to see that the servants had not reappeared, he added, "but to think that the Tappses or the Perkinses would be the better for all I cut up for, would that be any satisfaction to me, I should like to know? Not a bit of it. It must be somebody who's bone of your bone, and flesh of your flesh, and bears your name, so that if you ain't in it, you ain't, as in the other way, gone altogether, — straight wiped out o' the whole concern;" and for a few moments Mr. Blunt remained silent as if appalled by the consideration of such a disaster. "And it's something of that sort that makes me set on your marrying," he began, feeling that this was a fitting moment to speak seriously to Christopher. "Here you are up six-and-twenty years old, and with not so much as your eye fixed on anybody yet. Well, that mustn't go on."

"Why? You did not marry until you were past my age," said Christopher.

"And for good reason too. I'd got to work to maintain my wife. I hadn't the luck o' some people to have a father born before me to make a fortune that I was only asked to spend, or if so, I'd have done all you've got to do; I'd have taken my pick and held up my finger. There'd have been plenty to follow it then as now."

"In my case I don't know where the 'plenty' would be," and Christopher spoke despondingly. "I've never seen any girl anxious to marry me yet."

"Why, bless my soul, you don't expect 'em to be jumping down your throat before you've opened your mouth, do you? Anybody, to listen to you, 'ud think I'd got to deal with a born fool. Here, where's this likeness I'm to see. If I'm to look at it to-night you'd better go and fetch it." Mr. Blunt felt his temper rising, and the only way of restraining it was to change the topic. "And what is it you have to tell me about Veriker? Nothing very agreeable, I dare say."

Christopher thought it wiser to go for the photograph without more delay. He had a thought that the sight of Robin's face might restore his father's good humor. "It's no use," he said, taking it out of the box where it lay, and pressing it close to him. "It would be hoping against hope. She couldn't endure it. It would kill her to listen to the things he would be certain to say of her father."

Meantime, Mr. Blunt, left to himself, seized the opportunity of mentally protesting against the conduct of his son.

"If I could only make him out," he said — "what he wants: what he's after," and he rubbed away at his bald pate as if fairly beaten by a mystery to which he could find no solution. Christopher's footsteps made him alter his position.

"There she is," he said, laying the portrait before his father. "Look," and he pointed his finger to the name — "'Robin Veriker,' do you see she has written it underneath for you?"

"H'm! Is it like?"

"Exactly like — only not half so pretty." Christopher was looking over the old man's shoulder; he could not see the expression of his face.

"She's good-looking then?" he asked craftily.

"Good-looking!" Christopher repeated with a tender rippling of the words. "What do you think? I expected to hear you call the face lovely, beautiful."

"Here, I say!" Mr. Blunt looking up, turned suddenly round, but not before Christopher had time to draw back into his shell, "There's nothing up between you two I hope, is there?"

"Up — between us two!" Christopher had gone round to the other side of the table. "I don't know what you mean," he added.

"Why, that — that vagabond, hasn't been baiting a trap with this good-looking daughter of his, and you've been caught in it, eh? Come, I've got a pretty sharp nose for a scent of that kind."

"So you may have, but in this case it has led you rather astray, I fancy." And the tone of his voice — a tone which he seldom used, but which his father perfectly knew — betrayed that the vexation he felt was greater than he desired to show. When this mood was on him, Mr. Blunt had a suspicion that he was no match for his son, so in a somewhat apologetic manner he said, —

"Well, after all, I don't know that it would have been anything to wonder at if they had tried it on. Veriker might have thought I'd only myself to blame for letting you go; it isn't every father, I can tell you, would have trusted his son there."

"You knew your son was to be trusted," Christopher spoke coldly.

"Well, yes, wherever there's a girl in the question I believe he is," and he laughed discontentedly, and then he took up Robin's likeness and fell to examining it again. "She's an uncommon good-looking girl," he said after a time; "more of the father though than the mother in her;

doesn't take after her aunt at all that I can see."

This last sentence put as an interrogative, Christopher felt bound to answer.

"No," he said; "in appearance she does not remind me in the smallest degree, but in disposition I think there is a great similarity — her ways are something the same, and the manner she has of attending on her father. I was often put in mind of the days when anything ailed either of us, how the one who she's named after would wait on us."

"Ah!" and Mr. Blunt gave vent to a prolonged sigh, "the one she's named after was one in a hundred — a hundred, a thousand I might better say. Never fear, Christopher, you and I ain't likely ever to see two Robina Blunts in our day."

"No, indeed;" and Christopher echoed the sigh from the very bottom of his heart, "I fear we never shall."

"She was such a sensible woman, clear-sighted and clever! Bless me, I never wanted to seek any other companion while she was in the way. I used to talk to her by the hour together, and there she'd sit and listen, delighted with all I'd got to say."

Sad martyrdom! Was she, who bore it, now reaping the fruit of all the sacrifices to duty she had made below?

"Robin is very like her in that respect, I should fancy."

Oh, Christopher, how wily love is teaching you to be!

"H'm! that's how a woman should be, not wanting to hear her own tongue running all day long."

"Yes, but that's too much the way with most of them."

"You're pretty right there, and the higher you go the more sound you get."

Mr. Blunt remained silent awhile, reviewing in thought the different girls he knew.

"I should fancy our neighbor here, Miss Georgy Temple, was a pretty good hand at letting her clapper run."

He had come from the station, impressed with the idea that he should like Miss Georgy for a daughter-in-law.

Christopher smiled.

"I expect they'll be looking rather high for her now if by chance the squire should leave them anything. She was his favorite, I know."

Ah, Mr. Blunt hadn't thought of that. There'd be one, if not the best, knocked off his list. There were some Miss Pakingtons, a Miss Twysden, and two or

three more. Paupers! who looked down their noses when they met him. He dared say they'd be glad enough to marry his son if they thought they'd the chance, but whoever married Christopher would have to saddle horses with him. He was master of his own house, and intended to remain so; and drawing himself together as if to assert his position, his eyes fell again on the photograph.

"What does the father expect me to do for her?" he asked, indicating by his finger to whom he was referring.

"He doesn't expect anything from you while he lives — at least he has never said so."

"Does he think himself that he's dying?"

"He seems to feel certain that he shan't live long. When I spoke two or three times of his coming to England, he always shook his head and said he should never see England again, and that's what makes him so anxious about Robin. He might drop down in the street — a fit of excitement would kill him any day — and then she'd be left absolutely destitute, with not a penny to call her own, and, except us, not a creature to turn to."

"Ah, yes, that's the way with all these high and mighty gentry. You ain't thought fit to put your legs under the same table with 'em while they're alive, but you're good enough to look after their children when they're dead and have spent every blessed sixpence that ought to go for the keeping 'em."

"Well, but the children can't help that. It's not their fault. I'm sure, in Robin Veriker's case, she looks at every penny before she spends it. She always would ask if I could afford any little trifle I wanted to buy her, and at first I had quite a tussle to make her accept anything."

"Well, I don't think any the worse of her for that. It shows she isn't one of the sponging order, and has a proper independent spirit."

"She has plenty of that, I can tell you. Nothing would please her better than to earn her own living. She was always asking, if they came to England, what she could find to do."

"Has he had her taught anything, then?"

"Oh, she sings beautifully!" — Christopher was growing enthusiastic — "and she chatters away in French and Italian like a native. I didn't ask her if she could paint, but I dare say she can. She seemed to me to be able to do everything."

Mr. Blunt gave a pleased chuckle.

"I say," he said, "she'd rather take the shine out of a few about here, I fancy."

"I should say she would!" said Christopher.

"And yet she don't seem to have struck it off with you. You don't seem to have been much taken with her? Why, bless me, at your age, if I'd been thrown much with a girl who'd got a face like that," and he held up the photograph admiringly, "I don't know what mightn't have happened to me."

"It's well for you, then, that I'm not so inflammable," and Christopher laughed a little confusedly.

"How, well for me?" exclaimed his father.

"Why, I can hardly suppose you want me to have anything to do with Mr. Veriker's daughter."

"I'm not quite sure of that since I've heard what you've told me. According to your account, it seems pretty certain that he's got one leg in the grave already. Well, when the other gets there, we sha'n't have him to trouble us."

"Oh, time enough to think of that," said Christopher hurriedly, "when he's gone and she is here."

"Oh, yes; dilly-dally, and let some one else step in before you. That's your way. That's you all over. A girl situated like her can't afford to pick and choose like you can. The first man that offers she must say yes to."

A terrible dread seized on Christopher that such might be the case. How he wished he had opened his heart to Mr. Veriker!

"I don't know about dilly-dallying," he began slowly; "but before one thinks of marrying a person, you begin to wonder if"—and here he stopped.

"Well," said his father impatiently, "you begin to wonder if—what? Whether you care enough for them, I s'pose. That's just the question I want to know. How do you feel about this girl? D'ye like her? D'ye think you ever could like her? Come, now's the time: let's have your answer, and then I shall know how to act and what to expect."

"As for liking her, it's not a question of that with me." He had taken up the poker, and seemed to find his speech assisted by making savage thrusts with it between the bars. "No man could be with her without liking her."

"Oh, oh; that's the upshot of it all, is t? The cat seems out of the bag at last.

Well," and his eyes twinkled with pleasure, "I'll do the thing handsome by her: I'll write to her father."

"You'll do nothing of the sort!" exclaimed Christopher. Mr. Blunt turned a look of blank astonishment on him. "No; most certainly not," he added decisively. "It's one thing," he went on hurriedly, "for me to care for her; it's another that I should suppose she cares for me."

A burst of imprecations deafened Christopher. *His son!* not cared for by that scoundrel's, that swindler's, that pauper's daughter! Oh, he must try and calm himself, or he should be carried off by a fit of apoplexy. In a moment Christopher saw he had been led into making a false movement. How should he rectify it?

"You seem to forget," he said, "all you said to me before I started. The very first evening I got there, bearing it in mind, I said we would consider each other as brother and sister."

"And if you did, what's that got to do with it?"

"Everything. Knowing your prejudice against them, it never entered my head to think you would sanction anything more, and certainly because you seem to have changed your opinions, I don't choose to be flung at the head of the girl, and accepted for the reason that I am the first person who has asked her to marry him."

There was some truth in this argument, and Mr. Blunt began to be mollified.

"Oh, well," he said, "if that's all—that you haven't played the spoony enough with her—I've got no more to say. You can do that in writing, though, can't you?"

"No, I can't," said Christopher shortly.

"The devil's in it, you don't want to go there again, do you? Oh, well, if so, I sha'n't stop you. You may go to blazes, I was going to say, only that you seem to have hit on old Harry's daughter without it taking you quite so far away."

CHAPTER XVII.

THIS subject of marriage between Christopher and Robin, once mooted, began to take a wonderful hold of Mr. Blunt's fancy; the more he reflected on it the better the idea pleased him. Such an arrangement would rid him of that father-in-law whom he had always pictured as prying into his affairs; there would be no need of settlements; the bride could be easily taught her place,

and he be spared the necessity of having to keep up company manners before her.

His anxiety now was to bring matters to a close; a dread seized him lest Robin should be snapped up, and he did nothing but urge the necessity of action upon Christopher.

"Why don't you pack up and start off at once? I should," he would say.

"But I am only just back," with assumed reluctance Christopher would reply, and for a moment Mr. Blunt had to swallow down his impatience to return to the attack with,—

"Well then, write a letter to the girl and let her have a hint of what you mean to do."

"Oh, no—things of that sort can't be written about; besides, until I get there, I don't quite know. I should like to see her again before I make up my mind what I mean to say."

"Tch! make up your mind! While you're about that, some Mossoo will step in—that'll be the end of it, I can see."

"And why not?—all the better if she cares for him more than for me."

"What the devil does it matter who *she* cares for?" roared the old man; "the question is, do you care for her? if so, have her; if you don't, leave her."

But to the choice of this alternative, Mr. Blunt could get no reply; and prompted by his own desires, and the assurance he gave himself that, should Christopher alter his mind, he could make it up to Robin in some way—unknown to his son, he wrote to Mr. Veriker, desiring that he would not give his countenance to any suitor who might come in their way, as he believed that his son Christopher had taken a sort of fancy to Robin, and though—as no doubt Mr. Veriker would feel—it wasn't exactly the kind of choice he cared to see, rather than put an obstacle in the way of his son's happiness, he had given his consent, and that before long Christopher would probably pay them another visit, and, as he supposed, say what he had to say.

This was the gist of the letter, mixed up with much vulgar condescension, patronage, and pity, that read so like scorn, that Mr. Veriker was made furious by it, the effect rendered worse, because he had no one to confide in it. If he showed to Robin what the old ruffian said, she would starve rather than be beholden to him for bread; if he wrote and told Christopher, he was perhaps destroying the only friend she had left. Mr. Blunt had bade him

take no notice of the letter. Mr. Veriker felt that silence was the wisest, but at the same time the hardest course to pursue.

Brooding on the indignity offered him—for Mr. Blunt had been mindful to take out in condescension the long score he had against his ancient enemy—all the old bitterness was stirred up afresh, and the calmness and quiet of mind which was his only chance of life, destroyed by the ferment set up within him. Dead! a thousand times rather would he see Robin dead than leave her to the scant mercy of that old monster! and—finding some pretext to send her out, in order that he might be alone—he would pace the room to and fro, seeking for a way to revenge himself without letting the blow aimed be dealt through Christopher. Robin returning would find him worn out—the fiery spirit had consumed the strength of the failing body—and hardly able to speak or move; during the rest of the day he would lie silent, following her about with wistful eyes that pierced her through with sorrow. And then the agony of those evenings, when in the dark, because he had a disposition to sleep, Robin sat—his hand clasped in hers—the victim of a hundred vague alarms: he wasn't breathing! and she was all but choked by the tumult of her heart, forced into making some slight noise that by rousing him would still this wild terror, or a ray of light across his face would show all its haggard lines and make them strike her afresh; the deep-set eyes, the temples sunken in each side, the hollow cheeks, the drawn, set mouth.

"Papa!" the word seemed wrung from out her lips.

"What is it? Yes, my dear."

"Nothing; I thought—I heard you speak—to—me." All Robin's breath had died away, she had no power to say more; and her father sinking back into a drowsy state, the conflict with her fears began, and had to be gone through as before.

Christopher no longer with them—without a friend near to whom she could go for counsel or advice—what should she do? That her father was ill, very ill, she felt sure—twice lately he had had slight returns of that terrible pain. Once while Robin was out, the people from below had come up to find him faint; they had been attracted by the noise of something falling on the floor. Surely he ought to have a doctor! But the bare

mention of calling one in made him angry with her.

"Never wait again," she said to the man who kept the house, "the next time he is ill send off at once for any doctor near; when he is fetched to him he cannot say no." And therefore it was that some days later, the landlord, Giacomuzzi—who with an Italian's dread of death, longed to get them out of his house—at the first symptom of alarm rushed off for his family physician, who happened to live close at hand.

Chance directed that the old man called in had had a wider experience than many of his fellows, and when he was there, Mr. Veriker had not the strength nor the energy to protest against his presence; he answered his questions, accepted his prescription, and made a sign that Robin should pay him his fee, and send him away.

"He has some distress of mind, something that is agitating him just now—is it not so?" asked the doctor, closing the door behind Robin that her father might not hear.

"No;" she said, "nothing that I know of."

"But yes; there is something that I see. Try and discover what, and remove it, if you can. It is his only chance of life, that of being quiet and not agitated in any way."

"Wait," she said; "come down-stairs—I want to speak to you," and together they went into the tiny bureau below, and some minutes later, the doctor having gone, Robin came out to go up-stairs again.

Madame Giacomuzzi, who had a soft heart embedded in that mountain of flesh which constituted her body, took her hand and squeezed it sympathetically. "Poor child! poor child!" she murmured, and Robin thanked her with a smile. The woman was crying; her dark eyes were humid and wet; but Robin's were hot and dry, she could find no tears to ease her sorrow.

The next day a letter from Christopher arrived. Mr. Veriker, recovered from his attack, which had been but a slight one, read it and laid it on one side, expecting that Robin would question him about it, but to his astonishment she seemed to take no notice.

"Don't you want to hear what he says, Bobby?" he asked with a faint attempt at his old humor.

"When you want to tell me, I do," and she came over and knelt down by his

side. "I want to hear all your secrets, papa."

"My secrets, child?"

"Yes, all those that trouble you—you have some that give you trouble, haven't you? Haven't you had some worry lately, within the last ten days, something you have kept to yourself and haven't told me?" She was speaking very fast; her face had grown flushed and earnest; she had thrown her arms across her father's neck, and was resting her chin on his breast. "Papa, don't do this, speak out to me," involuntarily she closed her eyes for a moment, her nostrils were dilated, her hands tightened, until the nails seemed plunged into the palms. "The doctor has told me all," she said, "so there is nothing I cannot bear to hear from you," and relaxing from the strain she had put upon herself, she let her head slide down, and there it lay, nestled and half hidden in her father's silky beard.

Had either of them—he, in his all but fifty years; she in her seventeen short summers—ever sent up a cry so earnest as that which now implored that they might go together—what mattered death if neither were left behind to sorrow? Parting was death.

"Oh child!"

"Oh father!"

And there they lay, clasped close together, until the best part of an hour had passed, and then, little by little, Mr. Veriker began to ease the weight of his distress by telling part of its cause to his daughter. He spoke at first in short broken sentences, ejaculations—if he could but see her settled, provided for—that ascertained, and he should be happy—nay, he believed he should be well—for it was only when he could not rid himself of anxiety that he felt ill.

"See how well I was," he said, "when Christopher was with us."

Robin sighed.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "how I wish he would come again!" and immediately her thoughts grew busy as to what inducement she could hold out to bring Christopher back to them, so that she was not struck by the long pause before her father's next sentence came.

"That letter," he said with an effort, "is to tell me he is coming."

"Coming! What, coming here—soon—now at once, papa?" Her nerveless limbs seemed to have regained their strength. She was still kneeling by his side, but by this time with her face aglow, her head erect.

O youth, how strong hope dwells in you! In that moment Robin saw her father raised up, made well and strong, and — all by Christopher's return.

"Did you ask him to come?" she continued.

"No, my dear." Something in the tone struck her.

"Did his father tell you in that letter you had from him?"

Mr. Veriker's look made assent.

"And you did not tell me, papa. Why did you not tell me?"

"Oh, I was afraid that perhaps you might think it too great a sacrifice."

"What, a sacrifice?" and she fixed her eyes on her father inquiringly.

"Well, he — indeed, both of them — they want you to marry Christopher."

"Marry Christopher?" the words dropped down on Robin's heart like lead.

"Yes; and if I did?"

"Oh, my dear, if you did, there would be an end to all my anxiety. With somebody to look after you, and plenty of money for you to spend, I should have nothing more to worry over."

"And is it this, then, that has been worrying you?" she asked earnestly.

"How could it be otherwise, seeing how friendless I leave you?"

"Hsh! don't talk of leaving me. If I married Christopher, and you had everything you wanted, you would get well, wouldn't you?"

He shook his head. "I don't know," he said doubtfully. "At times I think I might. I'm not quite tired of life yet, somehow."

"And when we could go where we please, and have whatever was good for you without any care of money, why you would soon be all right. The doctor told me so."

"Did he?" he said hopefully. "The remedy does not sound half bad; it strikes me as rather jolly," and the old smile lit up his wan face again. "And you, Bobby, you are not tired of your old father yet, eh, are you?"

"Tired!" she said, and as the dread of losing him swept over her, she flung herself down, buried her head, and wept passionately.

"Child; don't, don't!" he murmured, and the sound of his voice roused Robin to control herself.

"I don't know why I am crying," she sobbed. "I — am — sure there is nothing to cry for. I am very glad to marry Christopher — very glad — indeed — that he has asked me."

From Macmillan's Magazine.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AT HATFIELD.

II.

WE must now take up the broken thread of Elizabeth's education.

When Grindal died in January, 1548, the princess, then in her fifteenth year, sent for Ascham himself from Cambridge. He commenced his tutorship of the princess at Sir Anthony Denny's in Cheston, but part of the period, probably the main part, till his resignation in 1549, nearly two years, was spent at Hatfield. The following extracts from a letter written after his return to Cambridge, describe the progress of his illustrious pupil: —

ASCHAM TO STURM.

Never was the nobility of England more lettered than at present. . . .

Numberless honorable ladies of the present time surpass the daughters of Sir Thomas More, in every kind of learning. But amongst them all my illustrious mistress the lady Elizabeth shines like a star, excelling them all more by the splendor of her virtues and her learning than by the glory of her royal birth. . . .

The lady Elizabeth has accomplished her sixteenth year, and so much solidity of understanding, such courtesy united with dignity have never been observed at so early an age. She has the most ardent love of true religion, and of the best kind of literature. The constitution of her mind is exempt from female weakness, and she is endued with a masculine power of application. No comprehension can be quicker than hers, no memory more retentive. French and Italian she speaks like English; Latin with fluency, propriety, and judgment; she also spoke Greek with me frequently, willingly, and moderately well. Nothing can be more elegant than her handwriting, whether in the Greek or Roman character. In music she is very skilful, but does not greatly delight. With respect to personal decoration she greatly prefers a simple elegance to show and splendor, so despising "the outward adorning of plaiting the hair and of wearing of gold" that in the whole manner of her life, she rather resembles Hippolyta than Phædra.

She read with me almost the whole of Cicero, and a great part of Livy; from these two authors indeed her knowledge of the Latin language has been most exclusively obtained. The beginning of the day was always devoted by her to the New Testament in Greek, after which she read select orations of Isocrates, and the tragedies of Sophocles, which I judged best adapted to supply her tongue with the purest diction, her mind with the most excellent precepts, and her exalted station with a defence against the utmost power of fortune. For her religious instructions she drew first from the fountains of Scripture, and afterwards from St. Cyprian, the "common places"

of Melanchthon, and similar works which convey pure doctrine in elegant language. In every kind of writing she easily detected any ill-adapted or far-fetched expression. She could not bear those feeble imitators of Erasmus who bind the Latin language in the fetters of miserable proverbs. On the other hand she approved a style chaste in its propriety and beautiful by perspicuity; and she greatly admired metaphors when not too violent, and antitheses when just and happily opposed. By a diligent attention to these particulars her ears became so practised and so nice that there was nothing in Greek, Latin, or English, prose or verse, which, according to its merits or defects, she did not either reject with disgust or receive with the highest delight.

Again, writing to Sturm in the same year (April 4) he says that he learned every day more from her than she of him. He also mentions in his "Schoolmaster" that, next to Greek and Latin, Elizabeth "loved the Italian above all other." It was an age of no mean acquirements among women of quality. Nicholas Udal, master of Eton School, notices the great number of noble women at that time in England given to the study of human sciences and of strange tongues, and says, "It was a common thing to see young virgins so nouzled and trained in the study of letters, that they willingly set all other vain pastimes at nought for learning's sake." Whitelock in his "*Liber Familiaris*," mentions singing, dancing, playing on the lute, and other instruments, the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and French tongues, and "to write fair," as the curriculum of a young gentleman, A.D. 1560-70.

At Hatfield Ascham formed an intimacy with John Ashley, and to him many of Ascham's Latin letters are addressed. Preceding Ascham's tract on the "Affairs of Germanie," is a letter from Ashley to Ascham, from Hatfield, of Oct. 19, 1552, reminding him regretfully of their former intercourse at Hatfield, their united studies, their "free talk mingled always with honest mirth," their "trim conferences of that present world, and too true judgments of the troublous times that followed."

This letter Ascham answered from Spire, acknowledging the most pleasant memory of their friendly fellowship.

At the end of 1549 Ascham abruptly left his appointment, complaining in some of his epistles, that he was "unjustly driven from his tuition of Elizabeth in consequence of a party formed against him in the family of the princess." In a letter addressed to Cecil from Brussels on March 24, 1553, he speaks bitterly of

his court experiences, though with no word of reproach against the princess. Ascham, though a Protestant, was appointed by Mary her Latin secretary. During her reign he resumed his lessons to Elizabeth, his abrupt departure from whom he had repented, and he especially mentions her wonderful comprehension of the Greek orations of Aeschines and Demosthenes at this time. On Elizabeth's accession she appointed him to the same office of Latin secretary, which he retained till his death in 1568. In the introduction to the "Schoolmaster" he records how, in 1563, being at Windsor, he went up after dinner to read with the queen's Majesty, in the Greek tongue. Elizabeth's opinion of Ascham—in spite of the weakness attributed to him by Camden for dicing and cock-fighting—is shown in the anecdote that, on hearing the news of his death, she exclaimed she would rather have thrown 10,000*l.* in the sea than have lost her Ascham.

After the episode of Seymour of Sudley, to the end of Edward's reign, Elizabeth lived a quiet life at Hatfield. In 1550 Edward, as appears by the "Book of Sales," made over to her the manor and palace of Hatfield (valued with other grants at 44*l.* 1*s.* 10*d.* yearly), Elizabeth parting, in exchange, with the manor of Easter in Lincolnshire. At the same time Edward granted Hunsdon to Mary, and thus put his sisters in possession of their favorite residences. Public attention did not then centre on Elizabeth, and we must be content to find a stray note here and there in the tattered record. In September, 1549, we read of her receiving a visit at Hatfield from the ambassador of Venice, and of his being entertained with hunting. The following description of her at the time by John Aylmer, Lady Jane Grey's tutor, and one of Ascham's friends, is interesting: "The king (Henry VIII.) left her rich gold and jewels, and in seven years after her father's death, she never in all that time looked upon that rich attire and precious jewels but once, and that against her will. And there never came gold or stone upon her head, till her sister forced her to lay off her former soberness. Her maidenly apparel which she used in King Edward's time made the noblemen's daughters and wives to be shamed to be dressed and painted like peacocks. And when all the ladies at the coming of the Scots queen went with their hair frowned, curled, and double curled, she altered nothing, but kept her old maidenly shamefacedness.

She never meddled with money but against her will. She was virtuously and virgin-like brought up; honest, discreet, sober, and godly women about her; trained up in learning, and that not vulgar and common, but the purest and best, as the tongues, arts, and God's word." Miss Aikin mentions a portrait of her when young, in which the hair is without a single ornament, and the whole dress remarkably simple. We have seen above what Ascham has to say on this point. Edward's court, according to some authorities, was characterized by a strict tone of sentiment, though this view is not held by Tytler, who, describes it as "uncommonly gay and splendid," calling in Edward's own journal in proof. The probability is that Elizabeth, though by no means shunning amusement, preferred home pleasures and country exercises to court diversions.

As to her personal appearance at this period, the following extract from Bohun's "Character of Queen Elizabeth," informs us that —

She was a lady of great beauty, of decent stature, and of an excellent shape. In her youth she was adorned with a more than usual maiden modesty; her skin was pure white, and her hair of a yellow color: her eyes were beautiful and lively, in short her whole body well made, and her face was adorned with a wonderful and sweet beauty and majesty. She was of personage tall, of hair and complexion fair, and therewith well favored, but high nosed; of limbs and feature neat; and, which added to the list of those exterior graces, of stately and majestic deportment; participating in this more of her father than her mother, who was of an inferior allay, plausible, or as the French hath it, more debonnaire and affable, virtues which might well suit with majesty, and which descending as hereditary to the daughter, did render her of a more sweeter temper, and endeared her more to the love and liking of her people, who gave her the name and fame of a most gracious and popular prince.

Puttenham also records at this period, that she affected to go slowly, and "to march with leisure and with a certain granditie; unless it be when she walketh apace for her pleasure, or to catch her a heat in the cold mornings."

A MS. printed by the Camden Society throws some light upon the economy of her Hatfield establishment, which, we learn from one of Parry's "confessions" in the Seymour affair, consisted in all of from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and forty persons. It is the year's account, from October 1, 1551, to Septem-

ber 30, 1552, of her treasurer, Parry. From a letter of Tyrwhitt's, of January 28, 1549, it would appear that Parry had at that time been put out of his treasure-ship for keeping his accounts badly; but we find him reappointed at this date. Possibly his bad keeping was his suspected good keeping of Elizabeth's secrets. Each of the twenty-six pages of the account bears the princess's signature and that of Sir Walter Buckler, at that time her chamberlain. The MS. has one illumination, and five pen and ink drawings in a very high style of (probably) Italian art. The drawings are emblematical figures, thought to allude to the parts of the book in which they are placed. One of them is a figure sitting on a square stone, holding a purse of money in her right hand, and inscribed "Temperance." This is probably an allusion to the princess, whom, Camden tells us, Edward was wont to call his "sweet sister Temperance," no doubt on account of the modesty of her dress and manners. In another drawing, before the words "sum total," is a figure of Time describing a circle upon a globe, with the trunk of a decayed oak in the background. Another figure represents Grief, "alluding," says one practical commentator, "to the accountant's sorrow at the largeness of his disbursements!"

The value of provisions in store at the commencement of Parry's financial year was 564*l.*; and the total cost of the household for the year was 3,629*l.*, made up as follows. The bakehouse and pantry, 211*l.*, which is nearly all paid for wheat, bought at from 10*s.* to 26*s.* a quarter. There are two small payments for bread bought. The buttery and cellar, 306*l.*, beer costing 1*l.* the tun. The kinds of wine consumed are sweet wine, Rhenish, Gascoigne, and Rochelle. The "spicerie and chaundrye," or chandlery, 340*l.*; candles are 1*s.* 6*d.*, and wax 10*d.* a lb. The kitchen and larder, 259*l.*, including fresh and sea fish, and the board-wages and clothing of the cooks and turnspits. The "acatrye," or purchases made of flesh meat, 579*l.*, includes "veals," lamb, muttons, "hogs of bacon," boars, oxen, and "beafs." A mutton costs 5*s.* to 7*s.* 6*d.*, a hog of bacon 10*s.*, an ox 2*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, a "beaf" 10*s.* 6*d.*, a veal 5*s.* The "pultry," 311*l.*, includes barley for the fowls. The "squillerie" (scullery), 94*l.*, represents principally "coals" (charcoal), at 6*s.* the load. The sawcerye, 21*l.*, for herbs and sauce. The woodyard, 92*l.*, includes the rushes with which the floors were strewn.

The stable, 93*l.*, for oats, hay, horse-bread, and litter. Three geldings are bought at an average price of 6*l.* Wages 322*l.*, the liveries of velvet coats for thirteen gentlemen 26*l.*, the yeomen's liveries 78*l.*, and alms 8*l.* Under the head of "The Chamber of Robes — New Year's gifts, rewards to officers, musicians, servants, etc.," appear a great variety of entries, amounting to 842*l.* The modest sum of 127*l.* is all that is specially charged against "her grace" for dress, so that Elizabeth's love of finery finds no confirmation from this account, while it completely confirms what we have already quoted from Aylmer. Literature is also very modestly represented; John Spithoynus and Edmund Allin receiving 2*l.* 7*s.* 4*d.* for books, among which are two Bibles. Music was better patronized; John Baptist receives 34*s.* for lute-strings for her grace, besides several rewards, and rewards are given at various times to Lord Russell's minstrels — minstrels or players were then kept by most great noblemen; the Duke of Somerset, the Earls of Dorset and Oxford, are specially mentioned as having sets of players — "the violans," Farmor who played on the lute, and More the harper — William More, afterwards Mary's court harper — and the king's Majesty's "drummer and phippe." There is a payment of 30*s.* to Mr. Heywood — probably John Heywood, the distinguished dramatic author, actor, and player on the virginals, who had a "company of children" — and 4*l.* 19*s.* to "Sebastian who has charge of the children, with the carriage of the players' garments." These companies of children, of St. Paul's, of Windsor, and of Westminster, were frequently sent for to the great houses to act plays and masques. The entry therefore shows that Elizabeth once in that year diverted herself with their performance. She also pays to Beamonde, the king's servant, "for his boys which played before her grace," 10*s.* This was Robert Beamonde, who, like Heywood, was player on the virginals to Queen Mary. At the time of these accounts, the companies of players were not allowed to perform without leave of the Council; express permission must therefore have been obtained by Elizabeth.

Rewards to servants bringing presents assume rather formidable proportions, as at that time, the value of the present brought was often given to the bringer. Christening-gifts are also mentioned in several instances, Elizabeth frequently

bestowing the honor of standing god-mother. New Year's gifts are received from the king, Mr. Eglanby, Lady Cheke, Lady Oxford, (wife of John Vere the sixteenth earl, lord great chamberlain to Mary, and afterwards an attendant on Elizabeth at her entry into London on her accession), Marquis of Winchester (great master of the household, and one of the executors of Henry, then treasurer, in which office he was continued by Mary and Elizabeth), "chancellor of the augmentations," and the lord privy seal. Presents are also received from Mr. Chamberlain, Oliver Rowthe, Mr. Walton, Lady Pope (wife of Sir Thomas Pope), Lady Arundel, Catherine Grey (wife of Henry, Earl of Arundel, of Edward's Council, of Mary's, and, it is said by Strype, of Elizabeth's also), Mr. Brocket, Master Lee, and Mr. Levett. Her grace sends New Year's gifts of gilt plate of the value of 32*l.*, bought from Thomas Croccke; the scholars of Cambridge receive a present of 5*l.*, and "a poor scholar of Oxford," 30*s.*

From the debit side of Parry's account, it appears that sales were made of hides, wool, wood, hay, fish, wine, and other provisions; the king buying for St. James's and Durham Place beer, Gascoigne wine, wax, Paris candles, "muttons," cods, lings, salmons, eels, and salt, coals (charcoal), and wood. These transactions with the king are curious. Sheep, Hatfield might easily supply; beer, we can understand, could be brewed nowhere so well as in an old Benedictine residence, and the great Hatfield wood accounts for the fuel; but the dealings in the remaining articles can only be explained through the possession by Elizabeth of a grant of monopoly in them; though from such grant, if made, the king would be certain to exempt himself.

Nothing further remains to be mentioned as to the princess during Edward's life, except two letters written from Hatfield to him, which are very interesting as showing the warm and deep attachment existing between them, but which we have not space to quote. They may be read in Ellis's "Letters," series 1, vol. 2, pp. 145, 146.

The accession of Mary brought a sad change in the quiet which Elizabeth had enjoyed at Hatfield during the preceding reign. Northumberland's attempt to secure the throne for Lady Jane Grey threw the realm into commotion. On the approach of the king's death, he had sent both for Mary and Elizabeth, under pre-

text that the king wished to see them, but with the view of getting them into his power. Mary retreated to Framlingham in Suffolk, but the kingdom rallied to her, and she received Northumberland's submission and pretended adhesion. At this early crisis we find Elizabeth equal to the emergency. Rejecting all overtures from the Grey party, she came up from the country on 29th July, 1553, to Somerset Place, "well accompanied with gentlemen and others, right strongly." The numbers have been variously given at five hundred and one thousand, but no doubt, whatever the numbers, the forefathers of the stout Herts yeomanry were fully represented, and on the morrow she went through Cheapside to meet Mary, on her triumphal progress from Suffolk. On the 3rd of August she followed next after the queen on her entry into London, and at the coronation in the next month, again followed next after the royal chariot, sharing her own carriage with Anne of Cleves.

In spite of this fair beginning, however, the clouds soon gathered over Elizabeth's head. We have not space to dwell upon the momentous and exciting events of the next two years — the Court-enay incident, the Wyatt rebellion, Elizabeth's imprisonment in the Tower, her release, and seclusion at Richmond Palace, at Ricot, Ashridge, and Woodstock. One of her lesser griefs at this period was the temporary loss of Mrs. Ashley, who, with three other of her attendants, was put into the Tower, apparently on suspicion of Reformist sympathies. Poor Mrs. Ashley had good cause to know the Tower, for in 1556 she was again confined there on suspicion of privacy to Throckmorton's plot.

After a year's imprisonment at Woodstock, two events concurred to alleviate Elizabeth's position. The one was the death of Gardiner, her inveterate enemy; the other was Mary's abandonment of hope of issue. In the summer of 1555 she had strongly entertained this hope — the baby clothes made for the expected occasion are still preserved at Ashridge — and Elizabeth, as dangerous to the child's succession, had been summoned from Woodstock to Hampton Court. Mary's expectations being disappointed, however, she began to show symptoms of reconciliation, and in June, 1555, permitted her sister to retire to Hatfield again, recommending to her Sir Thomas Pope, in whose charge she had been before, "as a person," says Nichols, "with whom

the princess was well acquainted, and whose humanity, prudence, and other qualifications, were all calculated to make her new situation perfectly agreeable." Margaret Grey, cousin of Lady Jane, was then placed by the queen in the Hatfield household.

Pope was an Oxfordshire man, and an intimate friend of Sir Thomas More's. His rise to position and fortune had been rapid. He was, says Whitelocke, the son of a poor and mean man in Deddington or Denington, near Banbury, and, from a boy, scribe to Mr. John Crook, one of Wolsey's clerks. On the suppression of the monasteries, Lord Awdley applied to Mr. Crook for a "ready and expert clerk" and Pope was recommended by Crook, "being then his household servant in livery, which was the first true step of all his following good fortune." In 1533, he was made clerk of the briefs in the Star Chamber, and afterwards clerk of the crown. Three years later he was knighted, and made treasurer of the Court of Augmentations, an office of considerable profit, and one which ranked with the principal offices of State. Five years later he was created a baron, and made keeper of the jewels. During Edward's reign he was out of court favor, but on Mary's accession regained it, being appointed one of her Privy Council, and employed on commissions of consequence, among them that of the suppression of heretics, which employment seems to have favored his fortunes as much as his previous engagement in the suppression of the monasteries had done, for it is broadly hinted that he retired from it "none the poorer."

The most striking mark, however, that he received of Mary's confidence was his appointment as guardian to the princess Elizabeth; and his ability is shown by the fact that, while he gave every satisfaction to his royal mistress, his discharge of his duties was such that his princely ward had every reason to congratulate herself on the selection. The Council placed much confidence in his penetration and address, and greatly depended upon his skilful management of the princess at this critical period. This, as we have said, was not the first time she had been in Pope's charge.

After her accession Pope retired into private life, and devoted himself mainly to the founding of Trinity College, Oxford, a project in which he was engaged for many years, till his death in 1559. He was a rich man, possessing more than

thirty manors. His favorite house was Tittenhanger, Herts, the country seat of the Abbots of St. Albans, and he was more than once chosen sheriff of that county.

Burnet describes the four years Elizabeth spent under Pope at Hatfield as by far the most agreeable part of her time during that turbulent period. Pope, says Warton, "behaved to her with the utmost tenderness and respect, rather as an indulgent and affectionate guardian than as an officious or rigorous governor." One instance of this is, that though strict orders had been given that mass alone should be used in the family, Pope connived at her having many Protestant servants. Strype, indeed, says that Pope and Sir John Gage (previously associated with him as guardian) were spies upon her, but this is hardly to be understood in the ordinary sense. The guardianship of a prudent adviser and friend like Pope was no less a guarantee for Elizabeth than for the queen and Council; and such facts as can be gleaned with regard to her life at this time go to prove, in Warton's words, that she lived in splendor and affluence, that she was often admitted to the diversions of the court, and that her situation was by no means one of oppression and imprisonment. Tradition assigns to Elizabeth, as her apartments at Hatfield, two small chambers in the west tower, some twelve feet by ten in size. It may have been her fancy to occupy these rooms, but to conclude that she had no choice but to do so, and was a prisoner in them, would be to discard all direct evidence as to her position.

Circumspect she had to be, and was. Her post of safety, if not of honor, was her private station, and her constant aim appears to have been to avoid all entanglement in the intrigues surging round the throne. Her position was indeed one of great difficulty and danger. We have seen in the case of Seymour of Sudley a bold attempt to make her the tool of an ambitious man, and about a year after her settlement under Pope at Hatfield, a somewhat similar plot was formed. One of Wyatt's adherents, Thomas Ashton, sent over from France a man named Clerbury, who pretended to be the Duke of Devonshire. He and other conspirators made use of Elizabeth's name, and propagated scandalous imputations on her honor. Clerbury went so far as to proclaim Elizabeth queen, and "her beloved edfellow, Lord Edward Courtney, king." The Council wrote to Pope on the subject,

in terms which manifest their confidence in him; while Mary's letter to Elizabeth, and Elizabeth's reply of August 2, 1556, express their disbelief and detestation of the reports.

Not only had these gross attacks to be parried, but honorable overtures had also to be met. There were few foreign princes then marriageable who were not at one time or another proposed for her husband. In the same year, 1556, the Savoy match was proposed to her, with the reluctant sanction of the queen, and against her wishes. Philip was the originator of it, his policy being to get Elizabeth out of the country. Mary's protection of Elizabeth in this matter caused a warmer feeling to spring up between the sisters. Gustavus Vasa, king of Sweden, also sent an ambassador to negotiate a marriage between her and his eldest son, Prince Eric. These offers only drew forth firm expressions of her determination never to marry. To the first she said "that she would not change her condition, though she were offered the greatest prince in all Europe;" to the second, "she could not but declare that, if left to her own free will, she would always prefer a single condition of life."

With reference to the Savoy match, she paid a visit to the court, and from Henry Machin's curious diary, we get a description of her mode of travelling between Hatfield and London. He says:

The 28th day of November (1556) came rydyng thurgh Smythfeld and Old Balee and thurgh Fletstreet unto Somerset place my good lade Elisabeth's grace the quen's syster, with a grett compene of velvett cottes and cheynes, her grace's gentyllmen; and after a grett compene of her men all in red cottes gardyd with a brod gard of black velvett, and cuttes; and ther her grace dyd loge at her place; ther her grace tared [] days till the 3 day of Desember or her grace dyd remowyffe.

She had been invited to pass the whole winter in London, but returned to Hatfield after a stay of a week, probably on account of her refusal of the Savoy match. The diary continues:—

The 3 day of Desember cam rydyng from her plasse my lade Elizabeth's grace, from Somersett place downe Fletstreet, and thurgh Old Bayle, and thurgh Smyth-field with a grett compene; and her servandes alle in red gardyd with velvett; and so her grace toke her way toward Bysshope Atfeld plasse.

The pleasures of solitude and retirement, says Nichols, were now becoming habitual to her, and she principally em-

ployed herself in playing on the lute and virginalls, embroidering with gold and silver, reading Greek and translating Latin. She was much interested in Pope's project of founding Trinity College, and often conversed with him upon it. Pope writes: "The Princess Elizabeth, her grace, whom I serve here, often asketh me about the course I have devised for my scholars, and that part of my statutes respecting studies I have shown to her, which she likes well. She is not only gracious, but most learned, as ye right well know." Two students of the college, expelled for breach of discipline, came to Hatfield, and were lucky enough to obtain her grace's intercession for them with Pope, and to obtain their readmission.

Pope's endeavors to diversify the somewhat monotonous life of his ward, and her own sober turn of mind at this period, are illustrated by an incident recorded in a document quoted by Nichols in his "Progresses of Queen Elizabeth:"—

In Shrovetide, 1556, Sir Thomas Pope made for the Ladie Elizabeth, all at his owne costes, a greate and riche maskinge in the greate halle at Hatfelde; wher the pageaunts were marvelously furnished. There were ther twelve minstrels antickly disguised; with forty-six or more gentlemen and ladies, many of them knights or nobles, and ladies of honor, apparalled in crimsin satten, embrothred upon with wretches of golde and garnished with bordures of hanging perle. And the devise of a castell of clothe of gold, sett with pomegranates about the battlements, with shields of knights hanging therefrom, and six knights in rich harneis turneyed. At night the cupboard in the halle was of twelve stages mainlie furnished with garnish of gold and silver vessell, and a banket of seventie dishes, and after a voidee of spices and subtleties with thirty spyse plates, all at the chardgis of Sir Thomas Pope. And the next day the play of Holophernes. But the queen percase mysliked these folleries, as by her letters to Sir Thomas Pope hit did appear, and so their disguisings were ceased.

Why Mary had become so strait-laced with regard to innocent diversions does not appear. She was at all events no longer the Mary who had herself taken part in a "mummery" given to the French ambassador at Greenwich by her father.

In the spring of 1557, Queen Mary paid a visit to Hatfield, in return for the one paid by Elizabeth to the court at Somerset Place in the preceding November. The entertainments provided give a curious illustration of the times. The next morning after mass, we read, the

queen and the princess were treated to a grand exhibition of bear-baiting, with which their highnesses were "right well entertained." Supper was served in the great chamber, which was adorned for the queen's reception with a sumptuous suit of tapestry called "the hanging of Antioch." After the supper a play was represented by the "children of Paul's." After the play one of the children, Maximilian Poinces, who had a "divine voice," sang, the princess herself accompanying him at the virginalls. We have seen that this was not the first visit the children of Paul's had paid to Hatfield.

A few months later the queen, who does not seem to have objected to this second entertainment, returned Elizabeth's hospitality with a splendid banquet and pageant at Richmond Palace, of which Pope had the devising. He also planned another "show" for Elizabeth's amusement, at Enfield Chase. The princess was escorted from Hatfield thither to hunt the hart by a retinue of twelve ladies, clothed in white satin, on ambling palfreys, and twenty young men in green, all on horseback. At the entrance to the Chase she was met by fifty archers in scarlet boots and yellow caps, armed with gilded bows, one of whom presented her a silver-headed arrow, winged with peacock's feathers. The sport ended, she was offered the privilege of cutting the buck's throat.

But the rural air of Hatfield, the quiet life, the books, the lute and virginalls, and the college projects of Pope, were soon to be exchanged for the fierce and enduring struggles of statesmanship; the acting of the children of Paul's for the realities of a turbulent time, and the seclusion of a station made as private as the circumstances would permit, for "the fierce light which beats about a throne." Elizabeth's associations with Hatfield were strong and enduring. There, in the noble hall, in the garden attached to the palace, which still bears her name, and is still kept in her fashion, or between the sweet English hedgerows which wound about the manor, and beneath the immortal oaks which were the pride of the adjoining park, she had been the early companion of her brother, had listened with no dull ear to Ascham's instructions, and had thought out and acted up to a line of conduct which gave assurance of the greatness to come. Therefore for Hatfield must her "memory be green."

It was towards the close of a calm au-

turn day, on the 17th of November, 1558, that Elizabeth, according to a custom not unusual with her, had taken out her Greek Testament with her, and was sitting reading it under the shade of an oak-tree in the park, which still survives, the wreck of a wreck, as a place of pilgrimage for those who reverence as they ought the memory of the great and wise queen with whose name it has ever since been connected. It was growing dusk, and she had just closed her book, when she was aware of the sound of horses' feet, and looking up, saw a horseman galloping up the avenue of oaks which then led from the London Road. As he approached she recognized him as De Feria, the Spanish ambassador, who, alighting from his horse, told her that Mary was dying. It is recorded that on hearing the tidings she fell on her knees, and, drawing a long breath, exclaimed, "It is the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes!" which words were commemorated on her gold coinage to the end of her reign. Hard upon De Feria's steps rode the courtiers, certain of Mary's recognition of Elizabeth as her successor, anxious to ingratiate themselves with the rising power, and careless of the slight to the waning one. The road from London to Hatfield was alive with their trains. The villagers could never before have had such sight-seeing, and the old George Inn must have fairly succumbed under the press of business. This easy transfer of loyalty painfully impressed Elizabeth, who, when afterwards called upon to name her successor, said "that she would not follow the example of her sister and send such visitors to her successor as came to see her at Hatfield."

Mary died on November 17th. By Saturday night, the 19th, the Privy Council and statesmen of all parties had collected at Hatfield, and Elizabeth held her first Privy Council, at which Sir William Cecil was appointed her principal secretary. Her treasurer, Parry, was made a privy councillor, and appointed controller of her household. Sir Thomas Gresham, who had accompanied Cecil, was instructed to raise an immediate loan, and set out for Antwerp on that errand.

If a building can have the "crowded hour of glorious triumph," that hour for Hatfield Palace fell on the next day, Sunday, the 20th. It had received Elizabeth as an infant, had sheltered her youth, and now parted with her at the call of a nation. There, in the great hall, Elizabeth held her first reception. The oaths of alle-

giance were sworn, says Mr. Froude, the promises of faithful service were duly offered and graciously accepted. The queen then addressed the assembly, saying that she desired to have the assistance of God's grace to be the minister of his heavenly will in the office now committed to her; that she meant to direct all her actions by good advice and counsel, and for counsel and advice should accept those of her nobility, and such others as the rest in consultation should think meet to appoint. The lords, all but Lord Pembroke, Lord Clinton, Sir William Howard, and Sir Ralph Sadler, then withdrew; Parry was admitted as comptroller, and Cecil took the oath as secretary, her words to him on this occasion being preserved by Harrington in his "*Nugæ Antiquæ*."

I give you this charge, that you shall be of my Privy Council, and content yourself to take pains for me and my realm. This judgment I have of you, that you will not be corrupted with any manner of gift, and that you will be faithful to the State, and that, without respect of my private will, you will give me that counsel that you think best; and, if you shall know anything necessary to declare to me of secrecy, you shall show it to myself only, and assure yourself I will not fail to keep taciturnity therein. And therefore herewith I charge you.

It is a noteworthy coincidence that Hatfield, which has been destined for so long a period to be connected with the name of Cecil, should have been the scene of the new queen's public recognition of Sir William's services to her in the past, and her expectations of him in the future. Unfortunately but little evidence exists as to the connection of Cecil with Elizabeth before her accession to the throne. That a frequent correspondence was carried on between them from the time of Henry's death is not to be doubted. Some of this correspondence was through Parry, Elizabeth's trusted master of the household, and some few of Parry's letters are extant, but of the autographic correspondence there is now no relic. Such letters were no doubt dangerous property to hold in such a shifting time, and would be destroyed as soon as read. That Elizabeth was in the habit of writing to Cecil is shown by the following extract from one of Parry's letters to Cecil, dated "From Hatfield, this present Sunday"—probably in September, 1551:—

"I had forgot to say to you that her grace commanded me to say to you, for the excuse of her hand, that it is not now as good as she trusts it shall be; her

grace's unhealth hath made it weaker, and so unsteady, and that is the cause." Parry also writes from Ashridge on September 22, 1550, that "her grace hath been long troubled with rheums, but is now meetly well again, and shortly ye shall hear from her grace."

Soon after assuming the protectorship, Somerset appointed Cecil one of his secretaries, and the letters from Parry to Cecil which remain show that Elizabeth was guided by his advice in her correspondence with the protector, and also as regards her estates, of which Cecil was surveyor. On September 25, 1549, Parry writes to Cecil, giving an account of the doings at Hatfield, saying that the ambassador of Venice had been to see the princess on the duke's behalf, and that she wished Cecil to mention what had passed to Somerset, and to advise her forthwith as to whether she should herself write to the protector direct. "Herein," he adds, "she desires you to use her trust as in the rest."

Next year Parry again writes to Cecil from Hatfield, inclosing letters from Elizabeth to the lord protector, urging him to take such opportunity therein, by his wisdom, as that she may hear by letter again from Somerset; adding, "Her grace commanded me to write this, Write my commendations in your letters to Mr. Cecil, that I am well assured, though I send not daily to him, that he doth not, for all that, daily forget me; say, indeed, I assure myself thereof." This letter contains one of the only two allusions to be found to any personal interviews of Elizabeth and her future minister. "I desire Christ give you perfect health," says Parry, "and send you one day's leisure to see her grace."

Of Mary's reign there is only one letter, from Sir Thomas Bengier, afterwards her master of the revels, apparently then joined with Parry in his office, dated Hatfield, October 24, 1556, relating to Elizabeth's private affairs.

We may conclude from these fragments, however, aided by the light of the coming events, that Cecil was in frequent communication with his future queen by letter, and occasionally by personal visits. The extent to which she was then indebted to his wise counsels we cannot know; but we cannot doubt that she had now learned to rely upon him, and that he was prepared to receive the trust. The confirmation is the first appointment she made as queen. At Hatfield she had proved his worth, and at the court the

confidence was well repaid by him, and by his son, Hatfield's future owner.

"We may ascribe to Cecil's counsels," says Mr. Green, "somewhat of the wise patience with which Elizabeth waited for the coming crown;" years of the utmost value to her, during which she formed her steady purpose "to restore English independence and English order," a purpose in which she and Cecil were at one. At the hour of Mary's death, all eyes instinctively turned to him. "I am told for certain," writes the Spanish ambassador, De Feria, to Philip, "that Cecil, who was secretary to King Edward, will be her secretary also. He is a man of intellectual power and moral worth, but a heretic." It is not our province here to recount the splendid witness to Elizabeth's consummate knowledge of character which the results of this choice gave. The two names are inseparable, and one would scarcely have an historic meaning without the other.

Two days after the proclamation in the hall of Hatfield Palace, the queen and court removed to London. Her subsequent visits to Hatfield were few. She had other and larger palaces at her disposal, besides inferior residences, and her generosity in bestowing the favor of her company upon her nobility is well known. Three years after her accession she revisited Hatfield, when on a progress; and in the "Revels Book," 1561, is entered a payment for entertainments played before her there. Seven years afterwards, in July, 1568, she stayed there a day during one of her progresses, and in the autumn of 1571 passed nearly a month there. In 1575, she received Fytton, vice-treasurer of Ireland, there. The following is his relation of the interview. The oak mentioned can be no other than the historical one:—

At Hatfield after your lordship was gone thens I wayted one evenyng her Matie walking forth into the parke and after she and my lord of Leycester had talked a good whyle with Mr. Agard her highnes walked over the great dale in the parke and sate hir downe under an ooke and my lord of Leycester leanyng to the oke by hir. She called me to hir and graciously, smylng began to jest with me.

She then questioned him on Irish affairs, Leicester also interposing questions, which he answered as warily as he could, knowing that he sailed "between Silla and Charibdis."

Finally, in her summer progress in 1576, she paid her last visit to the home of her youth, staying there a few days on

her way from Hertford Castle to St. Albans.

Her former tutor, Dr. Cox, Elizabeth made Bishop of Ely. Ascham's after connection with her has already been mentioned. Castiglione, her Italian master, received a pension. John Ashley was made master of the jewel house, in which office his energetic wife would appear to have assisted him, as there is an official record of her receiving jewels on one occasion. Ascham says that in 1563, the queen being at Windsor, he dined there with Ashley and others in Cecil's chamber. There is no note extant, however, of Elizabeth's connection with her old governess after her accession. Sir Thomas Parry, appointed one of her Privy Council, was afterwards made master of the Court of Wards, and died in 1561. The ancient "cofferar" had not failed to look after his own chest. He possessed an estate at Hampstead Marshall, in Berkshire, and built a magnificent house there. According to Lodge, he was buried in Westminster Abbey.

The death of Elizabeth put an end for many years to the connection of Hatfield with the history of England. Her successor exchanged it with Cecil for Theobalds, a place on the borders of Epping Forest, with better hunting, and nearer to London. It was perhaps fitting that the old home of the Tudors should be transferred to the family who for the better part of a century had been their most faithful subjects. R. T. GUNTON.

From Good Words.

LADY JANE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER X.

A MOMENTOUS INTERVIEW.

THE duke, like his wife, was too high-bred to allow any sign of disturbance to be seen in him; but nevertheless he was very greatly disturbed. Such a thing had never happened to him in all his life before. He had come in contact indeed with many men of lower social pretensions than Winton. But a person who is absolutely nobody is always easier to deal with than any who, without reaching at all to the level on which you can regard him as an equal, is still by the unfortunate and levelling privileges of English society supposed to be as good even as a

duke; whereas nobody but a duke can be, in reality, as good as a duke, though a peer of old creation may approach him near enough for most social purposes. But a Mr. Winton! His was precisely the kind of position which is most perplexing and disagreeable to the great man who is nevertheless obliged to allow, in deference to the folly of society, that there can be nothing higher than an English gentleman, and that princes themselves must consider their right to that title as their highest qualification. There are commoners indeed with whom even a duke might make an alliance and find himself no loser. We have already pointed out that Mr. Roundell, of Bishop's Roundell, had been seriously thought of as a suitor for Lady Jane. But a little squire with a little manor-house somewhere in the midland counties—a man whom only a chance inheritance had raised above the necessity of working for his living, whose ancestors had been no better than little squires before him, who was nobody, of a race unheard of out of their parish, that he should take it upon him to walk quietly up to the duke on his own hearth and ask from him the hand of Lady Jane! He did not venture to permit himself to dwell upon the thought. When it came back to his mind it set his blood boiling as at first—his head grew hot, his veins too full, his respiration difficult. To allow himself to be driven into a fit by such *canaille* would be unworthy of him; and therefore the duke put force upon himself, and when the recollection came back took the wise step of flying from it. He would not risk himself on such an ignoble occasion. To allow a Mr. Winton to bring on an illness would be almost as bad as accepting him for Lady Jane. Therefore he sent for his steward, or had an interview with his head groom, or seized upon some other external aid to save himself from the thought. He was unusually stately during the evening and snubbed the man of the clubs, who had gained some favor before by his adroitness and the interest he took in the house of Billings. The duke turned his back upon this candidate for favor in the midst of an account he was giving of some discoveries he had made—discoveries for which the entire race of the Altamonts ought, he believed, to have been his debtors—as if the house of Altamont could have been advantaged by any discovery made by a man who was nobody, or indeed wanted any new glorification. The duke turned

round in the very midst of the tale, turned his shoulder to the discoverer and began to talk to the next of his noble visitors. This snub direct made everybody stare, and quenched the victim for the evening. It gave his Grace a little satisfaction to mortify somebody: but after all it did not do much for his own wounds. And after a disturbed night, when malicious recollection presented him with the souvenir of Winton almost before he was free of his disturbed dreams, it may be supposed that the duke's uprising was not a pleasant one. Heaven and earth! a little squire! a nobody! He got up precipitately — if the duke could be supposed to do anything precipitately — and hurried his dressing, and plunged himself into business. To allow himself to be drawn even into a bilious attack by an assailant so contemptible would have been beneath him. His Grace was very busy checking the steward's accounts, and just had started what he thought was an error in the balance sheet, and was about with much enjoyment to hunt it back to its origin — for he loved to think that he was cheated, and to find out the managers of the estate in an inaccurate sixpence was a great gratification to him — when there suddenly came a low and somewhat tremulous knock at his door. He knew in a moment that it was some new annoyance and connected with the Winton affair, though it did not occur to him who the applicant could be who made this gentle demand for admittance. His first thought was so little wise that it prompted him to make as though he had not heard. But he heard very well, and through every fibre of him. Then as he waited, keeping very quiet, with perhaps a hope that the interruption might thus be diverted, the knock was repeated a little louder. The duke rose in great impatience. He knew as well as if he had been in all their counsels what it was, but he did not know who it was. When it was repeated for the third time he made a stride across the room, and with his own hand flung the door open. "WELL!" he said in a voice of thunder, then fell back appalled. For there, in her white morning dress, and whiter than her dress, save when she was crimson, her soft countenance inspired with something which her father had never seen there before, her eyes meeting his steadfastly, a slight tremor in her, which rather added to than detracted from her firmness — stood Lady Jane.

The duke was so much excited that for one moment he failed in politeness to-

wards the princess royal. "You!" he cried, with something of that intonation of supreme surprise and horror, with which he had said SIR to her lover. But he paused, and a better inspiration returned to him. A spasmodic sort of smile came over his face. "Ah, Jane!" he said, and put out his hand. "You want to speak to me? This is an unusual visit — and perhaps it is rather an unfortunate moment, if you have much to say."

"Not very much, papa," Jane answered with an agitated smile. She took his hand, though he had not meant this, and held it, as she closed the door behind her. He would not have allowed her to do as much as this herself, had he noted what she meant, but he was agitated too in spite of himself. He recovered, however, and shut the door, then led his daughter to a chair and placed her in it. It was — but he noticed that only after it was beyond mending — the very chair in which her presumptuous suitor had placed himself yesterday. The duke stood up before her in front of the fireplace exactly as he had done with Winton. The coincidence alarmed him, but now he could not help it. "Well, my love?" he said. He put on an air which was jaunty and light-hearted, the false gaiety with which a frightened man faces unknown danger. "Well, my love! I have just found Whitaker out in some serious miscalculations. I am robbed on all hands by my servants. It is one of the penalties of our position. But I warn you I have my head full of this and will be a poor listener. Whitaker, you see —"

"What I have to say will not take much time, papa. But it is very important to me."

"Ah, ah!" said the duke, with a laugh. "*Chiffons*, eh? Money wanted? you must talk that over with your mother. I am not rich, but whatever my Jane may require, were it to the half of my kingdom —"

He made her a bow full of that deference and almost reverential respect with which it was one of the duke's best points to have surrounded his only daughter — with a smile in which there was more tenderness than his Grace was capable of showing to any other creature. He loved his daughter, and he venerated her as a sort of flower of humanity and of the Altamonts, who were the best that humanity could produce.

"I will not ask so much as that," said Lady Jane, tremulous, yet firm; "and yet I have come to ask you for something,

father. I am older than girls are usually when they — marry.”

“Older, nonsense! Who has told you that?” cried the duke, his veins beginning to swell, and his heart to thump with rising excitement. “You are in the bloom of your youth. I have never seen a girl look sweeter, or fairer, or younger, for that matter, than my child has been looking. Who has put such folly into your head?”

“It is not folly, it is true; and no matter—that is nothing; but only to show you that I am serious. I am no longer a girl, papa. Ah! do not interrupt; I shall always be a girl to you. I am a woman. I have had a great many thoughts before I came to speak—for myself. That is the last thing one wishes to do. To have others do it is so much the easier. But one must at last. I have come to speak to you for myself.”

“Jane, you had better pause and think,” said the duke, with threatening looks. “What can you have to say about yourself? Don’t bring down my respect for my daughter. We are driven out of our respect for women in most cases early in our career; but most men have a prejudice in favor of their daughters. Don’t force me to think that you are just like all the rest.”

She looked at him wondering, but with eyes that did not falter. “My mother, I am sure, can have forfeited no one’s respect,” she said softly; “neither shall I, I hope; but perhaps more than she. I must speak to you, father, about my own life. Oh!” she cried, clasping her hands, with a vivid color coming to her pale cheeks, “speak you for me! do not let me have to do it. There are things that can only be said when the case is desperate, and surely—surely it cannot be desperate between you and me. Speak for me, father, to your own heart.”

“So far as I can see, this is melodrama,” said the duke, with a feeble smile of agitation that looked like a sneer, for his lips were dry. “What am I to say? Come, must we be brutal? That Lady Jane Altamont, like any poor milliner, is beginning to be afraid —”

Her eyes opened a little wider with a scared look, but she said nothing, only gazed more fixedly on her father, her whole soul bent on what he was next to say.

“Afraid,” he said, with a little forced giggle of a laugh, “because she is twenty-five, and her cheek is hollow — afraid that he is growing an old maid, and will never

get a husband? There is nothing more natural than that,” he cried, bursting out into a mocking laugh.

Lady Jane rose from her chair. She colored high, then became white as a ghost. Astonishment, consternation, pain — pain indescribable, a kind of horror and dismay were in her eyes. She opened her lips, but only to give forth a gasp of sound which was inarticulate. She did not take her eyes from him; but gradually there grew in them, besides the pitiful suffering of a creature outraged and insulted, a gleam of indignation, a flash of contempt. When a man, even a duke, has taken that fatal step between resentment and fury, between what is permissible and what is unpermissible, the other steps are easy enough. Her father forgot that she was Lady Jane, and the first of womankind. He let his passion go. The more he had loved and elevated her, the more did he trample all her superiority under his feet.

“Ah, you thought I should say something prettier, something more pleasant,” he cried. “Poetical! but I am not poetical, and that is the short and long of it. Afraid to lose your chance altogether, and determined to have a husband, that is the meaning of it! I know now why the man was brought here. I never could make out what we wanted with him at Billings. A last chance for Jane! Ah! I see it all now.”

Lady Jane stood and received all this as if the words had been stones. She put her hands upon her breast to ward them off. She shrank backwards now and then with a faint moan, as one after another was discharged at her. Her eyes grew larger, and more and more pitiful, wet, appealing as if to earth and heaven; but she never withdrew them from her father’s face. And now that he had let himself loose, he raved on, expending upon her all his wrath, putting himself more and more fatally in the wrong with every word, showing, alas! that nothing, not a coalheaver, could be more vulgar than a duke when he is put to it. Lady Jane stood still before him and never said a word. This was worse than the guillotine. She had dreamt of facing the insults of the mob, but never the insults of her father. As she stood there, to all appearance so full and painfully occupied in sustaining the storm of words thus poured upon her, a hundred reflections were passing through her mind. She almost smiled to herself to think how small had been the terrible scenes pre-

sented to her by her imagination, in face of the reality. The Constitution might have gone to pieces, the guillotine might have been raised without shaking her confidence in her class, or disturbing her lofty unconscious superiority to all the rabble could do—but her father—this was what she had not thought of. Ah, it is not any rabble that can shake the foundations of the earth: but when your father, when those who are most dear to you, lay hands upon the pillars of the house—she stood so still, and looked at him with such a steadfast gaze, that the duke was driven out of himself. He said—who can doubt?—a thousand things he never meant to say. He turned himself outside in before her, displaying weaknesses which even his wife did not know. But at last his wrath exhausted itself. He began to stammer and hesitate, then stopped short suddenly, with all the consciousness of his self-betrayal on him. There was a moment's silence, during which they looked at each other without a word said—and then he made a step forward closer to her, and asked, "What have you got to say?"

"Nothing," said Lady Jane. Her eyes were wet, and shining all the more for the moisture in them, but she had not cried nor felt any impulse to cry. "Oh nothing—nothing now."

"You are convinced then?" he said hurriedly, trying to assume his usual aspect. "Come, come, that is well. And perhaps I have been hasty. But you know what is the point upon which I feel most strongly. There must be no descent out of your rank. I have trained you in the sentiment of your rank, above all things. What have we else?" cried the duke, "everything fails us—the masses pour in everywhere—they have ruined the kingdom, they are ruining the Church: but," he said slowly, "they shall never ruin the house of Altamont; that shall be kept sacred whatever goes. Pardon me, my love, if I have failed in respect to the last daughter of the house. I know my Jane will not fail."

But still Lady Jane did not make any reply. She stood as if she had been struck dumb, regarding him with a kind of serious wonder which confused him more than he could say. The desire to explain herself, to ask him for his consent, to get his sympathy, seemed to have died in her. Was she stunned only, or convinced, or what was it he had done? The duke grew alarmed at last. He waited a moment longer, and then he added, "I

have been hasty. After all, my dear, whatever it is, it would be better that you should say what you meant to say."

She shook her head, still looking at him.

"No—no—there would be no advantage in it now."

"What do you mean by *now*?—perhaps I have been mistaken. Come, let me hear what it was," the duke cried with an air of sudden amiability, ignoring all that had gone before.

"Father," said Lady Jane with a certain solemnity, "there was a great deal to say—but not now. Certain things were uppermost in my mind. I thought my father would listen, and perhaps feel for me, though he might not approve. But I do not wish it now. There is nothing—it is over—"

She put her hand upon her heart, pressing it as if to keep down a sigh. Her eyes so wet, but not weeping, were strangely pathetic, with a resignation in them which it was not wonderful perhaps that he should interpret in his own way. He put out his hand and laid it caressingly upon her arm.

"My good child! If that is so you may be sure it is far the best. I knew there was that in my Jane that would respond to what I said. And I thank you, my love, not only for myself, but in the name of the race."

She looked at him again with a penetrating gaze. "The race is everything to you then," she said.

"Everything, my love! everything. I have no other thought."

"To keep it honorable and true—above all unworthy thoughts, above dishonesty and untruth," she said slowly, telling over the words like beads.

"That is what I desire," said the duke. Then he added his gloss. "To retain our old nobility unbroken, to sully the name with no *mésalliances*. Your brother has disregarded my wishes; but though I would never have sanctioned it, he has secured another kind of advantage, and perhaps I have no right to complain. But you, my Jane, nothing must touch you: you must remain the pride of your family. And," he added soothingly, "do not lose heart, my love. Lady Jane Altamont will not want for opportunities. Do not think from what I said that you are considered *passée* by any one, or that a good marriage is less likely than before. We are not come the length of putting up with an inferior, trust me, my dear."

Lady Jane's pallor changed into an

overwhelming blush. She turned away from him, almost shaking his hand from her shoulder. "In that case," she said, with a muffled voice full of some emotion which he did not quite understand, nor yet feel comfortable about, "in that case there is certainly no more to say."

And without any little civility, such as, though not indispensable, it is pretty to keep up between the nearest relations, no little bow or smile, or glance of pleasant understanding, she turned from him and went out of the room, suddenly and noiselessly. The duke did not like it: he felt there was something in it which he had not fathomed. He stood in the place where she had left him, his hand still stretched out where she had shaken it off, his mouth and his eyes open, a bewildered alarm in his mind. What did she mean? was there more meaning than one in those simple-seeming words? Was this real submission as he hoped, or a something else? He could not tell. But a cold chill got into his veins; he did not know what to make of it. After a while, however, he reasoned with himself, and recovered his comfort. Jane, who had always been so docile, so ready to accept his views, why should she turn against him and all his traditions now?

CHAPTER XI.

A NEW AGENCY.

IT is bad art to introduce a new agent towards the end of a history, but when the historian is clogged by bonds of fact which he cannot disregard, what is he to do? A new agent there was who is not to be ignored, but the reader may be assured that there shall be as little of him as is compatible with the part he plays in this little drama. We must, therefore, proceed at once to a room, as different as it is possible to conceive from the halls of Billings, a small sitting-room in a small rectory house in the heart of London, belonging to one of the old parish churches which has been abandoned there by the tide of habitation and life. The church was close by, a fine one in its way, one of Wren's churches, adapted for a large Protestant congregation more solicitous about the sermon than is usual nowadays; but left now without any congregation at all. The rectory, a house of very moderate dimensions, jammed in among warehouses and offices, had little air and less light in the gloomy November days. The rector and his wife had just returned from their yearly holiday, and it was not a

cheerful thing to come back to the fog, and the damp, and the gas-lamps, and all the din of the great carts that lumbered round the corner continually, and loaded and unloaded themselves within two steps of the clergyman's door. How was he to write his sermon or meditate over his work in the midst of these noises? his wife often asked indignantly. But to be sure the fifty people or so who quite crowded St. Alban's when they all turned out, were not very critical. Down in these regions there is not a little Bethel always handy, and the inhabitants must take what they can get and be thankful; which it would be a good thing, Mrs. Marston thought, if they could be oftener obliged in other places to do.

Mr. Marston was in his study. It was a small room on one side of the door, chosen for its handiness that the parish people might be introduced without trouble, to the rector: but there were but few that ever troubled him. At the present moment his verger had just brought him the parish news, with an intimation of the fact that a marriage was to take place to-morrow at eleven o'clock, at which Mr. Sayers, who had taken the duty in his absence, hoped the rector himself would officiate. The one parish duty that was occasionally necessary in St. Alban's was to perform marriages, and accordingly the rector was not surprised. He had the gas lighted, though it was still early in the afternoon, that he might look at the book in which the notice of the bans was kept, in order to make sure that all had been done in order. The gas was lighted, but the blind was not drawn down, and the upper part of the window was full of a grey and dingy London sky, without color in it at all, a sort of paleness merely, against which the leafless branches of the poor little tree which flourished in the little grass-plot stood out with a desolate distinction. Inside the room was unpleasantly warm. The rector sat with his back to the fire; he read the entry of the bans in the book, and saw that all was right. Then after he had closed the book and put it away, a sudden thought struck him, and he opened it again. Where had he seen that name before? It was a strange name, a name not at all like the parish of St. Alban's, E.C. What could she want here, a person with a name like that? He put down the book the second time, but always turned back and opened it again. Pendragon Plantagenet Fitz-Merlin Altamont! one does not often hear such names strung one after another.

Was it perhaps some player lady keeping the fine names of her rôles in the theatre? Or was it — could it be — Mr. Marston could not shake off the impression thus made upon him. He had two churchings-to-morrow which ought to have occupied him still more, for new members of the congregation were the most interesting things in the world to the rector. But he was haunted by the other intimation, and the churchings sank into insignificance. He pondered for a long time, disturbed by the questions which arose in his mind, and at length, not feeling capable of containing them longer, he took the book in his hand and went across the hall, which was still in the afternoon gloom, to his wife, whose little drawing-room on the other side was lighted by the flickering firelight, and not much more. She was very glad to see him come in. "Did you think it was tea-time?" she said. "I am sure I don't wonder, but it's only three o'clock. Dear, dear, to think of the fine sunset we were looking at an hour later than this yesterday. But London is getting worse and worse."

"Why don't you have the gas lighted?" the rector asked in a querulous tone. "I have brought something to show you, but there is no light to see it by."

"You shall have the light in a moment," cried Mrs. Marston, "that is the one good thing of gas. It spoils your picture-frames and kills your flowers; but you can have it instantly, and always clean and no trouble. There!"

The gas leaping up dazzled them for a moment, and then Mr. Marston opened his book and pointed his finger to the entry. "Look here, Mary — look at that — did you ever see a name like that before? What do you suppose it can mean?"

Mrs. Marston had to put on her spectacles first, and they had always to be looked for before they could be put on. She had just adopted spectacles, and did not like them, nor to have to make, even to herself, the confession that she wanted them; and they were always out of the way. The rector was short-sighted, and had the exemption which such persons enjoy. He looked upon the magnifying spectacles of his wife with contempt, and it was always irritating to him to see her hunting about, saying, "Where have I put my glasses?" as was her wont. "Can't you tie them round your neck," he said, "or keep them in your pocket — or something?" When, however, they were found at last, he spread the book

out upon the table and, with his finger on the place, waited while she read. Their two heads stooping over the book under the gas, with the pale sky looking in at the window, made a curious picture, he eager, she still fumbling a little to get on her spectacles without further comment. "Reginald Winton," she read hesitating, "bachelor, of this parish." I never certainly heard of any one of that name in this parish; stay, it might be the new care-taker perhaps at Mullins and Makings — or —"

"That's not the name," cried the rector. He would have liked to pinch her, but refrained. "This is no care-taker, you may be sure; but it is the other name — look at the other name. Where have you seen it before? and what is the meaning of it?" Mr. Marston cried with excitement. He had worked himself up to this pitch and he forgot that she was quite unprepared. She read, stumbling a little, for the handwriting was crabbed, "Jane Angela Pendragon Plantagenet Fitz-Merlin Altamont, spinster, of the parish of Billings." Dear, dear," was good Mrs. Marston's first comment — "I hope she has names enough and syllables enough for one person."

"And is that all that strikes you?" her husband said.

"Well — it is an odd name — is that what you mean, William? very silly, I think, to give a girl all that to sign. I suppose if she uses it at all it will be only in initials. She will sign, you know, Jane Angela, or very likely only Angela, which is much prettier than Jane; Angela P. P. F. — or F. M. — Altamont, that is how it will be. Angela Altamont: it is like a name in a novel."

"Ah, now we are coming to it at last," cried the rector; "names in novels, when they are founded on anything, generally follow the names of the aristocracy. Now here's the question: Is this a secret marriage and the bride some poor young lady who doesn't know what she is doing, some girl running away with her brother's tutor or some fiddler or other, to her own ruin, poor thing, without knowing what she is about?"

"Dear me, William! what an imagination you have got!" said Mrs. Marston, and she sat down in her surprise and drew the book towards her; but then she added, "Why should they come to St. Alban's in that case? There are no musicians living in this parish. And poor people do give their children such grand names nowadays. That poor shirt-

maker in Cotton Lane, don't you remember? her baby is Ethel Sybil Celestine Constantia — you recollect how we laughed."

"*Family Herald*," said the rector, with a careless wave of his hand, "and all Christian names, which makes a great difference. It was her last batch of heroines, poor soul; but do you think a poor needlewoman would think of Pendragon and Plantagenet? No; mark my words, Mary, this is some great person; this is some poor, deceived girl throwing away everything for what she thinks love. Poor thing, poor thing! and all the formalities complied with so that I have no right to stop it. Sayers is an idiot," cried Mr. Marston. "I should have inquired into it at once had I been at home, with a name before my eyes like that."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Marston; there is not much in it, but she repeated the exclamation several times. "After all," she said, "it must be true love or she would not go that length; and who knows, William, whether that is not better than all their grandeur? Dear, dear me, I wish we knew a little about the circumstances. If the gentleman is of this parish couldn't you send for him and inquire into it?" The rector was pacing up and down the room in very unusual agitation. It was such a crisis as in his peaceful clerical life had never happened to him before.

"You know very well he is not of this parish," Mr. Marston said. "I suppose he must have slept here the requisite number of nights; and besides he knows I have no right to interfere. The bans are all in order. I can't refuse to marry them, and what right have I to send for the man or to question him? No doubt he would have some plausible story. It is not to be expected, especially if it is the sort of thing I think it is, that he should tell me."

"Dear, dear!" repeated Mrs. Marston. "A clergyman should have more power; what is the good of being a clergyman if you cannot stop a marriage in your own church? I call that tyranny. Do you mean to tell me you will be compelled to marry them, whether you approve of it or not?"

"Well, Mary, it is not usual to ask the clergyman's consent, is it?" he said, with a laugh, momentarily tickled by the suggestion. But this did not throw any light upon what was to be done, or upon the question whether anything was to be done, and with a mind quite unsatisfied he retired

again to the study, seeing that it was out of all reason to ring the bell at half past three for tea. He drew down his blind with a sigh as he went back to his room, shutting out the colorless paleness which did duty for sky, and resigning himself to the close little room though it was too warm. Mr. Marston tried his best to compose himself, to take up his work such as it was, to put away from his mind the remembrance of a world which was not wrapped in fog, and where wholesome breezes were blowing. St. Alban's was a good living; it had endowments enough to furnish two or three churches, and to get it had been a wonderful thing for him; but sometimes he asked himself whether two hundred a year and a country parish with cottages in it instead of warehouses would not have been better. However, all that was folly, and here was something exciting to amuse his mind with, which was always an advantage. He had laid down his book (for he thought it right to keep up his reading) for the fourth or fifth time, to ask himself whether sending for the bridegroom as his wife suggested, or going out in search of him, might not be worth his while, when Mrs. Marston came suddenly bursting into the study with, in her turn, a big volume in her arms. The rector looked up in surprise and put away his theology. She came in, he said to himself, like a whirlwind; which was not, however, a metaphor at all adapted to describe the movements of a stout and comfortable person of fifty, with a great respect for her furniture. But she did enter with an assured, not to say triumphant air, carrying her book, which she plumped down before him on the table, sweeping away some of his papers. "There!" she cried, breathless and excited. The page was blazoned with a big coat of arms. It was in irregular lines like poetry, and ah, how much dearer than poetry to many a British soul! It was, need we say, a Peerage, an old Peerage without any of the recent information, but still not too old for the purpose. "There!" said Mrs. Marston, again flourishing her forefinger. The rector, bewildered, looked and read. He read and he grew pale with awe and alarm. He looked up in his wife's face with a gasp of excitement. He was too much impressed even to say, "I told you so," for to be sure a duke's daughter was a splendor he had not conceived. But his wife was more demonstrative in the delight of her discovery. "There!" she cried for the third time. "I felt sure of

course it must be in the Peerage, if it was what you thought; and there it is at full length, 'Lady Jane Angela Pendragon Plantagenet Fitz-Merlin Altamont.' It fairly took away my breath. To think you should have made such a good guess! and me talking about Mrs. Singer's baby! Why, I suppose it is one of the greatest families in the country," Mrs. Marston said.

"There is no doubt about that," said the rector. "I have heard the present duke was not rich, but that would make it all the worse. Poor young lady—poor misguided—for of course she can know nothing about life nor what she is doing. And I wonder who the man is. He must be a scoundrel," said Mr. Marston hotly, "to take advantage of the ignorance of a girl."

"My dear," said Mrs. Marston, "all that may be quite true that you say, but if you reckon up you will see that she must be twenty-five. Twenty-five is not such a girl. And Reginald Winton is quite a nice name."

"Just the sort of name for a tutor, or a music-master, or something of that sort," said the rector contemptuously. He had been a tutor himself in his day, but that did not occur to him at the moment. He got up from his chair and would have paced about the room as he did in his wife's quarters had the study been big enough, but failing in this, he planted himself before the fire to the great danger of his coat-tails and increase of his temperature, but in his excitement he paid no attention to that. "And now the question is, what is to be done?" he said.

"I thought you told me there was nothing to be done. I shall come to church myself to-morrow, William, and if you think I could speak to the poor young lady—perhaps if she had a woman to talk to—most likely she has no mother. That's such an old book one can't tell; but I don't think a girl would do this who had a mother. Poor thing! do you think if I were there a little before the hour and were to talk to her, and try to get into her confidence, and say how wrong it was——"

"Talk to a bride at the altar!" said the rector; the indecorum of the idea shocked him beyond description. "No, no, something must be done at once, there is no time to be lost. I must write to the duke."

"To the duke!" This suggestion took away Mrs. Marston's breath.

"I hope," said her husband, raising his

head, "that we both know a duke is but a man: and I am a clergyman, and I want nothing from him, but to do him a service. It would be wicked to hesitate. The question is, where is he to be found, and how can we reach him in time? He is not likely to be in town at this time of the year; nobody is in town I suppose except you and me, and a few millions more, Mary; but that doesn't help us—the question is, where is he likely to be? Thank heaven, there is still time for the post," Mr. Marston cried, and threw himself upon his chair, and pulled his best note-paper out of his drawer.

But, alas! the question of where the duke was puzzled them both. Grosvenor Square; Billings Castle, —shire; Hungerford Place, in the West Riding; Cooling, N.B.; Caerpylcher, north Wales. As his wife read them out one after another, with a little hesitation about the pronunciation, the rector wrung his hands. The consultation which the anxious pair held on the subject ran on to the very limits of the post-hour, and would take too long to record. Now that it had come to this Mrs. Marston was inclined to hold her husband back. "After all, if it was a real attachment," she said, between the moments of discussing whether it was in his seat in Scotland, or in Wales, or at his chief and most ducal of residences that a duke in November was likely to be. "After all, it might be really for her happiness—and what a dreadful shock for them, poor things, if they came to be married, thinking they had settled everything so nicely, and walked into the arms of her father!" Her heart melted more and more as she thought of it. No doubt, poor girl, she had been deprived early of a mother's care: and, on the other hand, at twenty-five a girl ought to know her own mind. She could not be expected to give in to her father forever. And if it should be that this was a real attachment, and the poor young lady's happiness was concerned——

The rector made short work of these arguments. He pooh-poohed the real attachment in a way which made Mrs. Marston angry. What could she know of poverty? he asked; and how was a duke's daughter to scramble for herself in the world? As for love, it was great nonsense in most cases. The French system was just as good as the English. People got to like each other by living together, and by having the same tastes and habits. How could a fiddler or a tutor have the same habits as Lady Jane,

"or Lady Angela, if you like it better?" He went on, as Mrs. Marston said, like this, till she could have boxed his ears for him. And the fact was that he had to pay an extra penny on each of his letters to get them off by the post; for he wrote several letters—to Billings, to Hungerford, and to Grosvenor Square. Scotland and Wales were hopeless; there was no chance whatever that from either of these places his Grace could arrive in time. Indeed, it would be something very like a miracle if he arrived now. But the rector felt that he had done his duty, which is always a consolation. He retired to rest late and full of excitement, feeling that no one could tell what the morrow might bring forth—a sentiment, no doubt, which is always true, but which commends itself more to the mind in a season when out-of-the-way events are likely. Mrs. Marston had been a little cool towards him all the evening, resenting much that he had said. But it was not till all modes of communicating with the outer world were hopeless that she took her revenge and planted a thorn in his pillow. "If you had not been so disagreeable," she said, "I would have advised you not to trust to the post, but to telegraph. I dare say the duke would have paid you back the few shillings: then he would have been sure to get the news in time. At present I think it very unlikely. And I am sure for the young people's sake I should be sorry. But I should have telegraphed," Mrs. Marston said. And the rector, strange to say, had never thought of that.

CHAPTER XII.

HALF-MARRIED.

NEXT morning everything was in movement early in St. Alban's, E.C. Orders had been sent to the verger to have special sweepings out and settings in order, a thing which took that functionary much by surprise. For the marriage; but then marriages were not so uncommon at St. Alban's—less uncommon than anything else. Churchings were more rare events, and demanded more consideration: for probably the married pair once united would never trouble St. Alban's more; whereas there was always a chance that babies born in the neighborhood might grow up in it, and promote the good works of the parish, or be candidates for its charities, which was also very desirable—for the charities were large and the qualified applicants few. But it was for

the marriage that all this fuss was to be made. "It must be a swell wedding," the verger said to his wife. "You had better put on your Sunday bonnet and hang about. Sometimes they want a witness to sign the book, and there's half-crowns going." Accordingly all was expectation in the neighborhood of the church. The best altar-cloth was displayed, and the pinafores taken off the cushions in the pulpit and reading-desk, and the warming apparatus lighted, though this was an expense. Mr. Marston felt justly that when there was a possibility of a duke and a certainty of a duke's daughter, extra preparations were called for. He came over himself early to see that all was ready. There was no concealing his excitement. "Has any one been here?" he asked, almost before he was within hearing of the verger. Simms answered "No"—but added, "Them churchings, rector. You'll take 'em after the wedding, sir?" "Oh, the churchings," said the rector: "are the women here?—oh, after the wedding, of course." But then a sudden thought struck him. "Now I think of it, Simms," he said, "perhaps we'd better have them first—at least, keep them handy ready to begin, if necessary—for there is some one coming to the marriage who—may be perhaps a little late——" "Oh, if you knows the parties, sir," said the verger. And just at that moment Mrs. Marston came in, in her best bonnet and a white shawl. She came in by the vestry door, which she had a way of doing, though it was uncanonical, and she darted a look at her husband as she passed through and went into her own pew, which was quite in the front, near to the reading-desk. The white shawl convinced Simms without further words. Unless she knew the parties Mrs. Marston never would have appeared like this. Respectability was thus given to the whole business, which beforehand had looked, Simms thought, of a doubtful description, for certainly there was nobody in the parish of the name of Winton, even if the bridegroom had not looked "too swell" to suit the locality. But if they were the rector's friends!

They arrived a few moments after eleven o'clock, in two very private, quiet-looking carriages, of which nobody could be quite sure whether they were humble broughams, of the kind which can be hired, or private property. The bridegroom was first, with one man accompanying him, who looked even more "swell" than himself. The bride came a little

after in the charge of a respectable elderly woman-servant, and one other lady whose dress and looks were such as had never been seen before in St. Alban's. Mrs. Simms was not learned in dress, but she knew enough to know that the simplicity of this lady's costume was a kind of simplicity more costly and grand than the greatest finery that had ever been seen within the parish of St. Alban's. The bride herself was wrapped in a large all-enveloping grey cloak. The maid who was with her even looked like a duchess, and was far above any gossip with Mrs. Simms. Altogether it was a mysterious party. There was a little room adjoining the vestry to which the ladies were taken to wait till all was ready, while the gentlemen stood in the church, somewhat impatient; the bridegroom looking anxiously from time to time at his watch. But now came the strangest thing of all. The rector who had ordered the church to be warmed and the cushions to be uncovered on purpose for them—he who had known enough about their arrangements to calculate that some one might arrive late—the rector, now that they were here, took no notice. Simms hurried in to inform him that they had come, but he took no notice; then hurried back a second time to announce that “the gentleman says as they're all here and quite ready;” but still Mr. Marston never moved. He had his watch on the table, and cast a glance upon it from time to time, and he was pale and nervous sitting there in his surplice. The clergyman all ready and the bridal party all ready, and a quarter after eleven chiming!

“We'll take the churchings, Simms,” said the rector, in a voice that was scarcely audible.

“The churchings, sir!” cried the vergier, not believing his ears. Of all the things to keep a wedding party waiting for! But what could Simms do? To obey the rector was his first duty. He went with his mind in a state of consternation to fetch the two poor women from the pews where they sat waiting, wrapping themselves in their shawls, rather pleased with the idea of seeing a wedding before their own little service. But they, too, were thunderstruck when they heard they were to go up first. “Are you sure you ain't making a mistake?” one of them said; and as he walked up the aisle followed by these two humble figures, the elder gentleman, who wore an eyeglass in his eye, almost assaulted Simms. He said, “Hallo! hi! what are you after

there?” as if he had been in the street and not in a church.

Simms paused, and came closer than Lord Germaine, who was Winton's attendant, thought agreeable. He curved his hand round one side of his mouth and under its shelter whispered, “Two ladies, sir, to be churched —”

“Churched! what's that?” cried Lord Germaine, with a sort of fright—and then he recollected himself, and laughed. “But, my good fellow,” he said, “not before the marriage. Take my compliments to the clergyman—Lord Ger—I mean just my compliments, you know,” he added hurriedly, “and tell him that we are all waiting, really all here and waiting. He can't keep a bride and bridegroom waiting for—two ladies”—and then he glanced through his eyeglass at the two poor women, who dropped a humble curtsy without meaning it—“who can be churched, you know quite well, my good fellow, after twelve o'clock.”

“I'll tell the rector, sir,” said Simms—but he took his charges to the altar steps all the same, for the rector was a man who liked to be obeyed. Then he went in and delivered his message.

The rector was sitting gazing at his watch with a very anxious and troubled face. “Has any one come?” he said.

“Please, sir, they be all here,” said Simms. “You'll not keep the bride and bridegroom waiting, surely, the gentleman says.”

“I hope I am a better judge as to my duty than the gentleman,” said the rector tartly; and without another word he marched into the chancel, and advancing to the altar rails, signed to the two women to take their places. During the interval the bride had been brought from the waiting-room and divested of her cloak. She was dressed simply in white, with a large veil over her little bonnet. Lord Germaine had given her his arm and was leading her to her place, when the voice of the rector announced that the other service had begun. The bridal party looked at each other in consternation, but what could they do? Lord Germaine, though he was one of the careless, had not courage enough to interrupt a service in church. They stood waiting, the strangest group. Lady Jane, when she divined what it was, did her best to pay a little attention, to follow the prayers and lessons which were so curiously out of keeping with the circumstances. Winton, standing by her, crimson with anger and impatience, could scarcely

keep still. He held his watch in his hand with feverish anxiety. Lord Germaine, adjusting his glass more firmly in his eye, regarded the rector as if he was a curious animal. Lady Germaine, after carefully examining the whole group for a moment, fell, as it was evident to see, into convulsions of secret laughter. If it had not been so serious it would have been highly comic. And as for the poor women kneeling at the altar, the service so far did them very little good. They were shocked to the very soul to think of standing in the way of a bride; they could not resist giving little glances from the corners of their eyes to see her, or at least the white train of her dress falling upon the carpet on the altar steps, which was all that was within their range of vision as they knelt with their hands over their faces. They were very well-meaning, both of them, and had really intended to do their religious duty—but there are some things which are too great a trial for even flesh and blood. All this time was Mrs. Marston's opportunity if she could have availed herself of it. She sat in her place in her front pew, in a tremble, meaning every moment to put force upon herself to do her duty. All the time she was reminding herself that she was a clergyman's wife; that she ought not to be timid; that it was her duty to speak. But how much easier it had been last night in intention than it was to-day in reality! For one thing, she had not foreseen the presence of Lady Germaine. She had thought only of the poor girl who probably had no mother, to whom it would make all the difference in the world to have a woman to speak to. But the presence of the other lady confounded the rector's wife. She sat and looked on in a tremor of anxiety and timidity, unable to move, yet with her heart pricking and urging her. And so pretty and modest as the bride looked, poor thing; and surely he was fond of her. He would not look at her like that if it was an interested marriage. But when she saw the laughter which "the other lady" could not suppress, horror overcame all other sentiments in Mrs. Marston's mind. To laugh in church; to laugh at one of the church services! She had gone down on her knees, but neither did she, it is to be feared, give very much attention to the prayers. And even the rector's mind was disturbed. He stumbled twice in what he was saying; his eyes were not upon the book, but upon the door, watching for some one to come; and, good heavens,

how slowly the time went! After all, it was not much more than the half-hour when the two poor women, scarcely knowing what had passed, got up from their knees. He had read more quickly instead of more slowly in the confusion of his mind. Twenty minutes yet! and the two poor mothers going down the altar steps, stealing into the first vacant seat to sate their eyes with the ceremony to follow, and the other little group ranged before him, Simms putting them in their places very officiously, and no help for it, and no sign of any one coming. Well! a man can do no more than his duty. The rector came forward with the sentiments of a martyr, and opened his book and cleared his voice. He was so much excited and so nervous that he could hardly keep his articulation clear. He had to clear his voice a great many times in the first address; the figures before him swam in his eyes. He had an impression of a sweet, but pale face, very solemn and tremulous, yet calm, and of a man who did not look like an adventurer. It occurred to him, even as he read, that if he had not known anything about them he would have been interested in this young pair. Was no one coming, then? He hardly knew how he began. Three-quarters chiming, and nothing more that he could do to gain time! He went on, stumbling, partly from agitation, partly for delay, lifting his eyes between every two words, committing more indecorum in the course of five minutes than he had done before in all his clerical life. When he came to the words, "If any man can show any just cause," it came into his head what a mockery it was. He made almost a dead stop, and looked round in a sort of anguish—"any man!"—why, there was not a creature, there was nobody but Simms, waiting behind obsequious, thoughtful of the half-crowns, and Mrs. Simms staring, and the two poor women who had been churched. Who of all these was likely to make any objection? And everything perfectly quiet; not a sound outside except the ordinary din. Then he put on his most solemn aspect and looked fully, severely, in the face of the bridal pair. "I require—and charge you both—as ye will answer—at the dreadful day of judgment." Tremendous words; and he gave them forth one by one, pausing at every breathing-place. Surely there never was such an officiating clergyman. Lord Germaine kept that eyeglass full upon him, gravely studying the unknown phenomena of a new species, Lady Germaine,

entirely overmastered by the *fou rire* which had seized her during the churching, and fully believing that it was all eccentricity of the most novel kind, crushed her handkerchief into her mouth, and stood behind Winton that her half-hysterical seizure of mirth might not be perceived. And now even that adjuration was over. Slow as you can say the words, there are still but a few of them to say. The rector was in despair. A little more, and they would be bound beyond any man's power to unloose them. He had to begin, "Wilt thou have this woman —" At this point he stopped short altogether; his eager ears became conscious of something strange among the outside noises with which he was so familiar. He made a sign to Simms, an angry, anxious gesture, pointing to the door. Lady Germaine was almost beside herself; the little handkerchief now was not enough; a moment more, she felt, and her laugh must peal through the church.

But it did not — another moment something else pealed through the church, a loud voice calling "Stop!" and Lady Germaine's disposition to laugh was over in an instant. She gave a little cry instead, and came close to Lady Jane to support her. Lord Germaine dropped his eyeglass from his eye. He said, "Go on, sir; go on, sir; do your duty," imperatively. As for Winton, he turned half round with a start, then, bewildered, pronounced his assent to the question which had been but half asked him. "I will," he said, "I will!" "Go on, sir," cried Lord Germaine: "go on, sir." In the mean time some one was hurrying up the aisle, pale, breathless, in a whirl of passion. Even in the excitement and horror of the moment Mrs. Marston could not help giving a second look to see what like a duke was in the flesh. The new-comer was white with fatigue and fury. He came up to the very altar steps where those two poor women had been kneeling, and thrust Mrs. Simms and the alarmed verger almost violently out of the way. "Stop!" he cried, "stop, I forbid it — stop — Jane!" and clutched his daughter by the arm. Lady Germaine in her excitement gave a loud shriek and grasped the bride tighter, holding her round the waist, while Winton in a kind of frenzy seized her ungloved hand, which was ready to be put into his. Lady Jane thus seized on every side awoke only then out of the abstraction of that solemn and prayerful seriousness in which she had

been about to perform the greatest act of her life. She had not noted the breaks and pauses in the service, she had not thought of anything extraneous, noises or voices. All that occupied her was the solemnity of the moment, the great thing she was doing, the oath she was about to take. Even now when so rudely awakened she was not sure that the hand of the bridegroom seeking hers was not in the course of the service. She gave it to him, withstanding the grasp upon her arm. "Go on, sir!" shouted Lord Germaine; "do your duty." But the rector could not help for the moment a little sense of triumph. He made a step backwards and closed his book. And at this moment there was the little rustle in the throat of the church tower, and one, two, three, — noon struck, filling the church with successive waves of sound.

The duke had begun, "Jane!" and Winton had cried out, echoing his friend to the rector to "go on, go on," when this sound suddenly fell upon them all, ringing slowly, steadily, like a doom bell. Something in the sound stilled every one, even the angry and unhappy young man who saw his marriage broken and his hopes made an end of in a moment. Lady Germaine took her hand away from Jane's waist, and sank down upon the vacant bench and burst out into sobbing she who felt that she must laugh five minutes before, and Mrs. Marston cried in her pew, and the two poor women looked on with so much sympathy. The duke's hand dropped from his daughter's arm. The only thing that did not alter was the attitude of the two chief figures. They stood with clasped hands before the altar rails. Even now Lady Jane only half understood what had happened. It began to dawn upon her as she saw the closed book, and felt the silence and the sound of the clock. She turned round to Winton with a questioning look, then smiled and gave a little, the slightest, pressure of the hand she held. In this way they stood while the clock struck, no one saying a word. Then there arose several voices together.

"I thank Heaven I arrived in time," the duke exclaimed. "Jane, let there be no further scene, but leave off this sill pantomime, and come home at once with me."

"Your bishop shall hear of this, sir!" said Lord Germaine, shaking his fist, in spite of himself, at the rector.

Winton, on his side, was too sick at heart to find any words. He said, "It is

over," with a voice of anguish; then added, "but we are pledged to each other — pledged all the same."

"Let go my daughter, sir," cried the duke.

"We are pledged to each other," Winton repeated. He took the ring out of his pocket, where it lay ready, and put it on her finger, trembling. "She is my wife," he said, half-turning round, appealing to the group.

Lady Jane withdrew her right hand, putting it within his arm. She held up that which had the ring upon it, and put her lips to it. "I don't know what this means," she said, tremulous and yet clear, "but I am his wife."

"Let go my daughter, sir," cried the duke. They were all speaking together. The pair who were not wedded turned round arm-in-arm as they might have done had the ceremony been completed. Once more the duke caught hold of his daughter roughly. "Jane, leave this man. I command you to leave him! Come home at once," he cried. "Mr. Winton, if you have any sense of honor you will give her up at once. My God! will you compromise my daughter and pretend to love her? Jane, will you make your family a laughing-stock? Come, come! You will cover us with shame. You will kill your mother." He condescended to plead with her, so intense was his feeling. "Jane, for the love of Heaven —"

Lady Germaine rose up from the bench on which she had flung herself. "Oh, duke!" she cried, "don't you see things have gone too far? Leave her with me. She will not be compromised with me. Have pity upon your own child! Don't you see, don't you see that it is too late to stop it now?"

"Lady Germaine!" cried the duke, "I hope you can forgive yourself for your share in this; but I cannot forgive you. Certainly my daughter shall not go with you. There is but one house to which she can go — her father's." He tightened his hold on her arm as he spoke. "Jane! — this scene is disgraceful to all of us. Put a stop to it at once. Come home; it is the only place for you now."

Then there was a pause, and they all looked at each other with a mute consultation. The little ring of spectators stood and listened. Mrs. Marston, with the tears scarcely dried from her eyes, watched them with fluttered eagerness, expecting the moment when the duke should come and thank her for the warning he had received. She was compunc-

tious for the sake of the young people; but yet to have the thanks of the duke — The rector had made haste to get out of his surplice, and now came out with a little importance and the same idea in his mind.

Lady Jane was the first to speak. She said, "It is cruel for us all; but perhaps my father is right, things being as they are. I cannot go with you, Reginald, to our own house."

Winton's voice came with a burst, half-groan, half-sob, uncontrollable. "God help us! I don't suppose you can, my darling — till to-morrow."

"Till to-morrow! Then I will go home to my father's now. Oh, no," she said, shrinking back a little, "not with you. Reginald will take me home."

"Let go my daughter, sir," the duke said. "He shall not touch you. He shall not come near you. What, do you persist? Give her up, Mr. Winton; do you hear me? She says she will come home."

"Father," said Lady Jane very low, "it is you who are forgetting our dignity. I will go home, if Reginald takes me; but not with you. I suppose no one doubts our honor. It is not the time for delay now, after you have done all this. Reginald will take me home."

What the duke said further it is scarcely necessary to record. He had to stand by at last, half-stupefied, and watch them walk down the aisle arm-in-arm, bride and bridegroom, to the evidence of everybody's senses. He followed himself as in a dream, and got in, cowed but vowing vengeance, into the cab, which was all his Grace could find to reach St. Alban's in from the railway, — and in that followed the brougham which conveyed his daughter and her — not husband, and yet not lover — to Grosvenor Square. But when he had once got her there!

The rector and his wife stood open-mouthed to see the pageant thus melt away. The duke to whom they had done so great a favor, took no more notice of them than of the two poor women who vaguely felt themselves in fault somehow, and still kept crying, looking after the bride. Not a word to the poor clergyman who had almost done wrong for his sake — not a look even, not the faintest acknowledgment any more than if he had had nothing to do with it! Simms and his wife stood gaping, too, at the church door, looking after the party which had been far too much preoccupied to think of half-crowns. "This is how people are

treated after they have done their best. I always told you not to meddle," Mrs. Marston said, which was very ungenerous as well as untrue. But the rector said nothing. He was mortified to the bottom of his heart. But when the excitement had a little died away he said to himself with vindictive pleasure that he hoped they were having a pleasant day, those fine people in Grosvenor Square.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

JAMES AND JOHN STUART MILL: TRADITIONAL AND PERSONAL MEMORIALS.

"Who does it" the wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain."

Antony and Cleopatra, Act iii., Sc. i.

"THE united careers of the two Mills," remarks Dr. Bain, who has just published a "Biography" of James, and a "Criticism" of John Mill, "covered exactly a century." On the 6th of April, 1773, James Mill was born, and on the 7th of May, 1873, John Mill died. As many years before the outbreak of the French Revolution the former came into the world as, from the time that the latter left it, the years will probably be before the outbreak of a no less needed than, at length, imminent European revolution. Very cursory must here be my notes and reflections on their "united careers." But there was a certain degree of romance in the earlier life of the elder Mill, and in the connection of his mother's family with the Jacobite Rebellion of 1745; and there was very much of romance—very much, that is, of enthusiastic and self-devoted feeling—in John Stuart Mill's affection for the lady who for twenty long years was but his friend, and but for seven short years his wife. Family traditions enable me to correct and amplify what Dr. Bain records of the earlier life of the historian of British India and analyst of the human mind; and personal circumstances, and particularly a recent visit to Avignon, enable me also to amplify, and it may be to correct, what Dr. Bain says of the single passion of the great logician's and political economist's life. What I have to say also, or rather to suggest, in the way of philosophical criticism, will be founded on my personal discussions and correspondence with Mr. J. S. Mill. But I shall sandwich my philosophy with biography. I shall introduce my criticism, or rather suggestion of a criticism, with a brief account of what

seems of most interest in the earlier life of James Mill; and conclude with a brief description of the Provençal tomb of John Stuart Mill and his wife, and of the cottage he lived in near it, for the year between her death and his own.

I.

To say that Rousseau, "Ossian" Macpherson, and Voltaire were in the full tide of their vogue must here sufficiently indicate the rapidly advancing revolutionary movements of the great world when James Mill was born, in April, 1773, into the little world of the Forfarshire parish of Logie Pert. His father, a shoemaker while working at his trade in Edinburgh before settling in what would appear to have been his native parish, met and married a girl of the same county, who had gone to service in the capital, and was then but seventeen years old. This girl Isabel Fenton, was the daughter of a farmer, said to have been, before the Rebellion of 1745, a proprietor. "Isabel, at all events, looked upon herself as one that had fallen from a better estate. Her pride took the form of haughty superiority to the other cottagers' wives, and also entered into her determination to reach her eldest son to some higher destiny. She could do 'fine work,' but was not so much in her element in the common drudgery of her lot. A saying of hers to her husband is still remembered, 'If you give me porridge I'll die, but give me tea and I'll live.' . . . She was the object of no small spite among the villagers from her presumption in bringing up her eldest son to be a gentleman. . . . But it was the fancy of those that knew her that she was the source of her son's intellectual energy."

Of more, however, I fancy, than her son's "intellectual energy," she and the stock of which she came were the source. Dr. Bain may be right, from his point of view, in speaking of Forfarshire as the chief part of the Lowlands "that was so infatuated as to take the field for the Pretender." But the theory of hereditary may, perhaps, support one in questioning whether the strain of chivalric self-devotion visible in James Mill, and conspicuous in John Stuart Mill, would have shown itself as it did in either of them had the maternal ancestors not been capable of the "infatuation" of rising for Prince Charlie. Isabel Fenton's father joined the regiment of Lord Ogilvie. The adjutant of this regiment was Captain James Stuart, the younger brother of Stuart

Inchbreck,* in the adjoining county of Kincardine. Accompanying Captain Stuart went several of his brother's tenants, and particularly the Burnesses. Thus, in the same insurgent regiment, serving side by side, were the ancestors of insurgents of a higher order — nay, revolutionists — Burns and the two Mills. After the defeat of the prince at Culloden, Captain Stuart had many hairbreadth escapes from the Duke of Cumberland's troopers, and, with a price set on his head, had to trust to the fidelity of the tenants of his brother and the neighboring proprietors, while for months he lay concealed or wandered about in various disguises, and latterly in woman's clothes, till he got a ship to France. As the old ballad runs, —

Her arm is strong, and her petticoat is long.

Come along, come along, wi' your boatie and your song,
For the night it is dark, and the redcoat is gone.

Entering the French army, and serving with distinction in the Seven Years' War, in which he had the satisfaction of seeing the "Butcher" Cumberland surrender with forty thousand men, Captain Stuart was created a chevalier of the Order of St. Louis, and died at St. Omer in 1776.† Doubtless this and other such "Waverley" stories of her father's regiment would be known to "the proud" Isabel Denton and told to her son.

"The excellent and able minister of the parish, the Rev. Dr. Peters, Mill's friend all through," introduced him to his (Dr. Peters's) brother-in-law, Mr. Stuart of Inchbreck, nephew of the chevalier James Stuart just mentioned, and professor of Greek in the University of Aberdeen. While at the Montrose Academy, "then one of the most renowned burgh schools in Scotland," Mill appears to have made long walking excursions, one as far as Aberdeen, with his class-fellow, Joseph Hume; and it is said that, on the Aberdeen excursion, having climbed the famous castle rock of Dunnottar, "Mill had to hold Hume by the collar while he was

venturing down the precipices." By Mr. Stuart, James Mill was afterwards introduced as tutor to the children of his relative, Mr. Burnet of Elrick, "one of the heads of the family that gave birth to Bishop Burnet." According to the story often told by a daughter of Mr. Stuart, and cousin of these Burnets, this tutorship ended rather abruptly. After dinner, one day, in the town house of the Burnets — now, I believe, 50 Schoolhill, and overlooking the old grammar school, where Byron was a class-fellow of her brothers' — Elrick (in those days, lairds were always called, like lords, by the names of their places) made a haughty motion with his thumb to the tutor to leave the table. "Jimmie Mill," as he was always called by the lady referred to, with the proud spirit of his mother, resented this so much that he not only left the room but left the house, and went immediately to tell his friend, Professor Stuart, in the old college, once a monastery of the Franciscans or Grey Friars. And Mr. Stuart — a man not unlike, I fancy, Scott's Antiquary — though he said to him jokingly, quoting the old proverb, "Ye maun jouk, Jimmie, man, and lat the jaw gang ower!" had yet enough generosity of feeling to approve rather than blame the conduct of his *protégé*; and he now introduced, or, if an introduction had already been given, again recommended "Jimmie Mill" to his friend and neighbor in the country, Sir John Stuart of Fettercairn.*

Mill's tutorship in this family (whether it preceded or followed the Burnet tutorship appears uncertain) enabled him, in 1790, to matriculate at the University of Edinburgh, where the Fettercairn family resided in winter. His pupil was their only daughter. "She had reached an interesting age, and made a lasting impression on his mind. He spoke of her in later years with some warmth, putting it in the form of her great kindness to him." But on a greater than Mill Miss Stuart made a "lasting impression." She was Sir Walter Scott's first love. While James Mill was supporting himself at the university by giving lessons to Miss

* A branch of the family of the Earl of Castle Stuart, and lineally and legitimately descended, through the dukes of Albany, from Robert II. See "A Genealogical and Historical Account of the Family of Castle Stuart," by the Hon. and Rev. Godfrey Stuart.

† See the "Memoir" prefixed to "Essays chiefly on Scottish Antiquities," by John Stuart of Inchbreck. Captain Stuart kept a diary of the campaign in a pocket-book — still preserved. It extends from the 18th October, 1745, to the 21st April, 1746, and is printed under the title, "March of the Highland Army in the years 546," in the "Miscellany of the Spalding Club," vol. i., pp. 275-345.

* Dr. Bain gives a very imperfect version of this story. He prefers another of Mill's dismissal from a tutorship at the Marquis of Tweeddale's in consequence of his having drunk the health at table of one of the marquis's daughters, his pupil. But considering the sobriety of Mill's character; still more, his social rank as a village shoemaker's son; and the high state kept up, and strict distinctions observed, in the households of "persons of quality" in the end of the last century, and particularly in Scotland, such a story seems to me hardly credible.

Stuart, with feelings which the poor tutor dared not look, still less utter; Walter Scott, two years older, and about to be, or already called to the bar, was getting into the dangerous habit of seeing her home on Sunday from the Greyfriars' Church. In youth, this passion kept him from all lower loves; and in age, he is found copying verses of hers. But this romantic attachment of a great genius — this passionate love as pure in youth as it was tender in age — the object of it reciprocated after the discerning fashion of Dante's Beatrice, and Petrarch's Laura, Byron's Miss Chaworth, and so many more, and married, at one-and-twenty, the wealthy, but otherwise undistinguished, son of a banker.*

In 1797 — the year, by the way, of Miss Stuart's marriage — Mill finished his divinity course. Among the prescribed discourses he then delivered it may be noted that there was an "exegesis" in Latin on the question, "*Num sit Dei cognitio naturalis?*" And on the 4th October, 1798, the Presbytery, of which his friend, the Rev. Dr. Peters, was moderator, "Did and hereby Do License him, the said Mr. James Mill, to Preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ." Imagine James Mill preaching the gospel of our Lord and Saviour! He failed, however, to obtain a church. And his defeat in the attempt to become minister of the pleasant village of Craig near Montrose, is said to have been "the immediate cause of his going to London." To London, any way, he went in the beginning of 1802; and it should seem that he made the journey in the company of Sir John Stuart. He was now in the thirtieth year of his age. Whatever there was of romance in his life was past. He married in 1805. But "there was disappointment on both sides; the union was never happy." They had, however, nine children — the first, named after Sir John Stuart at his own special request; the second after his daughter, Wilhelmina Forbes.

In the year of the birth of John Stuart Mill, 1806, his father commenced the "History of British India." The publication of this work, in 1818, led to his being appointed at the India House, in 1819,

assistant to the examiner of Indian correspondence, at a salary of 800*l.* a year. But for this, he might possibly have been either professor of Greek, or professor of moral philosophy, at Edinburgh; and not only would his own career have been somewhat, but his son's exceedingly, altered. As it was, his bitter struggle to make ends meet by literary work was now, at forty-six years of age, over; and his salary rose to 2,000*l.* a year as chief examiner. His "*Analysis of the Human Mind*," begun in 1822, was published in 1829. But amid all his official, philosophical, and political work, "he cherished," says Dr. Bain, "the association and the companions of his early days. He loved Scotch songs. He delighted in the birds that fed in his garden. He cherished flowers, and enjoyed rural surroundings. And he could speak of his early struggles, in general terms, with much feeling." He can never, therefore, have forgotten the little cottage by the North Water bridge, and the old Scottish manse of Logie, with the burn brightly tinkling through the green in front amid scents of thyme, sweetbriar, and broom. With some of those to whom it is only a tradition of nearly a hundred years ago the manse of Logie still abides in memory as an ideal scene of godliness, peacefulness, and well-doing, while there raged afar the storms of the French Revolution.

Not only as the author of the "*History of British India*," of an "*Analysis of the Human Mind*," of several minor works and a multitude of essays and articles of all kinds; but as "a born leader, a king of men," at a very critical period of English history; a man of whom Dr. Bain does not exaggerate the calibre when he says that "had Mill not appeared on the stage at the opportune moment, the whole cast of political thinking at the time of the Reform settlement must have been very inferior in point of sobriety and balance to what it was" — James Mill must be long remembered with esteem and gratitude. But it is his own biography and eulogist who writes also as follows: "It was said of the famous Swedish chemist Bergmann that he had made many discoveries, but his greatest was the discovery of Scheele. In like manner it will be said of James Mill that his greatest contribution to human progress was his son, whom he educated to be his fellow-worker and successor." No apology can, therefore, be needed for devoting this couple of pages, all that is here at my disposal, for remarks on their "united

* See Lockhart (he refers to her, however, only as the daughter of a northern baronet), "*Life of Scott*" vol. i., pp. 162-165, 215, 231-244. Scott's rival was a son of Sir William Forbes, and as Mrs. Forbes she became the mother of the distinguished professor of natural philosophy at Edinburgh. See the "*Life of Forbes*," in which her portrait is given along with her husband's.

careers," not indeed even to the most cursory criticism, but to suggestions as to the true starting-point of a criticism of the philosophical system of the son.

II.

It was at Athens that I first met John Stuart Mill. "Greece," says Dr. Bain, "was the home of his affections in the ancient world." I found him amusing himself reading the "Comedies" of Aristophanes, and arranging the trophies of the only "sport" he cared for, the hunting of—plants. I was introduced to him, I believe, by our fellow-countryman, Mr. Finlay, the historian of "Greece from the Roman Conquest," a work no unworthy complement of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." The chief object of the introduction was that I might give him a fuller account of the circumstances of the recent death, he so greatly lamented, of Mr. Buckle at Damascus. Continuing our travels, we met several times afterwards at Constantinople, at Broussa, in a memorable excursion to the snowy summit of the Bithynian Olympus, and finally at Vienna. And various were the subjects discussed at these various places.

But I had just come from months of discussion with Mr. Buckle in Arabia, Palestine, and Syria. Of these discussions the central subject had been Mr. Buckle's peculiar theory about moral forces. A true theory of moral forces, I believed, be arrived at only through a general investigation of the whole subject of causation. Already, before I met Mr. Buckle, it had appeared to me that such an investigation should start from the results of physical research and its great generalization, the new principle of the conservation of force.* And hence, the question I chiefly urged on Mr. Mill in these Eastern discussions was the bearing of this principle of conservation, not only on fundamental physical conceptions, but, through the principle of coexistence which it suggested, on the whole system of received philosophical doctrines.†

* I had already endeavored to show the bearing of this principle on our fundamental conceptions of matter; that it was utterly opposed to the conception still defended by Professor Challis, of Cambridge, the conception of atoms, as little, hard, *self-existent* bodies; and that it required a new conception of atoms, as *co-existent*. See "Reports of the British Association," 59, Physical and Mathematical Section, p. 58; and series of papers on "The Science of Motion" in the *Philosophical Magazine*, 1861.

† See my letter on "The Principle of the Conservation of Force, and Mr. Mill's 'System of Logic,'" *Nature*, vol. 1., p. 583.

On returning to London, these discussions were renewed—Mr. Mill, with his characteristic kindness to young men, entering into a long correspondence with me on the subject. For the method I followed of proceeding from physics to metaphysics met, I need not say, with his entire approval. He was then working at his "Examination of Hamilton's Philosophy," which was "the chief part of his occupation for the two years" after his travels in Greece and Asia Minor. And, as Dr. Bain says, "He was much exercised upon the whole subject of indestructibility of force. His reading of Spencer, Tyndall, and others landed Mill in a host of difficulties which," Dr. Bain says, "he did what he could to clear up."

About this time I found, on reading Ferrier's "Institutes of Metaphysics," which I had not hitherto perused, that he, as the result of a long course of metaphysical research, had arrived at conclusions similar to some of those which had been suggested to me by the results of physical research—nay, that, in giving expression to his ideas, he had been led to use a phrase almost identical with that in which I had formulated my new principle. "Hence," says Ferrier, in closing a train of argument, "it may be truly said that *every existence is a coexistence*." So I brought this at once under the notice of Mr. Mill, hoping thereby to strengthen my arguments for that new principle of coexistence which was, with me, the development of the principle of conservation—*Every existence has a determined and determining coexistence*.

Dr. Bain says that, soon after apparently, Mr. Mill "wrote him a long criticism of Ferrier's 'Institutes.' 'I thought,' said Mr. Mill, 'Ferrier's book quite *sui generis* when I first read it, and I think so more than ever after reading it again.'" But it is to be regretted that Dr. Bain does not give us fuller extracts from this "long criticism of Ferrier." He tells us only that Mr. Mill thought "his system one of pure scepticism, very skilfully clothed in dogmatic language." But this makes one desirous to know how, and why,—giving one a sensation, indeed, of unsatisfied curiosity like that suffered by the Yankee, who, having promised to ask a stranger no further questions than this last one, "How he lost his leg?" was answered, "It was bit off!"

But however similar two doctrines may appear to be in some of their formulas, if their origins have been different, differ-

ent also will certainly be their essential characters. Whether the theory of co-existence developed by Ferrier from a metaphysical basis be "a system of pure scepticism" or not; a theory of co-existence, developed from a physical basis, will, I believe, be found the reverse of such a system. The principle of co-existence, developed from the principle of conservation, finds its fuller expression in a new general theory of causation. In this theory, causes are distinguished as physical, metaphysical, and ethical; defined, not as forces, but as relations; and correlated as complementary expressions of that conception of *mutual determination* which is implied in co-existence. And what I would suggest as to the criticism of Mill's whole philosophical system is, that the true starting-point of such a criticism is a general theory of causation based on that very principle of conservation which, according to Dr. Bain, "landed," and, as I venture to think, rightly landed, "Mill in a host of difficulties."

For on our general theory of causation, whatever it may be, depends our metaphysical theory of the external world; our theological theory of God; and our ethical theory of the moral standard. But the theory of causation, developed from that principle of co-existence which is derived from the principle of conservation, implies a law of thought, and leads to a law of history. And hence, on this general theory of causation, indirectly, at least, depends the view we take of the association psychology; our theory of what is required for the completion of logic as a science; and our whole conception of political economy.

III.

THOSE travels in Greece and Asia Minor, in the course of which I had my first discussions with Mr. Mill, were undertaken by him some four years after his retirement from official life, in consequence of the transfer of the government of India from the East India Company to the crown, and after the crushing calamity by which his happy release from official work was in a few months followed—the death of his wife. We parted at the *Erzherzog Karl*, Vienna, to meet again at Blackheath, London—I, in the mean time, going northward to Kissen-
gen; he westward to Avignon. The way in which he spoke of his "irreparable loss," and of "the cottage which he had bought as close as possible to the

place where she is buried, and where he lived during a great portion of every year," made a deep impression on me. From that time forth I had a great desire to see Avignon. That desire did not become less strong when the tomb of his wife contained also the mortal remains of John Stuart Mill himself. At length, on my way back, last November, from a third series of Eastern travels, I was enabled to satisfy this long-cherished desire. And with some notes of this byway pilgrimage I would now amplify Dr. Bain's meagre narrative.

On the left bank of the Rhone, here dividing Provence from Languedoc; opposite the stately towers of Villeneuve formerly a frontier fortress of France, surrounded—save on the side towards the Rhone where precipices make other defence unnecessary—by fine walls of the middle of the fourteenth century; with its old fortress palace of the popes, surprising one with the simplicity of its lofty and massive grandeur, considering how effeminate was the luxury, how licentious the profligacy of its priestly owners; with a cathedral, the chapel of this colossal castle, founded on the rock, and chiefly of the eleventh century; with numerous other churches, and that especially of St. Claire, in which Petrarch first saw Laura; and with its grandly ribbed bridge of St. Benezet of the twelfth century, the famous *Pont d'Avignon* celebrated in nursery rhymes wherever the French language is spoken,*—Avignon, more vividly, perhaps, than any other town, recalls the feudal period and particularly that magnificent century of the first clear beginnings of the up-break of the Catholic-feudal system—the fourteenth. The last Crusade belongs to the end of the previous century. Another was now impossible. Boniface VIII. was the last of the great popes, the heirs of Gregory VII. The papal court at Avignon became a most edifying scandal in the beginning, and Wickliffe made the first English translation of the Bible towards the end, of the century. It was

* Sur le Pont d'Avignon

On y danse, on y danse!

Sur le Pont d'Avignon

On y danse, tout en rond!

Les Messieurs font comme ça, et les Dames font comme ça!

Sur le Pont d'Avignon, etc.

Why on the Bridge of Avignon of all places in the world? The reason seems clear when one sees the bridge which has for centuries extended to but the middle of the rushing Rhone. It thus became probable a feat of boastful childish daring to dance on the grand old ruin.

the century of the first rise of the Ottoman power, and its first conquests in Europe — the fruits of that Fourth Crusade, which had been, in fact, a great European civil war. It was the century of Bannockburn (1314); of Cressy (1346); and of Poitiers (1356). It was the century of the battle of Tarifa (1340), and the first use of cannons; of the first use, in the West, of the mariner's compass, and thus the preparation for the discovery of the New World. It was the century, in the far north of Scotland, of Barbour, the archdeacon of Aberdeen, with his epic of "The Bruce;" and of the more honored, but less worthy, predecessors of Blind Harry the minstrel, with his lay of "The Wallace." It was the century of Cimabue and Giotto; the century of the first germs of the Renaissance; the century of Dante, of Boccaccio, and of Petrarch.

Avignon, during the whole of this fourteenth century (1309-1418), was the seat of the popes or anti-popes; and, for some twenty years (1327-1348) of that dissolute period, it was the impure scene of the pure passion of Petrarch and Laura. Biographical details have a scientific interest only in their general psychological or historical relations. I would fain, therefore, contrast what Petrarch wrote of his Madonna with what Mill wrote of his wife. (They lie buried at no great distance from each other.) One would thus, I think, see finely illustrated the immense change wrought by these five hundred years, both in the ideal of womanhood, and in the whole conception of human life. For this, however, I have here no space. And I must conclude my historical description of the place of Mill's tomb with but the remark that the torments of the inquisition chamber of the Papal Palace at Avignon were avenged, on October, 1791, by the massacre of the tower of the icehouse (*glacière*); that here was, at that time, "a very good twice-a-week paper in Edinburgh, the *Journal*, which regularly reported the proceedings in France;" and that James Mill was then preparing for his second session at the university, and keenly interested in the progress of the French revolution.

Sixty-seven years later, Avignon became sacred to his son as the scene of the death of his wife, after seven years of marriage succeeding twenty of friendship, and sacred as the place of her tomb. Thus he writes in his "Autobiography:" "The final revision of the 'Liberty' was to have been a work of the winter after LIVING AGE. VOL. XXXVIII. 1940

my retirement, which we had arranged to pass in the south of Europe. That hope and every other were frustrated by the most unexpected and bitter calamity of her death — at Avignon, on our way to Montpellier, from a sudden attack of pulmonary congestion." In a letter to a friend, written at Avignon, he says: "The medical men here could do nothing for her, and before the physician at Nice, who saved her life once before, could arrive, all was over."

Through the narrow and now dull enough streets of Petrarch's "Babylon," one reaches the Porte St. Lazare. Then one turns to the right outside the walls, and after a while one comes to a road to the left that brings one, by a dark avenue of pines, to the cypress-planted cemetery. I wandered about for some time among the tombs of the Catholics. Very curiously illustrative of the theory of the origin of religion in worship of the dead were these tombs. For all of them were more or less of chapels, though most of them, of course, too small to be more than dolls' chapels. Archæologically interesting, however, as they might be, they were æsthetically tawdry, for the most part, to the last degree. Getting a little tired of my search for the tomb I had come specially to see, I at last asked my way, and was directed to the cemetery of the Protestants, who are numerous and wealthy at Avignon, and found it divided from the rest by a high cypress hedge. And this was the style of that noble tomb. Within a square of low iron railing a border of flowers in profuse November bloom; within this, a narrow gravel walk; and then, a plain, entirely undecorated, but massive table-tomb of the purest white marble. The name of John Stuart Mill is on one end, and along one side, with the dates of his birth and death, but no word more. And on the flat upper surface is this inscription: —

To the beloved memory of

HARRIET MILL,

the dearly loved and deeply regretted wife of

JOHN STUART MILL.

Her great and loving heart, her noble soul, her clear, powerful, original, and comprehensive intellect made her the guide and support, the instructor in wisdom, and the example in goodness, as she was the sole earthly comfort of those who had the happiness to belong to her. As earnest for all public good as she was generous and devoted to all who surrounded her, her influence has been felt in many of the improvements of the age, and will be in those

still to come. Were there even a few hearts and intellects like hers, this earth would already become the hoped-for heaven. She died, to the irreparable loss of those who survive her, at Avignon, November 3rd, 1858.

I do not know when I ever read anything that, by virtue of the intense and noble feeling expressed, made a deeper impression on me than this epitaph—reading it, as I did, on the white marble tomb, amid the autumnal air, and in the sunset glow suffused on the cypress-planted Provençal cemetery. Dr. Bain remarks on the “wordiness of the composition,” and would apparently have preferred what he might have judged a more “polished elegy.” He has also much to say of Mr. Mill’s “extraordinary hallucination as to the personal qualities of his wife,” and his “outraging of all reasonable credibility” with respect to her. But Dr. Bain admits that “Mill was not such an egotist as to be captivated by the mere echo of his own opinions.” Those, he thinks, who would account for Mrs. Mill’s ascendancy by her giving back to him all his views in her own form, “in all probability, misconceive the whole situation. . . . The ways of inducing him to exert his powers in talk, which was a standing pleasure of his life, cannot be summed up under either agreement or opposition. It supposed independent resources on the part of his fellow-talker, and a good mutual understanding as to the proper conditions of the problem at issue.” This certainly implies, for a woman, quite exceptional sympathies and faculties “on the part of Mill’s fellow-talker.” Mill himself said, “What was abstract and purely scientific was generally mine; the properly human element came from her; in all that concerned the application of philosophy to the exigencies of human society and progress I was her pupil, alike in boldness of speculation and cautiousness of practical judgment.” Dr. Bain admits that, in such statements, “we are enabled to form a probable estimate of what his wife really was to him.” And such admissions, I think, are alone enough to convict of exaggeration such phrases as “extraordinary hallucination,” etc.

A comparison of what Petrarch wrote of his Madonna with what Mill wrote of his wife, would, as I have hinted, have shown great changes in these five hundred years. But in one thing these five hundred years have not brought change—nor these five thousand years—in the need of the human heart for uttermost

union, oneness with, life in, another. This, amid the meannesses, the base-nesses, of the vast majority of mankind, this is that haven which so many long for, so few ever attain. In the Arthurian romances of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the culminating epoch of the feudal period, this “*solitude à deux éternellement enchanté*,” is symbolized in the life of Merlin and Viviana, after he has yielded to her the secret of entombment. In the romances of Petrarch’s century the story has already undergone degradation, and it is anything but such a divine union that is now symbolized in the triumph of Viviana. Nor was such a union realized by Petrarch. Mill was more fortunate. “When I was happy,” he said, “I never went after any one; those that wanted me might come to me.” Significant words! And it is probable that the vanishing of supernatural ideals will only make the need of intense and single-hearted human sympathy more felt, and draw those between whom there are any bonds of union more close in, it may be, an even exaggerated self-devotion and altruistic laudation.

Asking my way to the *campagne* of “*feu M. Mill l’Anglais*,” I easily found it some ten minutes’ walk further on along the highway. Lying back some distance from the road, in an oblong plot, with gardens, paddock, etc., lined with trees, stands the “cottage he had bought, as close as possible to the place where she is buried”—a square, double-roofed house, with lines of three windows on each side. Here it was that he lived and worked “during a great portion of every year” of the fifteen between her death and his. For people don’t die after “irreparable losses.” What chiefly makes life tragic is its infinite capacity of suffering *without* dying. But of how he lived and worked during this time, I can here say nothing of what I had intended. I have already overrun my allotted space. This only can I here add: “Mill,” says Dr. Bain, “disliked Grote’s being buried in the Abbey, but of course attended the funeral” (1871); and as he and Dr. Bain walked out together, his remark was, “In no very long time I shall be laid in the ground with a very different ceremonial from that.” Two years later this prediction was fulfilled. On the night of his death, when he was informed that he would not recover, he calmly said, “My work is done.” He was buried in the tomb in which he had laid his wife. And,

as Dr. Bain finely says, "no calculus can integrate the innumerable pulses of knowledge and of thought that he has made to vibrate in the minds of his generation."

J. S. STUART-GLENNIE.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
TALK AND TALKERS.

Sir, we had a good talk. — JOHNSON.

As we must account for every idle word, so we must for every idle sentence. — FRANKLIN.

THERE can be no fairer ambition than to excel in talk; to be affable, gay, ready, clear, and welcome; to have a fact, a thought, or an illustration, pat to every subject; and not only to cheer the flight of time among our intimates, but bear our part in that great international congress, always sitting, where public wrongs are first declared, public errors first corrected, and the course of public opinion shaped, day by day, a little nearer to the right. No measure comes before Parliament but it has been long ago prepared by the grand jury of the talkers; no book is written that has not been largely composed by their assistance. Literature in many of its branches is no other than the shadow of good talk; but the imitation falls far short of the original in life, freedom, and effect. There are always two to a talk, giving and taking, comparing experience and according conclusions. Talk is fluid, tentative, continually "in further search and progress;" while written words remain fixed, become idols even to the writer, found wooden dogmatisms, and preserve flies of obvious error in the amber of the truth. Last and chief, while literature, gagged with linsey-woolsey, can only deal with a fraction of the life of man, talk goes fancy free and calls a spade a spade. Talk has none of the freezing immunities of the pulpit. It cannot, even if it would, become merely æsthetic or merely classical like literature. A jest intervenes, the solemn humbug is dissolved in laughter, and speech runs forth out of the contemporary groove into the open fields of nature, cheery and cheering, like schoolboys out of school. And it is in talk alone that we can learn our period and ourselves. In short, the first duty of a man is to speak; that is his chief business in this world; and talk, which is the harmonious speech of two or more, is by far the most accessible of pleasures. It costs nothing in money; it is all profit; it completes our education,

finds and fosters our friendships, and can be enjoyed at any age and in almost any state of health.

One of the greatest pleasures to a youth is his first success in conversation; the first time that he falls among congenial people, that the talk runs on some point of common interest, that words come to him full of authority and point, and that he is heard in silence and answered with approval. Next, after he has found that he can talk himself, he goes on to meet others who can talk as well or better than he, finishing his thoughts, uttering the things he had forgotten, using his own language, or one yet more apt and copious, but still native to his understanding. The first discovery is the more striking, but the second is the more cheerful. Then is the date of his first conversation worth the name, when he shall measure himself against his match, Greek meeting Greek, and in the discovery of another soul, glow into the knowledge of his own. The spice of life is battle; the friendliest relations are still a kind of contest; and if we would not forego all that is valuable in our lot, we must continually face some other person, eye to eye, and wrestle a fall whether in love or enmity. It is still by force of body, or power of character or intellect, that we attain to worthy pleasures. Men and women contend for each other in the lists of love, like rival mesmerists; the active and adroit decide their challenges in the sports of the body; and the sedentary sit down to chess or conversation. All sluggish and pacific pleasures are, to the same degree, solitary and selfish; and every durable bond between human things is founded in or heightened by some element of competition. Now the relation that has the least root in matter is undoubtedly that airy one of friendship; and hence, I suppose, it is that good talk most commonly arises among friends. Talk is, indeed, both the scene and instrument of friendship. It is in talk alone that the friends can measure strength, and enjoy that amicable counter-assertion of personality which is the gauge of relations and the sport of life.

A good talk is not to be had for the asking. Humors must first be accorded in a kind of overture or prologue; hour, company, and circumstance be suited; and then, at a fit juncture, the subject, the quarry of two heated minds, spring up like a deer out of the wood. Not that the talker has any of the hunter's pride, though he has all and more than all his

ardor. The talker will lose his fox and run a hare, miss the hare and come in, at the end of his day's sport, flushed and happy and triumphant, though with empty hands. There are some, indeed, who will bait the same subject by the hour, as in the House of Commons, and cry treason on the man who flags or wanders. But this is not the stamp of the true talker. These talk for victory, or to improve their minds—a purpose that defeats itself. The genuine artist follows the stream of conversation as an angler follows the windings of a brook, not dallying where he fails to "kill." He trusts implicitly to hazard; and he is rewarded by continual variety, continual pleasure, and those changing prospects of the truth that are the best of education. There is nothing in a subject, so called, that we should regard it as an idol, or follow it beyond the promptings of desire. Indeed, there are few subjects; and so far as they are truly talkable, more than the half of them may be reduced to three: that I am I, that you are you, and that there are other people dimly understood to be not quite the same as either. Wherever talk may range, it still runs half the time on these eternal lines. The theme being set, each plays on himself as on an instrument; asserts and justifies himself; ransacks his brain for instances and opinions, and brings them forth new-minted, to his own surprise and the admiration of his adversary. All natural talk is a festival of ostentation; and by the laws of the game, each accepts and fans the vanity of the other. It is from that reason that we venture to lay ourselves so open, that we dare to be so warmly eloquent, and that we swell in each other's eyes to such a vast proportion. For talkers, once launched, begin to overflow the limits of their ordinary selves, tower up to the height of their secret pretensions, and give themselves out for the heroes, brave, pious, musical, and wise, that in their most shining moments they aspire to be. So they weave for themselves with words, and for a while inhabit a palace of delights, temple at once and theatre, where they fill the round of the world's dignities, and feast with the gods, exulting in *kudos*. And when the talk is over, each goes his way, still flushed at once with vanity and admiration, still trailing clouds of glory; each declines from the height of this ideal orgie, not in a moment, but by slow declension. I remember, in the *entr'acte* of an afternoon performance, coming forth into the sunshine, in a beautiful green, gar-

dened corner of a romantic city; and as I sat and smoked, the music moving in my blood, I seemed to sit there and evaporate "The Flying Dutchman" (for it was that I had been hearing) with a wonderful sense of life, warmth, well-being, and pride; and the noises of the city, voices, bells, and marching feet, fell together in my ears like a symphonious orchestra. In the same way, the excitement of a good talk lives for a long while after in the blood, the heart still hot within you, the brain still simmering, and the physical earth swimming around you with the colors of the sunset.

Natural talk, like ploughing, should turn up a large surface of life, rather than dig mines into geological strata. Masses of experience, anecdote, incident, cross-lights, quotation, historical instances, the whole flotsam and jetsam of two minds forced in and in upon the matter in hand from every point of the compass and from every degree of mental elevation and abasement—these are the material with which talk is fortified, the food on which the talkers thrive. Such argument as is proper to the exercise should still be brief and seizing. Talk should proceed by instances; by the apposite, not the expository. It should keep close along the lines of humanity, near the bosoms and businesses of men, at the level where history, fiction, and experience intersect and illuminate each other. Into that illusory region where the speakers reign supreme, mankind must be evoked, not only in the august names and shadowy attributes of history, but in the life, the humor, the very bodily figure of their common friends. It is thus that they begin to marshal armies of evidence on either side of their contention; and as they sit aloft and reason high, the whole pageant of man's life passes before them in review. I am I, and you are you, with all my heart; but conceive how these lean propositions change and brighten when, instead of words, the actual you and I sit cheek by jowl, the spirit housed in the live body, and the very clothes uttering voices to corroborate the story in the face. Not less surprising is the change when we leave off to speak of generalities—the bad, the good, the miser, and all the characters of Theophrastus—and call up other men, by anecdote or instance, in their very trick and feature; or trading on a common knowledge, toss each other famous names, still glowing with the hues of life. Communication is no longer by words, but by the instancing of whole

biographies, epics, systems of philosophy, and epochs of history in bulk. That which is understood excels that which is spoken in quantity and quality alike; ideas thus figured and personified, change hands, as we may say, like coin; and the speakers imply without effort the most obscure and intricate thoughts. Strangers who have a large common ground of reading, will for this reason, come the sooner to the grapple of genuine converse. If they know Othello and Napoleon, Consuelo and Clarissa Harlowe, Vautrin and Steenie Steenson, they can leave generalities and begin at once to speak by figures.

Conduct and art are the two subjects that arise most frequently and that embrace the widest range of facts. A few pleasures bear discussion for their own sake; but only those which are most social or most radically human; and even these can only be discussed among their devotees. A technicality is always welcome to the expert, whether in athletics, art, or law; I have heard the best kind of talk on technicalities from such rare and happy persons as both know and love their business. No human being ever spoke of scenery for above two minutes at a time, which makes me suspect we hear too much of it in literature. The weather is regarded as the very nadir and scoff of conversational topics. And yet the weather, the dramatic element in scenery, is far more tractable in language, and far more human both in import and suggestion than the stable features of the landscape; sailors and shepherds, and the people generally of coast and mountain, talk well of it; it is often excitingly presented in literature, and Mr. Clark Russell's squalls and hurricanes are things to be remembered during life. But the tendency of all living talk draws it back and back into the common focus of humanity; talk is a creature of the street and marketplace, feeding on gossip; and its last resort is still in a discussion on morals. That is the heroic form of gossip; heroic, in virtue of its high pretensions; but still gossip, because it turns on personalities. You can keep no men long, nor Scotchmen at all, off moral or theological discussion. These are to all the world what law is to lawyers; they are everybody's technicalities; the medium through which all consider life, and the dialect in which they express their judgments. I knew three young men who walked together daily for some two months, in a solemn and beautiful forest and in cloudless sum-

mer weather; daily they talked with unabated zest, and yet scarce wavered that whole time beyond two subjects: theology and love. And perhaps neither a court of love nor an assembly of divines would have granted their premises or welcomed their conclusions.

Conclusions, indeed, are not often reached by talk any more than by private thinking, that is not the profit; the profit is in the exercise, and above all in the experience; for when we reason at large on any subject, we review our state and history in life. Here we may apply the fable of the father and his sons; there is, after all, no hidden treasure, no sounding discovery is made; but the soil is labored and oxygenated, and yields more freely of its natural products. From time to time, however, and specially, I think, in talking art, talk becomes effective, conquering like war, widening the boundaries of knowledge like an exploration. A point arises; the question takes a problematical, a baffling, yet a likely air; the talkers begin to feel lively presentiments of some conclusion near at hand; towards this they strive with emulous ardor, each by his own path, and struggling for first utterance; and then one leaps upon the summit of that matter with a shout, and almost at the same moment the other is beside him, and behold they are agreed. Like enough, the progress is illusory, a mere cat's-cradle having been wound and unwound out of words. But the sense of joint discovery is none the less giddy and inspiring. And in the life of the talker such triumphs, though imaginary, are neither few nor far apart; they are attained with speed and pleasure, in the hour of mirth; and by the nature of the process, they are always worthily shared.

This emulous, bright, progressive talking, the pick of common life, is most usually enjoyed in a duet. Three, in spite of the proverb, is often excellent company, but the talk must run more gently. When we reach these breathless moments, when there comes a difference to be resolved, the third party is either badgered by a coalition, or the two others address him as an audience and strive for victory; and in either case, the necessary temper and sincerity are lost. With any greater number than three, fighting talk becomes impossible; and you have either indolent, laughter-loving divagation, or the whole company breaks up into a preacher and an audience. It is odd, but true, that I have never known a good brisk debate between persons of opposite sex. Between

these it has always turned into that very different matter, a dispute. Instead of pushing forward and continually changing ground in quest of some agreement, the parties have instantly fortified their starting-point, and held that, as for a wager, against all odds and argument. To me, as a man, the cause seems to reside in the superior obstinacy of woman; but there is little question that the fault is shared; for the prosperity of talk lies not in one or other, but in both. There is a certain attitude, combative at once and deferential, eager to fight, yet most averse to quarrel, which marks out at once the talkable man. It is not eloquence, not fairness, not obstinacy, but a certain proportion of all of these, that I love to encounter in my amicable adversaries. They must not be pontiffs holding doctrine, but huntsmen questing after elements of truth. Neither must they be boys to be instructed, but fellow-teachers with whom I may wrangle and agree on equal terms. We must reach some solution, some shadow of consent; for without that, eager talk becomes a torture; but we do not wish to reach it cheaply, or quickly, or without the tussle and effort wherein pleasure lies.

The very best talker, with me, is one whom I shall call Spring-Heel'd Jack. I say so, because I never knew any one who mingled so largely the possible ingredients of converse. In the Spanish proverb, the fourth man necessary to compound a salad, is a madman to mix it; Jack is that madman. I know not which is more remarkable; the insane lucidity of his conclusions, the humorous eloquence of his language, or his power of method, bringing the whole of life into the focus of the subject treated, mixing the conversational salad like a drunken god. He doubles like the serpent, changes and flashes like the shaken kaleidoscope, transmigrates bodily into the views of others, and so, in the twinkling of an eye and with a heady rapture, turns questions inside out and flings them empty before you on the ground, like a triumphant conjurer. It is my common practice when a piece of conduct puzzles me, to attack it in the presence of Jack with such grossness, such partiality, and such wearing iteration, as at length shall spur him up in its defence. In a moment he transmigrates, dons the required character, and with moonstruck philosophy, justifies the act in question. I can fancy nothing to compare with the *vim* of these impersonations, the strange scale of language, fly-

ing from Shakespeare to Kant, and from Kant to Major Dyngwell,

As fast as a musician scatters sounds
Out of an instrument,

the sudden, sweeping generalizations, the absurd, irrelevant particularities, the wit, wisdom, folly, humor, eloquence, and bathos, each startling in its kind, and yet all luminous in the admired disorder of their combination. A talker of a different calibre, though belonging to the same school, is Burly. Burly is a man of a great presence; he commands a larger atmosphere, gives the impression of a grosser mass of character than most men. It has been said of him that his presence could be felt in a room you entered blindfold; and the same, I think, has been said of other powerful constitutions condemned to much physical inaction. There is something boisterous and piratic in Burly's manner of talk which suits well enough with this impression. He will roar you down, he will bury his face in his hands, he will undergo passions of revolt and agony; and meanwhile his attitude of mind is really both conciliatory and receptive; and after Pistol has been out-Pistol'd, and the welkin rung for hours, you begin to perceive a certain subsidence in these spring torrents, points of agreement issue, and you end arm-in-arm, and in a glow of mutual admiration. The outcry only serves to make your final union the more unexpected and precious. Throughout there has been perfect sincerity, perfect intelligence, a desire to hear although not always to listen, and an unaffected eagerness to meet concessions. You have, with Burly, none of the dangers that attend debate with Spring-Heel'd Jack; who may at any moment turn his powers of transmigration on yourself, create for you a view you never held, and then furiously fall on you for holding it. These, at least, are my two favorites, and both are loud, copious, intolerant talkers. This argues that I myself am in the same category; for if we love talking at all, we love a bright, fierce adversary, who will hold his ground, foot by foot, in much our own manner, sell his attention dearly, and give us our full measure of the dust and exertion of battle. Both these men can be beat from a position, but it takes six hours to do it; a high and hard adventure, worth attempting. With both you can pass days in an enchanted country of the mind, with people, scenery, and manners of its own; live a life apart, more arduous, active,

and glowing than any real existence; and come forth again when the talk is over, as out of a theatre or a dream, to find the east wind still blowing and the chimney-pots of the old battered city still around you. Jack has the far finer mind, Burly the far more honest; Jack gives us the animated poetry, Burly the romantic prose, of similar themes; the one glances high like a meteor and makes a light in darkness; the other, with many changing hues of fire, burns at the sea level, like a conflagration; but both have the same humor and artistic interests, the same unquenched ardor in pursuit, the same gusts of talk and thunderclaps of contradiction.

Cockshot is a different article, but vastly entertaining, and has been meat and drink to me for many a long evening. His manner is dry, brisk, and pertinacious, and the choice of words not much. The point about him is his extraordinary readiness and spirit. You can propound nothing but he has either a theory about it ready made, or will have one instantly on the stocks, and proceed to lay its timbers and launch it in your presence. "Let me see," he will say. "Give me a moment. I *should* have some theory for that." A blither spectacle than the vigor with which he sets about the task, it were hard to fancy. He is possessed by a demoniac energy, welding the elements for his life, and bending ideas, as an athlete bends a horseshoe, with a visible and lively effort. He has, in theorizing, a compass, an art; what I would call the synthetic gusto; something of a Herbert Spencer, who should see the fun of the thing. You are not bound, and no more is he, to place your faith in these brand-new opinions. But some of them are right enough, durable even for life; and the poorest scene for a cock-shy—as when idle people, after picnics, float a bottle on a pond and have an hour's diversion ere it sinks. Whichever they are, serious opinions or humors of the moment, he still defends his ventures with indefatigable wit and spirit, hitting savagely himself, but taking punishment like a man. He knows and never forgets that people talk, first of all, for the sake of talking; conducts himself in the ring, to use the old slang, like a thorough "glutton," and honestly enjoys a telling facer from his adversary. Cockshot is bottled effervescency, the sworn foe of sleep. Three-in-the-Morning Cockshot, says a victim. His talk is like the driest of all imaginable dry champagnes. Sleight of hand and inimitable quickness are the qualities

by which he lives. Athelred, on the other hand, presents you with the spectacle of a sincere and somewhat slow nature thinking aloud. He is the most unready man I ever knew to shine in conversation. You may see him sometimes wrestle with a refractory jest for a minute or two together, and perhaps fail to throw it in the end. And there is something singularly engaging, often instructive, in the simplicity with which he thus exposes the process as well as the result, the works as well as the dial of the clock. Withal he has his hours of inspiration. Apt words come to him as if by accident, and, coming from deeper down, they smack the more personally, they have the more of fine old crusted humanity, rich in sediment and humor. There are sayings of his in which he has stamped himself into the very grain of the language; you would think he must have worn the words next his skin and slept with them. Yet it is not as a sayer of particular good things that Athelred is most to be regarded, rather as the stalwart woodman of thought. I have pulled on a light cord often enough, while he has been wielding the broad-axe; and between us, on this unequal division, many a specious fallacy has fallen. I have known him to battle the same question night after night for years, keeping it in the reign of talk, constantly applying it and re-applying it to life with humorous or grave intention, and all the while, never hurrying, nor flagging, nor taking an unfair advantage of the facts. Jack at a given moment, when arising, as it were, from the tripod, can be more radiantly just to those from whom he differs; but then the tenor of his thoughts is even calumnious; while Athelred, slower to forge excuses, is yet slower to condemn, and sits over the welter of the world, vacillating but still judicial, and still faithfully contending with his doubts.

Both the last talkers deal much in points of conduct and religion, studied in the "dry light" of prose. Indirectly and as if against his will the same qualities from time to time appear in the troubled and poetic talk of Opalstein. His various and exotic knowledge, complete although unready sympathies, and fine, full, discriminative flow of language, fit him out to be the best of talkers; so perhaps he is with some, not *quite* with me — *proxime accedit*, I should say. He sings the praises of the earth and the arts, flowers and jewels, wine and music, in a moonlight, serenading manner, as to the light guitar; even wisdom comes from his tongue like

singing; no one is, indeed, more tuneful in the upper notes. But even while he sings the song of the sirens, he still hearkens to the barking of the Sphinx. Jarring Byronic notes interrupt the flow of his Horatian humors. His mirth has something of the tragedy of the world for its perpetual background; and he feasts like Don Giovanni to a double orchestra, one lightly sounding for the dance, one pealing Beethoven in the distance. He is not truly reconciled either with life or with himself; and this instant war in his members sometimes divides the man's attention. He does not always, perhaps not often, frankly surrender himself in conversation. He brings into the talk other thoughts than those which he expresses; you are conscious that he keeps an eye on something else, that he does not shake off the world, nor quite forget himself. Hence arise occasional disappointments; even an occasional unfairness for his companions, who find themselves one day giving too much, and the next, when they are wary out of season, giving perhaps too little. Purcel is in another class from any I have mentioned. He is no debater, but appears in conversation, as occasion rises, in two distinct characters, one of which I admire and fear, and the other love. In the first, he is radiantly civil and rather silent, sits on a high, courtly hilltop, and from that vantage ground drops you his remarks like favors. He seems not to share in our sublunary contentions; he wears no sign of interest; when on a sudden there falls in a crystal of wit, so polished that the dull do not perceive it, but so right that the sensitive are silenced. True talk should have more body and blood, should be louder, vainer, and more declaratory of the man; the true talker should not hold so steady an advantage over whom he speaks with; and that is one reason out of a score, why I prefer my Purcel in his second character, when he unbends into a strain of graceful gossip, singing like the fireside kettle. In these moods, he has an elegant homeliness that rings of the true Queen Anne. I know another person who attains, in his moments, to the insolence of a Restoration comedy, speaking, I declare, as Congreve wrote; but that is a sport of nature, and scarce falls under the rubric, for there is none, alas! to give him answer.

One last remark occurs: It is the mark of genuine conversation that the sayings can scarce be quoted with their full effect beyond the circle of common friends. To

have their proper weight, they should appear in a biography and with the portrait of the speaker. Good talk is dramatic; it is like an impromptu piece of acting where each should represent himself to the greatest advantage; and that is the best kind of talk where each speaker is most fully and candidly himself, and where, if you were to shift the speeches round from one to another, there would be the greatest loss in significance and perspicuity. It is for this reason that talk depends so wholly on our company. We should like to introduce Falstaff and Mercutio, or Falstaff and Sir Toby; but Falstaff in talk with Cordelia seems even painful. Most of us, by the Protean quality of man, can talk to some degree with all; but the true talk, that strikes out all the slumbering best of us, comes only with the peculiar brethren of our spirits, is founded as deep as love in the constitution of our being, and is a thing to relish with all our energy, while yet we have it, and to be grateful for forever.

R. L. S.

From Nature.

ECONOMIC GEOLOGY OF INDIA.

I.

PRECIOUS STONES AND METALS.

THE concluding volume of the "Manual of the Geology of India" was issued from the Calcutta press towards the last days of 1881, and a supply of copies may now any day be expected to arrive in London. This volume, published by order of the government of India, brings to a worthy conclusion a most remarkable work, in which we find a general geological sketch map of nearly the whole of India, a descriptive account of its various formations, and a history of those geological products therein found which are of importance to mankind. When we stop to think of the immense area explored, of the enormous amount of details that had to be collected and sorted, of the dangers and trials which were encountered during the investigation of much of the country that had to be explored, we confess to being struck with amazement at the energy, zeal, and courage of the comparatively very small staff employed by our government in this service, and we feel sure that those laboring in European or American fields will be the first to acknowledge how much is owing to the

Geological Survey of India for the quality as well as the quantity of the work done by them in the plains of Asia.

But it is not only the geologists that will find an interest in this the third volume of the "Manual." It treats of the economic products of the geological formations of India, and has a far greater interest even for the statesman than for the scientific man, and an interest too for the commercial man and the general reader, nay even more, there is much of interest in this volume for the student of history, for the student of mankind, about the origin of myths, and about the gradual development of the arts of working in iron and gold.

This volume is written by Professor Valentine Ball, who was, until recently, officiating deputy superintendent of the geological survey of India; an author well known by his pleasant record of many years' work in India, not long since published under the title of "Jungle Life in India," and one who, by many years' assiduous and patient labor as one of the survey staff, was fully qualified for the great task so well accomplished in this work. Not only has he brought together in this volume a great store of facts collected by others, but from his own personal knowledge of localities and details, he has been enabled to arrange these facts in orderly sequence in a way few others could have attempted, and he well deserves the high commendation of his chief, the superintendent of the survey, who writes: "The student, as well as the man of enterprise, will long owe him gratitude for what he has thus brought within their easy reference."

To give our readers an idea of the contents of this volume, we propose to treat of them in a somewhat arbitrary fashion. In this notice we would call their attention to the precious stones and metals of the East. In a second notice to treat of its iron and coal resources, and of the important subjects of its salt supply and building-stones. It will not be in any sense our object to treat these subjects in an exhaustive manner, but to indicate to the reader what he will find in the six hundred large octavo pages of this work, which is illustrated with numerous maps, lithographic plates, and woodcuts.

The diamond is the most important of the precious stones of India; it can be traced back to Sanscrit literature, in which the first mention of its actual localities is to be found. The famous Koh-i-nur is stated to have belonged to Karna, the

king of Anga, about five thousand years ago; but this is not founded on any very reliable evidence. Tavernier and Marco Polo allude to a trade existing in diamonds between Asia and Europe, and before the first diamond mines in Brazil were opened (1728) nearly the whole supply of the old world went from India. There are in India three extensive tracts, widely separated from each other, in which the diamond is known to occur. Besides these principal tracts there are others where diamonds have been found, but precise details are wanting. The most southern of the three great districts has long borne the familiar name of Golconda, though Golconda itself never produced diamonds, and is in fact merely the mart where they were sold and bought. In this southern tract, which is in the Madras presidency, either are or have been the mines of Kadapah, Bellary, Karnul, Kistna, and Godavari. The second great tract occupies a considerable area between the Mahanadi and Godavari rivers. The third is situated in Bundelkhand, near one of the chief towns of which, Panná, some of the principal mines are situated. In northern India the diamonds, when found *in situ*, are in a conglomerate which is referred to the Rewah group of the upper Vindhyan formation, while in Madras they are found under the same circumstances in the Banaganpilly sandstones, which form the base of the Karnul formation.

In connection with this geological position it is interesting to note that these Vindhyan rocks of India have been correlated with the diamond-bearing rocks of the Cape Colony in Africa. The examination of the diamond-bearing strata of India seems to throw no light on the as yet unsettled question of the conditions under which the crystallization of carbon took place, which resulted in the formation of this precious gem, though synthetic operations in the laboratory seem to tend towards confirming Liebig's view, that it has been formed by crystallization from a liquid hydrocarbon. It must however be remembered, in treating of this part of the subject, that it is still a matter for doubt if the diamond in India has ever been found in its *original* matrix. The lowest diamond-bearing stratum at the base of the Karnul series is itself a detrital conglomerate, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that the diamonds in it may, like the other ingredients, have been derived from some older metamorphosed rocks.

Very copious details are given as to the various mines and as to their respective produce. The history of the great Mogul diamond is narrated, and the conclusion come to that it is probably now in part represented by the Koh-i-nur. As a practical application of known facts, the prospect of diamond mining in India under European direction is dismissed as unprofitable. With scientific guidance, backed by capital and proper mining appliances, it might at first appear that mining by Europeans ought to succeed, but on a closer investigation it will be gathered that there are in diamond mining certain peculiarities which distinguish it from most, if not all, other forms of commercial enterprise; and as a principal of these the facilities for speculation in consequence of the readiness with which the gem can be secreted, must be reckoned. Furthermore, it would almost seem that, except under a system of slavery, the diamond cannot be worked profitably in India. The present system, though not so called, practically amounts to slavery; the actual miners are by advances bound hand and foot to the farmer of the mines, and these are content to wait for months together without any return; their outlay being very small, and there being no heavy expenditure of capital required.

The myth regarding diamond-seeking, made so familiar to every one by the travels of Marco Polo and Sindbad the Sailor, is of great antiquity.

"Perhaps one of the best accounts of it is by Nicolo Conti, who travelled in India in the early part of the fifteenth century. He says that at a place called Albenigaras, fifteen days' journey north of Bizen-gulia, there is a mountain which produces diamonds. This Albenigaras might be Beiragarh, the modern Wairagarh; that it was so is doubtful, but its identity is perhaps immaterial. Marco Polo undoubtedly referred to the localities in the Kistna valley. Nicolo Conti says that the mountain being infested with serpents it is inaccessible, but is commanded by another mountain somewhat higher. 'Here at a certain period of the year men bring oxen which they drive to the top, and having cut them into pieces cast the warm and bleeding fragments upon the summit of the other mountain, by means of machines which they construct for the purpose. The diamonds stick to these pieces of flesh. Then come vultures and eagles flying to the spot, which seizing the meat for their food fly away with it to

places where they may be safe from the serpents. To these places the men afterwards come and collect the diamonds which have fallen from the flesh.' He continues with an account of how other less precious stones are obtained, and this part of his description is that of ordinary Indian diamond mining. Allusion has been made to the native belief that the diamond mines were under the special patronage of the goddess Lakshmi, and that sacrifices were made to propitiate her. There is reason for believing that sacrifices were made on the opening of new mines, and probably also when the supply of diamonds ran short.

"The late Mr. M. Fryar, when visiting a steam-tin washing at Maleewoon, in Tenasserim, was requested first to remove his boots, being told that on a former occasion a European visitor insisted on walking up to the stream with his boots on, and that in consequence it ceased to yield ore until two buffaloes had been sacrificed to appease the insulted guardian spirits of the place.

"This is scarcely a suitable place for fully illustrating this subject, but the following, if put side by side with Nicolo Conti's account, so completely explains it that it will perhaps be sufficient for present purposes.

"Dr. J. Anderson, in his recent report on the expedition to Yunan, describes having witnessed the sacrifice of two buffaloes by the Kakhyens to the *nâts* or evil spirits. The animals having been slaughtered on two bamboo altars were cut up and the meat distributed, *certain portions with cooked rice being placed on a lofty bamboo scaffolding for the use of the nâts*. It goes without saying that birds would help themselves to these offerings.

"Credulous travellers in early times might very possibly have supposed, on witnessing such a preliminary sacrificial rite, if at a diamond mine, that it was an essential part in the search for diamonds, and it would not require any very great stretch of Oriental imagination to build up the fable on such a substratum of fact. The bamboo scaffolding in all probability represents the machine mentioned by Conti."

Graphite or plumbago, as found native, contains from ninety to ninety-nine per cent. of carbon. The only deposit in India, with the possible exception of another at Vizagapatam, which seems of any present promise is that which occurs over a wide tract in Travancore. At the

present day nearly all the plumbago of commerce comes from Ceylon.

Of the precious metals platinum occurs in very minute quantities, with gold-dust, and has been probably derived from metamorphic rocks.

Silver is found associated with gold, and in combination with sulphur, and as a sulphide it is often associated with sulphide of lead, antimony, etc., but the amount of silver produced over the peninsula is very small.

Gold is met with very generally distributed over British India. The ultimate derivation of most of the gold of peninsular India, is doubtless from the quartz reefs which occur, traversing the metamorphic and submetamorphic series of rocks; but there is also evidence to show that in some parts of the country gold occurs in certain chloritic schists and quartzites, and possibly also in some forms of gneiss independently of quartz veins. As to the relative productiveness of the reefs in the different groups or series of metamorphosed rocks, the imperfect evidence which at present exists is somewhat conflicting, the truth probably being that no one rule holds applicable to the whole of the country. The presence of gold, either as an original deposit, or as a detrital product from the older rocks, has not as yet been proved in any member of the great Vindhyan formation; but in the next succeeding formation several of the groups included in the Gondwana system are believed to contain detrital gold; of these the evidence seems clearest in the case of the Talchir. It is almost certain that the gold obtained in the Godavari, near Godalore, is derived from rocks of Kamthi age, and the gold of the Ouli River, in Talchir in Orissa, is derived from sandstones. The only other sources in peninsular India are the recent and sub-recent alluvial deposits, which rest on metamorphic or sub-metamorphic rocks. In the extra-peninsular districts gold is met with in rocks of several different periods. In Ladak certain quartz reefs, which traverse rocks of the carboniferous period are gold-bearing. In Kandahar gold occurs in rocks of cretaceous age, and the deposit seems to be an original one, connected with an intrusion of granite. Lastly, all along the foot of the Himalayas, from west to east, from Afghanistan to the frontiers of Assam and Burma, the tertiary rocks which flank the bases of the hills, and which occur also in the Salt Range, and at Assam, south of the Bhranaputra, are more or less auriferous, but the gold is detrital.

The history of gold mining in India is lost in a very remote antiquity. Vast amounts of bullion were carried away by the Moslem armies of the fourteenth century. Some would place the Ophir of King Solomon on the west coast of India, and much of this precious metal as has been already collected from the golden sands of the peninsula, it is possible that much more remains. Quite recently the gold fields of Madras have attracted a great deal of public interest, and a large amount of capital is being diverted to their exploration. For writing a history of British gold mining in India the time has not yet come, and we can only hope with Professor Ball "that the actual results of this enterprise may come up to the high standard of success which has been predicted for it."

Amidst a variety of most interesting details as to the various gold diggings and gold workings in India, we select the following account of the Thibetan gold mines, which for many centuries and to the present day, send a regular supply of gold to India.

"Of the very highest interest are the accounts of the Thibetan gold mines, which are given by the pundits attached to the Indian Survey for the purpose of exploring countries north of the Himalayas. Unwittingly these admirable native servants of the government of India have furnished facts which have enabled Sir Henry Rawlinson, and independently Professor Frederic Schiern, professor of history at the University of Copenhagen, to clear up a mystery which has been a puzzle to the historians and philosophers of many countries for upwards of two thousand years. A translation of Professor Schiern's paper,* by Anna M. H. Childers, will be found in the 'Indian Antiquary.'† It is a most remarkable example of learned research, and one very difficult to give in abstract. It is entitled 'The Tradition of the Gold-digging Ants.' But perhaps before giving the conclusions which Sir Henry Rawlinson and Professor Schiern have arrived at, it will be best in this place to briefly describe the pundits' observations:—

"During the expedition of 1867 the pundit who had been at Lassa fell in at Thok Jalung, an important gold field in the province of Nari Khorsam, with a large encampment of Thibetan miners, and took the opportunity to gain informa-

* *Verhandl. Kgl. Danischen Gesellsch. der Wissenschaft.* for 1870. Printed separately in Danish, German, and French.

† Vol. iv., p. 225.

tion relative to the working of the mines. In the third expedition, in 1868, another pundit passed on as far as Rudok, at the north-west extremity of Chinese Thibet on the frontier of Ladak, and on his way back from Rudok visited the gold fields of Thok Nianmo, Thok Sarlung,* and Thok Jarlung. The map which accompanies Major Montgomery's narrative of the journeys of the pundits gives in addition the gold fields of Thok Munnak, Thok Ragyok, Thok Ragung, and Thok Dalung.' . . . 'The miners' camp at Thok Jarlung, according to the measurements of the pundits, is sixteen thousand three hundred feet above the sea-level.

"The cold is intense, and the miners in winter are thickly clad in furs.

"The miners do not merely remain under ground when at work, but their small black tents, which are made of a felt-like material, manufactured from the hair of the yak, are set in a series of pits, with steps leading down to them . . . seven or eight feet below the surface of the ground.' 'Spite of the cold the diggers prefer working in winter; and the number of their tents, which in summer amounts to three hundred, rises to nearly six hundred in winter. They prefer the winter, as the frozen soil then stands well, and is not likely to trouble them much by falling in.'

"They are occasionally attacked by bands of robbers who carry off their gold.

"Sir Henry Rawlinson's remarks on these reports of the pundits' researches and travels are as follows: †—

"Now, then, for the first time, we have an explanation of the circumstances under which so large a quantity of gold is, as is well known to be the case, exported to the west from Khoten, and finds its way into India from Thibet; and it is probable that the search for gold in this region has been going on from a very remote antiquity, since no one can read the ex-pundit's account of Thibetan miners "living in tents some seven or eight feet below the surface of the ground, and collecting the excavated earth in heaps previous to washing the gold out of the soil," without being reminded of

the description which Herodotus gives of the "ants in the lands of the Indians bordering on Kaspatyrus (or Kashmir, which made their dwellings underground) and threw up sand-heaps as they burrowed, the sand which they threw up being full of gold."

"Professor Schiern points out that the tradition was mentioned in writings of the Middle Ages, and those by Arabian authors. It survived among the Turks. Strabo and Albertus Magnus treated the whole story as a fiction. Xivrey supposed that the animals had become extinct owing to the *auri sacra fumes*. Major Rennell supposed that the dwellers in mounds were *termites* or white ants. Humboldt's observations in Mexico on the habit of certain ants to carry about shining particles of hyalith was quoted by those who believed that the animals were really ants. Other authorities suggested that they were marmots, jackals, foxes, or hyænas. Pliny having stated that horns of the Indian ant were preserved in the temple of Hercules at Erythræ, Samuel Wähl, who maintained the hyæna theory, proved equal to the difficulty by suggesting that the horns might have been a *lusus naturæ*. Professor Schiern ingeniously argued that the horns had been taken from the skins of animals which formed the garments of the miners. It seems possible, however, that they were samples of the pickaxes made of sheep's horns, which, as is mentioned above, are used to the present day by the miners in Ladak.

"Professor Schiern further points out that ancient writers say that the ants worked chiefly in winter, and connects this with the statement of the pundit above quoted.

"In conclusion he writes:—

"For us the story partakes no longer of the marvellous. The gold-digging ants were originally neither real ants, as the ancients supposed, nor, as many eminent men of learning have supposed larger animals mistaken for ants on account of their subterranean habits, but men of flesh and blood, and these mer Thibetan miners, whose mode of life and dress were in the remotest antiquity exactly what they are at the present day."

The quotations that we have given will show the general reader what he may expect to find in this volume, in addition to the more scientific accounts of the several diamond and gold mines.

* Thok Sarlung had at one time been the chief gold field of the district, "but had in a great measure been abandoned on the discovery of the Thok Jarlung gold field. The pundit passed a great excavation some thirty to forty feet deep, two hundred feet in width, and two miles in length, from which the gold had been extracted." (Jour. As. Soc., Bengal, vol. xxxix., Pt. 2, p. 53, 1870.

† *Pall Mall Gazette*, March 16, 1869, quoted in "Indian Antiquary," p. 225.

From The Spectator.

THE FUTURE OF ENGLISH HUMOR.

THE publication of Mr. Ainger's little book on Charles Lamb, one of the truest and most unique of all the great English humorists, has set people talking, as people always will talk, of the superiority of the past over the present, and the gradual decay of the forms of life which make the past so fascinating. "Will there ever be such another humorist as Charles Lamb?" said one literary man, during the present week, to another. "Is there not a tendency at work in our modern life to the *pettification* of everything, till the highest form of humor which the public will enjoy is the form given in Mr. Gilbert's operettas and Mr. Burnand's 'Happy Thoughts'?" The interlocutor interrogated wisely reserved judgment, thinking reserve wise, as the judges do on great occasions, and suspecting that pessimism is always apt to be out in its reckoning, moreover, that it is rather a hasty thing to assume that because our cleverest operettas and contributions to *Punch* may leave something in the way of largeness to be desired, largeness of humor is dying out in the world. And, indeed, if we only consider what stores of fun Hood, who was one of Lamb's youngest friends, produced; then that before Lamb's death, the greatest English humorist of any age — Shakespeare himself not excepted — was beginning to try his wings; further, that one of the greatest of Dickens's contemporaries, Thackeray, though much more of a satirist than a humorist, was still a humorist of a very high order; moreover, that while both of them were in the maturity of their powers, a totally new school of humor of the most original kind sprang into existence on the other side of the Atlantic, of which the present American minister to this country is the acknowledged master, — the "Biglow Papers" having scarcely been surpassed in either kind or scale of humor since the world began; and finally, that to prove that very true humor of slighter calibre is plentiful enough, we have the extraordinary popularity and originality of such books as "Alice in Wonderland" on this side of the Atlantic, and of trifles like Artemus Ward's various lectures, Hans Breitmann's ballads, and Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee," on the other side of the Atlantic, to bring up in evidence, — we suspect that it would be much more plausible, looking at the matter from the point of view of mere experience, to argue

that English humor is only in its infancy and that we are likely to have an immense multiplication of its surprises, rather than that it is already in the sere and yellow leaf. The truth is, no doubt, that as human competition increases, there is a tendency to refine and subdivide and think more exclusively about a succession of trifles, which is not favorable to the larger humor; but then this very tendency drives men into opposition to it, makes them eager to steep themselves, as Charles Lamb steeped himself, in the dramatic life of a more spontaneous age, and the contrast brings to light ever new forms of that grotesque and conscious inconsistency and incompatibility between human desire and human condition, on which the sense of humor feeds. When Charles Lamb called Coleridge "an archangel, — a little damaged," he painted the contrast between human ideas and human experience in its most perfect form. But every new generation is probably richer in suggestions of that kind than all the preceding generations put together, for this, if for no other reason, — that whether we still believe in the ideals of the past or not, as future realities, we never cease to yearn after them, and to yearn after them all the more that they excite less active hope, while the accumulating experience of centuries brings us face to face with the oddest and most grotesque forms of disappointment and disillusion. No contrast could have been more striking, for instance, than that between Coleridge's eloquent expositions of divine philosophy and faith, and his own helpless life, sponging on the hospitality of Good Samaritans, and leaving his family to the generosity of friends. And no condition of the world can be reasonably expected in which contrasts of that pathetic kind will not be multiplied rather than diminished in number, or in which it may not reasonably be expected that the eye to discern and the power to make us feel these contrasts will be multiplied at the same time.

In some respects, though in some only, Charles Lamb's humor anticipates the type of humor which we now call, in the main, American. When, for instance, he gravely narrated the origin of the Chinese invention of roast pig, in the burning down of a house, — when he told a friend that he had moved just forty-two inches nearer to his beloved London, — and again, when he wrote to Manning in China that the new Persian ambassador was called "Shaw Ali Mirza," but that the common people called him "Shaw Nonsense," we might

think we were listening to Artemus Ward's or Mark Twain's minute and serious nonsense. But for the most part, Charles Lamb's humor is more frolicsome, more whimsical, and less subdued in its extravagance; more like the gambolling of a mind which did not care to conceal its enjoyment of paradox, and less like the inward invisible laughter in which the Yankees most delight. Lamb dearly loved a frisk. And when, for instance, he blandly proposed to some friend who offered to wrap up for him a bit of old cheese which he had seemed to like at dinner, to let him have a bit of string with which he could probably "*lead it home*," there was certainly nothing in him of the grim impassiveness of Yankee extravagance.

It might be asserted, perhaps, that even if the prospect of a great future for English humor is good, there is still reason to fear that it must dwindle in largeness of conception, so that such massive forms of humor as we find, for instance, in "*Gulliver's Travels*" or the "*Tale of a Tub*," are not likely to return. But even this we greatly doubt. As we noticed just now, Dickens, who, as a humorist was probably not inferior in conception, and certainly more abundant in creation, than any humorist in the world, is wholly modern, and he certainly has by no means exhausted the field even of that sort of humor in which he himself was most potent. The field of what we may call idealized vulgarities, which includes sketches of the abstract monthly nurse whose every thought and action breathe the fawning brutalities of the Mrs. Gamp species, — of beadles who incarnate all beadedness, — of London pickpockets who have assimilated all that is entertaining in the world of professional slang and nothing that is disgusting, — of boarding-house keepers whose whole mind is transformed into an instrument for providing enough food and gravy and amusement for their commercial gentlemen, — of water-rate collectors glorified by one ideal passion for the ballet, — of rascally schoolmasters whose every action betrays the coward and the bully, — or of hypocrites who secrete airs of pretentious benevolence as an oil-gland secretes oil, is by no means exhausted, hardly more than attacked. And yet it promises a sort of humor particularly well adapted to this period of at once almost sordid realism and ingenious abstraction. Nor can it be denied that "*Alice in Wonderland*," especially such plaintive ballads as that of the walrus and

the carpenter, provide us with a type of grotesque fancy almost cut free from the realities of life, and yet quaintly reproducing all the old human tendencies under absurdly new conditions; nor that this promises well for the infinite flexibility of the laughing faculty in man.

We quite admit that we never expect to see the greater types of transatlantic humor reproduced on this side of the Atlantic. These, for the most part, imply a rare faculty for turning the mind aside from the direct way of saying a thing to one that is so indirect as to lead you travelling on a totally opposite track, as, for example, when Bret Harte declares that one of his rowdies

took a *point of order* when
A chunk of old red sandstone hit him in the
 abdomen,
And he smiled a kind o' sickly smile, and
 curled up on the floor,
And the subseent proceedings *interested him*
 no more;

or when the American blasphemer retorted that if his censor had but "*jumped out of bed on to the business end of a tin-tack, even he would have cursed some*." This wonderful power of suggesting misleading analogies taken from the very province which would seem to be least suggested either by analogy or contrast, seems to be, in some sense, indigenous in the United States, and no one is so great a master of it as Mr. Lowell himself, who has made the sayings of John P. Robinson and of Birdofredom Sawin famous all over the world, for their illustration of this very power of interlacing thoughts which are neither mental neighbors nor mental contrasts, but simply utterly unlikely to suggest each other. To give one instance of this, we will recall Birdofredom Sawin's comment on the powerfully persuasive influence of being tarred and feathered, and taken round the village astride of a rail, for your opinions, where he remarks that —

Riding on a rail
Makes a man feel unanermous as Jonah in the
 whale.

Why the United States should seem to have a very special affinity for this species of humor it may seem difficult to divine. Perhaps it is that amongst our kinsmen there the principle of utility has gained what we may call a really imaginative ascendancy over all minds, to a degree to which it has never yet touched the imagination of Europe, and that this has resulted not only in the marvellous

inventiveness which Americans have always shown in the small devices of practical life, but in the discovery of an almost new class of mental associations, — such as that which distinguishes the head of the nail from the point as sleeping and working partners in the same operation, or such as that which suggested to a reader of the story of Jonah, that if the prophet had had to pass resolutions as to the desirability of getting out of the whale's belly, he would certainly have passed them with something very much like the unanimity of an assembly in which the completeness of the concord is caused by stress of circumstances. The humor of the United States, if closely examined, will be found to depend in great measure on the ascendancy which the principle of utility has gained over the imaginations of a rather imaginative people. And utility is a principle which has certainly not yet completed its career, even in the way of suggesting what seems to us the strangest and quaintest of all strange and quaint analogies.

From *Nature*.

PRECIOUS CORAL.

WHILST preparing a set of lectures on corals, lately delivered at the Royal Institution, I made some inquiries as to the present state of the fisheries of precious coral from Messrs. Greck and Co., coral merchants, of Rathbone Place, who also have an establishment at Naples. They exhibited a very fine series of examples of raw and worked coral at one of my lectures, and also sent me the following short notes on the Italian and Sicilian coral fisheries, partly taken from an Italian newspaper, but which contain some facts which may be interesting to the readers of *Nature*. I was shown a large number of the Sciacca specimens, all attached to groups of bivalve shells or pieces of dead coral. The blackened coral is described by Lacaze Duthiers in his famous monograph as "*corail noirci dans la vase*." It is very possible that the blackening substance is binocide of manganese, since we dredged in deep water, during the "Challenger" expedition, large quantities of a dead coral skeleton, apparently allied to corallium, which was blackened by that substance. It is in the hope of eliciting some definite information from the readers of *Nature*

concerning the so-called Japanese corallium that I send the present notes. At a late meeting of the Zoological Society, Mr. G. O. Ridley, of the British Museum, read a paper on the *Corallida*, and reviewed the species known, and exhibited specimens of the form said to come from Japan. I obtained specimens of this corallium from Mr. Cutter, the London dealer, from whom I first learned that a precious coral was called Japanese. He told me that he had seen a large quantity in the market in London, but that it would not fetch any price, whereas Messrs. Greck state that Japanese coral sold for an extremely high price in Italy. Messrs. Phillips, of Cockspur Street, who also exhibited a fine series of specimens of precious coral at one of my lectures, showed amongst them a carved jewel cut out of Japanese coral, which is remarkable as being of mixed color, marbled white and red, and also, as they informed me, for its far greater hardness than ordinary precious coral.

Now although this coral, which is of a named species, is evidently universally regarded in the trade as Japanese, all evidence available seems to prove that no precious coral occurs in Japan. The "Challenger" did not meet with any; and though I inquired, I heard of none as dredged there. Moreover, in numerous Japanese illustrated works on the races of men, certain foreigners of some kind are represented as bearing in their hands precious coral as tribute, or as the staple produce of their country, thus showing apparently that the coral is regarded as something rare from abroad in Japan. Perhaps, some of the correspondents of *Nature* in Japan can state whether any corallium occurs in Japanese waters.

H. N. MOSELEY.

Extract from the letter of Messrs Greck and Co. : —

"Coral fisheries on the coasts of Italy and Sicily begin about the middle of February, and continue till the middle of October. The value of the coral fished up varies immensely according to its color and size; the pale pink is the most prized, especially if it be of a uniform color throughout, without stains. Off Torre del Greco, near Naples, a large quantity of coral is found every year; from four hundred to six hundred boats are sent out in search of it, each boat being of from six to ten tons' burden, with a crew of at least twelve men, and costing from 500*l.* to 600*l.* a boat. Nearly all the inhabitants

of Torre del Greco are employed by this industry, either as fishermen or in the manufacture of the coral brought to shore. The valuable pink coral is found chiefly off the coast of Sicily: in the year 1873 a bed was discovered in the Straits of Messina, in which the coral, though found only in small quantities and of a small size, was of immense value, owing to its beautiful pink, of a uniform color, and without any of those stains which detract so much from its worth. The coral found in this place is sent chiefly to London and Birmingham; it is usually manufactured in the shape of 'lentils,' and in this form is largely used for rings, either set singly in half-hoops or surrounded by precious stones and pearls. Its value varies from 80*l.* to upwards of 200*l.* per ounce.

"Unfortunately the supply of coral in this bed seems to have run short, and for the last few years coral-merchants have not found it worth their while to send boats in search of it. The last attempt was made last year by the firms of Criscuolo and Greck and Co., who despatched two boats with a crew of thirty selected men, but the find was so small as barely to pay the expenses of the outfit.

"This year out of eight hundred boats employed in the coral fishery off the coast of Sicily, not one has been sent to the bed in the Straits of Messina. In 1875 a local bed was discovered about twenty miles off the coast of Sciacca in Sicily, which was invaded for the next two years by seven hundred boats. This number of boats all crowded together in one spot, caused great confusion, and the Italian

government despatched a man of war to keep order among the fishermen. Another similar bed was discovered in 1878, about ten miles further from the coast, and in 1880 yet another still further, to which six hundred boats were sent, and we learn from the reports of the Custom House at Sciacca that in a few months about eight thousand tons were fished, and although the quality of the coral is very inferior, being of a reddish color and often quite black, its value is computed at several millions of pounds. The coral found off the coast of Sciacca does not grow as at other places attached to rocks, but is found clinging to any small object it can lay hold of, such as a shell, or a fragment of coral. It is supposed that its dark red or black color is caused by the muddiness of the water in which it lives, although the depth of the sea at such spots is from three hundred to four hundred and fifty feet. This coral is not much esteemed in the English market, but is prepared in large quantities for the Indian market at Calcutta, by being exposed for months to the heat of the sun, and by being kept moist, when in time the black color gradually disappears.

"A few years ago a large quantity of Japanese coral found its way into the market at Naples, and fetched as much as 15*0*l.** the kilo. in raw branches, in spite of its being a bad color and somewhat cloudy. This high price was given on account of its extraordinary size. It is the largest real coral ever known. Nothing has been heard of it since, excepting that the fishery was prohibited in Japan."

THE FOREIGN TRADE OF INDIA. — The returns of the foreign trade of India continue to show a great expansion of the exports, accompanied, however, by a falling off in the imports. For the nine months ended the 31st December last, and the corresponding periods of the years 1879 and 1880, the figures are: —

	1881.	1880.	1879.
	£	£	£
Imports of foreign merchandise . . .	34,697,700	36,779,600	28,591,600
Exports of Indian produce and foreign goods . . .	55,307,200	50,886,600	44,365,200

The decline in the imports, as compared with 1880, is pretty fully accounted for by a decrease of 1,833,000*l.* in the value of cotton goods, with which the Indian markets seem to have been largely overstocked in 1879, and trade in which, moreover, has been adversely affected by uncertainty as to the action of the govern-

ment with respect to the cotton duties. Of the total increase of 4,420,000*l.* in the exports, no less than 4,284,000*l.* is due to the enormous increase in the shipments of wheat, of which in the nine months of 1879 India exported only 1,625,194 cwts., while in the corresponding period of 1881 her shipments amounted to 15,500,950 cwts. Of this latter quantity Britain took fully seven and a quarter million cwts., France four million cwts., Belgium upwards of two million cwts., and Holland and Egypt each upwards of half a million cwts. Whether, if the price of wheat in the United States had not been artificially enhanced by cliques of speculators, India would have found a profitable market for her recent large consignments may be questioned; but it is certain, at all events, that the curtailment of the American shipments has enabled her very strikingly to display her great and increasing capacities as a grain-producing country.

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Now for the results: In two weeks I appreciated a slight change, and in four weeks my head became as clear as anybody's, my breathing became freer, and general health much improved, although not specially bad before. The difficulty in the throat—post-nasal do you call it?—is not fully corrected, but it is so much better that I am more agreeable to myself, and much less disagreeable to others than I was before using the Oxygen.

I am delighted more than I can tell you with your remedy, and give this testimonial voluntarily, which you are at liberty to sell for waste paper, or make such use of as you choose. I know there are many teachers who, like me, suffer from catarrh, and who like me have refused for a long time to acknowledge it, who would be greatly benefited by the use of Compound Oxygen.

Yours, very respectfully,

C. E. CADY.

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Writing of the very remarkable improvement in her condition which followed the use of a single Home Treatment supply, a patient at Walworth, New York, says:

"It has been about one month since I used up my three months' supply of Oxygen, and I am feeling quite well again. You remember when I first wrote you that I was quite feeble. Do not have any cough now, nor hoarseness. I had one slight trouble with my breath; but now that difficulty has passed away. *It is the only thing that ever did me any good*, and I can recommend it to all sufferers; and I thank you very much for the *wonderful good it has done for me*. I do all my work—can walk quite a distance. Do not seem to get tired. *I have not done so much work for almost two years as I do now. Could but just get around the house when I first commenced using the Oxygen.*"

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In the latter part of last August, a gentleman residing in Magnolia, Mississippi, wrote to us, submitting the case of his wife, who was a great sufferer from *neuralgia*;

"Age 34. Nervous temperament. *Has headache much like neuralgia, causing the most intense suffering.* Commences with fullness and dull aching, which grows rapidly worse. Pains shoot and throb. After suffering this for a while she feels chilly. The pain ceases; *her hands get numb and uncontrollable; loses use of lips and tongue.* Pulse sinks—losing sometimes several beats."

A Treatment was sent, which was received on the 19th of September, and its use at once commenced. On the 28th, the husband wrote:

"*She has escaped the headache.* . . . During the last few days she has felt better and stronger than for a long time."

Three weeks later, the following report came:

"Since my wife commenced the use of Compound Oxygen she has not had an attack of headache. She was threatened once or twice, but it passed off; and she tells me to-day that *her head feels clearer and more natural now than it has since she commenced to suffer with the neuralgia.* Since writing you last her side, especially the numbness, is much better; in fact the numbness and pain then complained of is gone.

"*We feel happy that we were induced to try your treatment, and think that it has saved my wife from the grave or the asylum, to one of which she would certainly have gone had relief not been found.*"

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In a letter from our patient's husband, written some days after the above, he says:

"My wife has been using your Compound Oxygen Treatment for a little over two months, and *I am sure her health is much improved* since she commenced the Treatment, and I am very anxious to have her continue it, and as her supply is about out, I enclose a draft on New York, for which please send another supply."

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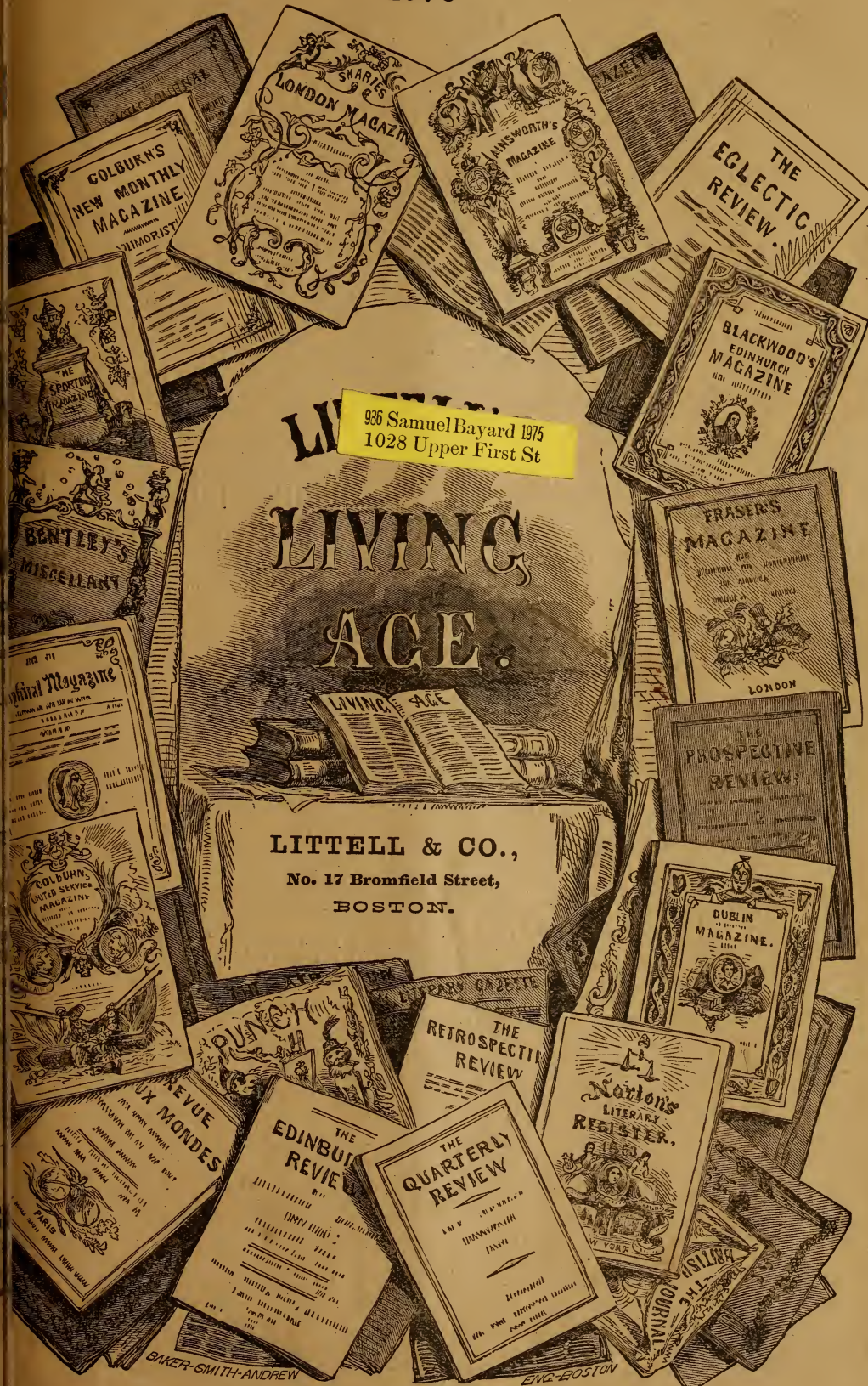
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CONTENTS.

I. MOHAMMEDANISM AND THE OTTOMAN TURKS,	<i>British Quarterly Review</i> ,	259
II. ROBIN. By Mrs. Parr, author of "Adam and Eve." Part VIII.,	<i>Temple Bar</i> ,	270
III. ELIZABETH STUART, QUEEN OF BOHEMIA,	<i>Modern Review</i> ,	275
IV. PENTOCK,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> ,	283
V. OUT OF THE BEATEN TRACK IN MADA- GASCAR,	<i>Temple Bar</i> ,	296
VI. A NEW THEORY OF THE SUN,	<i>Nineteenth Century</i> ,	299
VII. ODD NOTICES,	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> ,	309
VIII. COUNTRY LAWYERS,	<i>Saturday Review</i> ,	312
IX. AMBER,	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> ,	314
X. PROPHETIC MISANTHROPY,	<i>Spectator</i> ,	315
XI. THE LAST ENCYCLICAL,	<i>Saturday Review</i> ,	317

POETRY.

BLUEBELLS,	258	"NOT TO BE TUNELESS IN OLD AGE,"	258
THE BUGLE NOTES OF SPRING,	258		
MISCELLANY,			320

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BLUEBELLS.

AH me ! how many years have flown,
 Since I, who wander now alone,
 That April morning stood
 With my one friend beneath the trees,
 While wonderful wild harmonies
 Rang through the bluebell wood.

The year was young, the world was sweet,
 Our hearts were young, and leapt to greet
 The gladness of the day ;
 No cloud was on the April sky,
 We laughed aloud, scarce knowing why,
 Along the woodland way.

And like a carpet on the ground,
 The azure bluebells all around
 In fair profusion grew.
 Among the flowers I sat me down,
 And wove my friend a dainty crown
 Of tender blossoms blue.

I placed the circlet with delight
 Upon her forehead smooth and white ;
 The azure of her eyes
 Might put to shame the bluest flower,
 That ever grew in sheltered bower
 Beneath the softest skies.

Ah me, my friend ! my one dear friend !
 Our pleasant spring-time had an end,
 We left the fairy ways,
 The mystic paths of sweet romance,
 The girlish round of song and dance,
 For life's bewildering maze.

Now here, alone, within the wood,
 Where in youth's bluebell-time we stood,
 I sit me down to-day,
 My heart fresh-stung with sharp regret,
 Because thy path from mine is set
 So very far away.

But, dear, my tears are selfish tears,
 For God hath blessed thy happy years
 With blessings wide and deep ;
 Thy summer came at spring-time's close,
 And for thy bluebells, gave love's rose
 Forevermore to keep.

Yea, God hath given thee all the good
 Of maiden-time and matronhood,
 Youth's spring and summer prime ;
 And now life's reddening autumn leaves
 Fall softly on love's gathered sheaves,
 Bound up for winter-time.

Friend, if to me when spring-time died,
 Was given no glorious summer-tide,
 If never happy May
 Succeeded April's shower and sun,
 And if, when bluebell-time was done,
 No roses lit my way ;

If evermore my heart doth miss
 A joy foregone, love's crowning bliss
 I know the lesson meant ;
 If wanting stars of earthly love,
 I know one brighter shines above,
 My friend, I am content !

All The Year Round.

THE BUGLE NOTES OF SPRING.

Now, Winter, on his ice-bound car,
 Is rattling north, o'er crag and scar ;
 The thrush and blackbird cheery sing,
 Blowing the bugle notes of spring —
 Saying, "Coming ! coming ! coming !
 The spring is coming, man, to thee !"

I've heard for many a year, ah me !
 Those bugle notes so wild and free ;
 And tho' each year its wrinkle throws,
 That music aye the sweeter grows,
 Saying, "Coming ! coming ! coming !
 Perennial youth I bring with me."

The celandine's bright cup of gold
 Is nestling by the brooklet cold ;
 The coltsfoot to the warming days
 Is streaming back its yellow rays ;
 Saying, "Coming ! coming ! coming !
 Sweet Flora cometh, fair to see."

The chestnut bursts its shining hoods,
 The poplar scents the leafing woods,
 Where, cheerfully, among the boughs,
 The birds are warbling tender vows,
 Saying, "Coming ! coming ! coming !
 And spend the summer, wild and free."

And my dull muse it fain would sing
 Of the bonnie bugle notes of spring :
 "O blackbird, in thy ecstasy,
 Chant thy loud clarion cheerily !
 While humming ! humming ! humming !
 The woods repeat thy song for me."
 Good Words. JAMES RIGG.

Nec turpem senectam
 Degere, nec cithara carentem.

"NOT to be tuneless in old age !"
 Ah ! surely blest his pilgrimage
 Who, in his winter's snow,
 Still sings with his note as sweet and clear
 As in the morning of the year
 When the first violets blow !

Blest ! — but more blest, whom summer's heat,
 Whom spring's impulsive stir and beat,
 Have taught no feverish lure ;
 Whose muse, benignant and serene,
 Still keeps his autumn chaplet green
 Because his verse is pure !

Lie calm, O white and laureate head !
 Lie calm, O dead, that art not dead,
 Since from the voiceless grave
 Thy voice shall speak to old and young
 While song yet speaks an English tongue
 By Charles' or 'Thamis' wave !

AUSTIN DOBSON.

From The British Quarterly Review.

MOHAMMEDANISM AND THE OTTOMAN TURKS.*

THE relations of this country to the Ottoman Empire are irrespective of mere party domination, and are not less intimate and vital under the sway of a Liberal than of a Conservative government. Looking at this fact, it becomes a matter of moment, as bearing on our national policy in the East, that the English people should have clear and correct notions of the intellectual, moral, and religious condition of the ruling race of Mohammedan Turks. One main aim of that policy at the present time is to find a remedy for the maladministration and injustice which so grievously afflict the Asiatic provinces of Turkey. If a remedy is to be found, it is obvious that the more perfectly we understand the nature and source of the Turkish distemper, the better shall we be able to find in what direction the cure lies, or at least to estimate the magnitude of the work of reform we have undertaken to promote.

We purpose especially in this article to inquire in what manner and to what extent the religion of Mohammed has affected the life and character of the Ottoman Turks, and so to throw light on the prospects of their political regeneration. In the religion of Mohammed we mean more than what is found within the pages of the Koran; we understand by it the entire religious system that has sprung out of the Koran, and that has become embodied in the traditions, written and unwritten, and in the interpretations,

doctrines, and beliefs of the followers of the Prophet. While it is true that all Moslems regard the Koran with profound reverence, it is equally true that a large part, perhaps the larger part of their religious system, rests upon tradition and upon the commentaries and interpretations that have accumulated around the sacred volume. Much of the tradition is unwritten, and has passed down from age to age, forming, as it were, a kind of atmosphere enshrouding the dogmatic substance of the system itself. In estimating the full effect of Mohammedanism upon its votaries we must take into account these more subtle and adhering elements which so powerfully contribute to give form and structure to the character and faith of the true believers.

The books whose titles are placed at the head of this article are all instructive and interesting, and have aided the writer in considering the topic in hand. In addition, however, to these sources of information considerable personal intercourse with the Turks themselves has enabled him to weigh more intelligently than would otherwise have been possible the testimony of others, and to draw with greater confidence his own independent conclusions. A brief notice of the works mentioned may serve as a befitting introduction to the subject we design to discuss.

"Among the Turks" — the volume last named on our list — is the production of the Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D.D., who was for thirty-five years an American missionary at Constantinople. The book consists, for the most part, of a series of graphic descriptions of personal incidents in the life of the author; yet the incidents are so presented as to illustrate, in a vivid manner, the life and habits of the Turkish people. There is less said about the Turks than one might be led to anticipate from the title of the book. So far as the volume treats of this people, it takes somewhat the form of a special plea on their behalf, as if the author considered them unjustly attacked, and he himself under some special obligation to stand up in their defence. This may arise from his distrust and dislike of Russia, which

1. *Essays on the Life of Mohammed and Subjects Subsidiary thereto.* By SYED AHMED KHAN BAHADUR.

A Critical Examination of the Life and Teachings of Mohammed. By SYED AMER MOULA.

Turkey. By JAMES BAKER, M.A., Lieut.-Col. Forces.

History of the Ottoman Turks. By Prof. E. S. CASS, M.A.

The People of Turkey. By a CONSUL'S DAUGHTER.

Mohammed and Mohammedanism. By J. BOSWORTH SMITH, M.A.

The Alcoran of Mohammed. Sale's Translation.

The Life of Mohammed. By Sir WILLIAM MUIR.

The Dervishes; or, Oriental Spiritualism. By P. BROWN.

Among the Turks. By CYRUS HAMLIN, D.D.

are made especially prominent in his pages.

The closing chapter of Dr. Hamlin's book on the "Signs of Progress in Turkey" is a good summary of what may fairly be said on that side of the question. We look in vain, however, for any evidence that the Turks themselves are improving in their morals. That there has been much general progress in the country cannot be denied; but Dr. Hamlin himself declares that it is the Christian element of the empire that is steadily gaining in power and influence. The progress made has been, as he allows, in the face of, and despite the opposing tendencies of, the Mohammedan races.

The author of "The People of Turkey" exhibits very great familiarity with her subject, and no little skill in putting her information into an attractive form. We cannot be mistaken in attributing this work to the wife of the present British consul at Salonica, Mrs. John C. Blunt. If this surmise is correct, we may almost say that she has inherited a knowledge of Turkey and its populations. Her father spent nearly his whole life in Turkish territory, and was renowned for his intimate acquaintance with the country. In proof of this, it is enough to mention that he was selected by the editor of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," to write the article "Turkey," for that work. Certainly the writer of the volumes in question has proved that her acquaintance with the races of European and the western portion of Asiatic Turkey is most thorough. We are glad to see that the work is not, to any great degree, partisan in character, but replete with well-digested information, which is after all what the public most requires and values.

The work of John P. Brown, on "The Dervishes, or Oriental Spiritualism," is the only attempt yet made in the English language to deal fully and accurately with this subject. Mr. Brown was for many years the United States secretary of legation at Constantinople; and, having spent his life in the East, he has acquired a good knowledge of the Turkish, Persian, and Arabic languages. He appears to have taken a special interest in the

philosophy of the mystics, and to have cultivated the society of those Orientals whose lives are given to contemplation. He has evidently given much careful study to his subject, but the result does not afford to the reader any proportionate satisfaction. The book, it must be confessed, is dull, for indeed there is little of interest, as there is nothing worthy of commendation, either in the lives or doctrines of the dervishes. We almost wonder that a man of Mr. Brown's natural gifts could devote so many years to the examination of the childish vagaries of a class of idle and useless mendicants.

The elaborate work of Sir William Muir, in four octavo volumes, was first published in 1858; it has often been carefully reviewed and sometimes severely criticised by the apologists of the Mohammedan system, yet it still stands at the head of all the works relating to the Arabian Prophet. Muir, in truth, seems thoroughly to have examined all possible sources of reliable information, and is partially to have weighed the vast amount of evidence of which he had patiently made himself master. Seeing, therefore, that the conclusions to which he comes are, in the main, adverse to the high claims of the Prophet, it is extremely improbable that any other conclusion can be fairly drawn from the well-ascertained facts.

The rather bulky volume of Colonel Baker gives the impressions made upon a fair-minded man who travelled through European Turkey with the evident purpose of writing a book. Colonel Baker was dependent, to a large extent, upon the reports of consuls and consul agents, guide-books, dragomans, and casual travellers like himself. His constant intercourse with English consuls may, perhaps, account for quite a distinct leaning in his volume in favor of the Turks. His work is interesting to the general reader, but of no special value to those who have to grapple with the questions that are fundamental when we seek the reformation of Turkish society.

The "History of the Ottoman Turkey" by Professor Creasy, has been before the public for more than twenty years, and

has taken a respectable place among the works which treat of that people. It is especially valuable on account of its full elucidation of the early history of the nation; in this respect it has no superior in the English language. Professor Creasy is free from partisan bias, and writes throughout in keeping with the impartial character of the historian.

The work of Mr. J. Bosworth Smith is an avowed apology for the Mohammedan system. The author, however, betrays a very limited apprehension of the real essence of that system. His attempt to place the religion of Mohammed as nearly as possible on a level with the Christian religion breaks down at every point. That Mr. Smith either does not understand, or does not fairly represent, the system of which he writes, is evident from what he asserts in regard to its non-sensual character. He thus writes (p. 196): "Nor is it true in any sense that Mohammed's is an easy or sensual religion. With its frequent fasts, its five prayers a day, its solitudes, its almsgivings, . . . it certainly does not appeal much to the laziness, or the sensuality, or the selfishness of mankind." This statement, it is curious to observe, is flatly contradicted by the very writers on whom the author professes to depend in forming his estimate of Mohammed and his religion. He pronounces, for example, Gibbon's picture of Mohammed "most masterly and complete;" yet Gibbon says: "Perfumes and women were the two sensual enjoyments which his nature required and his religion did not forbid; and Mohammed affirmed that the fervor of his devotion was increased by these innocent pleasures. A special revelation dispensed him from the laws which he had imposed on his nation; the female sex, without reserve, was abandoned to his desires." Mr. Bosworth Smith pronounces Sprenger's "Life of Mohammed" "the most exhaustive, original, and learned of all;" yet Sprenger says that Mohammed "became a licentious theocrat and bloodthirsty tyrant, pope, and king." Palgrave, whom Mr. Smith eulogizes as "an able and accurate observer," declares that "narrowness of

mind, frightful corruption, or rather, the extinction of morality, cruel or desolating wars on the frontiers; within, endless discord in all its forms, family, social, and civil; convulsive fanaticism alternating with lethargic torpor, transient vigor followed by long and irremediable decay; such is the general history of Mohammedan governments and races;" while Dr. Schweinfurth says, "The history of Islamism has ever been a history of crime, and to Christian morality alone do we owe all the social good we enjoy." Mr. Smith has attempted to whitewash the character of Mohammed, but the attempt has only led to a new examination of all the evidence bearing on the question, and to a fresh confirmation of the previous judgment of Christendom, at least so far as relates to the thoroughly sensual and immoral character of the Arabian prophet. The slipshod manner in which our author treats of such institutions as polygamy and the domestic slavery of the Moslems is shown in the following quotation, from page 248: "But to attempt by force, or even by influence brought to bear on Eastern rulers, to do away with any domestic or national institutions, such as the form of government, or patriarchal slavery, or even polygamy, can do no good." Yet this is the writer who undertakes to teach modern missionaries the true method of conducting missionary operations! While reading his book we have asked ourselves if it is not possible to induce the author to go to the interior of Africa, and carry out the work which Livingstone began. It certainly is to be regretted that so much light and wisdom should be radiated to so little purpose against the cold walls of "Harrow-on-the-Hill."

So many and so severe have been the attacks of Christian writers on the Mohammedan system, that it is a satisfaction to hear something from the opposite side, from those who are really qualified to speak. This acknowledged want is met to a considerable extent in the two works whose titles we have placed at the head of this article. The first consists of a series of twelve essays on the "Life of

Mohammed," by Syed Ahmed Khan Bahador. These essays are preliminary to a more complete account of the life and teachings of the Prophet; this complete history, though promised, has not yet appeared. It will be seen from an examination of the subjects treated in the essays that they are of special interest and importance. They are as follow:—

1. The Historical Geography of Arabia.
2. The Manners and Customs of the Pre-Islamic Arabs.
3. The Various Religions of the Pre-Islamic Arabs.
4. The question whether Islam has been Beneficial or Injurious to Human Society in General.
5. The Mohammedan Theological Literature.
6. The Mohammedan Traditions.
7. The Holy Koran.
8. The History of the Holy Mecca.
9. The Pedigree of Mohammed.
10. The Prophecies respecting Mohammed in the Old and New Testaments.
11. The Shakki-radar and Meraj; *i.e.*, the Splitting (open) of the Chest of Mohammed, and his Night Journey.
12. The Birth and Childhood of Mohammed.

It is evident that the author possesses considerable ability, and that he has studied his subject with enthusiasm. One of the main purposes of his book is to answer, as far as possible, the various indictments of the Mohammedan system made by Sir William Muir in his elaborate work on the "Life of Mohammed." We earnestly advise all who are investigating the Mohammedan religion to read the essays of Syed Ahmed Khan Bahador. From the standpoint of a defender of that system probably nothing better can be said. The author has carefully studied the attacks made by Christian authors on the character and religion of Mohammed, and he certainly exhibits no small degree of skill in his replies. His style is bold and clear; he is, it is true, somewhat dogmatic, and at times bombastic. That the author holds his opinions with honest pertinacity is made very plain. We have been especially interested in the essay on the prophecies respecting Mohammed in the Old and New Testaments. One or two extracts from this essay will interest our exegetical readers. We quote from page 12 (Deut. xviii. 15, 18): "The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a prophet from the midst of thee, of thy brethren, like unto me; unto him ye shall hearken." "I will raise them up a prophet from among their

(Israelites) brethren, like unto thee, and will put my words into his mouth; and he shall speak unto thee all that I shall command him." On these verses the author remarks: "In the above-quoted passages our Prophet is evidently foretold, for God declared to all the Israelites that he would raise up a prophet from among their brethren. Now, we hesitate not to affirm that it is impossible that the words—brethren of Israel—could have any other meaning than that of the Israelites, and these never had any prophet but Mohammed." Deut. xxxiii. 2, and Hab. iii. 3, are quoted also: "And I said, the Lord came from Sinai, and rose up from Seir unto them; he shined from mount Paran, and he came with thousands of saints: from his right hand went a fiery law for them." "God came from Teman, and the Holy One from mount Paran. Selah. His glory covered the heavens, and the earth was full of his praise." "Mount Paran," declares the author, "is identical with the mountain of Mecca, as we have already proved in our 'Essay on the Historical Geography of Arabia.' There remains not the least reason to doubt that by the expression 'He shined forth from mount Paran' meant the revelation of the holy Koran and the law to Mohammed."

Our author gives a new translation of Isaiah xxi. 7, as follows: "He saw two riders, one of them was a rider upon an ass, and the other a rider upon a camel, and he hearkened diligently with much heed." "In our opinion," he remarks, "the above passage is the faithful rendering of the original Hebrew. . . . There can be no doubt that, of the two riders represented by the prophet Isaiah as bringing the restorers of the true worship of the Godhead, the rider upon the ass is Jesus Christ, because he so made his entry into Jerusalem; and that by the rider upon the camel is meant the Prophet of Arabia, of which country the camel is the characteristic conveyance." We might have supplied like interesting, yet fanciful, interpretations based on New Testament Scripture, but this our space does not allow.

If we now look at the points which are fundamental in the religious belief of the Turks, we shall find the most prominent of these to be the unity of God, implicit faith in Mohammed as the last and greatest Prophet of God, profound reverence for the Koran as the revealed will of God, forgiveness of sin to all who repent and express belief in Mohammed as a true

Prophet, a general judgment and a future state of rewards and punishments. Like all true Moslems, the Turks hold to the unity of God in the most strict and absolute sense — this idea, indeed, is the cornerstone of their system, and is expressed in the first line of their creed in the well-known phrase, “La ilâha illallâh wa Mohammed zasûl allah” (“There is no God but the Lord, and Mohammed is the prophet of God”). The first words of the Moslem creed are a perpetual protest, not only against every form of idolatry, but against every form of the doctrine of the Trinity. The point at which Mohammedanism comes into sharpest conflict with the Christian system is just here on the claims of Christ to a truly divine character; and on this point, as there has been in the past, so there is now no compromise. The war is a war to the death, not only from the intellectual and theological standpoint of the Moslems, but in their deepest convictions and in their daily intercourse with their ecclesiastical enemies. Christians are despised, not because they belong to other races, but because, in the opinion of the Turks, they rob God of his true character and glory by making that character and glory divisible, and by giving to one whom they regard only as a created being the honor that belongs exclusively to the Infinite and Uncreated. It is, indeed, wonderful how this idea of the unity of God enters into the entire life of the Moslem races, controlling their thoughts, feelings, habits, forms of speech; in a word, shaping the being and destiny of every true believer. Look, for example, at the position of Moslems in relation to the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments as illustrative of this point. Every true believer admits that these books were given by God; from infancy every Turk has been taught to say “*Deort kitab hakk dir*” (The four books are true); meaning thereby the Pentateuch, the Psalms and Prophets taken as one book, the Gospels, and the Koran. But all the faithful maintain that there are now no perfect copies of the Christian Scriptures; they have all been corrupted by the Christians; and what is the principal evidence adduced? The simple fact that they teach the hated doctrine of the divinity of Christ. Or take the social question of residence. Turks do not like to have Christians living near them; in general they rigidly exclude them from the quarters in which they themselves reside, not because the Christians are dishonest or immoral, but be-

cause they are infidels; because they hold that God had a son. Close contact is therefore avoided as endangering the faith of even the wives and children of the Moslem believers. “Thank God I am a Mussulman! I am no infidel!” is the proud boast of every Mohammedan, a boast by which often, in the ordinary business of life, he asserts his superiority to all who accept the Christian faith.

It should be remarked, however, that in the minds, at least, of the common people this rigid Unitarianism arises not so much from the impossibility of understanding metaphysically the doctrine of the Trinity as from a revolt against the physical, and, as they conceive, sensual idea involved in applying to God the epithet “Father,” and in calling Christ the Son of God. It is vain to present to the Moslem any argument from the internal evidence of the truth of the Christian Scriptures; any book that teaches the doctrine of the Trinity must needs be false. It is equally vain to bring forward the external evidences of the truth of Christianity. Christianity to him contains the most complete proof of its own falsity in declaring that God exists in three persons. And so when the true believer goes forth to fight the infidels, his shield is the unity of God; his sword and spear are the unity of God; his fearful battle-cry is the unity of God. All who hold any other doctrine are enemies of the true faith; if they will not accept the truth in regard to the essence and character of God, they are to be swept from the earth. Such as in the past, so now is the spirit of Mohammedanism.

The Turks have a great regard for the prophets and holy men whose histories are given in the Old and New Testament Scriptures, especially for Adam, Noah, Abraham, Joseph, Moses, David, Solomon, and Jesus; but the glory of all these is eclipsed by their own Prophet. As has been remarked by a Turkish author, “All other prophets and apostles are but a diadem on the brow of our lord Mohammed.” Many attempts have been made to explain this profound reverence for Mohammed by his countless followers. Other causes may have aided, but the main cause, doubtless, is to be found, not in his moral maxims, nor in the sensual paradise which he offered to his followers, nor yet in the vague belief that he spake as the oracle of God, but in the fact that he is regarded as the revealer and defender of the doctrine of the divine unity. In this character he became, in the eyes of his followers,

a reformer as opposed (1) to idolatry, (2) to a corrupt Christianity which accepted the worship of images, pictures, and saints, and (3) to a pure Christianity which holds to a trinity in a unity. But whatever may be the cause of this supreme devotion, there can be no question in regard to the fact. Nothing can exceed the jealous care with which Moslems guard the reputation of their Prophet; even an insinuation that he was not all that is claimed for him is resented as a personal insult. The name of Mohammed kindles a burning enthusiasm in the breasts of his followers, an enthusiasm which sometimes breaks forth in terrible massacres, but is generally quiet and powerful, like the flow of a deep and mighty river. Lethargic as most Turks are, the name of the Prophet at once arouses to action. The form of the Turk becomes more erect, his dull eye flashes, his blood flows quicker, and his step becomes elastic whenever a detested Christian, more bold than his fellows, dares to insinuate a doubt of the divine mission of Mohammed. There is sublimity in the enthusiasm of the Moslems for their Prophet of Arabia. It was this enthusiasm that conquered Constantinople, and that terrified Europe beneath the walls of Vienna. It is the same rapt and dominant passion that stands like a wall of adamant in the path of the modern missionary who attempts to teach the Moslem a pure Christianity; and it is the knowledge of this that makes the Christians of the East today tremble in the presence of their Moslem conquerors. The Christians know that they are surrounded by those whose fanatical hatred of Christianity is like the pent-up fires of a volcano; they can never be sure that those fires will not, at some unexpected moment, break forth with destructive fury.

This blind devotion of the Turks to their Prophet and to their religion is one of the most effectual of the many hindrances to general progress in Turkey. As an instance we may here refer to the much-needed reform in regard to *wakouf* property; that is, the real estate held by the mosques, and which, though of enormous extent, returns little revenue to the government. The most enlightened Turkish statesmen have long desired to change the laws that control this property so as to render its transfer easy, and to secure for the government therefrom a just revenue. It is well known that this is one of the most important and pressing questions in Turkish political economy. Every

step towards a right solution of this question is opposed by tens of thousands of ecclesiastics, who draw their support from the mosques, and who exert a powerful influence over the common people. All pious Turks are ready to exclaim, "Hands off from the rights and privileges of our sacred mosques!" It is vain to urge the necessities of the State; such appeals fall upon deaf ears, if the proposed measures are even an imaginary infringement of the supreme rights of the religion of Mohammed.

In now attempting to trace some of the results of that religion among the Ottoman Turks, some plain statements will be necessary in regard to the present moral condition of that race. We desire, however, distinctly to affirm that we are by no means insensible to the many good qualities of the Turkish people. We readily admit that they are patient under heavy misfortunes; that they are brave in battle; that they are hospitable to strangers; kind to dumb animals; in their monetary dealings with each other, and even with the Christians, more honest than the Christians themselves; that they are kind to the poor; fond of children and of flowers; and that they have besides a more just conception of the attributes and character of God than multitudes of the professed Christians by whom they are surrounded.

Making all due allowance for these and other good qualities, we are forced to the conviction, by an overwhelming amount of testimony, that the Turks, as a people, have many marked and gross defects of character which their best friends must acknowledge, and which can, on no ground whatever, be overlooked or defended. Some of these defects we desire to indicate. First, it must be confessed that the Turks are a sensual people, and that their sensuality takes the form, mainly, of licentiousness. We do not refer to the practice of polygamy, for we are convinced that polygamy is much less common among them than is generally supposed.* We refer to the degrading illicit

* It is well understood that slave girls among the Turks are used as concubines. This statement is confirmed by Sir Wm. Muir. See his "Coran," p. 58, where the following language is used: "Slaves, male and female—Moslem, heathen, Jew, or Christian—are transferable, like any other goods or chattels. Irrespective of his four legitimate wives, the believer is permitted by the Coran, and encouraged by the example of his Prophet, without any further ceremony or rite, to consort with female slaves taken captive in war, purchased, gifted, or otherwise legally acquired. There is no restriction whatever as to number, nor any of the obligations attaching to marriage. . . . So long

intercourse which has generally been described as the crime against nature. We believe, moreover, that this sensual character of the Turks is derived from and nurtured to a very large extent by their religion. The personal character of Mohammed entered largely into the system which he founded; the weakest point of his character is the weakest point of his system. He was a sensualist, and his religion is a sensual religion. That this charge is well founded is shown by the almost convulsive efforts of his modern defenders to blunt its edge, and to apologize for their hero on account of personal peculiarities of temperament, or to throw upon surrounding circumstances the main responsibility of his confessed departure from the law of virtue and purity. That Mohammed himself was licentious in life is abundantly proved by the Koran itself. One illustration will suffice. Zeid, the adopted son of the Prophet, had a beautiful wife, whom Mohammed wished to obtain. Somewhat after the style of Brigham Young, "a special revelation" was forthcoming. "But when Zeid had determined the matter concerning her, and had resolved to divorce her, we joined her in marriage unto thee." Such is the blasphemous language of the Sura, and no amount of special pleading can destroy its force. Mohammed, in order to throw some sort of veil over his passion, forges the name of God, in a special revelation, in justification of his shameful conduct. Brigham Young, in his worst days, did nothing worse. The marvel is, that men in our own age who lecture on the "Science of Religion," are bold enough to defend the private life of Mohammed. Sensual as the Turks are, it is worthy of remark that their sensuality is not of the kind that flaunts itself in the face of society; on the contrary, it rigidly conceals itself from the gaze of the world. An ordinary traveller in Turkey would be slow to believe in what depths of debasement those are living with whom he meets in the ordinary intercourse of life. It requires no little acquaintance with the habits of these people to be able to discover the signs and evidences of the immorality of which we speak. These are heavy charges to bring against a large part, if not a large majority, of an entire race, but the evidence is too strong to be rejected. The antipathy of the Christians to the Turks is due more to the

dread of their sensual passions than to mere religious animosity. No Christian likes his children to associate with the Turks, and especially is he careful to prevent his sons remaining alone with them.

It may be said that the same kind of sensuality exists, at least to some extent, among the Christian races, especially among the Greeks, and this cannot be denied; the difference in the two cases is that with the Turks such vice is well-nigh universal, while with the Christians it is partial and exceptional. The masses of the Christians are virtuous; the masses of the Turks are thoroughly depraved; they are born, they live and die in an atmosphere of vice. Now it may fairly be asked whether this state of immorality can be traced, either directly or indirectly, to the religion of Mohammed. We have not far to go for an answer. The Koran itself sets before those who receive it the joys of a sensual paradise. This assertion is proved not only by particular passages, but by the general tone of the book in regard to the future life. This much is admitted by the American missionary, Dr. Hamlin, who had exceptional advantages for studying the character and habits of the Turks, and who goes as far as truth and propriety will admit in apologizing for and defending them. On page 349 of his work, "Among the Turks," we read:—

The fourth and worst attribute of Islam is its sensualism. Mr. J. Bosworth Smith has tried to palliate or explain away the proofs which are usually brought from the Koran. Were the Koran the only authority, no one could read the 52nd, 55th, and 56th Suras and have any honest doubts as to their meaning. But the Mohammedan religion is found in the traditions more than in the Koran. The multitude know little of the Koran except through tradition; this is sensualistic in the extreme; it is untranslatably vile. One may just as well argue that there is no theism in the Koran as that its paradise is not a sensual abode.

No one of the Mohammedan races has carried out the license given to sensual passion by the Koran and the adhering tradition to such an extent as have the Ottoman Turks, and no race has suffered so much from that license. The evil consequences are far-reaching and baleful in the extreme. It is to feed Turkish sensuality that the slave trade throughout the empire and in the interior of Africa is maintained. The beautiful, fair daughters who are purchased from the Georgians and Circassians also find their way at last to the harems of Constantino-

ple, Brusa, Smyrna, Adrianople, Aleppo, Bagdad, and other towns and cities of Asia Minor. One of the direct results of this sensuality is that the Turks have degenerated physically during the past two hundred years. That the conquerors of Constantinople were a hardy race of great physical strength there can be no doubt; that the great majority of modern Turks are of an effeminate type is equally certain; very many of them are persons of fine appearance, but they are physically weak, without elasticity, giving the impression of men who have lost their vitality.* The same may be said even more emphatically of Turkish women; they are small in stature, of a sickly complexion, easily fatigued by slight exertion, and become prematurely old. After the age of forty all feminine beauty is gone; the eyes have become sunken, the cheeks hollow, and the face wrinkled; and there remains no trace of the activity and physical strength often seen in English women of sixty-five, or even of seventy years of age. Another immediate result of the prevailing sensuality is the mental imbecility of multitudes of the Ottoman Turks; great numbers among them are intellectually stupid. Many even of the young men have the vacant look which borders close on the idiotic state. Severe mental application is for them almost a physical impossibility. It is well known that in all branches of business where considerable mental activity is required, the Turks employ Christians to work for them. This is owing, not so much to a lack of education, or to a general want of energy, as in many cases to a mental incapacity which often amounts to real imbecility. Obvious illustrations of the special topic now discussed is furnished by the royal family itself. Sultan Abdul Mejid, Sultan Abdul Aziz, and the deposed Sultan Murad, were all men of depraved minds, vicious habits, intemperate and sensual in the extreme, and were alike devoid of moral character and mental capacity. Mental incapacity, however, from the causes alleged is not confined by any means to the wealthy and aristocratic classes; it is found in all grades of society.

Another resultant evil, generated by

* The endurance of the Turkish soldiers in the late war may be cited as contradicting this statement; it must be remembered that soldiers are largely drawn from the agricultural population, where the evils of which we speak do not exist to so great an extent as in the towns and cities. It should also be remembered that only men of sound constitutions and in the prime of life are drafted into the army.

Mohammedanism among the Turkish race, is the degradation of woman. Arabs, Kurds, Turcomans, and Circassians, all treat their women with more respect than do the Turks. It is not easy to draw a true picture of the condition and character of the wives and daughters of the Ottoman Moslems; even the outlines of such a picture would offend the taste of Western readers. We can only, therefore, in general terms say that Turkish women live and die in a state of moral and social degradation. The earnest efforts that are made to seclude the female sex from the observation of males, so far from promoting virtue among them, has a positive tendency in the opposite direction. The "harem," so sacredly secluded from the world, is the nursery of impure desires, the home of vile gossip; its atmosphere is tainted with pollution. Turkish women, excluded as they are from the society of men, learn to think of all intercourse with the opposite sex as low and degrading, and this conviction or sentiment works like a moral poison at the very source of family and social life. In this impure moral atmosphere Turkish children are born and reared; the vile language which is heard from their lips as soon as they are old enough to appear in the streets is the language which they have learned from their mothers and sisters, and from the female servants of the harem. We question whether the children of the most degraded heathen tribes use language more thoroughly polluted than that commonly used by Turkish children in their early years. An able French writer* has recently said:—

Nothing would contribute more to the regeneration and well-being of the inhabitants of Turkey and Egypt than the abolition of the harem system. Probably there are few who have paid attention to the effect of slavery in Eastern countries who do not see that its existence has much to do in producing the lethargy and sensuality so destructive of all the best intents of the people. It forms a sort of enclosure within which the Mussulman lives: peculiar life; an outwork behind which he finds a refuge from the influence of civilization and Christianity. Destroy this, and his existence will undergo a change, and he will become a different person altogether.

Joseph Cooper, the earnest and able advocate of the abolition of the African slave trade, in a recent pamphlet on "Turkey and Egypt," well says:—

* The Slave Trade in Africa in 1872. By E. F. Be lioux.

It is to supply these countries that multitudes of Africans are still driven under a burning sun, and undergo the torture of thirst, hunger, and fatigue, over a large portion of Northern or Central Africa, where the paths of the deserts are to be traced by the bleached bones of human skeletons. . . . The principal demand for slaves is for the harems; to supply these, twenty, forty, and sometimes sixty pounds sterling are paid for a slave, a price that would ensure a supply in spite of the most stringent laws honestly enforced.

In a small volume, issued in 1875, on "Slavery and the Slave Trade in Africa," the same writer has shown most conclusively that the internal slave trade of Africa is maintained, to a large extent, in order to supply the demand for slaves in Turkey and Egypt.

Another sad result of the evils we have been describing is a marked decrease in the Turkish population. Reliable statistics are unknown in Turkey, in fact there are no statistics at all in regard to births and deaths. Almost all travellers in the country are struck with the decline of the Turkish population. This decline is indicated by the small number of children seen in the Turkish towns and villages, as compared with the comparatively large number of children seen in the Christian towns and villages. It is also indicated by the deserted and ruined condition of the Turkish quarters in many cities as compared with the overflowing population of the Christian quarters. The heavy draft made on the Turkish population to supply the armies accounts, to some extent, for this decline, but this is not the only nor the chief cause; the decline is, in the main, owing to the moral causes we have indicated. Still another result of the degrading tendencies of Mohammedanism is that, in the minds of the Turks, morality is divorced from religion. Religion consists entirely in the intellectual acceptance of certain doctrinal statements and in the performance of certain duties. A man may perform these duties, and intellectually accept these doctrinal statements, while he is at the same time guilty of the grossest forms of immorality. Whatever may have been the motives of the founder of the Mohammedan religion, nothing can be more certain, as a matter of fact, than the wide distinction in that system between doctrinal belief and the conduct of life. The life of the Prophet himself, as we have shown, is the most potent illustration of this point; while he taught many sublime truths, he not the less lived an immoral life; and

too many of his followers among the Ottoman Turks have imitated and improved upon his vicious example. We must acknowledge, however, that, as a rule, the Turks are free from two gross vices that disgrace the civilization of Europe — we mean intemperance and prostitution. These violations of morality are strictly forbidden by the Koran; the majority of Turkish Moslems adhere to their own religious law on these points, especially in the interior of Asiatic Turkey. In the large cities, however, on the seacoast, where the Turks come more closely in contact with Europeans, they have introduced and adopted to a large extent these shameless vices. Sir Wm. Muir, in his interesting volume on the Koran, thus refers to this subject: "The Koran not only denounces any illicit laxity between the sexes in the severest terms, but exposes the transgressor to condign punishment. For this reason, and because the conditions of what is licit are so accommodating and wide, a certain negative virtue (it can hardly be called continence or chastity) pervades Mahometan society, in contrast with which the gross and systematic immorality in certain parts of every European community may be regarded by the Christian with shame and confusion."*

What, then, may we anticipate as the future of the Turkish people? In the first place, as an inference from the history of the past, we conclude that there is no probability of the Turks amalgamating with any of the Christian races. During the four hundred years of Turkish rule in Asia Minor there has been no approach to such an amalgamation; they never intermarry with the Christians; the races are as distinct to-day as when the first wild emigrants from beyond the Caspian pitched their tents on the banks of the Sakarius, in the plains of Bithynia. Nor is there any hope that the Turks will reform themselves on the basis of their own religious system. Writers like Mr. J. Bosworth Smith seem to indulge in a dream of this sort. Such an opinion would be worthy of consideration if it could be supported by facts. We think,

* The general position taken in this article is strongly confirmed by Sir Wm. Muir in the treatise referred to above. Thus he says (p. 60): "Polygamy, with the barbarous institution of servile concubinage, is the worm at the root of Islâm, the secret of its decadence. By it the purity and virtue of the family tie are touched; the tone and vigor of the dominant classes are sapped; the body politic becomes weak and languid, excepting for intrigue; and the State itself too often crumbles to pieces, the prey of a doubtful and contested succession."

on the contrary, that the teachings of history prove, beyond all reasonable doubt, that the religious system of Mohammed is the prime source of the political decrepitude as of the moral and social evils that so darken the entire horizon of the Ottoman Turks.

As we have tried to point out the sore spots in the life and character of this people, even at the risk of offending the good taste of our readers, we do not hesitate to intimate that the remedies to be applied should be in the direction of removing the causes of the direful disease. We have but little hope of the self-reformation of the Turkish race; if there is any hope at all, it comes from the possibility of giving to them the elements of Christian education. Hitherto they have shown but little disposition to avail themselves of the educational advantages placed within their reach. The schools that have been established by foreigners, with a view to the civilization and reformation of the country, have been attended almost exclusively by Christian youths. Notwithstanding all that has been said by Colonel Baker and others in regard to recent improvements in the school system of Turkey, the fact still remains that the masses of the Turks, old and young, are in a state of deplorable ignorance. The boasted improvements are in schemes proposed, not in plans carried out. The Turkish mind seems incapable of receiving any stimulus in the direction of intellectual activity. We search in vain for evidence of inventive genius, for machines made by native Turks, for factories, for works of art, for improvements in the most common methods of commerce and agriculture, for schools in which the most simple principles of modern science are taught. We are sorry it is true, but, being true, we think the fact should be known and acknowledged that the Turks seem entirely content with their ignorance. A few who have enjoyed opportunities of study in Europe have shown considerable intellectual capacity, especially as linguists, and occasionally in individual instances some progress has been made in the study of the natural sciences, but such examples only make more striking the prevailing ignorance and inaptitude. The results of recent investigations and the modern methods of study are as much unknown to the great majority of Turks as they are to the North American Indians. Nor is it difficult, after the facts we have adduced, to trace a close connection between this general

ignorance and the corrupting tendencies of a sensual religion. We confess we have not much hope that the Turkish Moslems will adopt new ideas in regard to the value of education. Their common schools are no better now than they were two hundred years ago. True there is a Bureau of Education connected with the government at Constantinople; there is also a minister of public instruction. Efforts have been made from time to time by a few educated men to organize a school system, but these efforts have met with no sympathy and no response from the Moslems themselves. It may fairly be said of the Ottoman race that they are indifferent to the value of education. On the other hand, their Christian neighbors are establishing common and high schools through all parts of the empire. Turkish gentlemen, rich owners of real estate, local governors, and high officials, attend the examinations of such schools, and gaze and listen in silent wonder at the evidence of progress, and then go home to sink down again into their habitual lethargy.

What prospect is there that the Turks will accept Christianity? We think, humanly speaking, the prospect is exceedingly slight. In saying this we do not question the divine authority and power of the Christian religion. We admit that nations more wild, savage, and vicious than the Turks have accepted that religion, and have been influenced by it in the most wonderful manner. We only speak of the probabilities of the case as drawn from a careful study of the history and character of the Turks themselves. Intellectually, the main obstacle to the acceptance of Christianity is the doctrine of the sonship of Christ; practically, the main obstacle is the fact that the gospel requires the entire, unreserved, and unconditional abandonment of the sensuality which has become to the Turk almost a second nature. The Turks often declare that "the gospel is an iron *lebleb* (roasted pea), which we cannot eat." Dr. Hamlin gives a list of some forty or fifty persons in all who have been baptized from among this people by the American and English missionaries. We are sorry he does not give the history of these converts from Mohammedanism subsequent to this baptism. The number is small, but all would be glad to know how many of even this small number have remained true to their new faith, and have lived in accordance with the precepts of the gospel. Dr. Hamlin is of the opinion that the number

of Turkish converts would have been much larger had there been more extended and more direct efforts made in the way of evangelization. This is possible, yet there can be little doubt that the widespread and publicly recognized efforts of the Bible and missionary societies in Turkey must have reached, to a considerable extent, nearly all classes of the population. Tens of thousands of Turks must have had opportunity to learn what are the fundamental principles of evangelical Christianity, either through the printed page or from the lips of the earnest and simple converts, who have been gathered in such large numbers into self-supporting and independent Churches throughout the country. We fear that the real difficulty is deeper than a want of knowledge, although it cannot be claimed that the gospel has been preached widely among, and directly to, the Ottomans. They seem to be in a state of moral and spiritual collapse, in which all appeals calculated to arouse them to a higher life fall upon ears that are stone deaf. Possibly with the advance of civilization and the increase of religious freedom some degree of success may attend the efforts that are made for the conversion of the Turkish Moslems to Christianity; but we confess that the history of the past and the indications of the present incline us to the opinion that such a result is scarcely probable.

Our object in this article has been especially to point out the connection between the religion of Mohammed and the present character of the Ottoman race; we shall not, therefore, discuss abuses in government and administration that have but an indirect, though real, connection with that religious system. It may not be out of place, however, to indicate, in a few words, some of the practical measures upon which England should in our judgment insist, if the good results anticipated by the authors of the Anglo-Turkish convention are to any extent to be secured. We name seven points which seem to us essential in a policy of reform. First in order and first in importance is the reform of the judiciary; secondly, the establishment of a good system of police; thirdly, permanence in the tenure of office; fourthly, the abolition of the present method of collecting the revenue, and the substitution of a just system of taxation; fifthly, the reform of the laws which relate to the vakouf property; sixthly, the construction of carriage roads and bridges in the interior of the coun-

try; and seventhly, the putting into actual practice the acknowledged equality before the laws of all Turkish subjects without regard to race or religion. If measures like these, tending to a thorough reform, can be carried out at the instance of England on a large scale, much will undoubtedly be accomplished in the political, if not in the moral, regeneration of the country. It would not be difficult to show that no one of these specifications can be safely omitted in any plan which is intended to meet the requirements of the case.

The whole purport of our paper, however, has been to show that the real obstacles to a radical reform lie deeper than any that can be removed by the proposals above indicated. Were we asked to propound remedies for the acknowledged evils, social, moral, religious, as well as political, which afflict the Turkish people, we should seek to apply the following. First, the preaching of a pure gospel. Secondly, the circulating of a pure literature. Thirdly, the establishment throughout the country of schools of a high moral and intellectual character, especially for the education of Turkish girls. Fourthly, we would use whatever influence the British government could wield to discredit and destroy the system of slavery now existing in Turkey, together with all its connections and supports in other countries. Each of these recommendations aims at one and the same end: namely, the purification of social life. While that fountain remains impure no measures of political economy, no support of foreign powers, no external appliances of any sort can in the long run save Turkish society, and with it Turkish government, from irretrievable decadence and ruin. Could we, for example, introduce into hundreds of thousands of Turkish homes such works as are issued by the Pure Literature Society, or by the Religious Tract Society; and could we secure that these works would be read, understood, and appreciated, we might have some ground for hope that in the course of twenty or thirty years, real progress would be made in the direction of purifying the family life of the Turks. Only from a purified family life can we expect to see Turkish men and women springing up of a higher moral character and purpose. Suppose, again, that schools of a high grade for Turkish girls could be established and successfully maintained throughout the country, might we not in the course of time see the public sentiment of society

changed in regard to the position, duties, rights, and privileges of the female sex? So also in regard to the preaching of a pure gospel. Hitherto the Turks have seen Christianity only under clouds of ignorance, bigotry, and superstition; they have seen among the Christians a reverence for pictures and saints amounting almost to idolatry. We cannot wonder at their rejection of such a religion. Let them hear the pure, uncorrupted gospel; let them understand the real teachings of the founder of Christianity in the untarnished words that fell from his gracious lips, and some encouraging results might be produced. We do not affirm, when all is done, that the Turks would accept the gospel and act upon its precepts. Looking at this question from the side of human probability, we have, as already indicated, grave doubts on this point. We do not assert that the use of any one, or all of these means, or of any other, would suffice to rescue the Turks, as a people and a nation, from the results of their own fearful corruption. But what we do assert is, that here, if anywhere, lies the hope of such rescue. The evils being such as we have described, the remedies must be spiritual and moral rather than political. We do not, of course, underestimate the value of political agencies for the removal of gross injustice and the evils of misgovernment. Let statesmen by all means devise the best possible measures; let England apply her influence for the correction of glaring abuses; but let her not forget that the evils are radical, reaching deep into the very heart of society; and that the remedies must touch the source of the disease if the cure is to be real or permanent.

In reviewing the whole case as it now lies before us — putting possibilities aside — we confess that the most probable result in regard to the Turks is that they will become extinct as a race. The causes operating in this direction are powerful and easily understood. The most potent cause is the one which we have already pointed out — the inherent corruption of the people themselves. Another powerful cause, operating in the same direction, is the external pressure from the advancing Christian races of the empire. Ignorant, superstitious, and degraded as the bulk of the Christians are, there is yet in them a basis for improvement. They have physical strength and dormant capabilities of moral growth; they are not radically corrupt, and they have the desire to improve their condi-

tion. No one familiar with Turkey for the past twenty-five years can have failed to notice what rapid progress has been made by the Christian races, while the Moslems, especially the Turkish Moslems, have either remained stationary or have rapidly retrograded. The testimony of the American missionary, Rev. Dr. Hamlin, on this point is worthy of special notice:—

The Rayahs [he says, "Among the Turks," p. 376] are working up to a knowledge of their power and their rights. The Porte can no longer carry on the government without their aid, and they are pressing in on every side. Their progress in education, their knowledge of foreign languages and foreign countries, the superior activity and energy of the Christians are all in their favor, and twenty years more of accelerated progress like that of the past ten years, under the worst sovereign Turkey ever had, will change all these tens into hundreds of thousands. . . . The Christian element of the empire is steadily gaining power and influence, and even if bloody revolution do not hasten the day of freedom, it is sure to come by moral forces.

This is the testimony of one whose long residence in the country and close observation of all its races and creeds enable him to speak with authority. Such testimony may well attract the attention of British statesmen, and of all who are trying to forecast the future of the Ottoman Empire. But whatever the future may be, we cannot doubt that the fertile lands now under Turkish sway will be recovered to civilization and freedom, and be made the home of human happiness. The Turk cannot stop, though for a time he may hinder the onward march of modern progress; he may be regenerated and restored, or he may be left behind and overwhelmed; but we are very sure that, unless he at once begins to keep step with the nations of the world, he cannot remain the master of those fair regions over which he has so long dominated, but which he has neither governed nor improved.

T. C. TROWBRIDGE.

From Temple Bar.

ROBIN.

BY MRS. PARR, AUTHOR OF "ADAM AND EVE."

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHRISTOPHER at this time was already half-way on his journey back to Venice, his starting speeded by a conversation in which Mr. Blunt betrayed that he had

taken upon himself to write to Mr. Veriker.

Poor fellow! his task was by no means a pleasant one, for with his eyes refusing to remain blind to his ostentation and vulgarities, Mr. Blunt was his father, and Christopher held it a sacred duty to screen from others failings which made much in his own life bitter.

Absence, without in any way diminishing his love, had tempered the heat of its fire, and with a full sense of the happiness he was giving up, he felt secure in his own strength to study only what should be best for Robin's future welfare.

Before leaving home he had written a letter registering a promise not only to watch over Robin, but by an income which she should believe she derived from her father, to provide her with means of support. More fluent as a writer than as a speaker, he had very touchingly alluded to his love: its hopelessness, and the pain he knew he must suffer. Yet he was willing to give up Robin without even asking her, because circumstances might induce her to make a choice which her later judgment might repent.

With this letter ready to give to Mr. Veriker, Christopher arrived in Venice, and was — unexpected by them — ushered into the presence of the father and daughter. Robin was ready to go out. Mr. Veriker had but just come down. Both were effusively warm in their welcome of him. Only a few weeks had elapsed since they had parted, yet what a change he saw in both! The first look at Mr. Veriker came on him as a shock; Robin's pale cheeks and tired eyes struck him with dismay. The very weather too seemed in harmony. It was cold and wet; fogs hung low over the canals; the sky was no longer sunny.

"I wish I had you both in England," he could not help saying, contrasting the cheerless room with the comforts he had left behind him; "the houses there are so warm and cosy."

Mr. Veriker looked round him, and gave a little shiver.

"What do you say," he said to Robin; "shall we go back with Christopher?"

She tried to smile assent. What was this that had come over her? Only that morning she had awakened full of desire that Christopher would come — come soon, so that they would be married and get away from here, so that her father would be stronger. He had had a slight attack the night before; now, at first sight, the instant her eyes fell upon Christopher,

she was oppressed by a desire to escape, to run away out of his sight, out of his reach — anywhere.

"I think, if you don't mind, Christopher, as I was going for something it is best for me still to go."

"Oh, God! send me strength to give her up," was Christopher's cry, for a look at her face, the sound of her voice, had awakened the love which slept but to arouse refreshed. What should he do? How battle with the temptation which was now so near him?

"Yes, my dear, do," said Mr. Veriker. "It's some drops to take. You won't be gone long. It's only to Zamperini's," he explained to Christopher.

Christopher opened the door, watched her down, and then returning, seated himself near Mr. Veriker.

"I am so glad to have you alone!" he said. "I wanted to give you this," and he handed him the letter, "and to speak to you. You know why I have come, but what does she think has brought me?"

"She knows," said Mr. Veriker.

"Knows! You didn't show her my father's letter?"

"Hardly. Your father was a little plain-spoken, my dear fellow, but I told her his wishes, and that his wishes were yours also."

For the life of him Christopher could not get out the words which would ask Robin's reply, and the mention of Mr. Blunt's letter had set Mr. Veriker's heart beating so, that his breath came with difficulty.

"What a confounded nuisance this is directly I begin to speak," he said irritably. "I wanted to tell you all about it: how it came round, and what she said, but — I can't do it. It won't let me," and he put up his hand as if he was in pain.

"Don't try yourself. Never mind; only what was her answer? Tell me that." Christopher's effort to speak seemed as great as Mr. Veriker's.

"Oh, all right: as I thought — she likes you very much; seems quite taken with the idea of marrying you."

Were his senses going? Did it mean *that*, this buzzing in his ears and swaying of everything before his eyes? Christopher was experiencing all the first distress of fainting. Mr. Veriker was still speaking to him when he seemed to come to himself again. He felt for his handkerchief: a cold sweat stood on his forehead.

"It's taken you by surprise, poor lad,"

Mr. Veriker said sympathetically. "Well, I confess it did me a little, and I'm an old stager, you'll say, and ought to be pretty well up in the caprices of women. But they're unfathomable, you know. I've often told you so," and to seem more at his ease, for the way Christopher had taken what he said embarrassed him, he essayed to whistle "*La donna e mobile*," and failed signally.

Without speaking, Christopher got up suddenly, and made a turn up and down the room. Coming back to Mr. Veriker, he said, —

"It's impossible that she can love me. She doesn't, does she?"

"Love! Well, she's a little young to know much about love. That's a lesson for you to teach her, it seems to me."

Christopher shook his head.

"I can't help feeling it is taking an unfair advantage," he said. "She has taught me what love is, and yet I am going to deprive her of liberty."

"How — liberty?" said Mr. Veriker quickly.

"The liberty of choice. She cannot have that if she is tied to me, and reason will no more listen to her saying 'Love Christopher,' than it did to me saying 'Don't love Robin.' No, no," and he sighed heavily; "I must put away the temptation, and you — you must help me. Don't let her ever have reason to say that the two who loved her best wrought her the greatest misery."

Mr. Veriker looked away, and Christopher went on, —

"In that letter you will see what I have promised you to do for her, and in time I shall have more at my command; and if I find that it will make her happy to share it with — another, I will treat her as you would have done. Only let me leave her free. Help me," he added earnestly. "You must; for I am much stronger when she is away than when she is near me!"

Mr. Veriker raised his head. Christopher had bent his down on the chair-back, his face was hidden from view. There was a look of awe in the weary, world-worn eyes which Mr. Veriker turned upon him. What was it he felt? Not admiration. We must in a way comprehend to admire, and no experience of his, or of any one he had ever known, enabled him to gauge the spirit of sacrifice shown by Christopher. Hitherto, fond as he felt of him, he had accepted much of the kindness shown him with a certain easy complacency, feeling that if he had not spent his

money in that way he would have in some other: "One of those fellows who build asylums for deceased blind beggar men's dogs, and send out books to the blacks who can't read 'em," he would say descriptively, when drawing a picture of his newly-found relation. The charity, morality, and many other good qualities which Christopher had shown, were but further instances of his weakness; and when Robin, struck by the fact, had wondered how it was that Christopher had grown up so good, Mr. Veriker had made answer that "he expected he couldn't help it; that he had been born so," and his vague surmise found point in the laugh which followed, and which gave thanks that a like calamity had not befallen him.

But the last few weeks of bodily pain and mental suffering had wrought as great a change internally as it had to the visible eye. Through those long, sleepless nights how many hours had he dragged out in groping, trying to lay hold of something to cling to, and finding all fail him — in none of them support. Books worried him; newspapers, novels — once enjoyed with keen relish — now fell flat, flavorless. He did not want to hear of the world he was forced to turn his back upon, yet he was tormented by a vague, unsatisfied craving. Was it to hear something of that other world, the one he said he had no belief in, which a voice he could not still keep whispering he was fast hastening to?

Christopher believed in that life to come. In spite of being laughed at, he had often spoken to him of his faith in it. Did the belief make him act as he was acting now? A glimmer of consciousness that man had been imaged after an all-glorious being, higher than his own, capable of a nature more divine than the one by birth he possessed, began to steal over Mr. Veriker. He felt himself tremble, and Christopher at that moment stretching his hand towards him, he could scarce take it in his own.

"I have been exciting you," Christopher said, quick to catch sight of the increased pallor on the face. "Don't read the letter now. Put it away: we'll talk about this another time."

Mr. Veriker made a movement of his head. Time with him he knew was fast running to its end. He wanted to speak now. He thought he would tell Christopher about Jack — how Robin and he had been left together — ask his advice; speak of why Jack had gone away, and how,

since, he had cast him off from them altogether. He did not stop to ask, why the prompting to say this to Christopher? He only knew, he felt it was a sort of duty, a reparation he ought to make, and he would make it if he could get the strength to speak.

"The brandy," he gasped: "in that cupboard there. Before she comes in give me some!"

Christopher searched the shelf, but it was in a bottle which he did not at once see.

"Never mind; there's some ether, that will do. Hand it over! Quick! or she'll be back."

Christopher looked round for some water, got a glass, and finally put the bottle to his nose to make sure it was the right stuff. Mr. Veriker watched him with all the impatience of his disease. He had to tighten his lips to keep back the irritable exclamations which he was bursting to fling at him. The effort at control only aggravated his distress.

"Oh, it's no good now!" he exclaimed, his quick ear catching the sound of Robin's voice. "I—I——" The sharp pain which came like a stab to him forced him into silence. He shut his eyes, and lay back exhausted.

"What is the matter?" Robin was sniffing the sickly odor now so familiar to her. "You've been giving him ether? Papa!"

Mr. Veriker tried to reassure her by making a movement of his hand, but the conflicting emotions of the last hour had overtaken him. He was growing faint.

Tossing aside her hat, Robin flung herself down beside him. Her attitude was study for despair. Poor child! all unversed in the ways of illness, she had not an idea of what remedies to apply. It was Christopher who brought what was necessary, and in a few minutes Mr. Veriker, who had never quite lost consciousness, was sufficiently restored to open his eyes.

"You have been talking to him too much," Robin murmured, looking round at Christopher reproachfully.

Mr. Veriker shook his head.

"There are some things we must talk of together," he said faintly.

"But nothing that I may not hear. I know what has made you come, Christopher. He was shaking so that he could hardly stand. She was looking at him deadfastly. 'Papa has told me. You want me to marry you, he says, and I'm quite willing. Only let it be very LIVING AGE. VOL. XXXVIII. 1942

soon, so that we may get away from here quickly."

"But," Christopher managed to say, "that need not stop us. We can go away without it being necessary for you to marry me, Robin."

"No, no," she said impetuously. "I would rather we were married: he wishes it," she added, lowering her voice. "It will do him good. Didn't you say, papa," for she saw he was listening, "that you would like me to marry Christopher; that it would make you happy?"

"Yes, I said so," murmured Mr. Veriker. "I didn't think of him then," and he struggled with the emotion which now so easily overcame him; "but since he has come back——" It was of no use; the lump in his throat was choking him, and, breaking down, he sobbed out, "He's a good fellow, Robin; a good fellow. God bless him! God bless him!"

Robin stretched out her arms; Christopher caught her hand.

"We'll talk together later," he whispered. "Say no more now."

But in the conversation which took place between them later on, nothing better was arrived at. Robin steadily maintained that she wished to marry him, and when Christopher ventured to ask if she loved him, she said she had not any love to give to any one now—all her love was swallowed up by her father; and Christopher, overcome by the giant desire, grew accustomed to the whisper it made in his ear that in time, by the aid of his untiring devotion, love would most certainly come; gradually, by degrees, Robin would learn the lesson, and, sweetest of all enticements, he would be her teacher.

Without delay, he wrote at once to his father; and Mr. Blunt, pleased by what he considered his management of the matter, offered no opposition; indeed, Christopher, wise in his generation, so worded the announcement in his letter that his father was pleased by the decision, and thought none the less of Robin for the readiness she had displayed in closing at once with such a good offer.

Mr. Veriker, daily weaker, after that one effort, never returned to the subject again. The moment for speaking out—what was now locked up forever in his breast—had passed by. Soothed by Christopher's presence and attentions, he began to feel he could not do without him. To send him away was robbing himself of his only chance of life. When Christopher once hinted at the letter he

had given him, Mr. Veriker said he would read it later. But the evening he had received it he had put it away, and he kept putting off the trouble of taking it out of his desk again.

So the necessary preliminaries, entrusted to Mr. Holton, an English notary, who resided at Venice, were ordered to be hastened on with all possible dispatch, and to Christopher at least the time went by swiftly.

The necessity of constant attendance on her father formed a sufficient excuse for Robin and him to be but little alone, and seeing how soon her care would be in vain, Christopher forbore to lure her from the watch she kept. It was only Robin who did not, could not, would not, see the rapid decline in Mr. Veriker. A mere hint that he did not seem so well brought down her displeasure on the speaker.

The going away from Venice immediately after the marriage was the event which buoyed her up. Travelling had always agreed with him. He had never been ill while they were going about from one place to another, and as soon as the wedding was over, they were all three, the very same day, to start off, and begin by easy stages their journey to Spezzia, the place which Mr. Veriker had fixed on to go to; where he said he should like to stay, giving as a reason to Christopher that his wife lay buried there.

"Child, I don't fancy it would do me much good to go and see you married," Mr. Veriker said, the morning before the wedding-day. "Would you mind if we got Mr. Holton to act my part as father?"

Not a bit; she did not mind. The ceremony she had to go through was a mere ceremony to her.

In the first few days after Christopher's arrival, Robin's couch had been watered nightly with tears of anguish and despair; but now, familiar with his presence, relieved by his thoughtfulness, never obtruded on by his advances, all this was passed—sunk in the greater anguish which haunted her like a spectre, the unknown dread of something which, although she shut her eyes to it, she saw each hour stealing nearer.

Posted up as to the day when the marriage would take place, Mr. Blunt, still in high good humor, sent a substantial proof of his favor, together with a letter, from which Christopher improvised messages to Robin and her father.

The luggage was packed; all was ready. Madame Giacomuzzi was to look after

Mr. Veriker, who had promised to rest quietly until the return of the bride and bridegroom. *Déjeuner* would then be served, and they would be in time for the train which was to take them on to Verona.

To cover the under-current of emotion which oppressed them all, great interest was feigned in Mr. Blunt's letter, scraps from which, while waiting for Mr. Holton, Christopher went on reading.

"It is our squire," he said in explanation—"I left him very ill—who, my father says, is dying, and all the place is agog to know how he will leave his property."

"No heir, then?"

"No children—a nephew who has quarrelled with him. They have sent for him, though, it seems now. He is abroad somewhere."

"Lucky dog," sighed Mr. Veriker. "Why ain't I that nephew?"

"Oh, I don't think you need wish to be: people don't seem to say much that is good about him, I fancy."

"So far as I ever discovered, nobody ever said anything good of me," and Mr. Veriker smiled feebly. "What's the name of this nephew?"

"Name!" said Christopher, whose thoughts were following Robin. "Oh, Chandos—the squire's name."

"Chandos," repeated Mr. Veriker. "Wasn't his name Chandos, Robin?" and he turned his head round to find she was not there.

"Robin has gone down-stairs," said Christopher. "I expect it's time for me to follow her."

Below, Robin was speaking to Madame Giacomuzzi. The woman held her by the hand. Her motherly heart yearned towards the girl.

"Ah, it is not you she would have chosen," she said, addressing Christopher a few minutes later, as she stood watching them go, for Mr. Holton had joined them and they were walking towards the gondola. "She needed but to say 'I don't want Paolo,' and I knew about whom she was thinking," and she hugged the baby she was nursing closer and went to find a candle to set up before the picture of the Madonna.

Meanwhile Giacomuzzi came back from the steps. He had been keeping in readiness the gondola. The old waiter, in company with the sister who helped in the house duties, returned from the vantage-spots they had chosen. The marriage had made quite an excitement

among the household. Now they must call to mind their duties. Madame would go up and see after the signor. Would she then give him this letter? and Giacomuzzi took one from his pocket and gave her. It had come an hour ago. In the bustle he had forgotten to deliver it; but she need not say so.

Madame Giacomuzzi — as she said after — took up the letter, gave it to Mr. Veriker, who asked her to give him some water. There was none in the room, and she went to fetch it, and when, perhaps ten minutes later — for something downstairs detained her — she returned, she found Mr. Veriker lying back faint. But she had seen him faint often before, so she threw over his forehead some of the water and then thought she would burn under his nose some paper — alas! in her haste, the very letter; but he did not come to, so she called to Giacomuzzi, and he ran for the doctor, and the doctor came, and was still there when the wedding party returned, and Robin, flushed and trembling, ran up, close followed by Christopher.

"Papa!" and then, seeing a crowd in the room, she made a rush forward. "Father! Father!" but some one intercepted her. "Father!" she screamed, and with all her might she struggled to get free.

"Hush! hush! he cannot hear you."

Mr. Veriker lay dead. Beside him was a screwed-up bit of burnt paper.

From The Modern Review.

ELIZABETH STUART, QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.

I.

ELIZABETH STUART, some time queen of Bohemia, and still titular Queen of Scots; daughter of James I., and Anne of Denmark; granddaughter of Mary Queen of Scots, fourth in descent from Margaret Tudor; sister of Prince Henry, and of Charles I.; wife of the *Winter King*; mother of the princes Rupert and Maurice, and of the electress Sophia; friend of Lord Craven — is the princess who took the blood royal of England and Scotland to Germany, where it became ended with that of the Guelphs; the result being that Elizabeth's descendants, on the spindle side, succeeded to the throne of England, after the last Stuart king had been deprived of the crown, and after his two daughters had died without leaving issue.

A direct descendant of this mixed

strain of royal blood now wears the crown of Britain. "The sovereign qualification was restored to the realm (at the accession of the house of Hanover) in its highest purity through the descendants of the Guelphs, passing back through the house of Este to connect themselves with some of the illustrious Roman *Gentes*. The new dynasty was, indeed, by centuries older in history than the Plantagenets." (Burton.) Elizabeth Stuart was born in Falkland Palace, 19th August, 1596; she died 13th February, 1662, in Leicester House, London.

Between birth and death, this descendant and ancestress of kings lived through many adventures, saw many men of mark in many foreign lands, experienced bitter sorrows, and passed through a strange life of royal romance. Princess, electress, queen, fugitive, and refugee, her career knew pomp and pleasure, penury and pain. After stormy alternations of rule and of reverse, the (titular) ex-queen of Bohemia returned from the Continent to England, to die there, generally neglected and half unknown. The years which elapsed between the period at which she quitted England as Electress Palatine, and returned to it a beauty-waning and distressed widow, discrowned and forlorn, embraced the terrible epoch of the Thirty Years' War; and Elizabeth's vivid memory was filled with vital images of the long agony of that most cruel civil and religious struggle. She had actually and intimately known the persons, intrigues, interests, of the great war; had seen many of the heroes, adventurers, tyrants, of that woful time; had spoken with Gustavus Adolphus, Maurice of Nassau, Mansfeld, Christian of Brunswick, and many other of the notabilities of that distinctive epoch of history; had shared the somewhat heavy splendors of the German courts of the seventeenth century, and had experienced the substantial comfort of the hospitable States-General in the great days of Holland. Around her image stand the figures, behind her glooms the sombre background, of that dire convulsion. The years over which her active life extended were of singular importance alike to the politics and to the religion of all Europe. A witness of, and an actress in, that supreme struggle between faiths and dynasties, Elizabeth lived in the very midst of the horror, the romance, the woe of that dæmonic strain and anguish of thirty years' duration. She saw the long process of that exhaustion of war-worn na-

tions which dictated the peace of Westphalia; her own brother, after the civil wars of England, perished on the scaffold at Whitehall; she lived through the time of the Protectorate, and she witnessed the restoration of the royal line in England. Her life, and the times through which she lived, are surely subjects of surpassing interest for an historical essay. Of the sources of information about the Thirty Years' War it may well be said that their name is legion. The number of German authorities, the plethora of Continental records are, in truth, almost bewildering; but the writer about that complex time may well bear in mind Professor Masson's modest and pregnant saying: "I can never pass a sheet of the historical kind for the press without a dread, lest from inadvertance, or from sheer ignorance, some error, some blunder even, may have escaped me."

The girlhood of Elizabeth, after her father's accession to the throne (1603), was passed chiefly at Combe Abbey, under the wise guardianship of Sir John, afterwards Lord Harrington, and of his wife. There she played, and studied, and became a mighty huntress. The influences which surrounded her youth were noble, kindly, natural. The Gunpowder Plot conspirators designed to seize her person, and to proclaim her queen after the murder of her father. They hoped to mould her tender youth to the religion of the Romish Church, and to obtain from such a sovereign Catholic supremacy in England. During the danger arising from the plot, the young princess was removed, temporarily, from Combe Abbey to Coventry; but after the execution of the conspirators she returned to the beloved home of her childhood. The great delight of her years of girlhood consisted in the tender friendship which subsisted between Elizabeth and her noble brother, the young Prince Henry; a prince of rare promise, "the expectancy and rose of the fair State," who evinced in his early years a true sympathy with all that was noblest in English life and thought. Henry, had he lived, would, probably, have been, like the last great Tudor monarch, an England-loving king, "more English than the English themselves," and in intimate and instinctive union with the essence of the national life. Both Henry and Elizabeth were convinced and ardent Protestants. Between the royal children and their parents there was not — there could not be — much intimacy or close sympathy. Anne

of Denmark was gay, pleasure-loving, cheerful, frivolous. James, fittest, by nature, to squabble with another mind of like calibre with his own about the trivialities of theology, was a monarch besotted with his own fatuous conception of the divine right of kings; and was unstable, pedantic, undignified, and unvirile. That he had a coward's cruelty, the fates of Arabella Stuart and of Sir Walter Raleigh amply prove. Ungainly in person, he was yet more unlovely in mind. Entering upon the noble inheritance of a reign which succeeded to that of Elizabeth, he alienated the nation from his dynasty, he prepared the great rebellion, he lowered England in the councils of Europe; and while a most exasperating tyrant to people and to Parliament, he remained long the abject slave of Spain and of unworthy favorites. The best excuse, perhaps, for the pusillanimous king of England, who dared not look upon a drawn sword, consists in the fatal event which occurred while he was yet in his mother's womb. James and his daughter never came very near together; James and his son Henry drifted even farther and farther apart. It was inevitable that it should be so.

As the years rolled on, the question of the marriages of such a hopeful prince and princess began to press. "I would rather espouse a Protestant count than a Catholic emperor," said Elizabeth. In this, as in other things, she took her tone from her knightly prince brother, who opposed heartily a scheme for marrying him to the Infanta Anna of Spain, sister to that Infanta Maria whom his brother Charles afterwards pursued in Madrid with bootless courtship. Henry, indeed proposed to accompany his sister to Germany, in order there to be able to remain purely Protestant, and to select and marry some Protestant princess.

At the suggestion of Maurice of Nassau, a suitor for the hand of Elizabeth presented himself in the person of Frederick, Pfalzgraf of the Rhine, and son of the *Kurfürst*, or elector, of the Palatinate Frederick IV. Frederick IV., who was born in 1574, and married, 1593, Luise Juliane, daughter of William the Silent, a noble daughter of a noble father, was the most considerable Protestant prince of Germany. His territory did not equal in importance that of Saxony, but the talents, the character, and the zeal of Frederick IV. soon placed him at the head of Protestant Germany. He took a leading part in founding the famous Protestant

Union in 1608; and was, indeed, the chief of the Union, which included among its members the duke of Würtemberg, the Landgraf of Hessen-Kassel, and the Markgrafs of Anspach and of Baden Durlach. Frederick IV. died 18th September, 1610. The Protestant Union called into being the Catholic *Liga*, founded 10th of July, 1609. The Union had many heads; the *Liga* only one, but that one was Maximilian of Bavaria, while its general was Tilly. Maximilian was unscrupulous, eager, crafty, energetic. A pupil of the Jesuits, and a bigoted Catholic, Maximilian knew well what he wanted, and he hesitated at no means that would serve his ends. He added the advantage, to a partisan, of a clear will, a ruthless cruelty, and a cunning audacity.

The youth of Frederick V. was passed chiefly at Sedan, under the guidance of the Duke of Bouillon, though his guardian was the Herzog Johann von Zweibrücken, to whom Frederick IV. left the government of the Palatinate while Frederick V. should remain a minor.

At Sedan the young Kurfürst was in a court, but never in a camp. He learned politics, and not war; he was taught accomplishments, but not warfare; he acquired arts without learning arms. His education was political, and was peaceful. He son of the chief of the Union, he remained ignorant of the art of war. Such knowledge as he attained to in the use of arms fitted him rather for the holiday tilt than for the terrors of the battle-field. He was but a poor soldier, and he was no general. For the needs of his day, and of his own future life, he was but imperfectly trained. He was a cavalier, but not a warrior. Frederick was graceful, and was gentle; courteous, tender, and true. He was capable of a constant and a noble love. His person was fine, though not splendid: he shone more at the ball than in the school of arms. His father had passed from Lutheranism to Calvinism, and the young *Kurfürst* was a convinced and zealous Calvinist. As a suitor for the hand of Elizabeth Stuart, he was acceptable to James, and was highly popular with the English nation, which ardently desired a Protestant prince as a husband for the daughter of the throne.

The match was distasteful to the Catholic party, and to the gay and sprightly Anne of Denmark. Her ambition desired a king as the husband of her daughter, and Anne's sneer at "Goody Palsgrave" damped the present joy, and influenced the future career of Elizabeth,

who inherited much of her mother's light and frivolous temperament.

The race of the renowned Otto of Wittelsbach split itself into two branches — the Bavarian and the Palatine. The original stock obtained the duchy of Bavaria, in 1180, from the emperor Frederick I.; and, afterwards, from Frederick II., the Palatinate of the Rhine. The treaty of Pavia, in 1329, divided the two countries under two reigning houses springing from the parent root, and, in the early years of the seventeenth century, Bavaria was ruled by the strong and wily Maximilian (born 17th of April, 1573), while his cousin, the weak and gentle Frederick V., inherited the government of the Palatinate.

Prince Henry, the gallant-springing young Stuart, died November 6th, 1612; but, amid the actual mourning for her well-loved brother, Elizabeth married Frederick on the 14th of February, 1613. The nuptials were celebrated with great rejoicings and with extraordinary pomp and expense. The honeymoon over, the married lovers sailed from Margate to Flushing, where they were received by Maurice, and whence they passed, in a sort of triumphal procession, to Heidelberg — Elizabeth's new home.

Born in the same year, 1596, Frederick and Elizabeth were alike seventeen years of age at the date of their marriage. Frederick was still a minor when they reached Heidelberg; nor did he assume the reins of government until the next year, 1614; but his territory had been well administered by his mother and his guardian. In 1614, Elizabeth's first child, Heinrich Friedrich, was born in the palace of Heidelberg.

The early time of their marriage was one of singular happiness; of a happiness so great that it contrasts painfully with the sorrows of the coming years. Elizabeth exercised an unlimited empire over an uxorious young husband, who found his chief delight in her affection. She had all the things for which she vitally cared — pomp, pleasure, dominion, and hunting; though the crumpled rose-leaf in her lot was, perhaps, the rankle of her mother's sneer at "Goody Palsgrave." The years of peace and of pleasure in Heidelberg were but few. Frederick and his wife could not remain contented with their own Palatinate. Light and trivial natures both, they were not too light or too trivial to remain untouched by ambition during the intoxication and the ferment of their day of strain and storm: —

'Tis dangerous when the lesser nature comes
Between the fell pass and incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

To his own utter undoing, and to the great injury of the Protestant cause, Frederick plunged into those troubled waters in order to encircle the round hat of an elector with a golden crown. The primary cause of the Thirty Years' War in Germany was the determination of the Austro-Spanish monarchies, aided by the Catholic princes — and notably by Bavaria — to establish the ecclesiastical dominion of the pope in all Germany, in Holland, and afterwards, if possible, in the northern kingdoms of Scandinavia, and in all the other "heretic States" of Europe. The treaty of Augsburg (1555) was to be torn up, and the Reformation suppressed by force as well as fraud. The house of Hapsburg, as vassal of the pope, was to rule and reign throughout the land of Luther. Religion furnished the impulse; political ambition the secondary cause; while bigotry lent ferocity to the conduct of the merciless and devastating struggle.

The Austrian branch of Hapsburg sought absolute imperial power and universal monarchy. The war was a battlefield for princes and for captains who desired either to acquire or to defend territories and inheritances. It was an arena for the plots of schemers and for the ambition of heroes. It fostered the trade of mercenary soldier, and developed to gigantic dimensions the place, the profit, and the pride of the able warrior of fortune. Through valor, cruelty, treachery, it marched over a country rendered wretched, desolate, and waste. By the process of utter exhaustion, it left the chief combatants in the situation in which, as regards principles, if not position, they were at the treaty of Augsburg in 1555. It confirmed a religious toleration which it ought never to have disturbed. It returned practically to the point from which it started. In result it was a triumph for Protestantism and for religious liberty; its issue repelled the fierce onslaught of Catholicism; but the war was, on the part of those who provoked it, a wicked war; and such success as was attained was purchased by oceans of blood and by years of misery.

The preliminary indications of the long war were the violent seizure by Maximilian of Bavaria of Donauwörth, and the intricate tangle of the question of the inheritance of the duchies of Cleve and Jülich. The weakness of Protestantism

in Germany was caused in part by the fatal split between Lutheran and Calvinist, and by the contemptible character of the leading Protestant princes — of such men as Johann Georg, of Saxony, and Georg Wilhelm, tenth elector of Brandenburg. Both electors honored and dreaded the emperor more than they loved their religion; neither would perish for that cause. Carlyle says, "In fact, had there been no better Protestantism than that of Germany, all was over with Protestantism. . . . Over seas there dwelt and reigned a certain king in Sweden; there farmed and walked musing by the shores of the Ouse, in Huntingdonshire, a certain man; there was a Gustavus Adolf over seas, an Oliver Cromwell over seas." Selfish and sensual, a lover of the wine-cup and the boar-hunt, *Kur-Sachsen* was an "unspeakable curse to Germany. A man of no strength, devoutness, or adequate human worth;" and the elector of Brandenburg was led by him of Saxony. At the outbreak of the great war Protestantism in Germany had but little to hope from its natural leaders.

Then came the irresistible temptation for Frederick and Elizabeth. The great prize of a crown — that of Bohemia — was dangled before their eager eyes.

When, in 1612, Matthias succeeded Rudolph II. as emperor, he managed, by practice, to impose upon Bohemia, as his successor to the crown of Bohemia, Ferdinand, son of the archduke Charles, prince of Styria. Both Rudolf and Matthias were childless men. Charles was brother to the emperor Maximilian; and both Charles and Maximilian were the sons of the emperor Ferdinand I., and of Anne, heiress of Bohemia and Hungary. Bohemia resisted the nomination of Ferdinand as king, but could not shake off the yoke. The country was essentially Protestant, but saw its liberties invaded and its religion proscribed by the fanatical Jesuit-led monarch who was so ruthlessly forced upon the country. When, in 1619, Ferdinand was elected emperor, as Ferdinand II., and ruled the empire, being himself ruled by Father Lämmerlein and Father Hyacinth, the Bohemians hastened to depose him as king of Bohemia, and to offer the crown to the best Protestant prince who could be induced to accept the dangerous dignity. It was promptly refused by Saxony and by Brandenburg; nor was it accepted even by the prince of Transylvania; and then, as a last resource, the crown of Bohemia was offered to Frederick. Anne of Denmark died

(1619) before a crown was placed within the reach of "Goody Palsgrave;" but there can be no doubt that the chance of becoming queen was welcomed by Elizabeth with light-hearted rapture.

To Frederick every project was easy; every action difficult. However he might secretly hesitate about accepting so perilous a crown, he was yet elated by the prospect, and he had his wife to lean upon. She chastised him with the valor of her tongue; and she wrote to her father, asking James I. for his approval and advice. Charles I. said later, of the Palatine pair, that "the gray mare was the better horse;" and Elizabeth's exultation overcame their sense of dread of danger. Meanwhile Frederick sought advice from various quarters. Saxony besought Frederick to remember that, in accepting the Bohemian crown, he hazarded the loss of his hereditary dominions. Max of Bavaria wrote in a frank, even cousinly way, and warned Frederick earnestly against acceptance. Max told his cousin how fickle the Bohemians were: "You want subjects; they want a servant;" and added that motives of interest alone impelled them to choose Frederick. Maurice of Nassau would not help, but did not dissuade. Had Maurice himself desired the Bohemian crown, he could, probably, have won and have worn it; but Frederick was not Maurice. Luise Juliane, the mother of Frederick, addressed her son in a letter of singular ability (*"Mémoires sur la vie et la mort de la Princesse Louise Juliane,"* Leyden, 1644), and this remarkable State paper is worth producing here. She said that the affairs of the Empire might soon be retrieved, and that the pope would convoke all Catholics to defend the emperor. The king of France, however inimical to Austria, is not in a state to oppose its power; the king of Spain will eagerly sustain it. As to the king of Great Britain, believe me, you little understand him if you persuade yourself he will break with Spain for your interests. On my other Maurice, there is more reliance to be placed; but the States will not sacrifice Holland to the Palatinate. What do you expect from the king of Denmark? He is too far distant. The houses

Saxony and of Bavaria are alreadyalous of yours, and will heartily concur driving you from Bohemia. Trust not so much to the Protestant Union. . . . I trust still more the Bohemians. If they offer you the crown, it is not that they love you better than another prince,

but that they have no other resource. Do not flatter yourself they will be more constant to you than they have been to Ferdinand; but, even though you could depend upon your kinsmen, your allies, your friends, and your subjects, you have neither troops nor treasures adequate to the charges of war." Surely wise advice. Every prophecy of Luise Juliane was fulfilled by the bitter event. Frederick was not the man, nor had he the means, to obtain success in such a desperate venture. He was well known to the men of his own day and land; no man would help because no man believed in him. Frederick could not oppose Ferdinand. Bohemian Protestantism could only be helped by German Protestantism; but that, in 1619, was selfish and supine, and would by no means stir for Frederick. If Frederick could not maintain himself in Bohemia, and defend the Bohemians, his enterprise sank into a mere usurpation, which would give grounds for reprisals, and for the further oppression of Protestantism. Nowhere in all Germany was there any enthusiasm for, any belief in, Frederick.

Half deceiving themselves, Frederick and Elizabeth attempted to sanctify their decision with the name of religion, and veiled ambition under the pretext of piety. The Kaiser himself deigned to warn Frederick, though Ferdinand steadfastly refused to believe that Kurpfalz could contemplate a seizure of "Austrian territory." Meanwhile Bohemia was pressing for Frederick's answer. His council in Heidelberg advised him to come to no decision until he should have heard from England; but Elizabeth was not inclined to wait for anything. After declaring that the chance was a call from God, she writes to Frederick: "Nor shall I repine whatever consequences may ensue; not even though I should be forced to part with my last jewel, and to suffer actual hardship." Sötl quotes another letter of hers in which she reminds Frederick that he has married the daughter of a king, and should not want courage to make his wife a queen. Elizabeth concludes by saying, "Rather *Sauerkraut* with a king than luxury with a prince." This sentence expresses her real motives for decision, and exhibits her character; which was ambitious, shallow, and fond of splendor. Without waiting for her husband's final decision, she made all preparations for starting for Bohemia. Another pressing mission came from Prague, and Frederick was ultimately

pushed over the edge of treason. As he rode away from Heidelberg, his weeping mother cried out, "*Ach! Du träget die Pfalz nach Böhmen!*"—"Thou art carrying the Palatinate into Bohemia!"

The Palatinate itself was left under the government of Zweibrücken; but Frederick, who, in his incapacity, seemed to forget that he was burning his ships behind him, made no provision for the defence of his native territory.

Frederick and Elizabeth entered Prague, amid great rejoicings, on 31st October, 1619. His coronation took place on November 4th.

He immediately issued an address to his new kingdom. This manifesto was large and loose and liberal as a modern hustings declaration. It promised everything to everybody, and was so framed as, if possible, to please all his subjects.

Acting with the nervous hurry of small natures bent impatiently upon a darling project, Frederick and Elizabeth accepted the Bohemian crown without having waited for the reply of James I.

James was, according to Clarendon, "very quick-sighted in discerning difficulties, very slow in mastering them." His confused love of peace, and poverty of spirit, threw him into a perplexed astonishment when he heard of the serious step taken by his son-in-law without his royal concurrence; nor did he ever approve Frederick's Bohemian usurpation. It may well be contended that a king of England should not have wasted English blood and gold in the mere attempt to win a crown for a son-in-law; but it may be a question whether, in the larger sense of European politics, a great English king, the natural antagonist of Hapsburg ascendancy, and natural defender of Protestantism, might not have enlarged the question into such an action of combined Protestantism as that which Gustavus Adolphus afterwards led. James might have wielded the strength of England, and such a war would have been highly popular. Frederick personally was liked, though he was not known in connection with great affairs, in England; and his cause, and that of Elizabeth, would have merged into the greater cause of European civil and religious liberty. But James, a laggard in love and a dastard in war, was not the man for great causes. He might have ruined Austria and have served Protestantism; but he was led by Gondomar, and was, probably, in reality a crypto-Catholic. Diego Sarmiento de Acuña, Count of Gondomar, reached Lon-

don as ambassador from Spain, in 1613; and soon acquired complete dominion over the lean-souled king. Marc Antonio, Archbishop of Spalatro, was made Dean of Windsor in 1618; and Goodman, yet more Catholic than Laud, sat upon the bench of bishops. Rightly had Luise Juliane said that James would not break with Spain. The Spanish marriage was dangled before his eyes by the astute Gondomar. On 4th of November, 1616, the rickety Duke of York (afterwards Charles I.), had been created Prince of Wales; and James burned to match his son with the blood of Hapsburg. James hastened to disavow his unfortunate son-in-law; he would not recognize Frederick as king of Bohemia, and he apologized to Ferdinand for Frederick's "usurpation" of Austrian territory. The Spanish leanings of James were, until the Spanish match was broken off in failure and contempt, very pronounced; and were as stable as anything in his unvirile nature could be stable or strong. The first Stuart kings, who robbed the English nation of the Church of Elizabeth Tudor, drove the force and passion of the national religious character into Puritanism; into the "sectaries"—Presbyterians, Independents, Anabaptists—into those intense, if gloomy convictions which animated the Ironsides, and rode in victory through the red fields of Naseby and of Marston Moor.

The German title of *Winter-König* is being interpreted rather than translated to be rendered into English as a "mockery king of snow." An estimable country gentleman may be a very poor monarch and incapable, fatuous Frederick, whose very amiability increases the contempt felt for him by history as a king, soon began to melt away. Anxieties commenced early to surround the fire-new royalties of the hapless king and queen of fickle Bohemia; and yet their first time in the palace of Prague was one of unalloyed triumph and exultation, especially to the sanguine, pomp-loving Elizabeth. Feas succeeded feast; ceremony followed ceremony; she was, at last, a queen, and Elizabeth was royally happy. Despit the tolerant tone of poor Frederick's "hustings manifesto," he too, as a Calvinist, was priest-ridden. He took with him to Prague his narrow and bigoted chaplain, Schulze (*Scultetus*), and the interfering minister soon embittered both Catholics and Lutherans against his royal master.

Bohemia became gradually dissatisfied

with its new king. It was found that Frederick could neither help Bohemia nor himself; and that he could bring no help from outside. Elizabeth, who in the flush of her triumph was extremely gracious, and was always graceful, was, for a time, popular; but Bohemia found that there was but little behind that superficial gracefulness. Neither Frederick nor Elizabeth could speak, or could understand, the Bohemian language. The split between court and nation widened, until Frederick found himself in the position of a timid and unskilful rider mounted, without saddle or bridle, on an unbroken, vicious horse.

They that stand high, have many blasts to shake them;
And if they fall they dash themselves to pieces;

and none stand in greater danger than those who, impelled by their own vanity, and assisted by accident, have attained to an elevation for which they are incompetent. He who, in the seventeenth century, would usurp a possession of the house of Austria must have been a warrior who could hold what he had seized in the tenacious grip of an iron gauntlet.

The dangers thickened round them; and Frederick, with his want of insight, and confused vision, was like a short-sighted man before the invention of spectacles. A miner does not notice the lengthening or shortening of the days. Frederick, in the darkness of his incapacity, seemed unconscious of the fate that was surely drawing near. The pope Paul said: "That young man has got himself entangled in a nice labyrinth." Ferdinand absolutely refused at first to give credence to the report of Frederick's coronation. Such blind audacity seemed to the emperor incredible. The Protestant princes, meeting at Mülhausen, under the guidance of Saxony, wrote to Frederick, urging him to relinquish the crown, and not to involve the cause of Protestantism with "his rebellion." The emperor curtly summoned Frederick to vacate the throne by the 1st June; failing which — ban of the Empire and war. Spinola and his Spaniards were gathering to march on the Palatinate; the *Kriegsvolk*, the warfolk of the Liga, were assembling for the empire. Spinola led one army — Tilly and Bucquoy the other. The Palatinate had been left defenceless; what would Frederick do to defend his new kingdom? The Bohemians were tired of Frederick, and were in dread of Ferdi-

nand. Frederick's army was indifferent in point of quality, and had no heart in the cause; there was no discipline and but little pay. The troops had to live by plunder; and, indeed, they seized Elizabeth's private jewels, as they were being conveyed to Prague, and confiscated their own queen's gems. Frederick was not the man to teach drill, to enforce discipline, to lend a soul to an army, or to inspire it with confidence in its king and leader. His affairs were ready to tumble to ruin. Elizabeth refused to quit Prague, and held on to the last to the seat of her brief queenship.

The smaller fight of Rakonitz was lost for Frederick; and, on Sunday, November 8th, 1620, the Imperialists attacked Prague; and the battle of the White Mountain — a battle which lasted only one hour — completed the defeat and ruin of the wretched Frederick. Most characteristically, Frederick was at dinner, at a stately dinner which he gave to the ambassadors, during this crowning fight for his own crown and interests. "After dinner, the king resolved to go to horse to see the army; but before the king could get out of the gate, the news came of the loss of the Bohemian and the royal cause." The fact is, Frederick was driven back through the city gate by his own troops, who, in full rout, crying out, "The battle is lost!" were tumbling pell-mell into the city, to gain the protection of its walls.

It was intended to defend Prague, in order to secure the retreat of Elizabeth, but she herself opposed the measure. Cousin Max granted an armistice of eight hours; during which the king and queen fled wildly, and in such haste that they left behind them crown, papers, jewels — almost everything that they had. Prague, with terror in its heart, did trembling homage to the incensed emperor. Frederick *had* taken the Palatinate to Bohemia; had lost crown, elector's hat, his new kingdom, and his ancient inheritance. He was to become a penniless, discredited fugitive, and under the terrible ban of the Empire.

The hardships which Elizabeth had been willing to incur for the sake of a crown had come upon her, as, with husband and with child, but reft of all else, she fled through the snow of a severe winter to Breslau in Silesia. The Markgraf Georg Wilhelm of Brandenburg had married (in 1616) Frederick's sister, Elizabetha Karolina; but the timid brother-in-law hesitated, at first, to grant to the

hapless couple refuge in Cüstrin; where, on December 25th, 1620, Elizabeth's son, Maurice, was born. Rupert, the "Rupert of the Rhine," of our civil wars, was born in Prague, December 20th, 1619. In 1617, Karl Ludwig; in 1618, Elizabeth was born; indeed, the first dozen years of Elizabeth's life abroad are all speckled with confinements.

Frederick preached resistance, and called loudly upon every one to help him. Meantime the upper and lower Palatinates were overrun by Spinola; and Heidelberg was taken by Tilly. Without consulting the electors, the high-handed Ferdinand gave the Palatinate electorship to Max of Bavaria, who also got the upper Palatinate, while the lower was, for the moment, given to Archduke Albert. The archduke died July 13, 1621, and then the lower Palatinate fell also to Maximilian. Max "had done more than any emperor could expect," and deserved reward from a grateful *Kaiser*. On December 13th, 1621, all Protestant preachers and teachers were ejected from Bohemia. On February 28th, 1621, Tilly put to death, in Prague, some eight and forty of the best and noblest citizens, on a large public scaffold, similar to those used by Alba, for similar purposes, in the Netherlands. The tongues of some were torn out by the roots; the right hands of others were backed off. Confiscation, persecution, death, and misery succeeded Frederick in Bohemia.

On January 22nd, 1621, the ban was pronounced against Frederick. On April 12th, 1621, the Protestant Union dissolved itself. The whole Palatinate was subjected, compulsorily, to the Romish religion, and the pope wrote to the emperor to congratulate him upon the triumph of Catholicism. Truly, Frederick's zeal for religion had done but little for the Protestant cause.

Frederick and Elizabeth took refuge in Holland, and were received with great kindness by the generous States-General. Even James, stung by the violent seizure of the Palatinate, awoke to a certain passionate activity—of words. On January 30th, 1621, the king told the Parliament: "Now shall I labor to preserve the rest; wherein I declare that, if by fair means I cannot get it, my crown, my blood, and all, shall be spent, with my son's blood also, but I will get it for him (Frederick). And this is the cause of all, that the cause of religion is involved in it; for they will alter religion when they conquer, and so; perhaps, my grandchild also

may suffer, who hath committed no fault at all."

Brave words! But James "dared not strike one blow for the inheritance of his daughter's children, and was dallying with the oppressors of the people and of the Church of God." Of James's negotiations Nani (quoted by Mr. Samuel Rawson Gardiner) says: "His first proposals to Vienna might have been listened to, but they were so impracticable and absurd that the subtle Spaniards soon saw what sort of person they had to deal with, and availed themselves accordingly of his improbable schemes and delays; they knew, likewise, that James trembled at war, and abominated a rebellion."

The polite evasion of contempt was the only answer obtained by James.

On January 30th, James, seeking for popularity, told the Parliament that religion "was the cause of all;" and yet Gondomar reports to Philip (Simancas MSS.)—also quoted by Mr. Gardiner—on February 18th, the pith of a memorable conversation between James and himself, held on February 2nd, in which James admitted that he was "ready to acknowledge his readiness to recognize the pope as the head of the Church in matters spiritual, and to allow appeals to lie to him from English bishops, provided the pope would refrain from meddling with temporal jurisdiction in his (James's) kingdoms, and would renounce his claim to depose kings at pleasure. If in his writings he (James) had spoken of the pope as Antichrist, it was because of his usurped power over kings, not because he called himself the head of the Church;" and, in testimony to the truth of this statement, the king gave his hand to the delighted ambassador. The pope might have the diviner right, but yet was not to interfere with the "divine right" of kings.

Elizabeth implored her father to take action for the recovery of Bohemia as well as the Palatinate, and by her advice, Frederick refused to lay aside the title of king of Bohemia. In this dark hour of her fortunes, Elizabeth, a true Stuart, with a nature satisfied with the pleasures of the present, writes to Sir Thomas Roe, the English ambassador (she always addressed him as "honest Thom"), "Yett I am still of my wilde humour, to be as merrie as I can in spite of fortune." The gentler Frederick felt his misfortunes, and especially the loss of his hereditary possessions, more keenly. "The Winter King's account was soon settled;" but

the elector's loss was harder to bear, and this loss he owed partly to Elizabeth, partly to his own imbecility.

German political sympathy was, to a great extent, with Frederick so far as the Palatinate was concerned, but it was also felt that Frederick, in taking Bohemia, had done to Ferdinand the same thing which the emperor, in savage reprisal, had done to the elector. The sentiment of the sacredness of hereditary possession was then strong among the German powers. The monarchy of Bohemia was not, in a practical sense, an elective monarchy. In default of an hereditary succession, the crown of Bohemia was seizable by him who could take and hold it. The crown had on various occasions been the prey of violence and fraud, and had been mainly at the mercy of the *Kaiser*. Thus, Matthias compelled the weak Rudolph to cede Bohemia to him; and Matthias, when he was elected emperor, compelled the Bohemians to accept Ferdinand. The unfortunate, if fickle, Bohemians constantly saw their religion and their liberties outraged by Catholics and by tyrants. They sought freedom by means of a Protestant prince, and, failing in obtaining one of power and mark, they had the misfortune to see their ruin consummated by their last resource, Frederick. Their hope that the Union, that the German Protestant powers, that England, would support Frederick was soon shown to be the shadow of a shade.

Two defenders sprang up for the lost cause of Frederick and Elizabeth. One was a partisan of policy; the other a champion of chivalry. The first was Count Mansfeld; the second was Christian of Brunswick.

Mansfeld was the ablest adventurer, the most successful soldier of fortune of his land and day. He had strong reasons for hating Austria, and hated her accordingly.

Christian was a man of a very different stamp. He was *Geschwisterkind* (first cousin) of Elizabeth (Sötl), and was born September 10th, 1599. He was, therefore, three years younger than Elizabeth. Christian's mother, also an Elizabeth, was the daughter of Frederick II. of Denmark. Christian first met Elizabeth Stuart when, after the disastrous day of the White Mountain, she had taken refuge in Holland. He was charmed with his cousin; he felt knightly sympathy for a queen's misfortunes: a passionate Protestant, he glowed with true zeal for Elizabeth's religion. Burning for military glory, a fanatic of chivalry, a knight-errant of ro-

mantic devotion; high-flown, sombre, and intense, Christian eagerly devoted life and fortune to his cousin and her cause. Her wore her glove in his helmet; he adopted as his motto, *Alles für Ruhm und ihr*, "All for glory and for her." He called himself *Gottes Freund, der Pfaffen Feind* — "The friend of God, the foe of priests." When, after a wound at the siege of Breda, his arm had to be amputated, he caused the trumpets to sound while the operation was performed, and said that "the arm he had left would be enough for revenge upon his enemies." Heroic as a knightly champion, Christian was yet unsuccessful as a general. Interpid, rash, and headstrong, he was easily beaten by the wily Tilly. Mansfeld was abler and more successful; but their joint help had really availed but little when, on July 16th, 1662, Frederick saw himself compelled (partly by pressure put upon him by his father-in-law) to dismiss the two generals who — the one from hatred of Austria, the other from love to Elizabeth — bravely maintained and kept alive a falling cause.

After the bitter step of such a dismissal, Frederick would seem to have begun to suffer from life-weariness. He stood apart, and left his affairs mainly to his sprightly wife, and to the secretary, Russdorf.

It is impossible in this short essay to narrate all the battles, sieges, fortunes, which occurred in the great war, even in so far as such events may have indirectly affected the fortunes of the Palatine house. Much must necessarily be passed over, and I am compelled to restrict myself to those leading occurrences which were most clearly determinate of the fortunes of Germany, and by consequence of those of Elizabeth Stuart.

H. SCHUTZ WILSON.

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PENTOCK.

CHAPTER I.

PENTOCK POINT — MORNING.

SOMEWHERE on the west coast of England — the exact spot the reader can settle for himself — a long, narrow promontory runs out into the sea. It boasts no beauty of outline or color; it is not even grand in its ugliness, for it rises nowhere more than a hundred feet from the sea-level. Yet, in spite of this, it has a character of its own at once striking and

picturesque. The wild thyme, and all the minute flower life in the short turf which covers it near the land, fails to relieve its dulness of color; and it goes down abruptly on all sides to the sea, and the jagged rocks and bare end that pushes itself far out into the bright water are black and grim, and scowl heavily where the sea breaks up against them—its green waves turning into clouds of white foam. It is a place to set one thinking of the ceaseless struggle of land and sea—where, bolder than its fellows, the rugged promontory holds an advanced post, and in all the tumult of strife at its base—through the nights and days of the old world's life—has never given way an inch before its untiring foe. And the sea is there, an untamed monster, lashed by the winds of the Atlantic: even on the stillest summer day one can detect the long rolling waves in the gentle swell. A fearful sea in winter, or during the equinoctial gales—and the Point an "ugly place" for a ship to weather, as the sailors knew too well.

The little village of Pentock that lay eastwards of the Point on the edge of the shore, bred up a hardy fisher race, to whom the sea was a rough foster-mother in their childhood, round whose feet they played; in later life they found in her their means of support, often their grave. From their early childhood they knew the terror of that cry at night that sent every man and woman from their houses out to the Point, where some fated vessel had gone on the rocks. In childhood it was but the memory of a confused movement—a noise of voices mingling with the roaring of the sea and howling wind, and the rain thrashing against the windows as the squalls drove it on. Later on a more vivid and fearful memory might be theirs. They were a poor race—no prosperous harbor had given them light-house or lifeboat. All they could do was to take advantage of a natural creek, which ran in so deeply as nearly to divide the Point near the extreme end, and, blasting under what remained, make a passage by which a boat could pass through in safety to the little haven, guided by a skilful hand. To the Pentock men it had already done good service; but few others knew of its existence, or, had they known, could have steered their boats in safety through the surrounding rocks. Many a gallant vessel had met her doom there, and, land-locked in the bay, had driven on the cruel reefs as she tried to weather the Point.

But no trace of storm or wreck marred the sunshine and calm of a June morning some years ago. Sky and sea were blue and shadowless,—little white wisps of cloud were chased along overhead up in the breezy sky, and below the wind curled the crisp waves over till the small white flecks of foam mimicked the sky above. The Point lay like some antediluvian monster basking in the sunshine with the sheep asleep upon it, or seeking a penurious livelihood in the close, spiky grass. The prospect was serene and peaceful; but once again man was doomed to disturb the peace, and be "vile,"—man, aged six years, and clothed in curious apparel that, belonging originally to mankind at a more advanced stage, now appeared reft of its proper length—a mutilated trunk of clothing. Out of this came stalwart brown legs, and above a round, roguish face peering out of a thick crop of black hair. On this occasion this youthful representative of his species was accomplishing his destiny by a furious onslaught on the sheep, which he chased with much vigor and pertinacity, considering the length of limb which nature had so far bestowed on him, and the heat of the day. This was not done without such accompaniment of whoop and shriek as seemed to befit the occasion. The sheep and their tormentor had undisputed possession of the Point, except that, nearer the mainland, a girl was employed over a net stretched upon the turf. Rising, and putting her hand over her eyes, she turned to look at the child.

"Joe, Joe, let them be!" she called, but called in vain. A sleeping ewe, much embarrassed with the heat of her winter clothing and family cares, had let her pursuer come within a few yards, and a shower of stones rewarded her immobility. The girl walked quickly along the slope, and again shouted to the child.

"Let them be, Joe! Farmer Gregory will be after you. You come to me." The child stood laughing out of reach. "Come, be good, my son," she called again, "or I'll never give you the cakes, you know, nor make you things again. How did you come up here?"

"Come after my dad," said Joe, still keeping his distance.

"Is your father down to the Point?"

"Es."

"Well, you be good and go home, or I shall have to tell him if you don't give over chasing the sheep."

But Joe's attention had wandered before she had reached this point. With a

yell of triumph he had headed the flock, and was racing down to the end of the Point, driving them before him. With a movement of impatience, the girl threw down the twine with which she had been working, and strode down the green. "The lad's right enough," she said to herself, "but 'tis a shame, Joe Hoyte is so stubborn about him, and let's him run so wild. He won't thank me, but I must tell him."

She walked down the slope with a firm, quick tread, a fisherman's daughter by her occupation and dress. Her short blue serge barely reached her ankles, showing the coarse black stockings and shoes worn by the women in that part of the country. A green sun-bonnet, faded and washed into a pleasant color, half hid her face, but could not wholly conceal the clear, dark eyes, and rather large but expressive mouth. A striking face one saw it must be, and the unusual beauty of the lithe, active figure could not be disguised by the coarse dress. She stopped at the edge of a shelving rock and called down, —

"Joe Hoyte, here's your boy after the sheep again, and 'tis Farmer's Gregory's time, or near it."

Presently a man's head appeared below, and then the whole figure stood out on a projecting rock — a fisherman in the prime of life, heavily built, whose black hair uncovered by any hat, suggested his relationship to the small Joe. There the likeness stopped. The hard, weather-beaten face with strongly marked features that scowled up at the girl, had no similarity with anything childlike, nor had the muttered curses, that seemed to include girl and child alike as disturbing causes. If the girl heard them, they seemed to affect her very little; no shade crossed her face, though the doubtful tone of her next speech might perhaps have been caused by them.

"He could come home along with me in an hour if you'd like it."

The man's only answer was to begin slowly ascending the rocky path with a growling undertone, in which a "good hiding" played a prominent part.

"Come, don't be hard on the lad; it isn't so much his fault if he is a bit wild," said the girl as the fisherman reached the place where she stood. He turned short round on her with a flash of anger in his face.

"I suppose it's *my* fault you'd say."

If she had been silent before, it was clearly not from indifference or fear, for

now she looked straight into the lowering face before her as she said, —

"Well, maybe I *do* think it's your fault the lad's not at school, especially with our young lady so kind about it; but though that's true enough, I was thinking then that boys must be at mischief with none to play with them."

The shade on the man's face grew deeper as she spoke. He turned without another word and made his way back down the steep side of the headland. The younger Joe, too, was out of sight. After a rapid look round her, the girl went slowly back to her work along the rocky edge. Her thoughts went back to the time, six months ago, when Joe's schooling had been under discussion. That was before her dear young lady had left Pentock, and gone away over the sea. She had been so set on little Joe's going to school; but his father was so crooked and unreasonable, he would not have it; and she thought, with a hot feeling rising in her heart, that he was the only man in all Pentock who could be surly with her young lady. But there was no understanding Joe Hoyte, and if he had made up his mind, why so it must be, — though it was a sad pity a boy like Joe should grow up so wild.

She had reached a creek where another path led down to the sea, when a shout made her stop and look down. It was the younger Joe again, grinning up at her, and then returning to his new avocation of throwing stones into the water.

"He'll come to some harm; I'd better take him along," she thought, and began quickly to make her way down the narrow path. She was not too soon. A stone bigger than the rest had overbalanced the child, and he fell with a loud scream into the water. The girl was on the rock in a moment, and slipping into the water, a stroke or two brought her to the boy, who was only a few yards from the shore. In scarcely three minutes the accident was over, and the girl was standing on the rock dripping with water, and holding the screaming child in her arms. Trying vainly to hush his cries, she carried him up the steep way, her wet clothes hanging round her dismally enough.

Joe Hoyte was at the top. He snatched his boy from her and clasped him passionately to him for a moment; then, ashamed of the momentary emotion he had betrayed, or rather perhaps that another should have seen it, he shook him roughly, rated and chid him in no gentle terms, and warmly renewed his promises of bod-

ily chastisement. It mattered little to Joe what cruel fate was in store for him, — he was thoroughly frightened for once, and wept on unheeding.

"Shall I take him home?" asked the girl.

"Lizzie's is nearer, I'll take him there," said the man curtly, and strode off, dragging the child by the hand.

The girl moved as quickly along the opposite side of the Point. She looked vexed, as was indeed natural. She was fond of the boy: to see him fall had alarmed her, but there all danger had ended. To one of the best swimmers in Pentock, five yards of smooth water was only enough to wet you very thoroughly from head to foot, and forbade the slightest tinge of excitement. It was not pleasant to drag herself along encumbered with heavy clinging clothes, — and her morning's work, too, was lost. For this she had received no thanks, which was irritating, even from Joe Hoyte. "It was right down sour of him, and I wish he'd had to go in himself," was her thought.

The elder and younger Joe were now disappearing into a little stone house of one story, which stood low down where the Point joined the mainland, and rather apart from the village, which lay further to the east on the edge of the bay.

"'Tis odd his going to Lizzie's," said the girl to herself. "Anyway, he'll be dried right enough there."

Her way took her through part of the village street, but few were stirring in it. A neighbor here and there exclaimed on seeing her dripping clothes; but the brief explanation, "Joe Hoyte's boy fell in the water" excited no surprise. Comments there were on the perversity of the male in general, and Joe Hoyte in particular, and a uniformity of opinion that neither he nor the boy would come to any good.

Joe Hoyte was an institution in Pentock. It had its presiding genius of good and evil. Of its better angel, "our young lady," we shall have to speak again. Joe Hoyte was the Pentock representative of evil. Yet the village would have found it hard to justify their choice. He was not the worst man there, certainly; indeed, for some years before my story begins, it would have taxed the powers of the most ingenious of the Pentock gossips to lay any great sin to his charge. "But did you ever hear any one say a good word for him?" would have been their inconsequent but perhaps telling retort. No; nobody had a good word for him. He

was the dark spirit among the fishermen. Saturnine, silent, forbidding and swarthy in looks, independent of his neighbors, living his solitary life apart from them where he could — "keepin hisself to hisself" in a way utterly antagonistic to all the traditions of the place — and terrible in his anger if interfered with, he had won for himself a solitary place among his fellows, and was the object of general fear and dislike. He had a past, too, and over it there lay a shadow which grew deeper and more mysterious as time went on; and many a dark whisper went from mouth to mouth of the Pentock gossips. He had been a hard drinker, that was certain, though with his wife's death came a sudden and utter break to the habit. Never again had he entered the Golden Lion. Indeed there had grown up a darkly hinted suspicion that there was more connection between her death and his wild fits of drunkenness, than had appeared at the time. It was true the doctor had given no sign; but he was not so young as he was, and who knew, too, what would befall the man who thwarted Joe Hoyte? His wife was well remembered, — the brightest, cheeriest little woman in the place. That was an additional mystery, and it was still more portentous that he had appeared good to her when the drink was not on him. Certain it was, that since her death a change had come over him. Though scarcely thirty, and in the full strength and vigor of manhood, there had come over his face a look of age, and the shadow of a heavier, darker mood. He was one of the strongest men in that part of the country, and had been terrible in his drink. One or two of his early quarrels, which had ended in fights, had earned him a reputation which was yet respected in the Pentock community. For the rest, he worked hard, taking no pleasures, and neglecting the gatherings at the "public" and wrestling-matches where once he was chief. He had brought up the little Joe after a method of his own — roughly, but it seemed kindly enough; for there was much affection mingled with parental awe in Joe's small mind. Wholesome neglect seemed the ruling principle, if there existed one, in his education; no schooling, whatever parson and the young lady might say, and no interference from officious neighbors. "He'd done well enough for six years, and he might go on as he was for a year or two more," his father said.

Late on the afternoon of the same day, father and son were sitting together in

the cottage. Tea was just over. Joe Hoyte the elder was sitting thinking—turning something over in his mind—while the younger was wandering aimlessly about the room, hitting furniture and walls indifferently with a wooden tray. He reached the door and struck it. Glorious! This was the proper noise. He waxed more energetic.

"Stop that," said his father. Whatever it was he had in his mind, it evidently must be turned over again. Joe the younger, disconsolately leaving his employment, crept up a chair, and pulling a large apple out of his pocket, began silently eating it. No; here we err, for in his case the eating was noisy. Presently his father looked up.

"How came you by that?" he asked, rather sternly, his mind evidently misgiving him as to Joe's strict adherence to the eighth commandment.

"Kate Mitchell give it me," said Joe junior. There came a moment's pause.

"Has she ever given you anything before?" asked the father.

"Yes, a'most every day—when I'm good," said the son, between terrific bites. "Not a big un like this, though."

Silence on the part of the father, who, with a puzzled look on his face, was watching the small figure perched on the black, high-backed chair, eyeing his apple with his head sideways between the bites. Encouraged by the silence, he went on in the intervals of his occupation.

"This was a perticular big un, 'caus I was perticular good. 'Tis most always cake. I think I likes cake best," concluded the child with a sigh, as he swallowed the last morsel.

"How were you perticular good?" asked his father at length.

"'Caus we come ter th' end of th' alphabet."

"The end of *what*?" asked his father, ghast.

"Why, th' alphabet."

Joe Hoyte rose and came nearer to the boy.

"Do you mean she *learns* you?" he asked.

The small Joe looked up. Why was his father looking at him like that? While he was thinking, the question came again, sharply.

"I dun know," said the child. "We does the letters."

"What the devil"—growled the man to himself. Then, turning to the boy, he said, cheerfully,—

"Well, you needn't do it no more—do you hear?"

Wonder gave way to grief, and Joe began to sob.

"What are you kicking up that row for?" said the man sharply. "You don't *like* the learning, do you?"

"I dun know," sobbed Joe; "but I likes Kate, I does, and I wants to go again."

Here was a predicament for an honest man to be put in by the folly of officious neighbors. Here was the child actually crying because he was told he needn't learn. "He'd be wanting to go to school next," thought the man, with an inward curse, "and who knows where it would stop? D—the girl! why couldn't she mind her own business?" And yet it wasn't so bad of her to be kind to the little chap. Never said a word about it, either. He didn't know if she wasn't a good sort, that girl, if she wasn't so d—d opinionated! But as for the learning, he didn't believe much of that. She'd played with him, but he didn't believe Joe could know the letters.

Meanwhile Joe, dwelling in anticipation on the cakes and ale that might have fallen to his share in an otherwise arid world, was weeping bitterly. Presently his father called to him to stop that, and come to him. He had taken down the large Bible that formed part of the staple furniture of the cottage. "I don't know that I'm much of a scholard myself," thought the man, "but we shall see that." Small Joe was hoisted on to his knee, and triumphantly passed through the ordeal, forgetting his sorrows in rapidly turning over leaves in search of the large letters. Yes, he knew his alphabet, and liked it—a thing like that needed reflection. "It beat him to know how she'd done it."

"She always gives you something to eat, don't she?" asked he.

"Es,—when I'm good."

"And when are you bad, eh?"

Joe shifted uneasily in his seat. "Pretty often, I guess."

"Did she give you that apple to-day?"

Joe shook his head.

"How, was you bad to-day?"

There came a pause. Joe was tying knots in his pinafore with much intensity. His father repeated the question more sternly.

"It was the sheep she saw," muttered Joe, and clambered down from the chair.

"Ah, yes—darn yer! I'd forgotten I'd promised you a good hiding for that;

but if ever I catch you at it again, you'll have it, and no mistake. You can tell Mrs. Johns she can right up, and put you to bed. I'm going out."

He took down his pipe and filled it slowly. He was puzzled. Whatever it was he had in his mind, he must turn it over again, it seemed. He lit his pipe and went out. For some minutes he leant against the door. "I'm darned if I can make her out," he said to himself. "Any-way, she needn't go out to-night, and I'll step down and tell them Bob can go. Young Jim's handy enough a fair night like this." He stayed a minute or two longer, silently smoking, with his eyes on the ground, and then moved slowly away.

CHAPTER II.

KATE MITCHELL.

MEANWHILE we left Kate Mitchell on her way home. She stopped at a white stone cottage that helped, with its fellows, to form the straggling, uneven village street, pushed open the door, and went in. Her father sat by the fire — June though it was — a fine old man with dark, bright eyes, but he looked ill, and the paper and pipe lay unused by his side.

"What! home already, my girl?" he said as she came in. At the same moment an elderly woman came in at another door, her arms full of clothes from the wash-tub.

"Gracious me, child!" she exclaimed, "how ever have you got so wet? Why, you're dripping!"

"'Twas little Joe got in mischief again," said Kate, "and fell in the water."

"And you went in after un?" said the old man quickly, his face lighting up.

"Yes, my dad; but it was but a yard or so," answered Kate, as she put her wet hands on his and looked up in the face so like her own with an answering smile. From the end of the room came the mother's voice.

"Come, child, why ever don't you take off them wet clothes? Be quick, and I'll dry them along with the rest. As for that Joe Hoyte, to leave the boy to get into what mischief he likes; but there — 'tis no use talking." For all that the stream of talk flowed on — the topic was an inexhaustible one.

If you looked at the faces of the father and mother you knew at once that Kate was the father's girl; and indeed they were close friends. Richard Mitchell and his wife had differed in one thing — as to how Kate should be brought up — and

the father had had his way. He had seen enough of the girls around, he said; Kate should be different. So Kate was bred up hardy with the boys. He taught her to row, to manage the fishing-boat, above all, to swim. There were few, man or boy, he used to affirm, who could beat her in that. Her mother could teach her what she liked in the house, and the young lady could learn her, but he saw to the rest of her bringing up. And what had been the result? She was healthy and strong, and had none of the silly ways with her the rest of them had, but cared for the fishing and sensible things. And now she was the prettiest lass in all the village, and a good girl too — in short, she was his pride and delight.

Mrs. Mitchell had her own views, and held to them nevertheless. Her father must have his way, but she would do her duty by the child and see that she did what she ought in the house. And she was proud of Kate too, and was sorely troubled now and then by the thought of what the neighbors would say. Kate herself went her way happily enough, enjoying the freedom of her father's work all the more for her mother's somewhat strict rule within doors.

Just now there was again a collision of opinion between the parents, but one that never went beyond the spoken word. Richard Mitchell had been seized, and not for the first time, with an attack of rheumatism, and could not go out as usual to the fishing with the eldest son. There was plenty of fish in the bay, and all hands were already employed taking advantage of the bright, fair weather. There was some trouble in the house to know what to do, and Kate had suggested to her father that, as the nights were fair, she might go till he was better again, — it would only be a day or two. Pride that she should be able to take his place, and reluctance to let her do the work, contended for some time in his mind. Pride gained the victory; it was fair weather and the work light; she might go. Her mother was much disturbed. Such a thing as a girl going out was unknown in Pentock, and that her girl should do it was a real distress to her. It was time that Mitchell gave up the fishing, she considered, at his time of life, and let William have a partner. She spoke often and at great length with her husband to move him to this; but the thought that he was past work had been too bitter for him to face as yet. Meanwhile Kate should not go out above a week, and by

that time he would be able to get to work again.

But crippled up in his armchair through the sunshiny June days, he began to think that perhaps after all the mother was right, and William ought to have a mate. When Kate came down again into the kitchen he was alone. She knelt down on the hearth and asked him how he did.

"Better, Kate, better," said the old man cheerily.

"You'll be round again soon," said she; "but you mustn't go out too soon, dad, — 'tis cold on the water."

"Ay, ay, I shall have my health right enough soon; but I've been thinking, child, that your mother's right, and Will had better have a mate to turn to when I can't go. You see winter-time I mightn't be able to go always."

The girl laid her hand on his, but said nothing. She knew he could not go again through the rough bleak winter, but she knew, too, that the thought must be bitter to him.

"I've been thinking about the mate, you see," the old man went on. "There's Dick Truscott, the likeliest lad anywhere about, and close with Will. 'Twould be a start for him, and I like the lad."

What made the color come up under his clear, dark skin and Kate so busy with the fire?

"Why, bless the girl, we don't want such a fire as that!" came the mother's voice, as she walked briskly into the room. What were you thinking of, child? Yes, that'll do, and quite enough. You're not going out again to-night?" she added, in a tone of remonstrance. She knew Kate was going very well, but the question was tacit protest, and it was her duty to father and child to make it.

"I've a word to say to you, wife, by-and-by," said her husband; and she knew when William was to have a mate, and that he need say no more.

"How came Joe's boy in the water?" she asked.

Kate told the story, and her mother went on.

"Of course — and is it likely a boy left himself all day is to be good? Why, your brother was never dry, feet or legs, his age, and going to school regular. But I'm out of all patience with that Joe Hoyte. Why can't he be like other folk, instead of going around with as sour a face as one may see? Mrs. Tregar do say there is something queer with him; and why else he should live as he does, and never give a body a decent word, I don't

know. His luck with the fishing, too, 's more than natural — heaps of money they do say he has in that cottage of his, and the boy never with a decent coat to his back. Depend that boy'll live to make him repent never sending of him to school. How ever his wife could have married him I never could think; not but what there's always women to like a man, however black at heart they is, and however they uses them. They do say he's taken up with Lizzie now, and —"

"Taken up with Lizzie?" said the girl quickly; and then, with a flash of anger in her eyes, she turned abruptly to her mother: "*Who* says such things? I don't believe it; Lizzie's given her word."

"Oh, as for that, there's more than one; and what other house does he go to in the village but hers? and he can't go there for nothing. It's no use, Kate, your being angry. When you're an old woman you'll know that them as puts their feet on the wrong road doesn't often turn round and seek the right. I misdoubted about Lizzie from the first, and I wish our young lady may hear no more of her."

Kate's head had sunk down as her mother's speech had gradually unwound itself. Could it be true? No, it was impossible. But why, why did Joe take the boy in there to-day if there was no truth in it? A sickening feeling crept over her.

"Is it just talk, mother, or have they seen him go there much?"

"Talk! why, there's no smoke without a fire, and the less you have to say to her the better. He goes there, they say, most every evening before the fishing."

The old man laid his hand on the girl's shoulder as he said, "Well, I can't say but what Joe's a queer chap, but I don't know much real bad of him when it comes to that."

"Talk of the devil —" Here the cottage door was pushed open, and the tall, massive figure that stood doubtfully on the threshold was Joe Hoyte himself. Astonishment for a moment overpowered every other feeling in the minds of all there. Then the "Is't you, Joe? why, come in, man," from the old fisherman, broke the spell. The mother put a chair for him near her husband as she wished him a brief good-evening. As he came in, — awkwardly enough, — Kate thought she had never seen his face so dark. She had risen with a feeling of anger growing in her heart, and stood behind her father's chair without a word. Wasn't it enough that he had made himself hated through the village, without this devil's work with

Lizzie? Joe had declined the proffered pipe. He sat awhile uneasily on his chair, but at last the words came, "I called in about the fishing; I heard you was ill; I've no use for Bob this next night or two, if you'll let him help with the boat."

The words came evidently with difficulty, and the scowl on his face seemed to deepen as he waited for the old man to speak.

"Thank you, 'tis very good of you, to be sure," at last he answered; "but you'll be wanting him I'm thinking, fair weather or foul, with a boat your size. And we've done very well, Hoyte, very well; we've an extra hand here, you know. Kate's been out in the old dad's place, hasn't you, Kate?" and the old fisherman pulled her proudly to his side.

"I know," said Joe gruffly, "but there's no call for her to go again. I'm not taking Bob any way, and he'll be doing nothing if he don't go. I'll tell him to be down to Point maybe;" and he rose as he spoke. The mother had been listening to every word, though apparently absorbed in ironing at the other end of the room. The offer had elicited an inaudible "Well, to be sure, but that's neighborly for him." Now she came towards the group.

"And I thank you, Mr. Hoyte," she said; "and if my husband makes so bold as to accept your offer, I shall be very glad—not that my girl has any need to go, help or no help, but 'tis her father's fancy."

Kate had been looking eagerly at her father, waiting for his answer. Her face fell as her mother spoke.

"I'd rather go," she said very low. Joe Hoyte gave a quick look at her. He took his hat in his hand, and then waited, as though he had not said all. The process of speech seemed one of immense difficulty. The hat was turned several times before he said,—

"I didn't thank you for pulling the boy out, Miss Kate. If you hadn't been so handy, it would have been all up with him; and—and, if it'll pleasure you, he can go to school."

It was over, and he wasn't beholden to her any longer. No one, Joe thought to himself, should guess what it cost him. But he wished the girl wouldn't stand looking like that, but would say something and have done.

But in that short pause a battle had been going on in Kate's mind. With the sudden transition she was bewildered for a moment. First, the bad angel had

offered them a kindness—a kindness which had touched her pride and had stung her. She saw he thought she ought not to go, and had made the offer on that account. She would certainly go: he was blacker than ever. Then he had done the very thing he had been most crooked about, and done it to pleasure her. After all, he must have some good hid away in him somewhere. Could he be so bad about Lizzie after all? She would speak straight out to him about it, and risk it. She didn't care what he thought, nor how angry he was, if only she could save Lizzie. He had reached the door, when she turned quickly to him and followed him to the porch. There he stopped, waiting till she should speak. She looked more earnestly than she knew into his face, as though she would read her answer there. The words were on her lips, but something in his eyes made her falter: she could not do it.

"Were you going to say anything?" he asked, and his voice was lower than usual.

"It don't matter," said Kate hurriedly. "'Tis very good of you about Joe's schooling, and I take it very kind of you. Good-night," and she turned back into the cottage.

"Well, I'm real glad you've no need to go to-night; and it's not amiss in Joe Hoyte, though I say it," her mother was saying.

"But I'd rather go, mother," she interposed. "There's no occasion to be beholden to any one." And her father nodded his head approvingly, and added,—

"You leave it, my dear. I've something to say about it by-and-by. Kate shall go to-night, any way."

Kate did go. A little later she was walking quickly away from the cottage. She was thinking of Lizzie, and as she passed the little solitary cottage near the Point, she knocked at the door. "Lizzie," she called. There was no answer. She called again, and then, going to a window at the side, tapped lightly against the pane.

"Who's there?" came a voice.

"It's me—Kate," she called softly.

"Well, what ever do you want now?" The voice was rather sharp and querulous.

"Oh, nothing," said Kate; "I'm off to the fishing, and thought I'd come and see you on my way. Good-night."

There came no answer, and Kate was disappointed.

"There's something wrong, I'm afraid," she said softly to herself as she walked on.

"Them as puts their feet in the wrong road doesn't often turn round and seek the right." This was half Lizzie's story. The poor unstable feet had gone wandering down the wrong road, led by the warm, impulsive heart, and unchecked by the flimsy understanding and feeble moral sense. Betrayed and ruined—that would have been the world's verdict. But Lizzie was true to the one part in her that beat in unison with a higher than herself. Only too ready to believe herself ruined, she would never own she was betrayed. But there was one in Pentock who had saved her from herself when all had left her alone with her wretchedness, and life seemed too troublesome to brave. No one could understand what made the young lady care about such as her; and when it was known that she had gone into the dreary cottage, Pentock held up its hands. "What an example!" sighed its comfortable matrons. They did not indeed pay any regard to that Charley Bate's story of looking in through the window and seeing our young lady with her arms round Lizzie's neck. Charley was a shocking little liar. But though her ways were often mysterious to them, the Pentock folk believed in their good angel, and they learnt to look on with only a good-natured feeling of incredulity as they saw the guiding hand held out to lead Lizzie back once more into the toilsome right way. The contest was cruelly unequal, the way so hard, the strength such feebleness; and when the helping hand, the cheering voice were gone, what then? Would the way be kept? Lizzie had given her word, and Kate was to be good to her and help her, our young lady said, and let her hear from time to time. It was not a hard task to Kate; Lizzie had been her playmate, and the loves of childhood have a strange tenacity.

That night, as she looked over the dark still water which the moonlight silvered to the east, Kate was thinking it over. How to give the helping hand, to overcome the lurking envy, to still the querulous discontent. Her thoughts went back, and she seemed, as the water rippled under the keel, to hear her young lady's cheery voice again: "Be good to her, Kate: you care for her, I know; let her see it. If you can make her love you it will be all right. You don't care? Oh, well, do it for my sake to begin with, then." Ah, if only *she* were here it would be right enough! her voice set everything going. Kate thought she would talk about her to Lizzie, that would be the

best way; she could not have bad news to send.

But her work called her away from watching the quiet water and the thoughts that had been so busy within. As she helped her brother, and the takes turned out more than usually successful, her spirits rose, and she broke out into snatches of song that, echoing along the water, sounded pleasantly to the toilers in the other boats. "So Kate Mitchell's out again," said one to another; "she brings good luck with her."

The hours wore on and the daylight began to come back with a grey shiver in the east, and the dusky sails stood out against the sky. The quiet of the night had been broken, now and again, by a cheer from some distant boat, and the others knew they had the luck with them again. The night seemed short to Kate, though theirs was one of the last boats to beat back again into the little harbor. She was too busy with rope and tiller to see that the group of fishermen who had landed before them had all dispersed, with lighter hearts for the load they carried. All but one, who leant whistling against the wall, with his eyes following every movement of the active figure in the boat as it neared the slip. He could not be more than three or four and twenty, slightly but strongly built, with a face no way remarkable but for its honest, frank expression, and the merry grey eyes. Even now there was a flash of fun in the face as his whistling dispersed itself in a smile, and he came to the head of the narrow steps leading from the landing-slip, while Kate and her brother were busy below. Presently Kate began to toil up the steps, a basket heavy with fish on her arm. She had almost reached the top before she caught sight of the figure that stopped her path. She started a little, but then pushed on without looking at the young fisherman who stood laughing before her.

"Now then, Dick, get out of my way!" cried Kate briskly, as she came to a stand before him.

"That's a nice sort of speech to make, Miss Kate," said he, not offering to move, with the laughing eyes still bent on her face.

"Come, make haste, do," she said impatiently. "I don't want to stand here forever."

"That's odd, now," said the obstacle contentedly. "I don't feel as though I'd mind."

The girl's face flushed a little. She

rested the heavy basket on the step, and looking down at the water, said in an indifferent voice, —

"What sport have you had to-night?"

"Why, poor, it seems — so far," replied the man, the smile broadening on his face.

"I meant the fishing," said Kate sharply, lifting up her basket and trying to make a fresh start; but her tormentor showed no sign of giving way. She looked up angrily as she said, "Don't be a fool, Dick — let me by. Here's Will 'll be coming in a minute."

"Then we'll wait for him," said Dick, with a laugh.

"I'd push you into the water if I could," said the girl, more angrily.

He only answered imperturbably — "Well, I don't know if I'd mind your trying."

It was in vain that she lifted up a glowing face and eyes flashing with anger — the fun that sparkled in the other was irresistible; that, and something else, perhaps, that mingled with it, made her anger die away.

"Come, now, Dick, you'll let me by — won't you?"

"Why, that's better now," he said cheerfully. "Come, that's more like the way to speak to a chap. Yes, I'll let you by; and," he added, with a side look at the girl's face as he moved away, "and I'll walk home with you, what's more; so just give me that basket."

Silence gives consent, we are told; but his waiting for consent in any form seemed improbable. He shouldered the basket, and the two moved on together — neither very loath, as it seemed to Joe Hoyte, plodding along alone behind them.

CHAPTER III.

PENTOCK'S GOOD ANGEL.

PENTOCK's good angel was not of the modern conventional type — indeed conventional she was not in any sense. The happy little lady, with her funny, childish voice and busy ways, would have found the part a difficult one to play. She was the "parson's" daughter, and the parson was much respected in Pentock — even amongst those whose souls required the more highly flavored doctrine to be found in Bethlem Chapel. He had married late in life; his wife had died not many years afterwards, and he clung with an absorbing, tremulous love to the one child left to him. From her earliest childhood, Carrie Gray had grown up surrounded

with an atmosphere of love that falls to the lot of few children. From old Bessie, the faithful nurse, to the rough fishermen and their wives, all had a welcome for her, and a place in their hearts for the winning, motherless child. Was it any wonder that, to a nature like Carrie's — happy and loving itself — the love she met with should all seem in harmony and part of life itself? Not an event happened in the parish but Carrie knew of it; not a ceremony but she had a hand in it. The babies could not be christened, nor folks married, without "our young lady," who brought luck with her in the sunshine of her presence. Nor was she a fair-weather angel alone. The simple love that prompted her visits when death or sorrow came to a house, made her presence there endurable at first, and then a comfort. Her tears were as quick as her laughter, and there was little need for speech when the small hand coaxed itself into the work-worn one, and our young lady was "sorry" with those who sorrowed. She was an active police officer, too, notwithstanding her small form and childish ways — looking up laggards at school and class, and hunting down the truants with indefatigable energy and cheerfulness. No one could be angry with her long; she had grown into the hearts of the Pentock folk with the years that changed her from a child to a girl, with a woman's sympathy in the child's light heart.

This had been Pentock's good angel, — had been, for a change had come to it all, how or when no one exactly knew; but the little lady laughed less and then was seen seldomer, and the Pentock folk put their heads together to know who had brought trouble to her. There had been visitors at the parsonage — not from the country round, but strangers. What good could be expected from *that*? Pentock, to one man, believed the strangers to be at the bottom of it. Did Mr. Gray himself notice anything? they asked each other. Perhaps he did. It seemed he did; for the day Carrie came to him, and, putting her head on his arm, after the two had been sitting for some time together in silence, had said: "I think, father, I'll go away for a little. I think if I went away for a month or two I could come back and be happy in Pentock again," — the old man had only kissed her silently, and with a "God bless you," stumbled out of the room.

So she went away; and now months had gone by, and Pentock was wondering when they would see their good angel

again. Up in the parsonage were two faithful hearts to whom the time grew very long: the solitary old man in his study below, where the scent of the sweet peas and stocks came in through the window from the garden; and up-stairs, in Missy's own little room, the faithful nurse.

There she sat one of these bright June days, the worn, lined face leaning on one hand, an unfinished letter open on the table before her, and from time to time the lips moved, and then more slowly the hand traced out the words, and the letter grew. The master was well, and there was nothing wrong in the house or village, so why did the old eyes look so often out of tears as the letter went on? Here it is.

"PENTOCK PARSONAGE.

"MY OWN DEAR MISSY,—How can I ever thank you enough for writing such long, beautiful letters to your old nurse? My dear Missy, when the letters come it is almost like seeing you, and I put them on the table and have a good talk to you when they come. What you says of the lemons is very strange: why, you can't get them in the village under 2d., and Mrs. Hardwick asked me 2½d. for one all dingy; but you knows her ways and what is to be expected of her. I can't understand them growing out of doors at all, and you must be careful not to eat them, as Mrs. Davis's boy up to Squire's conversatory, and was in bed, and Dr. Brown sent for. The master is very well, though a week back he had a bit of a cold going to old Job Hunter of a chilly night. Poor Job's been taken at last, and a blessed relief; but the Lord knows his own time. The eggs has been very poor; whether the hen's moulding or not I don't know, but two poor this week and three last.

"I don't think there is much news in the village, dear Missy. Mrs. Treddal has her baby, and a fine boy, and the other only christened a twelvemonth back, but a fine child, and they'll miss your dear face to the christening. One bit of news will please you, I know. Joe Hoyte's boy's to school at last. There is some talk of his falling into the water, and Kate Mitchell fetching him out, and Joe done it to please her, and time enough —"

The face was resting once more on the hand. "I'll not tell her the talk of Lizzie; no, 'twould only fret her," she said to herself. Here there came a tap at the door, and as the old woman turned slowly round on her chair it opened, and Kate Mitchell came in.

"Mary told me to come up, and I thought I should find you here, Mrs. Gooding," she said, with a smile, as the old woman greeted her warmly.

"And where else should I be?" she answered, "when I am writing to her, but in her own room, bless her, and I wish she was safe in it again. And a lovely letter I had from her Sunday, such writing; but there, who writes like Miss Carrie? But you'd like to read it, Kate. What have I done with it? Dear now, it was here a minute ago! and my spectacles gone too! Where are they? Well, well, the times she's said the same thing, I seem to hear her, 'Bessie, you dear old stupid' — that's what she calls me — 'look,' she says, 'you dear old stupid, on your own nose and you're sure to find them.' But you'll read it aloud, won't you?"

So Kate read the letter. When she came to the end she laid it down with a sigh. "Be sure to tell me," it ended, "of Lizzie when you write."

"Ah, dear!" said the old woman, half aloud; "but where's the use of her fretting over it?"

"I've been thinking," said Kate slowly, "if our young lady was to write a line to Lizzie it might do good."

The old nurse looked at her sharply.

"Is anything wrong, then, with Lizzie?" she asked.

"No, Mrs. Gooding, not that I know of; but she's unsettled again, and complaining the old way. I was there yesterday."

"And was she glad to see you?" asked the nurse.

"No, Mrs. Gooding, I'm afraid not." And Kate moved uneasily in her chair. The old woman pushed up her spectacles and looked hard at the girl. Kate rose and walked to the window, and after a minute or two of silence she went on.

"I don't know what to do, Mrs. Gooding. You know these new tales. She had little Joe there, and she was kissing and making much of the child. I told her folks were talking, but I said I didn't believe them, as she'd given her word; but she turned to complaining they were all against her, the old way, and said if I'd come to worrit her I'd best be gone, for she meant to do as she chose. I saw she wouldn't listen," Kate went on, after a little pause, "and I couldn't somehow go away like that, so I went on with some clothes she'd been wringing. She didn't seem to notice, and went on with her talk with the child. 'Don't you be

lieve them if they talk evil of your father,' she kept saying, — 'he's a good man, a good man;' and she'd say it over and over. Do you think he is, Mrs. Gooding?" said Kate suddenly, facing round on the old woman. She took off her spectacles and slowly wiped them.

"When it comes to that," at last she said evasively, "there's goodness and goodness, and men is queer creatures. There was my poor husband, an honest man never wore shoe-leather, and yet what I forbore with him in the house, and his quick tempers, you'd never know; and forbear it is we are commanded, and no more than my duty, and others easy-going as brings wives and families to ruin. As for Joe Hoyte, he's lived here, man and boy, all his life, and hardly a friend to say a good word for him, but I don't know anything particular bad against him. But did you say nothing more to Lizzie, Kate?"

"Yes," she said, "I thought as I wrung the clothes what I could say not to turn her against me more, and nothing would come; and she went on talking with the child, and never looked my way at all. And I got thinking to myself if only our young lady was here she would make Lizzie right again, and that set me thinking I might talk of her, and perhaps Lizzie would remember a bit. So I told her I'd had a letter, and I began reading it. She didn't listen much at first, but she was quiet after a bit; so I just wished her good-bye and came away. I hadn't gone far when she was running after me. 'You'll be writing those tales to her,' she said, quite fierce. 'No, Lizzie,' I said, 'twould fret her so, I couldn't write them; you'll never do a thing would pain her again, Lizzie, our young lady, and so far away.'"

The girl's voice shook, she turned to the window, and the old woman rose and came to where she stood.

"Well?" she asked.

"I don't believe she will, Mrs. Gooding," said Kate at last; "she didn't say much, but I don't believe she will. But if our young lady would write, I was thinking —"

"You're a good girl, Kate," said the nurse, "and I'll manage it; you leave it, and I'll put it so it will be all right."

So Kate went her way, and the letter was finished.

"Kate Mitchell has just been here," it went on; "she's a good girl, and her father better, but not up to the fishing,

and Kate out herself, and not fit work for her. And she thought Lizzie would be pleased with a letter if the little Missy will write her one. And wishing God bless you, my dear Missy, and send you soon home again, — I remain your loving and dutiful nurse,

"BESSIE GOODING."

Kate had not gone very far before her attention was attracted by a wail of mingled sorrow and anger, and she soon caught sight of a little figure dragging along in front of her, whose crimson cheeks put up a signal of the strife raging within the small heart. It was Joe again, and Kate, instantly suspecting trouble at school, soon overtook him and asked him what was the matter. A fresh burst of weeping turned his speech into a hoarse roar of anguish, and Kate, lifting the child up on a low bank by the wayside, sat down beside him to wait till the paroxysm had subsided. After much convulsive sobbing, and repeated wipings of the small eyelids and cheeks, Joe found utterance: "I'll never go there no more," sobbed he.

"Why, what's wrong, my son?" asked the girl. With renewed weeping and anger the trouble came out.

"She whipped me, she did, — and I hates her, I *do*, — and I'll never go there no more, no-o-o — o, I wo-o-o-n't."

Kate looked vexed. She foresaw encouragement from the paternal Joe, and her hopes for the child's advancement once more clouded over.

"Now, look here," she said quietly; "what had you been doing, Joe? What had you been up to, eh?"

"I hadn't done nothing," wailed Joe, "and I hates her."

"Was it you didn't know your lessons?" asked the girl.

"I dun know," said Joe sullenly, "but 'twarn't that."

"Now, what was it?" asked Kate again. "You'd been up to some mischief, Joe, I know well enough. Tell me what you'd done."

But the tips of his boots had suddenly become an object of absorbing interest to the boy.

"Had you played her some trick?" asked Kate cheerfully. There came a little twitch to the corners of the child's mouth. "Was it a joke, Joe?" said Kate softly. A little laugh came in the midst of the storm.

"She *was* in a rage," said Joe at last, "when they come out and was over the

books and stuff, and one got into th' ink and walked about after!" and the young offender began to hug himself with delight.

"What was it?" asked Kate, very quickly.

"Why, crabs!" said Joe.

"And you put them in her desk?"

"Yes," said the boy excitedly; "and some in that box by the side; such heaps, I kep' 'em in a pool till I had enough. O Kate, you should have heard her screech!" And now the remembrance was too much for Joe, and he tumbled down off the bank. Kate's face showed the conflicting feelings that the story had raised. It was thoroughly vexing; it wasn't much more than she had expected from Joe's former career; but meanwhile his father would probably stand by him, and there would be an end to Joe's schooling and consequent advancement. Then she was still fresh enough from school herself to enjoy thoroughly the thought of the rather prim mistress, under whom she also had suffered, and that sudden plague of crabs. With difficulty she prevented the boy seeing her join in his unholy glee, and said cheerfully, —

"Well, Joe, you got your fun, and had your hiding, and deserved it. It wasn't good of you, you know: if you were good with her she'd be very kind to you; and you musn't do that sort of thing again, you know, or she'll think you a little heathen. But it's over now, and you must try and be a better boy when you go back."

"But I won't go back," said the young rebel stoutly.

"Then you'll be a coward," said Kate. "You'd never be a coward, Joe?"

"What's he going to funk?" suddenly broke in another voice; and Joe was lifted suddenly up in two stout arms, turned head over heels, and deposited somewhat confused upon the ground again.

"Why, Dick, take care!" cried Kate. "It's nothing, is it, Joe? You'll not funk?" There came no answer to this appeal.

"What's wrong?" asked Dick Truscott again, for it was he.

"He was thinking of flinching school," said Kate, "because he got into a bit of trouble; but it's going to be all right now, isn't it, Joe?"

Still no answer came, but the child began slowly to move away down the lane.

"'Twas luck meeting you, Miss Kate," said the young man. "I've just been to your place, and I swear your father's the best man out. He's a regular good un, that's what he is," he ended warmly. Kate looked pleased.

"Was it about the fishing?" she asked.

"Yes," said Dick; "I'm to be Will's mate, and I only hope I may do your father a good turn one of these days. Are you glad of it?" he asked.

"Why, no," said Kate, with a smile. Dick's face fell, he looked hurt and said nothing. The girl saw it, and added hastily, "I don't like to be turned out of the boat, and it's my place you're taking, Dick." Dick looked cheerful again; 'twasn't work for womenkind, in his opinion.

"And I suppose you asked your father to have one of the other chaps instead?" he added, as they began to walk towards the cottage.

"Perhaps I did," said Kate.

"But your father told me he knew what I was worth," said Dick proudly.

"So do I," said the girl gravely. Her companion turned eagerly to her.

"Do you?" he said. "Why, what now?"

They had come where a sign-post stood by the way, covered with large letters.

"That," said Kate, pointing to an O.

"What do you mean?" asked Dick, looking very puzzled.

"Have you forgotten your arithmetic so that you don't know what that stands for?" laughed the girl. A light seemed to break in upon him.

"Well, I don't care," he said at last. "They're to have games and dancing down to Point to-morrow," he added after a time. "You'll be there, Miss Kate?"

"Well, perhaps I may," said she; "but I don't know if I shall."

"If you cared about it as much as I do you'd be there," said the young fisherman, kicking savagely at a stone.

"Oh, I know you're fond of the dancing," said Kate, with a laugh.

"You know well enough it isn't the dancing I'm fond of," said Dick, with some emphasis; but he added cheerily, "I knows you'll come, Kate; you're never so bad as your words."

"Oh, if my words are bad," said Kate, laughing again, "why, you've had enough of them, so good-bye!" and she was gone into the cottage while the young fisherman was calling to her to wait a minute.

"She takes one up so short," he said to himself as he turned away; "but she'll come, I'm thinking."

And he was quite right, for Kate was there.

From Temple Bar.

OUT OF THE BEATEN TRACK IN MADAGASCAR.

A VISIT TO THE ANTANKARANA SAKALAVA.

FINDING myself at Nosibè after a delightful trip round the Comoro Islands, I determined to take advantage of my proximity to the mainland of Madagascar to visit that interesting country. My wish was to visit some part of the island unknown, or at least little known, to European travellers. Acting on the advice of the French commandant, I determined to pay a visit to an independent tribe inhabiting the north-west peninsula of the island, called Antankaràna, or "people of the rocks." Wishing to travel as quickly as possible, I engaged a fine *lakan* or canoe, which could carry a good deal of sail, and engaged a crew of four at two francs a day and their rice. Through the courtesy of the French commandant, I secured the services of an excellent guide — Prosper by name, a native of Nosibè, and a Roman Catholic. He spoke very fair French, besides Malayaski and Swahili, and was invaluable. Having purchased some American cloth and bright-colored handkerchiefs to trade for food with, my preparations were complete, and on the morning of the 1st of August I set sail with my little party. Although the main land of Madagascar is well in sight from Nosibè, yet when we were packed into the canoe, luggage and all, it looked anything but safe to put out to sea in her. We did not get very far from land before a good breeze sprang up, and we sailed along grandly, and reached the island of Nosifaly soon after noon. The breeze now dying away, and it being terribly hot in the lakan, I determined to camp for the night in this small, well-wooded island, which is separated from the mainland by a very narrow channel. There is a small village inhabited by Sakalavas, whose chief received me very civilly, and gave me a nice clean hut to sleep in. The people mostly talked Swahili, which they have picked up from the Arabs, who have a small trading station on the mainland close by. The next morning, starting before five, we sailed

along the coast steering north for Ifasy. Evening brought us to this important native trading-place, and here I intended to leave my canoe and walk up to the capital of the Antankaràna. The capital is called Ankaràna, and the king's name is Ratsimiàro. Accordingly, I placed my canoe in charge of an Arab merchant and prepared for a march on the morrow. I started the next day soon after four o'clock, and almost before it was light, Prosper carrying my gun and cartridges.

I had considerable difficulty with Prosper, who was one of those people who are born idle, but I managed to make him keep up without resorting to blows. We marched for four hours and a half over very rough country, doing I think about twelve miles, and then halted for breakfast — coffee, rice, and bananas — started again at ten, and walked till twelve, when we halted till four. Again making a start, we reached a good-sized village, called Manembàto, a little before seven. We had walked, I calculate, about thirty miles, a very good day's work. We had a capital dinner here of fowls and rice — fowls are very plentiful in this part of Madagascar, and can be bought for about two-pence apiece. The natives here told me that Ankaràna was not more than three hours' journey from Manembàto, so I resolved on an early start so as to reach the capital before breakfast. Accordingly starting at sunrise, I arrived in sight of the capital a little before nine. I halted outside the town and sent Prosper to inform King Ratsimiàro of my arrival. He soon returned to say that the king would receive me at once at the conference-tree in the middle of the town, and I could hear the tum-tums beating announcing that he was on his way there. Accordingly, taking with me a large sheath-knife I had brought as a present for his Majesty, and accompanied by Prosper as interpreter, I at once proceeded to the interview. The king was seated under the tree (a magnificent tamarind), surrounded by his chiefs. A chair for me was placed on his right, and when I advanced, helmet in hand, he rose, shook hands very cordially and motioned me to be seated. He first inquired if I had come to trade there, and when I told him no, he said he was very sorry, as he wanted some white traders to come there very much. He then asked me if I was a praying man, and he seemed much relieved when I told him no. I explained I was merely a traveller, and being anxious to see the country, I had walked up from

(fasy. He could not make out why I had walked. Why had I not come in a *flan-àna* (palanquin), and when I told him I preferred walking, he gave me to understand that he did not quite believe me. He wanted to know why the English preferred the Hovas to the Sakalavas — whether I had ever seen Queen Ranavàona — whether Queen Victoria loved her very much; and then he expressed his opinion that Queen Victoria would love him if she knew him better. I did not like to offend his Majesty by telling him that probably Queen Victoria was quite ignorant of his existence, so I acquiesced. I then presented him with the knife I had brought with me, and asked permission to remain a few days in the capital. He told me a house was ready for me and that in the evening there would be plenty of *toàka* (rum). We then shook hands again, and I went off with Prosper in search of my house. I found my boys already in possession of one to which they had been directed by one of the chiefs. I started them off at once to buy some fowls for breakfast, as it was now early noon and I had eaten nothing since leaving Manembàto. They soon came back shouting "Omby, omby" (an ox, an ox), and sure enough behind them came a fine bullock the king had sent me as a present. Soon afterwards some girls arrived with a couple of geese, a couple of fowls, and a basket full of cocoa-nuts and bananas. Here was a princely supply for six men, and I had soon made an excellent breakfast. Having smoked a pipe and ordered the boys to kill the bullock and get dinner ready by sundown, I started off to walk round the town. There was nothing of interest to be seen in it, and I think the most striking feature was the enormous number of drinking shanties. I have seen a town in northern Queensland where every fourth house was public, but in Ankaràna I believe you could buy rum in every hut. The houses were as a rule well built, some of bamboo, and mostly of the *rufia* palm, and they were scrupulously clean. There were no stores of any sort, as they buy all their goods at Ifasy from the Arabs. I had a long conversation with one of the leading Antankaràna chiefs, who gave me a good deal of interesting information about the tribe. It seems they own about eight hundred square miles of country, and number about twenty thousand souls. The country, as its name implies, is very rocky and full of caves, many of which are used as dwelling-places. In religion the peo-

ple are a sort of deists, believing in one supreme spirit; they are also great believers in ghosts, which they call *idlo*. They have a priestly caste called Onjàtsy, whom they hold in great respect and who have the power of driving away the *lòlos* if they make themselves too objectionable. They own lots of cattle, which flourish well on the sweet grass that grows on the rocky slopes, and they cultivate cocoa-nuts, sugar-cane (to make into rum), bananas, ground-nuts, and the *rufia* palm, with which they build their houses and also make mats and a coarse kind of *lamba* or cloth, with which they clothe themselves. They seem a very happy, idle people, with no ambition to be more than they are at present. The country is beautifully wooded and well watered, and I have no doubt money could be made by any energetic Englishman if he settled at Ifasy and exported the ebony and sandal-wood which abound in the forests.

Just after sunset, and whilst I was still discussing my dinner, the *tum-tums* began to beat, and soon the clear space in the middle of the town presented an animated appearance. A sort of illumination was attempted by means of cocoa-nuts filled with bullock's fat, but they did not give much light and they smelt very disagreeably. Mats had been placed under the old tamarind-tree for the king and myself, and on repairing thither I found his Majesty already arrived. The people soon formed up for a dance. It was a very curious sight, and I never before saw any native dance quite like it. They all formed in a circle, and sang apparently a verse of a song. Then they went in turns into the centre of the ring and danced wildly round, flourishing their spears and singing, and then they all joined in a sort of chorus. I fancy the solo singing was extempore. The women did not take part in this dance, but all sat together and beat time with their hands, and then at the finish they came forward with calabashes full of rum and presented them to the men. They danced the same dance three or four times, never omitting the rum at the end. His Majesty kept pressing me also to drink, and I had to take far more of it than I wanted. The women now came forward and danced, the dance consisting of swinging the body backwards and forwards, all the time singing a plaintive sort of melody. I could not help thinking how well the words from "*Les Cloches de Corneville*" — "Just look at that," etc. — would have suited the action. They looked very picturesque with their

bright colored lambas and wild-looking heads. They have long, woolly hair, which they make stick out from the head in little nobs. After the women had been dancing thus for some time (the men sitting down and beating time), a man most grotesquely painted jumped in between them and danced a few times up and down the middle; then the women screamed, and ran away, and the men, jumping up and brandishing their spears in the most threatening manner, rushed forward as if to attack the new-comer. He at once bolted down the street. I afterwards found out that he represented a *lôlo* (ghost), come to carry off one of the women. After he had disappeared, there was a general dance of rejoicing, in which both men and women joined, and after that more rum. It was now long past ten, so I asked permission of the king to retire to my hut. He replied, rather huskily, that it was very early, but gave me leave to go. He also promised me some guides to take me out in the morning. The next morning I determined to go out shooting, so after an early breakfast I left the town at seven o'clock. I took with me Prosper and four of Ratsimiaro's men, and left my own boys at home to rest themselves and get over the effects of the previous evening's debauch, which were very apparent. About four miles to the north of Ankaranà there is a fine forest-clothed mountain called Ambohitra, and thither I turned my steps. There is no four-footed game to speak of found in any known part of Madagascar, and the forests round Mount Ambohitra proved no exception. I shot a couple of lemurs, a sort of monkey with a beautiful fur, and peculiar to Madagascar. I could have shot a good many more, but they were all the same species, and it seemed rather butchery to kill them. I also shot a very handsome bird about the size of a heron, called by the natives *vorondsy* — white with black point on the head, tail, and wings. It is, I fancy, a species of ibis. I also saw great quantities of the little green paroquets so common in northern Queensland, and some bright-plumaged little honey suckers I have seen often in South Africa. The forest itself was very interesting from the great variety of the timber, much of which was unknown to me. I recognized, however, ebony, sandalwood, several kinds of acacia, the tamarind, mango, guava, and a great variety of palm, especially the beautiful traveller's palm (*Urania speciosa*), with its splendid fan-like head. The first time I

ever saw this tree was in the cinnamon gardens in Ceylon; but here seems its natural home, and thousands clothe the beautiful slopes of Mount Ambohitra. They supplied me with many a good drink this day, and if it grows all over Madagascar as luxuriantly as it does in the country of the Antankaràna, it would make travelling comparatively easy. I killed two snakes during my walk, one good-sized fellow about four feet and half long. My guides told me it was not poisonous. They call all snakes *kaka lava* (long enemy), but from what I could learn, the only one they fear is one they call *pily*, which I fancy is the boa of Africa. The Swahili name for the boa is *p'ili*. I walked till eleven, and then rested till two, when I went down to the lower land and followed the course of the river back towards the town. I saw good many duck, both teal and the brown wood-duck of Australia: the natives call them all alike *tsiriry*. I got three couples and also a couple of big birds they call *vorombi*, a kind of goose, but I should think rather fishy to eat. They told me there were plenty of guinea-fow about, and also a little bird they call *kita notàno*, which I fancy from their description must be the snipe; but I saw none of either. I reached the town at sunset very tired, and spent an exactly similar evening to the previous one. The king told me he would give me a guide who would take me to the coast a nearer way than by passing through Manembato, so I determined not to start next day till after breakfast. I presented his Majesty with my day's bag, at which he seemed pleased. He also hinted very plainly that he would like my gun, but that I did not feel inclined to part with; I presented him, however, with twenty-five cartridges though what he will do with them I do not know, probably wear them as a necklace. Next day I had breakfast at six and having rewarded my guides of the previous day with some American cloth I prepared to start on my return journey to the coast. The old king was waiting under the tamarind-tree to say good-bye and the whole population seemed to have congregated to witness my departure. As I approached, the people set up a mournful kind of chant, which Prosper afterwards translated for me thus: —

Oh departing is our friend — oh! oh!

Oh scatter'd are the calfs,

Oh weeping are the women,

Oh sad is our chief — oh! oh!

They stopped singing when I reached

place where the king was seated. I then thanked him for his hospitality, and wished him a long and prosperous life. "Go in peace," was the old man's answer; and then, just as I was moving away, he asked again my name. Prosper translated it into something which sounded very unintelligible. The king repeated several times, and then saying "May I never forget it," he waved his hand as a final adieu. I took one of his men with me as a guide; and, as our little party passed out of the town, I could hear them still singing their plaintive melody, "Oh departing is our friend—oh! oh!" A more interesting, simple-minded people it would be hard to find, and I felt grieved to think that civilization in the shape of men must in no long period deteriorate if not entirely destroy them. King Ratsimiharo, although he has only been brought into contact with the Arab traders at Ifasy, has the manners of a European gentleman and his people were all most courteous in their behavior. I believe an attempt was made some thirty years ago by the Jesuits at Nosibè to start a mission at Ankaràna, but they received so little encouragement that they gave it up. Although I do not think Ratsimiharo would at present receive missionaries at his capital, I believe a mission stationed at Ifasy might do much good work amongst these simple-minded people. We had a very long tramp this day, my new guide insisting that if we pushed on we should reach Ifasy by sundown. It soon, however, became apparent that we could not, so at four o'clock I determined to halt, and start again with the moon at eight. This we did, and soon after eleven we sighted the sea. It was a late when we reached Ifasy that I did not care to arouse Alluè Mohammed with whom I had left my canoe, so I camped that night outside the town. Next day I got rid of what remained of my cloth at a slight profit, bought sufficient provisions for our two days' voyage, and started at noon on my return to Nosibè. I camped that night on the north side of the island of Nosifaly, and the next evening arrived safely at Nosibè. I wish I could have spared time to remain longer amongst the Antankaràna, but I was anxious not to miss a man-of-war which was shortly expected in Nosibè, and in which I hope to visit the southern coast of Madagascar. I will only say by way of finishing my account of the trip—that should any of my readers find themselves, in the course of their

travels, in the neighborhood of Madagascar, they cannot do better than pay a visit to King Ratsimiharo and his interesting subjects.

From The Nineteenth Century.
A NEW THEORY OF THE SUN.

THE CONSERVATION OF SOLAR ENERGY.

A PAPER was recently read by me before the Royal Society, under the above title, which may be termed a first attempt to open for the sun a creditor and debtor account, inasmuch as he has hitherto been regarded only as the great almoner, pouring forth incessantly his boundless wealth of heat, without receiving any of it back. Such a proposal touches the root of solar physics, and cannot therefore be expected to pass without challenge—to meet which I gladly embrace the opportunity, now offered to me through the courtesy of the editor of this review, of enlarging somewhat upon the first concise statement of my views regarding this question.

Man has from the very earliest ages looked up with a feeling of awe and wonderment to our great luminary, to whom we owe not only the light of day, but the genial warmth by which we live, by which our hills are clad with verdure, our rivers flow, and without which our life-sustaining food, both vegetable and animal, could not be produced.

When for our comfort and our use we resort to a fire either of wood or coal, we know now by the light of modern science that we are utilizing only solar rays that have been stored up by the aid of the process of vegetation in our forests or in the forests of former geological ages, when our coal-fields were the scenes of rank tropical growth. The potency of the solar ray in this respect was recognized—even before science had discovered its true significance—by clear-sighted men such as the late George Stephenson, who, when asked what in his opinion was the ultimate cause of the motion of his locomotive engine, said that he thought it went by "the bottled-up rays of the sun."

With the exception of our coal-fields and a few elementary combustible substances such as sulphur and what are called the precious metals, which we find sparsely scattered about, our earth consists essentially of combined matter. Thus our rivers, lakes, and oceans are filled with oxidized hydrogen, the result

of a most powerful combustion; and the crust of our earth is found to consist either of quartz (a combination of the metal silicon with oxygen) or limestone (oxidized calcium combined with oxidized carbon), or of other metals, such as magnesium, aluminium, or iron, oxidized and combined in a similar manner. Excepting, therefore, the few substances before enumerated, we may look upon our earth, near its surface at any rate, as a huge ball of cinder, which, if left to itself, would soon become intensely cold, and devoid of life or animation of any kind.

It is true that a goodly store of heat still exists in the interior of our earth, which according to some geologists is in a state of fusion, and must certainly be in a highly heated condition; but this internal heat would be of no avail, owing to the slow rate of conduction, by which alone, excepting volcanic action, it could be brought to us living upon its surface.

An estimate of the amount of heat poured down annually upon the surface of our earth may be formed from the fact that it exceeds a million times the heat producible by all the coal raised, which may be taken at two hundred and eighty million tons a year.

If then we depend upon solar radiation for our very existence from day to day, it cannot be said that we are only remotely interested in solar physics, and the question whether and how solar energy, comprising the rays of heat, of light, and the actinic rays, is likely to be maintained, is one in which we have at least as great a reversionary interest as we have in landed estate or other property.

If the amount of heat, or, more correctly speaking, of energy, supplied annually to our earth is great as compared with terrestrial quantities, that scattered abroad in all directions by the sun strikes us as something almost beyond conception.

The amount of heat radiated from the sun has been approximately computed by the aid of the pyrheliometer of Pouillet, and by the actinometers of Herschel, at eighteen million heat units from every square foot of its surface per hour; or, expressed popularly, if coal were consumed on the surface of the sun in the most perfect manner, our total annual production of two hundred and eighty million tons, being the estimated produce of all the coal-mines of the earth, would suffice to keep up solar radiation for only one forty-millionth part of a second; or,

if the earth was a mass of coal, and could be supplied by contract to the solar furnace-men, this supply would last them but thirty-six hours.

If the sun were surrounded by a solid sphere of a radius equal to the mean distance of the sun from the earth (nine hundred and fifty million of miles), the whole of this prodigious amount of heat would be intercepted; but considering that the earth's apparent diameter as seen from the sun is only seventeen seconds, the earth could intercept only the 2250-millionth part. Assuming that the other planetary bodies swell the amount of intercepted heat ten times this amount, there remains the important fact that $\frac{2250000000}{2250000000}$ of the solar energy is radiated into space, and apparently lost to the solar system, and only $\frac{1}{2250000000}$ utilized or intercepted.

Notwithstanding this enormous loss of heat, solar temperature has not diminished sensibly for centuries, if we neglect the periodic changes, apparently connected with the appearance of sun-spots, though these have been observed by Lockyer and others, and the question forces itself upon us how this great loss can be sustained without producing an observable diminution of solar temperature even within human lifetime.

Amongst the ingenious hypotheses suggested to account for a continuance of solar heat is that of shrinkage or gradual reduction of the sun's volume suggested by Helmholtz. It may, however, be argued against this theory that the heat produced would be liberated throughout its mass, and would have to be brought to the surface by conduction, aided perhaps by convection; but we know of no material of sufficient conductivity to transmit anything approaching the amount of heat lost by radiation.

Chemical action between the constituent parts of the sun has also been suggested; but here again we are met by the difficulty that the products of such combination would ere this have accumulated on the surface, and would have formed a barrier against further action.

These difficulties led Sir William Thomson to the suggestion that the cause of the maintenance of solar temperature might be found in the circumstance of meteorites, not falling upon the sun from great distances in space, as had been suggested by Mayer and Waterton, but circulating with an acquired velocity within the planetary distances of the sun, and he showed that each pound of matter so imported would represent a large number of heat

mits without disturbing the planetary equilibrium. But in considering more fully the enormous amount of planetary matter that would be required for the maintenance of the solar temperature, Sir William Thomson soon abandoned this hypothesis for that of simple transfer of heat from the interior of a fluid sun to the surface by means of convection currents, which latter hypothesis is at the present time supported by Professor Stokes and other leading physicists.

This theory has certainly the advantage of accounting for the greatest possible store of heat within the solar mass, because it supposes the latter to consist of the main of a fluid heated to such a temperature that if it were relieved at any point of the confining pressure, it would flash into gas of a vastly inferior, but still an elevated, temperature. It is supposed that such fluid material, or material in the "critical" condition, as Professor Thomas Andrews of Belfast has named it, continually transferred to the surface by means of convection currents, that is to say, by currents forming naturally when fluid substance is cooled at its upper surface, and sinks down after cooling to make room for ascending material at the comparatively higher temperature. It is owing to such convection currents that the temperature of a room is, generally speaking, higher towards the ceiling than towards the floor, and that upon plunging a thermometer into a tank of heated water the surface temperature is found slightly superior to that near the bottom.

These convection currents owe their existence to a preponderance of the cooled descending over the ascending current; this difference being slight, and the ascending and descending currents intermingling freely, they are, generally speaking, of a sluggish character; hence in all heating apparatus it is found essential to resort either to artificial propulsion, or to separating walls between the ascending and the descending currents, in order to give effect to the convective transfer of heat.

In the case of a fluid sun another difficulty presents itself through the circumstance that the vast liquid interior is enveloped in a gaseous atmosphere, which, although perhaps some thousands of miles in depth, represents a relatively very small store of heat. Convection currents may be supposed active in both the gaseous atmosphere and in the fluid ocean below, but the surface of this fluid must necessarily constitute a barrier between

the two convective systems, nor could the convective action of the gaseous atmosphere, that is to say, the simple up and down currents caused by surface refrigeration, be such as to disturb the liquid surface below to any great extent, because each descending current would have had plenty of time to get intermixed with its neighboring ascending current, and would, therefore, have reached its least intensity on arriving on the liquid surface.

As regards the liquid, its most favorable condition for heating purposes would be at the critical point, or that at which the slightest diminution of superincumbent pressure would make it flash off into gas; but considering that, by means of conduction and convection, the liquid matter must have assumed in the course of ages a practically uniform temperature to a very considerable depth, it follows that the liquid below the surface, with fluid pressure in addition to that of the superimposed gaseous atmosphere, must be ordinary fluid, the critical condition being essentially confined only to the surface.

Conditions analogous to those here contemplated are met with in a high-pressure steam boiler, with its heated water and dense vapor atmosphere. Suppose the fire below such a boiler be withdrawn, and its roof be exposed to active radiation into space, what should we observe through a strong pane of glass inserted in the side of the boiler near the liquid surface, lit up by an incandescent electric lamp within? The loss of heat by radiation from the boiler would give rise to convection currents, and partial condensation of the vapor atmosphere; then, if the motion of the water was made visible by means of coloring matter, we should observe convection currents in the fluid mass separate and distinct from those in the gaseous mass; but these convection currents would cause no visible disturbance of the liquid surface, which would present itself to the eye with the smoothness of a mirror. It is only in the event of the steam pressure being suddenly relieved at any point on the surface that a portion of the water would flash into steam, causing a violent upheaval of the liquid.

The dark spots on the sun appear to indicate commotion of this description, but these are evidently not the result of mere convection currents; if they were, they would occur indiscriminately over the entire surface of the sun, whereas telescopic observation has revealed the

fact that they do occur almost exclusively in two belts, between the equator and the polar surfaces on either side. Their occurrence could be satisfactorily explained if we could suppose the existence of strong lateral currents flowing from the polar surfaces towards the equator, which lateral currents in the solar atmosphere would cause cyclones or vortex action with a lower and denser atmosphere consisting probably of metallic vapors; this vortex action extending downward would relieve the fluid ocean locally from pressure, and give rise to explosive outbursts of enormous magnitude, projecting the lower atmosphere high above the photosphere, with a velocity measured, according to Lockyer, by a thousand miles a second. It will be seen from what follows how, according to my views, such vortex action in those intermediate regions of the sun would necessarily be produced.

But supposing that, notwithstanding the difficulties just pointed out, convection currents sufficed to effect a transfer of internal heat to the surface with sufficient rapidity to account for the enormous surface loss by radiation, we should only have the poor satisfaction of knowing that the available store would last longer than might have been expected, whereas a complete solution of the problem would be furnished by a theory, according to which the radiant energy which is now supposed to be dissipated into space and irrecoverably lost to our solar system, could be arrested and brought back in another form to the sun himself, there to continue the work of solar radiation.

Some six years ago the thought occurred to me that such a solution of the solar problem might not lie beyond the bounds of possibility, and although I cannot claim intimate acquaintance with the intricacies of solar physics, I have watched its progress, and have engaged also in some physical experiments bearing upon the question, all of which have served to strengthen my confidence and to ripen in me the determination to submit my views, not without some misgiving, to the touchstone of scientific criticism.

For the purposes of my theory, stellar space is supposed to be filled with highly rarefied gaseous bodies, including hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, carbon, and their compounds, besides solid materials in the form of dust. Each planetary body would in that case attract to itself an atmosphere depending for density upon its relative attractive importance, and it would not

seem unreasonable to suppose that the heavier and less diffusible gases would form the staple of these local atmospheres; that, in fact, they would consist mostly of nitrogen, oxygen, and carbonic acid, whilst hydrogen and its compounds would predominate in space.

In support of this view it may be urged that in following out the molecular theory of gases as laid down by Clausius, Clerk Maxwell, and Thomson, it would be difficult to assign a limit to a gaseous atmosphere in space; and, further, that some writers — among whom I will here mention only Grove, Humboldt, Zoellner, and Mattieu Williams — have boldly asserted the existence of a space filled with matter. But Newton himself, as Dr. Sterry Hunt tells us in an interesting paper which has only just reached me, has expressed views in favor of such an assumption.

The history of Newton's paper is remarkable and very suggestive. It was read before the Royal Society on the 9th and 16th of December, 1675, and remained unpublished until 1757, when it was printed by Birch, the then secretary, in the first volume of his "History of the Royal Society," but received no attention; in 1846 it was published in the *Philosophical Magazine* at the suggestion of Harcourt, but was again disregarded; and now, once more, only a few months since, a philosopher on the other side of the Atlantic brings back to the birthplace of Newton his forgotten and almost despised work of two hundred years ago.

Quoting from Dr. Sterry Hunt's paper: —

Newton in his Hypothesis imagines "an ethereal medium much of the same constitution with air, but far rarer, subtler, and more elastic." "But it is not to be supposed that this medium is one uniform matter, but composed partly of the main phlegmatic body of ether, partly of other various ethereal spirits, much after the manner that air is compounded of the phlegmatic body of air intermixed with various vapors and exhalations." Newton further suggests in his Hypothesis that this complex spirit or ether, which, by its elasticity, is extended throughout all space, is in continual movement and interchange. "For Nature is a perpetual circulatory worker, generating fluids out of solids, and solids out of fluids; fixed things out of volatile, and volatile out of fixed; subtile out of gross, and gross out of subtile; some things to ascend and make the upper terrestrial juices, rivers, and the atmosphere, and by consequence others to descend for a requital to the former. And as the earth, so perhaps may the sun imbibe this spirit copiously, to conserve his shining, and keep the planets from receding farther from

m; and they that will may also suppose that is spirit affords or carries with it thither the lary fuel and material principle of life, and at the vast ethereal spaces between us and e stars are for a sufficient repository for this od of the sun and planets." "Thus, perps, may all things be originated from ether."

If at the time of Newton chemistry had en understood as it now is, and if more- er he had been armed with that most nderful of all modern scientific instru- ents, the spectroscope, the direct out- me of his own prismatic analysis, there e appears to be no doubt that the author of e laws of gravitation would have so de- oped his thoughts upon solar fuel, that ey would have taken the form rather of scientific discovery than of a mere spec- ation.

Our proof that interstellar space is filled th attenuated matter does not rest how- er solely upon the uncertain ground e speculation. We receive occasionally on our earth celestial visitors termed eorites; these are known to travel in ose masses round the sun in orbits in- secting at certain points that of our rth. When in their transit they pass ough the denser portion of our atmo- here they became incandescent, and are ularly known as falling stars. In some es they are really deserving of that me, because they strike down upon our rth, from the surface of which they have en picked up and subjected to searching amination whilst still warm after their ertion. Dr. Flight has only very re- ntly communicated to the Royal Society e analysis of the occluded gases of one e these meteorites as follows:—

CO ₂ (Carbonic acid)	. . .	0.12
CO (Carbonic oxide)	. . .	31.88
H (Hydrogen)	. . .	45.79
CH ₄ (Marsh gas)	. . .	4.55
N (Nitrogen)	. . .	17.66

100.00

It appears surprising that there was no eous vapor, considering there was hich hydrogen and oxygen in combina- n with carbon; but perhaps the vapor eaped observation, or was expelled to a eater extent than the other gases by e eternal heat when the meteorite passed ough our atmosphere. Opinions con- r that the gases found occluded in me- rites cannot be supposed to have en- ed into their composition during the y short period of traversing our denser osphere; but if any doubt should exist o this head, it ought to be set at rest by t fact that the gas principally occluded

is hydrogen, which is not contained in our atmosphere in any appreciable quantity.

Further proof of the fact that stellar space is filled with gaseous matter is fur- nished by spectrum analysis, and it ap- pears from recent investigation, by Dr. Huggins and others, that the nucleus of a comet contains very much the same gases found occluded in meteorites, in- cluding "carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, and probably oxygen," whilst, according to the views set forth by Dewar and Liveing, it also contains nitrogenous compounds such as cyanogen.

Adversely to the assumption that inter- planetary space is filled with gases, it is urged that the presence of ordinary mat- ter would cause sensible retardation of planetary motion, such as must have made itself felt before this; but, assuming that the matter filling space is an almost per- fect fluid not limited by border surfaces, it can be shown on purely mechanical grounds that the retardation by friction through such an attenuated medium would be very slight indeed, even at planetary velocities.

But it may be contended that, if the views here advocated regarding the dis- tribution of gases were true, the sun should draw to himself the bulk of the least diffusible, and therefore the heaviest gases, such as carbonic acid, carbonic oxide, oxygen, and nitrogen, whereas spec- trum analysis has proved, on the contrary, a great prevalence of hydrogen.

In explanation of this seeming anom- ally, it can be shown, in the first place, that the temperature of the sun is so high, that such compound gases as car- bonic acid and carbonic oxide could not exist within him, their point of dissocia- tion being very much below the solar temperature. It has been contended, in- deed, by Mr. Lockyer, that none of the metalloids have any existence at these temperatures, although as regards oxygen Dr. Draper asserts its existence in the so- lar photosphere. There must be regions, however, outside that thermal limit, where their existence would not be jeopardized by heat; and here great accumulation of the comparatively heavy gases that con- stitute our atmosphere would probably take place, were it not for a certain coun- terbalancing action.

I here approach a point of primary im- portance in my argument, upon the proof of which my further conclusions must depend.

The sun completes one revolution on its axis in twenty-five days, and its diam-

eter being taken at 882,000 miles, it follows that the tangential velocity amounts to 125 miles per second, or to what the tangential velocity of our earth would be if it occupied five hours instead of twenty-four in accomplishing one revolution. This high rotative velocity of the sun must cause an equatorial rise of the solar atmosphere, to which Mairan, in 1731, attributed the appearance of zodiacal light. La Place rejected this explanation on the ground that zodiacal light extended to a distance from the sun exceeding our own, whereas the equatorial rise of the solar atmosphere due to its rotation could not exceed nine-twentieths of the distance of Mercury. But it must be remembered that La Place based his calculation upon the generally accepted hypothesis of an empty stellar space (occupied only by an imaginary æther), and it can be shown that the result of solar rotation would be widely different, if supposed to take place within a medium of unbounded extension. In this case pressures would be balanced all round, and the sun would act mechanically upon the floating matter surrounding him in the manner of a fan, drawing it towards himself upon the polar surfaces, and projecting it outwards in a continuous disk-like stream from the equatorial surfaces.

By this fan-action, hydrogen, hydrocarbons, and oxygen are supposed to be drawn in enormous quantities toward the polar surfaces of the sun; during their gradual approach they pass from their condition of extreme attenuation and intense cold to that of compression, accompanied with increase of temperature, until, on approaching the photosphere, they burst into flame, giving rise to a great development of heat, and a temperature commensurate with their point of dissociation at the solar density. The result of their combustion will be aqueous vapor and carbonic acid, and these products of combustion, in yielding to the influence of centrifugal force, will flow towards the solar equator, and be thence projected into space.

In view of the importance of this centrifugal action for the purpose of my theory, the following simple mathematical statement of the problem may not be thought out of place. Let us consider the condition of two equal gaseous masses, at equal distances from the solar centre, the one in the direction of the equator, the other in that of either of the poles. These two masses would be equally attracted towards the sun, and balance one another

as regards the force of gravitation, but the former would be subject to another force, that of centrifugal action, which, however small in amount as compared with the enormous attraction of the sun, would destroy the balance, and determine a motion towards the sun as regards the mass opposite the polar surface, and into space as regards the equatorial mass. The same action would take effect upon the masses filling their places, and the result must be a continuous current depending for its velocity upon the rate of solar rotation. The equatorial current so produced, owing to its mighty proportions, would flow outward into space, to a practically unlimited distance.

The next question for consideration is: What would become of these products of combustion when thus returned into space? Apparently they would gradually change the condition of stellar material, rendering it more and more neutral; but I venture to suggest the possibility, nay, the probability, that solar radiation will, under these conditions, step in to bring back the combined materials to a state of separation by dissociation carried into effect at the expense of that solar energy which is now supposed to be irrevocably lost, or dissipated into space, as the phrase goes.

According to the law of dissociation as developed by Bunsen and Sainte-Claire Deville, the point of decomposition of different compounds depends upon the temperature on the one hand, and upon the pressure on the other. According to Sainte-Claire Deville, the dissociation tension of aqueous vapor at atmospheric pressure and at 2800° C. is 0.5, that is to say one-half of the vapor would exist as such, the remaining half being found as a mechanical mixture of hydrogen and oxygen; but with the pressure, the temperature of dissociation rises and falls, as the temperature of saturated steam rises and falls with its pressure. It is therefore conceivable that the solar photosphere may be raised by combustion to a temperature exceeding 2800° C., whereas dissociation may be effected in space at a lower temperature. This temperature of 2800° would be quite sufficient to account for the character and amount of solar radiation, if it is only borne in mind that the luminous atmosphere may be a thousand miles in depth, and that the flame of hydrogen and hydrocarbons, in the uppermost layers of this zone, is transparent to the radiant energy produced in the layers below, thus making the total radiation rather the sum

of matter in combustion than the effect of a very intensely heated surface.

Sainte-Claire Deville's investigations had reference only to heats measured by means of pyrometers, but do not extend to the effects of radiant heat. Dr. Tyndall has shown by his important researches that vapor of water and other gaseous compounds intercept radiant heat in a most remarkable degree, and there is other evidence to show that radiant energy from a source of high intensity possesses a dissociating power far surpassing the measurable temperature to which the compound substance under its influence is raised. Thus carbonic acid and water are dissociated in the leaf-cells of plants under the influence of the direct solar ray at ordinary summer temperature, and experiments in which I have been engaged for nearly three years* go to prove that this dissociating action is obtained also under the radiant influence of the electric arc, although it is scarcely perceptible if the energy is such as can be produced by an inferior source of heat.

The point of dissociation of aqueous vapor and carbonic acid admits, however, of being determined by direct experiment. I engaged my attention some years ago, but I have hesitated to publish the qualitative results I then obtained, in the hope of attaining to quantitative proofs.

These experiments consisted in the employment of glass tubes furnished with platinum electrodes, and filled with aqueous vapor or with carbonic acid in the usual manner, the latter being furnished with caustic soda to regulate the vapor pressure by heating. Upon immersing the end of the tube charged with aqueous vapor in a refrigerating mixture of ice and chloride of calcium, its temperature at that end was reduced to -32° C., corresponding to a vapor pressure, according to Regnault, of $\frac{1}{18000}$ th of an atmosphere. When so cooled no slow electric discharge took place on connecting the two electrodes with a small induction coil. I then exposed the end of the tube projecting out of the freezing mixture, backed by white paper, to solar radiation (on a clear summer's day) for several hours, when upon again connecting up to the inductorium, a discharge, apparently that of a hydrogen vacuum, was obtained. This experiment being repeated furnished unmistakable evidence, I thought, that

aqueous vapor had been dissociated by exposure to solar radiation. The carbonic acid tubes gave, however, less unmistakable effects. Not satisfied with these qualitative results, I made arrangements to collect the permanent gases so produced by means of a Sprengel pump, but was prevented by lack of time from pursuing the inquiry, which I propose, however, to resume shortly, being of opinion that, independently of my present speculation, the experiments may prove useful in extending our knowledge regarding the laws of dissociation.

It should be here observed that according to Professor Stokes, the ultra-violet rays are in large measure absorbed in passing through clear glass, and it follows from this discovery that only a small portion of the chemical rays found their way through the tubes to accomplish the work of dissociation. This circumstance being adverse to the experiment only serves to increase the value of the effect observed, whilst it appears to furnish additional proof of the fact, first enunciated by Professor Draper, and corroborated by my own experiments on plants, that the dissociating power of light is not confined to the ultra-violet rays, but depends in the process of vegetation chiefly upon the yellow and red rays.

Assuming, for my present purpose, that dissociation of aqueous vapor was really effected in the experiment just described, and assuming, further, that stellar space is filled with aqueous and other vapor of a density not exceeding the $\frac{1}{20000}$ th part of our atmosphere, it seems reasonable to suppose that its dissociation would be effected by solar radiation, and that solar energy would thus be utilized. The conjoint presence of aqueous vapor, carbonic acid and nitrogen would only serve to facilitate their decomposition, in consequence of the simultaneous formation of hydrocarbons and nitrogenous compounds by combination of the nascent hydrogen and the nitrogen with carbon in a manner analogous to what occurs in vegetation. It is not necessary to suppose that all the energy radiated from the sun into space should be intercepted, inasmuch as even a partial return of heat in the manner described would serve to supplement solar radiation, the balance being made up by absolute loss. To this loss of energy would have to be added that consumed in sustaining the circulating current, which however need not relatively be more than what is known to be lost on our earth through the tidal action, and may be sup-

* See Proceedings, Royal Society, vol. xxx., March 1880; also a paper read before Section A of the British Association, September 1, 1881, and ordered to be printed in the Report.

posed to be compensated as regards the time of solar rotation by gradual shrinkage.

By means of the fan-like action resulting from the rotation of the sun, the vapors dissociated in space to-day would be drawn towards the polar surfaces of the sun to-morrow, be heated by increase in density, and would burst into flame at a point where both their density and temperature had reached the necessary elevation to induce combustion, each complete cycle taking, however, years to be accomplished. The resulting aqueous vapor, carbonic acid, and carbonic oxide would be drawn towards the equatorial regions, and be then again projected into space by centrifugal force.

Space would, according to these views, be filled with gaseous compounds in process of decomposition by solar radiant energy, and the existence of these gases would furnish an explanation of the solar absorption spectrum, in which the lines of some of the substances may be entirely neutralized and lost to observation. As regards the heavy metallic vapors revealed in the sun by the spectroscope, it is assumed that these form a lower and denser solar atmosphere, not participating in the fan-like action which is supposed to effect the light outer atmosphere only, in which hydrogen is the principal factor.

Such a dense metallic atmosphere could not participate in the fan-action affecting the lighter photosphere, because this is only feasible on the supposition that the density of the inflowing current is, at equal distances from the gravitating centre, equal or nearly equal to the outflowing current. It is true that the products of combustion of hydrogen and hydrocarbons are denser than their constituents, but this difference may be balanced by their superior temperature on leaving the sun, whereas the metallic vapors would be unbalanced, and would therefore obey the laws of gravitation, recalling them to the sun. On the surface of contact between the two solar atmospheres, intermixture induced by friction must take place, however, giving rise to those vortices and explosive effects within the zones of the sun, between the equator and the polar surfaces, to which reference has already been made in this article; these may appropriately be called the "stormy regions" of the sun, which were first observed and commented upon by Sir John Herschel. Some of the denser vapors would probably get intermixed, be carried away mechanically by the lighter

gases, and give rise to that cosmic dust observed to fall upon our earth in not inappreciable quantities, and generally assumed hitherto to be the *débris* of broken meteorolites. Excessive intermixture between the heat-producing atmosphere and the metallic vapors below appears to be prevented by the existence of an intermediate neutral atmosphere, and called the penumbra.

As the whole solar system moves through space at a pace estimated at one hundred and fifty millions of miles annually (being about one-fourth of the velocity of the earth in its orbit), it appears possible that the condition of the gaseous fuel supplying the sun may vary according to its state of previous decomposition, in which other heavenly bodies may have taken part, and whereby an interesting reflex action between our sun and other heavenly bodies would be brought about. May it not be owing to such differences in the quality of the fuel supplied, that the observed variations of the solar heat may arise? and may it not be in consequence of such changes in the thermal condition of the photosphere that the extraordinary convulsions revealed to us as sun-spots occur?

The views here advocated could not be thought acceptable unless they furnished at any rate a consistent explanation of the still somewhat mysterious phenomena of the zodiacal light and of comets. Regarding the former, we should be able to revert to Mairan's views, the objection by La Place being met by a continuous outward flow from the solar equator. Luminosity would be attributable to particles of dust emitting light reflected from the sun, or to phosphorescence. But there is another cause for luminosity of these particles, which may deserve serious consideration. Each particle would be electrified by gaseous friction in its acceleration, and its electric tension would be vastly increased in its forcible removal, in the same way as the fine dust of the desert has been observed by Dr. Werner Siemens to be in a state of high electrification on the apex of the Cheops pyramid. Could not the zodiacal light also be attributed to slow electric discharge backward from the dust towards the sun? and would not the same cause account for a great difference of potential between the sun and earth, which latter may be supposed to be washed by the solar radial current? May not the presence of the radial solar current also furnish us with an explanation of the fact that hydrogen,

while abounding apparently in space, is practically absent in our atmosphere, where aqueous vapor and carbonic acid, which would come to us directly from the sun, take its place? An action analogous to this, though on a much smaller scale, may be set up also by terrestrial rotation, giving rise to an electrical discharge from the outgoing equatorial stream to the polar regions, where the atmosphere to be pierced by the return flood is of least resistance. Thus the phenomenon of the aurora borealis or northern lights would find an easy explanation.

The effect of this continuous outpour of solar materials could not be without very important influences as regards the geological conditions of our earth. Geologists have long acknowledged the difficulty of accounting for the amount of carbonic acid that must have been in our atmosphere, at one time or another, in order to form with lime those enormous beds of dolomite and limestone, of which the crust of our earth is in great measure composed. It has been calculated that if this carbonic acid had been at one and the same time in our atmosphere, it would have caused an elastic pressure fifty times that of our present atmosphere; and if we add the carbonic acid that must have been absorbed in vegetation in order to form our coal-beds, we should probably have to double that pressure. Animal life, of which we find abundant traces in these "measures," could not have existed under such conditions, and we are almost forced to the conclusion that the carbonic acid must have been derived from an external source.

It appears to me that the theory here advocated furnishes a feasible solution of this geological difficulty. Our earth being situated in the outflowing current of the solar products of combustion, or, as it were, in the solar chimney, would be fed from day to day with its quota of carbonic acid, of which our local atmosphere would assimilate as much as would be necessary to maintain in it a carbonic-acid vapor density balancing that of the solar current; we should thus receive our daily supply of this important constituent (with the regularity of fresh rolls for breakfast), which, according to an investigation by M. Reiset, communicated to the French Academy of Sciences by M. Dumas on the 6th of March last, amounts to the constant factor of one ten-thousandth part of our atmosphere. The aqueous vapor in the air would be simi-

larly maintained as to its density, and its influx to, or reflux from, our atmosphere would be determined by the surface temperature of our earth.

It is also important to show how the phenomena of comets could be harmonized with the views here advocated, and I venture to hope that these occasional visitors will serve to furnish us with positive evidence in my favor. Astronomical physicists tell us that the nucleus of a comet consists of an aggregation of stones similar to meteorites. Adopting this view, and assuming that the stones have absorbed in stellar space gases to the amount of six times their volume, taken at atmospheric pressure, what, it may be asked, will be the effect of such a divided mass advancing towards the sun at a velocity reaching in perihelion the prodigious rate of three hundred and sixty-six miles per second (as observed in the comet of 1845), being twenty-three times our orbital rate of motion? It appears evident that the entry of such a mass into a comparatively dense atmosphere must be accompanied by a rise of temperature by frictional resistance, aided by attractive condensation. At a certain point the increase of temperature must cause ignition, and the heat thus produced must drive out the occluded gases, which in an atmosphere three thousand times less dense than that of our earth would produce $6 \times 3,000 = 18,000$ times the volume of the stones themselves. These gases would issue forth in all directions, but would remain unobserved except in that of motion, in which they would meet the interplanetary atmosphere with the compound velocity, and form a zone of intense combustion such as Dr. Huggins has lately observed to surround the one side of the nucleus, evidently the side of forward motion. The nucleus would thus emit original light, whereas the tail may be supposed to consist of stellar dust rendered luminous by reflex action produced by the light of the sun and comet combined, as foreshadowed already by Tyndall, Tait, and others, starting each from different assumptions.

Although I cannot pretend to an intimate acquaintance with the more intricate phenomena of solar physics, I have long had a conviction, derived principally from familiarity with some of the terrestrial effects of heat, that the prodigious dissipation of solar heat is unnecessary to satisfy accepted principles regarding the conservation of energy, but that solar heat may be arrested and returned over and over

again to the sun, in a manner somewhat analogous to the action of the heat recuperator in the regenerative engine and gas furnace. The fundamental conditions are :—

1. That aqueous vapor and carbon compounds are present in stellar or interplanetary space.

2. That these gaseous compounds are capable of being dissociated by radiant solar energy while in a state of extreme attenuation.

3. That the vapors so dissociated are drawn towards the sun in consequence of solar rotation, are flashed into flame in the photosphere, and rendered back into space in the condition of products of combustion.

Three weeks have now elapsed since I ventured to submit these propositions to the Royal Society for scientific criticism, and it will probably interest my readers to know what has been the nature of that criticism and the weight of additional evidence for or against my theory.

Criticism has been pronounced by mathematicians and physicists, but affecting singularly enough the chemical and not the mathematical portion of my argument; whereas chemists have expressed doubts regarding my mathematics while accepting the chemistry involved in my reasoning.

Doubts have been expressed as to the sufficiency of the proof that dissociation of attenuated aqueous vapor and carbonic acid is really effected by radiant solar energy, and, if so effected, whether the amount of heat so supplied to the sun could be at all adequate in amount to keep up the known rate of radiation. It was admitted in my paper that my own experiments on the dissociation of vapors within vacuum tubes amounted to inferential rather than absolute proof; but the amount of inferential evidence in favor of my views has been very much strengthened since by chemical evidence received from various sources; and I will here only refer to one of these.

Professor Piazzi Smyth, the astronomer royal for Scotland, has, in connection with Professor Herschel of Newcastle, recently presented an elaborate paper or series of papers to the Royal Society of Edinburgh "On the Gaseous Spectra in Vacuum Tubes," of which he has kindly forwarded me a copy. It appears from these memoirs that when vacuum tubes, which contain attenuated vapors, have been laid aside for a length of time, they turn practically into hydrogen tubes. In

another very recent paper presented to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Professor Piazzi Smyth furnishes important additional proof of the presence of oxygen in the outer solar atmosphere, and gives an explanation why this important element has escaped observation by the spectroscope. Additional proof of the existence of oxygen in the outer solar atmosphere has been given by Professor Stoney, the astronomer royal for Ireland, and by Mr. R. Meldola in an interesting paper communicated by him to the *Philosophical Magazine* in June, 1878.

As regards the sufficiency of an inflowing stream of dissociated vapors to maintain solar energy, the following simple calculation may be of service. Let it be assumed that the stream flowing in upon the polar surfaces of the sun flashes into flame when it has attained the density of our atmosphere, that its velocity at that time is one hundred feet per second (the velocity of a strong terrestrial wind) and that in its composition only one-twentieth part is hydrogen and marsh gas in equal proportions, the other nineteen-twentieths being made up of oxygen, nitrogen, and neutral compounds. It is well known that each pound of hydrogen develops in burning about sixty thousand heat units, and each pound of marsh gas about twenty-four thousand; the average of the two gases mixed in equal proportion would yield, roughly speaking, forty-two thousand units; but, considering that only one-twentieth part of the inflowing current is assumed to consist of such combustible matter, the amount of heat developed per pound of inflowing current would be only twenty-one hundred heat units. One hundred cubic feet, weighing eight pounds, would enter into combustion every second upon each square foot of the polar surface, and would yield $8 \times 60 \times 60 \times 2100 = 60,480,000$ heat units per hour. Assuming that one-third of the entire solar surface may be regarded as polar heat-receiving surface, this would give twenty million heat units per square foot of solar surface; whereas according to Herschel's and Pouillet's measurements only eighteen millions heat units per square foot of solar surface are radiated away. There would thus be no difficulty in accounting for the maintenance of solar energy from the supposed source of supply. On the other hand I wish to guard myself against the assumption that appears to have been made by some critics, that what I have advocated would amount to the counterpart of "perpetual motion,"

and therefore to an absurdity. The sun cannot of course get back any heat radiated by himself which has been turned to a purpose ; thus the solar heat spent upon our earth in effecting vegetation must be absolutely lost to him.

My paper presented to the Royal Society was accompanied by a diagram of an ideal corona, representing an accumulation of igneous matter upon the solar surfaces, surrounded by disturbed regions pierced by occasional vortices and outbursts of metallic vapors, and culminating in two outward streams projecting from the equatorial surfaces into space through many thousands of miles. The only supporting evidence in favor of this diagram were certain indications that may be found in the instructive volume on the sun by Mr. R. A. Proctor. It was therefore a matter of great satisfaction to me to be informed, as I have been by an excellent authority and eye-witness, that my imaginary diagram bore a very close resemblance to the corona observed in America on the occasion of the total eclipse of the sun on the 11th of January, 1880.

Enough has been said, I think, to prove that the theory I have ventured to put forward is the result, at any rate, of considerable reflection ; and I may add that, since its first announcement, I have not seen reason to reject any of the links of my chain of argument : these I have here endeavored to strengthen only by additional facts and explanations.

If these arguments can be proved to the entire satisfaction of those best able to form a judgment, they would serve to justify the poet Addison when he says :—

The unwearied sun from day to day
Does the Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty Hand.

C. WILLIAM SIEMENS.

From Chambers' Journal.
ODD NOTICES.

IN his interesting work on the newspaper press, Mr. Grant, speaking of the hard work which the editor of an important paper has to encounter in the accomplishment of his daily task, says nothing is more trying to the patience and temper than the tiresome and unprofitable visits of certain political personages, who think themselves and their communications of the most vital importance, and who never

think of the preciousness of the editor's time. Not only the newspaper editor of to-day, but the studious of all ages, have thought with Lord Bacon that "friends are robbers of our time," and have attempted to act up to Shakespeare's advice, "Ever hold time too precious to be spent with babblers." Pope draws a vivid picture of the annoyance to which he was subjected by poetasters requesting an opinion on their sorry productions. He cries to his servant :—

Shut, shut the door, good John ; fatigued, I
said.
Tie up the knocker ; say I'm sick — I'm dead !
The Dog-star rages ; nay, 'tis past a doubt
All Bedlam or Parnassus is let out.
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

While some have shown in their writings their dislike at being disturbed by inopportune callers, with nothing to say worth listening to, others have attempted to prevent the annoyance altogether by means of menacing inscriptions over their study doors.

Zachary Ursinus, a professor in the University of Heidelberg in the sixteenth century, to prevent interruption during his studies, placed over his study door a Latin inscription, which translated runs : "Friend, whoever thou art that comest hither, either briefly despatch thy business, or begone." Justus Scaliger, professor of polite literature at Leyden, and the creator of chronological science, entered into many angry controversies with his contemporaries, yet he gave a gentle hint to intending visitors that they might retire at the last moment without crossing lances with him. The entrance to his study bore the following inscription : "*Tempus meum est ager meus*," which translated means that my time is my estate.

Dr. Cotton Mather, of Boston, United States, the founder of a Society of Peacemakers — similar to the Quakers — whose objects were to settle differences and prevent lawsuits, was a man of such great activity and despatch in his numerous affairs, that Dr. Johnson's words, "Panting Time toiled after him in vain," might appropriately have been applied to him. To impress on his numerous law-avoiding and peace-seeking clients the necessity of remembering the passage of "the inaudible and noiseless foot of Time," and to save himself the tedium of listening to interminable stories of all sorts of wrongs, real or imaginary, he had written over the

door of his sanctum in prominent letters the pungent words: "Be short."

Probably the student of Harvard University was endeavoring to improve on Dr. Mather's inscription by specifying more exactly the brevity desired in his friends' visits, when he affixed this announcement to his door: "Notice—Hours for Visitors, 7 to 7.45." Whether this period consisted only of forty-five minutes, in the morning or evening, cannot be discovered from the more than ambiguous inscription itself. And if the "hours" actually set apart for the entertainment of his fellow-students were from 7 A.M. to 7.45 P.M., or *vice versa*, then we are afraid that young man would find himself "plucked" at the first "little go" that took place. We cannot help thinking this must have been the promising student of whom the story is told, that he bought a dozen towels, and writing his name on number one, put Ditto on each of the others.

Those who indulge in legends over their door lintels, however simple, do not always get all the say to themselves. That arch-trickster, Theodore Hook, addressed the following lines "To Mr. Blank, who puts over his door 'Pen and Quill Manufacturer: ' "—

You put above your door and in your bills,
You're manufacturer of pens and quills;
And for the first, you well may feel a pride;
Your pens are better far than most I've tried;
But for the quills, your words are somewhat
loose;

Who manufactures quills must be a Goose!

While some scholars are accustomed to bury themselves so deeply in their studies, that the entrance of a visitor causes annoying mental perturbation, and have in self-defence found it necessary to adopt the deterrent expedient we have been illustrating, every individual, we think, desires immunity from such persistent callers as tramps and beggars. The brass plate of a teacher of the French language in Glasgow, in addition to the information such "brasses" are meant to convey, forbids beggars and old-clothes dealers to ring the bell.

A gentleman near Winchester made a rocky in front of his house, in which he planted some beautiful ferns, and having put up the following notice, found it more efficient and less expensive than spring-guns or man-traps. The fear-inspiring inscription was: "Beggars beware; Scolopendriums and Polypodiums are set here."

The wall of a gentleman's house near Edinburgh some years since exhibited a board on which was painted a threat quite as difficult for the trespasser to understand as the preceding: "Any person entering these inclosures will be shot and prosecuted."

An eccentric old gentleman placed in a field on his estate a board with the following generous offer painted thereon: "I will give this field to any man who is contented." It was not long before he had an applicant. "Well, my man, are you a contented fellow?" "Yes, sir, very." "Then why do you want my field?" The applicant did not wait to reply.

The following lines are engraved on a stone tablet at the entrance to a certain summer-house, and surrounded by a border of spiders, beetles, earwigs, and centipedes, and other natives of these cool grots:—

Stranger, or Friend, whatever name accord
With Timkin's hearty shake or civil word;
Enter, where interlacing boughs have made
O'er latticed trellis-work a verdant shade.
Here seat thyself on benches greenly damp,
Fraught with lumbago sweet, and cooling
cramp;

Here rest thy back against this wall of brick;
Perhaps the recent whitewash will not stick.
Here view the snail, his lodging on his back,
Mark on the table's length his silvery track.
Here, when your hat and cane are laid aside,
The caterpillar from the leaf shall glide,
And, like a wearied pilgrim, faint and late,
Crawl slowly o'er your forehead or your pate.
Here shall the spider weave his web so fine,
And make your ear the period of his line.
Here, should still noon induce the drowsy
gape,

A fly shall headlong down your throat escape;
Or should your languid spirits court repose,
Th' officious bee shall cavil at your nose;
While timid beetles from a chink behind,
In your coat-pocket hurried shelter find.—
Oh, thou to whom such summer joys are dear,
And Nature's ways are pleasant—enter here!

The invitation which follows was likelier to have a freer response, than the rather lively one to enter the arbor. The *Weekly Magazine* of 1777 says the lines were inscribed over the door of a house at Bruntstock, remarkable for its hospitality:—

Whoe'er thou art, young, old, or rich, or poor,
Come, gentle stranger, ope this friendly door;
Each social virtue here the mansion fills,
Unknown to vice and all her train of ills;
Content and mirth some pleasure may afford,
And plenty spreads the hospitable board;
Good-humor, too, and wit my tenants are—
Right welcome thou the general treat to share.

Here Youth and Beauty, Age and Wisdom
dwell ;
Each neighboring swain my happiness can tell.

A bridge at Denver, Colorado, boasts of a notice which might also claim the dignity of being ranked as a mathematical proposition. It is to the effect that "no vehicle drawn by more than one animal is allowed to cross this bridge in opposite directions at the same time." An equally slipshod specimen of the queen's English may still be found exhibited as a "Public Notice" by the South-eastern Railway Company at the Canton Street Terminus: "Tickets once nipped and defaced at the barriers, and the passengers admitted to the platform will be delivered up to the Company in the event of the holders subsequently retiring from the platform without travelling, and cannot be recognized for re-admission." Having been deluded into buying a ticket, the unsuspecting passenger on passing the barrier is "delivered up" to the company's "holder," who evidently has the privilege of "retiring from the platform" with his prey "without travelling." Detectives may be sent in pursuit of the "holder," we presume, by the missing passenger's friends, in spite of the statement that he "cannot be recognized."

Seventy years ago, the *Universal Magazine* recorded the fact that the notice "Reding and Wrighting taut hear," appeared over the door of a school in the neighborhood of Hoxton; and a few years since, the *Leeds Express* contained evidence that the schoolmaster was still abroad. According to that newspaper, two curious documents were to be seen in two different windows in the neighborhood of Hunslet. The first, in a wretched scribble, is as follows: "A Da Skool kept hat — plaise, terms 2 and 3 pens per week for reeding and knitting and righting and sowing." The other, in the window of a shoemaker, is similar to one we have seen in a shop-window in Drury Lane: —

A man lives here who don't refuse
To mend old boots, likewise old shoes ;
My leather is good, my price is just,
But times are bad — I cannot trust.

Fifty years since, the following doggerel lines were to be seen written over the door of a little alehouse on the road between Sutton and Potton in Bedfordshire: —

Butt Beere Sold Hear
by Timothy Dear

Cum tak a mugg of mye trinker cum trink
Thin a full kart of mye verry stron drink
Harter that trye a cann of my titter cum tatter
And windehup withe mye sivity tymes weaker
thin water.

The native landlord of the hotel at Lahore, in which the following notice to the guests is posted up, is apparently determined to charge for every possible item of expenditure, and to allow no fuss about the payment of what he anticipates his customers will look upon as overcharges: "Gentleman who come in hotel not say anything about their meals they will be charged for; and if they should say beforehand that they are going out to breakfast or dinner, etc.; and if they say that they have not anything to eat, they will be charged, and if not so they will be charged, or unless they bring it to the notice of the manager; and should they want to say anything, they must order the manager for and not any one else; and unless they not bring it to the notice of the manager, they will be charged for the least things according to the hotel rate, and no fuss will be allowed afterwards about it. Should any gentleman take wall-lamps or candle-light from the public rooms, they must pay for it without any dispute its charges. Monthly gentlemen will have to pay my fixed rate made with them at the time, and should they absent day in the month, they will not be allowed to deduct anything out of it, because I take from them less rate than my usual rate of monthly charges."

We have before us a printed circular, headed "Invitation of Subscription," issued by a Continental firm, and urging upon postage-stamp collectors the immense advantages of a stamp-journal published by the said firm. It is, says the notice, "the only stamp-paper in all the world that takes care to publish regularly the commercial accounts of principal centres of stamps trade; besides which with this year the direction intending to satisfy evermore its readers, has given earnest to same new correspondents at London and Paris." Over and above "autentic accounts" of certain society proceedings, the paper promises various new features. Among these there is to be — "An apposite ruddle" — though what "ruddle" is meant for we cannot guess — "entitled corispondences is designed to the demands, requests, delucidations, and whatever similar article inspecting stamps that subscribers are in right to insert." "The paper," it is further announced, "for the modicity of its insertions prices sustain

the competition with whatever other paper." This assertion must be cheering to the postage-stamp collectors who understand it.

From The Saturday Review.
COUNTRY LAWYERS.

THE country lawyer of good standing differs as much from the pettifogger as a field-marshal differs from a private of marines. He is the secret-holder of the most important families in the county; his advice is sought and followed by grantees, squires, and great ladies, and he is generally a wealthy man himself. One source of his influence is that he often has much more knowledge of his clients than they have of themselves. He knows exactly how much a year each of them has, which is more, in many cases, than they know themselves; he knows the acreage of their properties, the exact conditions under which they hold them, and what their lands would probably be worth if thrown upon the market. He often has complete charge of their affairs, and remembers precisely in what manner they have disposed of their properties in their wills — a thing that laymen are exceedingly apt to forget. He has only to ring for his clerk, and in two minutes he can have any of their deeds, settlements, wills, or estate accounts placed on his writing-desk for immediate study; while the chances are that they are themselves unaware of the very existence of some of these instruments, and know very little about the others. Moreover, when he looks at a poor fellow who is struggling hard to keep a wife and large family on three hundred a year, he may know that in one of his tin boxes there is a will which will some day entitle that man, if he lives, to two hundred thousand pounds; and when he looks at another who imagines himself to be the sole heir to an immense property, he may wonder what his feelings would be if he were aware that the said property is to be divided equally between himself and his nine cousins. Then those who seek the advice of lawyers are obliged to be confidential, and lay open before them the whole state of their affairs, with everything that bears upon them either directly or indirectly. The consequence of this is that a shrewd lawyer has many opportunities of acquiring information. What one client tells him of his own affairs has often an indirect bearing upon

those of others. This, of course, is much more the case in the country — where many of the neighbors are either related to each other or have adjoining properties, and have similar or conflicting interests in the same matters — than in large towns, where men do not know the names of the people who live next door to them, and where lawyers are frequently in utter ignorance of the family concerns of their clients. Idle people proverbially consider themselves the busiest; and a country gentleman, when he has nothing else to do, always imagines that he has urgent business necessitating a visit to his solicitor. A horse is therefore put into a dog-cart, and he starts off with an air of great importance for the county town, in order to confer with his legal adviser. After passing through one or two ante-rooms, occupied by clerks penned up in things resembling old-fashioned family pews with glass cases at the top, he is ushered into the presence of the great man. An open tin box is placed beside the lawyer, on which the name of the Duke of Cambridge is printed in large capitals. Maps of large estates are hung over chairs or are lying on the ground; there is a profusion of parchments on the table, which may fairly be assumed to be the title-deeds of immense landed properties; bundles of letters, doubtless representing transactions of untold magnitude, lie about in all directions; and there is a general atmosphere of "land and capital" about the chamber of the oracle. The client has scarcely seated himself before a clerk brings in a telegram, which the solicitor opens, glances at, and tosses carelessly on his table, as if he were in the habit of receiving telegraphic communications every five minutes. We are far from saying that the matters which bring clients to lawyers are not often of an important character; but it is certain that the amount of absolute business transacted between a country gentleman and his lawyer at a single consultation is not uncommonly much as follows. After the usual greetings, remarks about the weather, unbuttoning of gloves, finding places for hats, and taking off of greatcoats, the client asks his legal adviser whether he has yet heard from Mr. Brown. The lawyer then replies that he has not yet heard from Mr. Brown; that he has been expecting to hear from him every day; that he cannot believe any great length of time can elapse before he will hear from him; and that, if he should not receive any communication from him by a certain date,

he will certainly write again to him. Having transacted this most urgent piece of business, the client considers himself fairly entitled to a little gossip. He inquires whether this is true, and whether that is true, whether there are any grounds for such and such a rumor, and whether his solicitor has heard so and so. The lawyer tells him as much as he thinks right, and gets as much information out of his visitor in return as he can. Some country gentlemen, when out of humor, go, or are sent by their wives, to their lawyers to be put into a good temper again. A successful lawyer is generally a master in the art of improving people's tempers. His clients may enter his sanctum with gloomy faces, but will often come out smiling. He will tell them of a plunder committed by their bitterest enemy; or he will inform them that one or two people have been making inquiries about their unlet farms. He will shake his head and look incredulous about the supposed unlimited wealth of the neighbor of whom they are jealous, and he will hint in a mysterious way at troubles that are in store for that provoking family which always appears prosperous and happy. He has some pleasant little bits of gossip about the unpopularity of the parson, and the "high doings" that go on at the iron chapel of ease in the early mornings. There is a report, he says, that the Jesuits are about to buy one of the largest houses in the neighborhood, and he has heard that there has been a grand quarrel between two leading members of the United Methodists. He is generally very strong upon the underhand doings of "those rascally Dissenters," who, by the way, have an unholy habit of employing lawyers of their own. In most neighborhoods there is an old maiden lady of eccentric habits, a gentleman of strongly pronounced religious opinions, a capegrace on the verge of ruin, and a man with a hobby. Of each of these the lawyer has a pleasant anecdote. A lawyer often acts also as a sort of confessor and director to his clients. One will confess that he has lost his temper and insulted an acquaintance, and will want help in propitiating the injured person; another will accuse himself of having lost heavily on the turf, and will want to know how to raise money without the knowledge of his parents; this man will have made a foolish promise, from which he wishes to recede, and that man will have written a libellous letter, from the penalties of which he is naturally anxious to

screen himself. Many clients will confess that they have been extravagant, and will seek to raise money on mortgage, while not a few will have exceeded their allowances and will require a temporary loan. It is needless to say that lawyers' visitors are not exclusively of the male sex. Most country solicitors have aged female clients who constantly call on them. The primary objects of their visits are usually to make codicils to their wills, leaving five pounds to some other antediluvian, or to inquire whether their legal advisers can recommend any perfectly safe investment that will make a return of fifteen per cent.—a rate of interest which they hear is obtained by a relative living in the republic of Venezuela. The secondary object of their consultation is to find out whether that odious Miss Higginbottom is really going to be married to Dr. Goodenough, or whether Ghostly Manor has actually been let to an East-End pawnbroker. It must not be supposed that the time of a lawyer is entirely spent in agreeable conversation or entertaining gossip. He occupies a position of great responsibility, and his life is one of considerable anxiety and not a little drudgery. He has to wade through long, wordy deeds and documents, which have a dangerously soporific tendency while they require most shrewd and careful attention. One dull, and to lay eyes meaningless, sentence, among many dreary pages of a deed or settlement, may at some time or other lead to a Chancery suit, if it escapes his notice. As regards the profits of solicitors, although still very large, they are small in comparison with what they were when the principal lines of railway were being projected in England. Gossiping clients are often surprised at the length of their lawyer's bills; but, if they like to employ a professional man to spend his time in chattering to them, it seems but reasonable that they should pay for it. It would be hard, indeed, if a country lawyer should not earn some profits when the wide nature of his functions is taken into consideration; for he has sometimes to serve in each of the following capacities—conveyancer, law-stationer, land-agent, secretary, bookkeeper, news-vendor, political agent, money-lender, railway agent, banker, and electioneering agent. Nor must it be forgotten that another cheerful occupation has lately been discovered for him—namely, that of serving long terms of imprisonment in her Majesty's gaols, when he has been executing what had

hitherto been considered the recognized duties of a canvassing agent.

From Chambers' Journal.
AMBER.

THE origin of amber has always been obscured in a more or less deep halo of mystery. Pliny the naturalist wrote of it under its Greek name *electron*, as the fossil resin of an extinct cone-bearing tree. Although these firs or pines became extinct at a period far anterior to all historical time, it is certain that they lived in a later age and were of a higher organization than the giant forms of the semi-tropical carboniferous era, which were prototypes of the cypress-trees still existing in eastern North America. Professor Zaddach says the amber-producing trees must have grown on green sandbeds of cretaceous soil forming the shores of estuaries where the lower division of the tertiary accumulated. And it is not only to these prehistoric forests that amber bears witness; for in this resin, fossilized by centuries of time, have been discovered nearly eight hundred different species of insects, mostly now extinct; and many specimens of the flora of that period, embalmed whilst still a living vegetation, which differ entirely from the fossil plants supplied by the brown coalbeds resting immediately above.

On the Prussian coast of the Baltic Sea, mines are now worked to a depth of a hundred feet, where Professor Phillips found in a stratum of dark bituminous wood, forty feet thick, stalactites of amber; and round masses with pyrites and sulphate of iron in the coarse sand beneath. Indeed, the true home of amber is on the borders of that inland sea, the *Ostsee* of the Germanic and Scandinavian nations; and vast quantities are still thrown up in stormy weather, when the restless waves break in foam upon the shore, particularly on the seagirt promontory of Samland. It is found also at Cape Sable, in Maryland; and in insignificant quantities in Siberia and Greenland. In Britain, it is so rare as almost to be unknown, although small pieces have been discovered in the sandy deposit of the London clay at Kensington. But the most beautiful specimens of a varying purple shade have been torn from their far-away home in the classic isle of Sicily.

The first record of this antique treasure

is found in the old Homeric poems; read in the *Odyssey* of amber beads in necklace of gold brought by a Phœnician merchant to the queen of Syra; and in the description of the palace of Menelaus, the mighty king of Sparta, it is said to shi like the sun or the moon in its splend "of copper, of gold, of amber, and ivory. The Greek name for amber, *electron*, was occasionally also used in ancient times for a mineral composed of gold and silver, because its pale yellow color resembled amber. In those old days, amber was in great request for the imitation of precious stones by artificial staining, from its brilliant lustre and the ease with which it could be cut and polished. From changes induced by its fossilized condition, amber differs from other resins in respect of its peculiar hardness, and in being less brittle, and of greater electric action. Blazing like a torch when a light is applied, it was peculiarly adapted for use in religious ceremonies; and great quantities have alone been consumed in the unbroken worship of thirteen centuries at Mecca that holy city of Arabia, which saw the birth of the Prophet, the dawn of the Mohammedan religion. There is a quaint fascination in this ancient town, the cradle of Mussulman traditions, where the *Baitullah* or house of God stands surrounded by colonnades, to which hundreds of thousands of weary pilgrims annually resort, crossing great sandy deserts, through hardships innumerable, to fulfil the command of the Prophet, that the faithful should stand at least once in their lives before the shrine at Mecca. They are enjoined to walk seven times round, prostrating themselves, and kissing reverently at each turn the great block of black basalt, now fixed in the north-east corner of the massive stone structure called the Kaaba; but at which, in a far different religion, the same strange rites were observed many centuries before the birth of Mohammed.

If we could unweave the tangled web of centuries, we should probably find that the burning of amber was not the least amongst the rites and ceremonies of the past. It was strangely intermingled with the myths and legends of the ancient Greeks, and was largely used in the adornments of their temples, being laid with other precious things, upon the sacred altars, where all costly gifts were thought acceptable to the gods. It is difficult now to realize the feeling of superstitious veneration with which amber has been regarded through successive civiliza-

ons, or the strange fantasies evoked by mystic properties which transformed into a passion and a faith. Not only the luxurious cities of Greece and Rome, but under the great historic nasties of China, and amid all the extravagance of Oriental splendor, it was teemed very precious. One of the gates Thebes, "the city of the hundred tes," whose superb ruins, perhaps the st ancient in the world, now lie scattered on both banks of the Nile, was, erodotus tells us, made of amber. Even the oldest of known sepulchres, the itish barrows, amber beads have been and along with pierced stone axes, arrow-heads, and other buried treasures.

No doubt its value was enhanced by curious electrical phenomena which it hibits; for six hundred years before e Christian era, Thales of Miletus noted that, when rubbed, amber or electron racted light and dry bodies; in which note observation lay the foundation of modern science of electricity. It was lieved to bear a charm against disease, d to possess the power of detecting the sence of poison. Pliny remarks upon wonderful properties, and says: "True is that a collar of amber beads worn and the neck of young infants is a singu-preservative against secret poison, and ounter-charm to witchcraft and sorceries." The same authority mentions that price of a small figure in amber, howr diminutive, exceeded that of a healthy ng slave. In the reign of Nero, a Ro-n knight was sent with an expedition the shores of the Baltic in search of s foreign treasure; and returned with teen thousand pounds of amber for emperor, including a single piece ch weighed thirteen pounds. The barbarians of that northern land, who e stirred to labor for this valued prod- of their stormy sea, could not com- hend the startling price paid for it, or use in the great and unfamiliar world ond the Alps.

The best pieces of amber are now taken he rough by Armenian merchants to antantinople, where they are carved chased and polished by the hand of engraver, as mouth-pieces for pipes. he pipe bazaar of the great Byzantine ice—which contains mosques, foun-ns, and a labyrinth of arcaded streets, n a separate bazaar—are hidden away per mouth-pieces of fabulous value, in y shade of color, lustrous as crystal, set with diamonds and rubies. Sup- ed by sculptured columns, and dec-

orated with arabesques, this dimly lighted city in the heart of Stamboul is full of marvels and treasures. Through its narrow thoroughfares, camels and carriages and horsemen force their way, amongst a dense throng of people of every nation and type—Turks in muslin turbans, Persians in pyramidal bonnets of Astrakhan fur, Hebrews in yellow coats, with Greeks, Armenians, and running-footmen in gorgeous liveries; and in this shifting crowd are dignitaries of the court, who spend perhaps fifty thousand francs on their pipe collections; and harem ladies, wrapped in long white veils, who come for gray amber, gold-embroidered bags of musk and sandal-wood, and the sweet-scented gums made by the women of Chio, which are all sold in the perfumery bazaar of this great Oriental fair.

Thus we find that amber, little esteemed as it is at the present time in Europe, and although no longer the important source of wealth that it once was, still has a place in the luxury and religion of the East; and the dim records of its venerable history furnish us with many picturesque and poetic associations, whether we think of it in its early home amid archaic forests, or, as in classic lore—

The sweet tears shed by fair Heliades,
 Apollo's daughters,
 When their rash brother down the welkin sped,
 Lashing his father's sun-team, and fell dead
 In Euxine waters.

From The Spectator.

PROPHETIC MISANTHROPY.

MR. FROUDE, as we have elsewhere shown, makes no sort of attempt to disguise, even if he does not give almost artificial emphasis to, the atrabiliousness of Carlyle's attitude towards human life. Indeed, Mr. Froude remarks with a sort of pride that probably Isaiah himself was not a very pleasant or accommodating companion, and intimates that in this respect prophets who denounce the shortcomings of their countrymen are apt to be very much alike. There is no comment on Carlyle to which his biographer refers oftener than his mother's, that Carlyle was "gey ill to live with,"—and this peculiarity obviously strikes Mr. Froude as a most interesting personal feature, of which an honest biographer can hardly make too much. But if the prophetic faculty is supposed to include the power of really spurring man on to higher life and

work, we doubt very much whether it be consistent with a nature of such unmixed aggressiveness as Carlyle's. Whether Isaiah was "gey ill to live with" or not, we do not know. We do know that not one of his great denunciations of the hollowness and self-sufficiency of the Jews of his time was unaccompanied by passages of sublime and heart-stirring encouragement, in which the strength of the Almighty arm to reach and bless his people, and his unfailing promise to uphold and strengthen those of them who should cling to him, are poured out in speech that is less like mere words of any human tongue, than the breakers of the eternal love itself, as they touch and shatter themselves on "this bank and shoal of time." For ourselves, we had, we confess, always thought that this was part and parcel of the function of the prophet, — that scathe and burn away the evil in man as he might, he must always have the power, and prove the power, to renew the fountains of that life which is pure, at least as effectually as to apply the scorching fire to that life which is impure. Carlyle appears to have failed utterly in this. For though his misanthropy is closely allied with prophetic wrath, though it is not hatred of that which is good in man, but of that which is petty and poor in man, still it is hatred of what is petty and poor even more than of what is evil in man, and it is wholly unaccompanied with vivifying and restoring life. He could say, doubtless, with Isaiah: "Your new moons and your appointed feasts my soul hateth; they are a trouble unto me; I am weary to bear them." But Carlyle hardly ever goes on to say anything so humble as, "Cease to do evil, learn to do well, seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow." Still less does he ever proceed from humble moral precepts to the renewal of the living spiritual forces. He never announces to those whom he scourges that "the people who walked in darkness had seen a great light, and that they that dwelt in the valley of the shadow of death, on them has the light shined." He had no name to proclaim, that was called "Wonderful, counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace," no "hiding-place from the tempest," no "shadow of a great rock in a weary land" to reveal to his hearers. His words are scorpions to what is poor and shallow in man, even more than to what is evil. He hates human pettiness and blindness, even more than he hates hu-

man selfishness and sin. He can dwell with a sort of satisfaction on any gritty human power like Mirabeau or Danti, or even Frederick, in spite of their infidelities to the highest light within them. But he cannot see the littleness and the superficiality of the world, its vanities and its follies, its weak devices for forgetting itself, its conventional beliefs, its formulas, its tricks of self-deception, without a rage and fury which almost tear him out of himself. And yet these qualities are by no means the evidence of what is worst in man, — they are, in fact, inseparable from his short sight and small store of feeling, are essential parts of the finite nature which religion is given us to deepen and strengthen, but by no means essential parts of that evil in us which conscience is given us to condemn, and to make us repent of in sackcloth and ashes. Carlyle's misanthropy seems to us to fall short of anything that can properly be called prophetic misanthropy, doubly, — first, in not being directed straight to the true evil, the moral unfaithfulness at the root of what is most disheartening; next, in not being combined with any of that genuine love for man, in spite of all his weakness, nay, in consequence of all his weakness, which alone has power to cast out that weakness, and make him conscious of the mighty store of strength to which, if he will, he may yet have access. Intellectually Carlyle despised Irving, but Irving knew the secret of sapping the vanities of man better than Carlyle.

Carlyle once frankly admitted that there was "a dark humor" in him, over the working of which he had very little or no control, and which was totally distinct from the miseries of blue-devils or the fretfulness due to ill-health. We believe that it was true self-knowledge which compelled this declaration. We can imagine no other explanation of the painfully idle fury with which Carlyle raged against the pettinesses, the superficialities, and the fine mesh of necessities which govern human circumstances — nay, generally raged against them without touching any of those higher keys by which might at least have stirred some deeper life for a season. He could not have believed that he would make politics more fruitful by raving against constitutional rules, habits, and conventions, any more than he could have believed that he would make social converse richer by raving against empty fashion and æsthetic taste. But "the dark humor" never suffered

im to remit his useless and savage diatribes against these formulas of "liberty," against "fashion," against the unhappy inviolability of custom, against shallow and false art, but acted upon him as a higher spirit acted on St. Paul when he and his companions "essay'd to go into Ithynia, but the spirit suffered them not." Men attaching real importance to constitutional formulas, men prizing the liberty to do and talk foolishly, as if it were the most sacred of privileges; men insisting on going wrong by prescription rather than on going right without rule, men whose enjoyments were superficial, whose life was flippant, whose impression of themselves was unreal, and perhaps infected, — such men did not fill Carlyle with the desire to save them, and redeem them from their mistaken formalism and their silly affectations, but with a vehement passion for rooting them out of the earth. Carlyle seems to have hated mankind, himself included, because God had not made man more Godlike. His desire is to purge the earth of its weaklings, and he accounted amongst weaklings any who knew far better than himself what the proper and normal strength of the smaller and more habitual elements in our nature really is, — not to lift the weaklings into a life of comparative strength. Of course, Carlyle hated nothing that was really grand in man; but then there is so little in man that can be called really good, and, if you look carefully for the alloy, he always did; and he hated what was feeble, even though it were as much part of human nature as the free-will itself, and he hated it all the more because it is inadmissible; indeed, he worked himself up to a fever of fury at the very fibres of our nature itself, even though the golden threads which he most valued could only have been woven into it by the help of these commoner fibres which he so much despised. It was in very great degree true of man himself, and not even the degradation of our petty limitations, that Carlyle felt himself bound to rail at. For example, it is eminently human to think even of an accustomed and long-practised method as the main object of that method, and yet nothing excited Carlyle's ire so frequently as this tendency in man. It is eminently human for men to be deceived by their accidental position in the world, and the respect paid by others to that position, into fancying that they have a divine right to that position, and that they are intrinsically superior to those who are in what is

called a "lower position;" but Carlyle could never restrain his indignant scorn for that most human misapprehension. It is eminently human for men to suppose that if they can think and reason well enough to interest others, and attract their attention, they have a right to be rather proud of themselves, and to rank amongst the spiritual aristocracy of the race; but no sort of vanity irritated Carlyle so profoundly. In a word, he raged against all the superficial follies of life and literature with an almost hypochondriac bitterness, which rendered his wrath wholly ineffective in dethroning the idols which he most abhorred. Carlyle, if he were a prophet at all, was a prophet sent only to smite, and not to strengthen; a prophet of the purely destructive kind, whose function it was only to make us see through the conceits of modern civilization, but whose voice failed the moment you asked him for something wherewith to replace these conceits, something breathing the spirit of power and of love and of a sound mind. What Carlyle wanted was some true love for man — for man in his insignificance, and yet his great capabilities. Of this he had hardly a grain. Flaming wrath for every sign of the smallness of the scale on which so much of man's nature is built, he had in abundance. And his "dark humor" must be said to have extended itself to the creative power which had sanctioned and tolerated this smallness of scale, and had decreed that only in the power of conscience and love can frail human beings grow into something nobler, and more worthy of eternal life.

From The Saturday Review.
THE LAST ENCYCLICAL.

THE Encyclical Letter *Etsi Nos* addressed by the pope to the archbishops and bishops of Italy, the full text of which has now been published in the *Tablet*, is for many reasons a noticeable document. Like other utterances from the same quarter it requires to be read between the lines, and is perhaps more remarkable for what it omits and implies than for what it actually contains; but it entirely bears out on the whole the consistent impression created from the first by the public acts and words of Leo XIII. as to the spirit and aims of his policy. The *Tablet*, with characteristic caution, declines "to assume," as some of the Italian Liberal

papers have done, "that these instructions of his Holiness have any *direct* reference to the action of Catholics in the approaching political elections," while it admits — the italics are in either case our own — "that his Holiness implies that Italian Catholics have not hitherto done *quite as much* as they might have done, and points out several ways in which their activity might be usefully employed." The implication is no doubt sufficiently obvious, and the reference to the elections, though it may be indirect, is hardly less so. It was not surprising therefore to be informed the other day by the Roman correspondent of one of the daily papers that "only the extreme Radicals and the Clericals are active in registering," or to find him adding that, "what with the constituency more than tripled, the *scrutin de liste*, the Catholics probably voting for the first time, the leap is absolutely in the dark." It appears indeed that the probability of Catholics taking part in the forthcoming elections is being eagerly discussed by the Italian press generally, while — in consequence apparently of this last Encyclical — Duke Salviati, president of the General Committee of Catholic Congresses, has issued circulars to the various diocesan committees desiring them to urge all the faithful who are enfranchised by the new law to register, and thus be prepared for the withdrawal at any moment of the papal prohibition against voting. In Rome itself the number of new voters is estimated at over ten thousand, including the Catholic contingent, who at once registered *en bloc*. Meanwhile the *Rassegna* publishes a letter from some prelate, unnamed — possibly Count Enrico Campello, ex-canon of St. Peter's — stigmatizing the folly of the pope in giving his followers the restoration of the temporal power as their watchword at the elections — which is precisely what he has not done, as will presently appear. The Encyclical is however by no means chiefly occupied with references, direct or indirect, to the elections, though its tone and drift are so little in harmony with the *nè eletti nè elettori* principle obstinately maintained to the last by Pius IX. as to suggest at least an impending change of front in this matter. We have before taken occasion to observe that Leo XIII. has the instincts of a statesman and a man of the world, as well as of a priest, and if his view of the religious evils with which Italy and modern society at large is afflicted does not materially differ from

that of his predecessor, he has much more practical notions as to the most effective manner of coping with them. The "prisoner of the Vatican" he may choose to remain — and since the outrage of July and the blundering of the government over it there is plausible excuse for doing so; but he is by no means content to sit with folded hands gnashing his teeth, like Giant Pope in the "Pilgrim Progress," in impotent rage at the unruliness of the world which has forsaken him. On the contrary he has very definite schemes for regaining his influence over such portions of it as may be willing to listen to his voice, and is perfectly aware that the methods of influence proper to the fourteenth century are not equal to those applicable to the nineteenth. "Modern civilization," which Pius IX. was never weary of execrating, may of course be understood in more senses than one, but there is certainly a sense in which his successor is quite prepared to avail himself of its resources, and is resolved that all those under his control shall do the same. His success must depend mainly on their capacity and readiness to give effect to the programme he has marked out for them.

The first part of the Encyclical is devoted to exposing the misdeeds of a "pernicious sect" — presumably atheist or agnostic — "which has established itself some time back in Italy, and after declaring war against Christ, is endeavoring to rob the people of their Christian institutions," while its programme is equally fatal to religion and morality. It is noteworthy among other points that "Rome, the mother of Christian cities," is laid open to the enemies of the Church, and defiled by heretical temples and schools and other profane novelties; but there is no direct mention of the temporal power, and this part of the address closes with the confident assurance that while the question certainly aims at the destruction of the Church and its head, and of all religion, "the Church without doubt will in the end be triumphant, and will baffle the impious conspiracies of men." We are then reminded, in some detail, how much the Holy See has done for Italy in the past, and what great advantages its beneficent influence may confer on the country in the future, if these "enemies of Christian wisdom, who are leading society to its ruin," alike in the scientific, the moral and the social sphere, will allow it fair play. It is only through the special protection of Divine Providence that Ital-

as hitherto been spared "a reign of terror," and there is great reason to strive and pray that so terrible a misfortune may be still averted. And then follows a reference to the rights of the Holy See, borrowed apparently from some previous manifesto, and expressed in studiously imperate language: "Say that the State of Italy can never prosper nor become stable and tranquil, unless provision be made for the dignity of the Roman See and the liberty of the Supreme Pontiff, every consideration of right requires." After this his Holiness proceeds to his practical admonitions, which do certainly convey a very significant intimation that Italian Catholics — priests and people alike — "have not hitherto done quite as much as they might have done," and, we may add, that they have done some things which they might advantageously have left undone. The full force and import of this part of the Encyclical cannot be adequately appreciated except by those more or less familiar with the religious conditions of Italy, and especially of the Italian clergy, both secular and regular, before the outbreak of the revolutionary movement. A good deal of light was thrown on these points in some interesting papers, commonly attributed to the pen of Mr. Cartwright, which appeared about twenty years ago in the *Edinburgh Review*, partly in connection with the controversy provoked by the publication and subsequent censure of Rosmini's "*Cinque Aghe*." Pius IX. himself, in the earlier years of his reign, was reported to have spoken in terms more pungent than polite of the general character of the parochial clergy of Italy, and to have even contemplated a sweeping reform of the monastic institutions which had lapsed into a deplorable state of apathy and corruption. It was also well known that, under cover of an enforced orthodoxy of profession, there lurked a widespread indifference among the people, ranging from mere angry discontent or doubt to all but open scepticism, which the authorities in Church and State had no thought of meeting by any more persuasive arguments than the strong arm of the law could supply. All this Pius IX., while still Bishop of Imola, was well aware of, and at the beginning of his pontificate he showed a real though somewhat otiose desire to provide a fitting remedy. But the Revolution of 1848 put an end to all such schemes, and thenceforth a timid anxiety *quieta non movere* became the guiding principle of his administration.

Leo XIII., like his predecessor, but for a longer period, filled an episcopal see in Italy before ascending the papal throne, and he had ample opportunities as Archbishop of Perugia for estimating the average religious condition of the population and of their pastors, and observing that the latter at all events had "not done quite as much as they might have done" in more ways than one. It is to the correction of these grave deficiencies that the later portion of the Encyclical is addressed.

It begins by impressing on the bishops that "up to the present time, whether through unfamiliarity with the new state of things, or through an imperfect understanding of the extent of the danger, the courage of many, from whom much might have been expected, does not seem to have displayed itself with all the activity and vigor required for the defence of so great a cause;" and they are bidden to profit by the lessons of experience, and remember that "nothing could be more fatal than to endure in cowardly inertness the untiring malice of the wicked, and leave the field open to them to persecute the Church to the full measure of their hatred." It is therefore of supreme importance to teach the people the true value of their religion, to rouse the indolent and kindle the lukewarm, and train them, both by word and example, to fulfil with constancy and courage the duties of the Christian life. For this end it is highly desirable to form associations of young men, of workmen, and others, in order to stimulate Christian zeal and energy, to relieve poverty, instruct the children of the poor, maintain the observance of festivals and the like, as also "to take every possible means within the limits of the law" for securing to the Holy See a real independence. Another instrument of great importance, of which the enemies of the Church have been too long allowed to enjoy a monopoly, is the press. "Writings must be opposed by writings, so that the same art which can effect most for the destruction of mankind may be applied to their benefit and salvation, and remedies be derived from the source whence poisons have flowed." And for this purpose the establishment in every province at least of periodical and especially daily organs is suggested, which must be conducted "with gravity and moderation of tone, without bitterness and with respect for individuals, and in clear and simple language which the multitude can easily understand." But above

all things the bishops are urged — and the exhortation evidently implies something of a tacit reproof — to take all care for “the due appointment of fitting ministers of God.” This is their paramount obligation, and, while “grave reasons common to all times demand in priests many and great graces, this time in which we live requires that they should be even more and greater.” There is need for sound learning, “embracing not only sacred, but philosophical, physical, and historical studies,” and there is yet more urgent need of a high standard of moral excellence; and for securing these results a long course of diligent preparation is necessary. The pope here refers to his former Encyclical *Eterni Patris* on the study of St. Thomas — noticed at the time in our columns — for the purpose of observing that besides these graver studies the young clerics should be instructed in other branches of knowledge which cannot fitly be ignored in the present day, such as natural science, and whatever serves to illustrate the authority and interpretation of Holy Scripture. And, as

so many old endowments have been swept away of late years, the people should be exhorted to contribute according to the means, after the example of their pious ancestors, and of other Catholic nations — on our own day, to the support of institutions for carrying on this necessary work; and indeed, the pope feels confident that they will readily respond to the call. Such is a brief summary of the contents of the last Encyclical, which manifestly points we do not say to an acceptance of the *status quo*, but to a frank recognition of the altered conditions of modern life, in Italy as elsewhere, and an honest desire to make the fullest use of “the resources of civilization” for the service of the Church. In this general programme, the electoral question of the moment holds a subordinate place, but readers of the Encyclical could hardly fail to understand as in fact they evidently have understood it to foreshadow, if not actually to convey a withdrawal of the self-denying ordinance by which Pius IX. deliberately placed the voting-urns at the permanent and exclusive disposal of his assailants.

A TYPICAL INDIAN VILLAGE. — Outside the entrance of the single village street, on an exposed rise of ground, the hereditary potter sits by his wheel, moulding the swift-revolving clay by the natural curves of his hands. At the back of the houses which form the low, irregular street there are two or three looms at work in blue and scarlet and gold, the frames hanging between the acacia-trees, the yellow flowers of which drop fast on the webs as they are being woven. In the street the brass and copper smiths are hammering away at their pots and pans; and further down, in the veranda of the rich man's house, is the jeweller working rupees and gold mohrs into fair jewelry, gold and silver ear-rings, and round tires like the moon, bracelets and tablets and nose-rings, and tinkling ornaments for the feet, taking his designs from the fruits and flowers around him, or from the traditional forms represented in the paintings and carvings of the great temple, which rises over the grove of mangoes and palms at the end of the street, above the lotus-covered village tank. At 3.30 or 4 in the afternoon the whole street is lighted up by the moving robes of the women going down to

draw water from the tank, each with two or three water-jars on her head; and so, while they are going and returning in single file, the scene glows like Titian's canvas and moves like the stately procession of the Panathenæan frieze. Later the men drive in the mild, golden light from the moaning plain, the looms are folded up, the coppersmiths are silent, the elders gather in the gate, the lights begin to glimmer in the fast-falling darkness, the feasting and the music are heard on every side, and late into the night the songs are sung from the Ramayana or Mahabharata. The next morning, with sunrise, after the simple ablutions and adorations performed in the open air before the houses, the same day begins again. This is the daily life going on all over western India in the village communities of the Dakhn among a people happy in their simple manners and frugal way of life, and in the culture derived from the grand epics of a religion in which they live and move and have their being, and in which the highest expression of their literature, art, and civilization has been stereotyped for three thousand years.

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{ From Beginning,
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CONTENTS.

I. A SKETCH OF THE CRIMINAL LAW, . . .	<i>Nineteenth Century,</i> . . .	323
II. PENTOCK. Conclusion, . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> . . .	337
III. ON THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COLOR-SENSE, . . .	<i>Fortnightly Review,</i> . . .	349
IV. EMILIA: AN EPISODE, . . .	<i>Temple Bar,</i> . . .	356
V. JANE AUSTEN AND CHARLOTTE BRONTE: A CONTRAST, . . .	<i>Modern Review,</i> . . .	368
VI. A PORT OF THE PAST, . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i> . . .	373
VII. ECONOMIC GEOLOGY OF INDIA. Part II., . . .	<i>Nature,</i> . . .	377
VIII. ART METAL-WORK OF JAPAN, . . .	<i>Nature,</i> . . .	382

POETRY.

THE CHURCH BY THE SEA, . . .	322	THE REASON WHY, . . .	322
THE YEAR OF DEATHS, APRIL, 1881-2, . . .	322		
MISCELLANY, . . .			384

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THE CHURCH BY THE SEA

I.

THAT spirit of wit, whose quenchless ray
To wakening England Holland lent,
In whose frail wasted body lay
The orient and the occident,

II.

Still wandering in the night of time,
Nor yet conceiving dawn should be,
A pilgrim with a gift of rhyme,
Sought out Our Lady by the Sea.

III.

Along the desolate downs he rode,
And pondered on God's mystic name,
Till with his beads and votive ode,
To Walsingham Erasmus came.

IV.

He found the famous chapel there,
Unswapt, unwindowed, undivine,
And the bleak gusts of autumn air
Blew sand across the holy shrine.

V.

Two tapers in a spicy mist
Scarce lit the jewelled heaps of gold,
As pilgrim after pilgrim kissed
The relics that were bought and sold.

VI.

A greedy canon still beguiled
The wealthy at his wicket-gate,
And o'er his shining tonsure smiled
A Virgin doubly desecrate.

VII.

The pattered prayers, the incense swung,
The embroidered throne, the golden stall,
The precious gifts at random flung, —
And North Sea sand across it all!

VIII.

He mocked, that spirit of matchless wit;
He mourned the rite that warps and seres:
And seeing no hope of health in it,
He laughed lest he should break in tears.

IX.

And we, if still our reverend fanes
Lie open to the salt sea deep,
If flying sand our choir profanes,
Shall we not laugh, shall we not weep?

X.

We toll the bell, we throng the aisle,
We pay a wealth in tithe and fee,
We wreath the shrine, and all the while
Our church lies open to the sea.

XI.

The brackish wind that stirs the flame,
And fans the painted saints asleep,
From heaven above it never came,
But from the starless Eastern deep.

XII.

The storm is rising o'er the sea,
The long bleak windward line is grey,
And when it rises, how shall we
And our weak tapers fare that day?

XIII.

Perchance amid the roar and crack
Of starting beams we yet shall stand;
Perchance our idols shall not lack
Deep burial in the shifting sand.
Cornhill Magazine. EDMUND W. GOSSE.

THE YEAR OF DEATHS, APRIL, 1881-2.

ALL ye whose hearts, henceforth, must buried lie
In the most sacred earth of some dear grave,
Now that this year of deaths hath hurried by,
What joy, what hope, what comfort can we
have?

"What joy?" Nay, that the dead in Christ
arise,
And that our heavy sorrow is not theirs, —
That God doth wipe all tears from their poor
eyes,
And to hosannas turn their patient prayers!

"What comfort?" That the time henceforth
is short!

"What hope?" While we are waiting, to
fulfil
Their, and our, Father's will in such a sort
That we may be scarce parted, but, until

Our death is laid with theirs beneath the sod,
Our life be hid with theirs, with Christ in God!
S. H. PALFREY.

THE REASON WHY.

THO' she hath not Dian's grace,
Nor Aphrodite's perfect face
And golden hair,
She is dearer unto me
Than another e'er could be,
And more fair.

"Is she rich, then?" Oh! dear, no,
But I have enough, I trow,
For us two.

"What do I love her for?" Ah! well,
That I can't exactly tell,
But I do.

All my hope of gladness lies
In the love-light of her eyes;
The fond kiss
Of her tender, rosy lips,
Touch of her slender finger-tips,
Gives more bliss

Than you, cold cynic, e'er could guess.
But, still, the *reason*, you confess,

"You can't divine."
Well, I love her, and she loves me;
What better reason can there be
For joy like mine?

Spectator.

M. E. G.

From The Nineteenth Century.

A SKETCH OF THE CRIMINAL LAW.

THE criminal law * may be considered under two great heads, Procedure and the Definitions of Offences. In a systematic exposition of the law such as a penal code, the part which defines crimes and provides for their punishment naturally precedes the part which relates to procedure, inasmuch as the only purpose for which the latter exists is to give effect to the former; but in an historical account of the growth of a body of law as yet uncodified, an account of the law of procedure naturally precedes an account of the law of crimes and punishments, because the institutions by which the law is administered have been as a matter of fact, and in the earlier stages of legal history must be in most cases, the organs by which the law itself is gradually produced. Courts of justice are established for the punishment of thieves and murderers long before any approach has been made to a careful definition of the words "theft" and "murder," and indeed long before the need for such a definition is felt. For these reasons I begin this sketch of the criminal law by giving some account of the English courts of criminal jurisdiction. I then pass to the procedure observed in them, and thence to the definitions of crimes with which they have to deal.

The ordinary criminal courts in England are:—

- (1) The Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice.
- (2) The Assize Courts.
- (3) The Central Criminal Court.
- (4) The Courts of Quarter Sessions.

Each of these courts has its own history. The administration of justice in England came, by steps which I need not try to trace, to be regarded as one of the great prerogatives of the king—perhaps as his greatest and most characteristic

prerogative; and one of the most striking effects of the Norman Conquest was the degree to which it strengthened this prerogative and centralized the administration of justice. The prerogative was exercised in very early times through the Curia Regis, from which in course of time were derived the king's courts of justice, the two Houses of Parliament, the Privy Council, and the different offices of State. The head officer of the Curia Regis was called the "*Capitalis Justiciarius Angliæ*," and his office was of such dignity that in the king's absence on the Continent he acted as viceroy. The court also contained, amongst other officers, an indefinite number of *justitiiarii* who performed judicial and administrative duties when and where they were directed to do so by special writs or commissions.

The steps by which Parliament on the one hand, and the Privy Council and other executive officers on the other, came to be separated from the king's court and to have an independent existence, need not here be noticed. The courts of justice were derived from it as follows. The life of the kings of England in early times can be described only as an incessant journey. King John, for instance (of whose movements an ephemeris founded upon official documents still in existence has been published), seems for years never to have lived for a week at a time at any one place. The king's officers, and amongst others his judges, travelled with him, and the unfortunate suitors had to follow as best they could. Evidence still exists of the intolerable hardships which this state of things produced. One of the articles of Magna Charta was intended to remedy them. It runs, "*Communia placita non sequantur curiam nostram, sed teneantur aliquo loco certo.*" This was the origin of the great civil court, the Court of Common Pleas, which from that time forward was separated from the Curia Regis and was held as a separate fixed court of justice *certo loco*, namely in Westminster Hall. The Court of Exchequer, which was originally a court of revenue business only, also became stationary about the same time—probably indeed it was always held at the

* I have not referred to authorities, as they would have been of little interest to general readers. I hope, however, to treat the whole matter at length, and with full reference to authorities, in a work on which I have been engaged for many years, and which I hope will shortly appear, on the "*History of the Criminal Law.*" This article may be regarded as an abridgment of parts of it.

place where the treasure was kept; but the legal business of the king's court, not done in either of these courts, still continued for a time to follow the person of the king. By degrees, however, the old king's court changed into the Court of King's Bench, which in its origin was the supreme criminal court of the realm, and had also jurisdiction over many matters connected with the royal prerogative, which in our days would not be regarded as forming part of the criminal law. As time went on it acquired or usurped civil as well as criminal jurisdiction, but from the very earliest times down to the year 1875 its position as the great criminal court of the realm remained unaltered. In that year all the superior courts of law were fused into the High Court of Justice, which may thus be said to be a return, after an interval of about six centuries, to the Curia Regis.

Though it is the supreme criminal court of the realm, the High Court of Justice rarely tries criminal cases in the Queen's Bench Division. It does so only when the matter to be decided seems likely to raise questions which possess some special interest, legal, political, or personal. Little indeed is to be gained by such a trial, as such cases would otherwise be tried before the same judges and in precisely the same way in other courts. There are, however, some incidents peculiar to a trial before the Queen's Bench Division, one of which is that, if the charge is one of misdemeanor, an application for a new trial on the part of the defendant will be entertained. There is no court of appeal properly so called in criminal cases in this country; but informalities in the procedure may give occasion to a writ of error which may be taken up to the House of Lords, and questions of law arising on any trial may be brought before the Court for Crown Cases Reserved.

The great bulk of the more important criminal business of the country is done before the assize courts, the technical description of which is Courts of Commissioners of Oyer and Terminer and General Gaol Delivery, or the Central Criminal Court. The assize courts are of the

highest antiquity. As I have already said, the Curia Regis contained an unascertained number of justitiiarii who used to be sent as commissioners to different parts of the country to perform judicial and other duties as occasion required. They were called from this circumstance "justices in eyre" (*in itinere*) and, according to the terms of their commission, they tried either particular cases or all civil or all criminal cases (both or either) in a given area. In many instances, and for a considerable length of time, they investigated and superintended the whole internal administration of the country, and more particularly everything which affected either proximately or remotely any one of the infinitely varied rights of the king, especially those which affected his revenue.

By degrees, however, these fiscal and miscellaneous duties came to be performed by other means, and the duties of the justices of assize were confined to the local administration of civil and criminal justice. For this purpose the whole of England was in the time of Henry the Second, twelfth century, divided into six circuits, which have existed with singularly little variation down to our own time. The Central Criminal Court which sits every month for London and the neighborhood was established in the year 1834. Before that time, for many centuries, the lord mayor and aldermen and the recorder of the city of London had by charter the right of being upon all commissions of oyer and terminer and gaol delivery for the city of London and the county of Middlesex.

Criminal cases of minor importance are tried by the courts of quarter sessions, held four times a year (whence their name) by the justices of the peace of every county, and of such of the larger towns corporate as have, by their charters, courts of quarter sessions. These courts were first established in the fourteenth century in the reign of Edward the Third. For some centuries they could and did try all offences except high treason; and down to the end of the sixteenth century, if not down to the civil wars in the middle of the seventeenth century, they used con-

tinually to pass sentence of death. In a single year in the reign of Queen Elizabeth no less than thirty-nine persons were hanged under the sentences of the Devonshire court of quarter sessions. After this, their powers were by degrees diminished in practice though not in theory, and throughout the eighteenth and during the early part of the nineteenth centuries (when nearly all crimes were nominally capital) the courts of quarter sessions were practically restricted to the trial of cases of trifling importance. When capital punishments were abolished in nearly every case except high treason and murder, the jurisdiction of these courts was considerably extended, and they can now try all offences except those for which the criminal can on a first conviction be sentenced to death or penal servitude for life, and some other specified offences (such, for instance, as libels) in which legal or constitutional questions of importance are likely to be involved.

The justices of the peace for the county are the judges of these courts, the chairman being only *primus inter pares*, and having no special authority. Two justices at least must be present to make a court. In boroughs, the recorder who is appointed by the crown is the judge. He is paid a salary by the corporation out of the property or rates of the town.

These are the ordinary English criminal courts. Besides them, there are others which are called into activity only on rare occasions. The House of Lords is a court of criminal jurisdiction, to which the House of Commons is the grand jury. The House of Commons can impeach any peer of any crime whatever, and it can accuse any commoner of any misdemeanor before the House of Lords. Impeachments are now extremely rare. Two instances only have occurred within the last century; namely, the impeachment in 1785 of Warren Hastings, and the impeachment in 1806 of Lord Melville. The control exercised by Parliament over public servants of all ranks is now so complete and efficient, that it would be difficult for any one to commit the sort of crimes for which people were formerly impeached. The proceeding at best is a very clumsy one.

The impeachment of Warren Hastings lasted for more than seven years, though the number of days during which the court sat was not so great as the number of days in which the Court of Queen's Bench sat in the trial of the impostor Orton for perjury in 1873-4.

The House of Lords has also a personal jurisdiction in all cases of treason and felony over peers of the realm. If a peer is accused of committing felony, the procedure against him up to the time when the indictment is found is the same as in the case of any other subject. When he is indicted, the indictment is sent, if Parliament is sitting, before the House of Lords; if Parliament is not sitting, before a court composed of a certain number of peers presided over by the lord high steward, who is appointed for the purpose, whence the court is called the Court of the Lord High Steward.

These courts are rather antiquarian curiosities than anything else. Since the accession of George the Third in 1760, there have been only three trials before the House of Lords sitting in this capacity; namely, the trial of Lord Byron (the poet's grand-uncle) in 1765, for killing Mr. Chaworth in an irregular duel; the trial of the Duchess of Kingston for bigamy in 1776; and the trial of Lord Cardigan in 1841 for wounding Mr. Tuckett in a duel.

These are all the courts ordinary and extraordinary which at present exercise criminal jurisdiction of any importance in England, but great historical and legal interest attaches to the criminal jurisdiction of the Privy Council. The criminal law of England in early times was vague and meagre, and the system by which it was administered (trial by jury) was open to every sort of corrupt influence. Indeed, the local power of the aristocracy during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries was so great that trial by jury was in many cases a farce. There are many curious proofs of this in the Parliament rolls and elsewhere. Under these circumstances the lord chancellor exercised in civil cases, and the Privy Council in criminal cases, powers which Lord Bacon compared to the powers of the prætors

and censors in ancient Rome. The intervention of the lord chancellor in civil cases was accepted by the public, struck deep roots in English law, and introduced by degrees the system of jurisprudence which we call "equity," and which has done much to correct the faults and to fill up the deficiencies of the common law. The Privy Council (sitting under the title of the Court of Star Chamber) tried to do the same with regard to the criminal law, and I have little doubt that if it had exercised its powers discreetly and fairly, it would have succeeded in doing so. It rendered, in fact, considerable services by punishing persons whose local influence enabled them to intimidate juries and to set the ordinary courts at defiance, and by punishing a variety of offences which for different reasons were not regarded as crimes by the common law. Perjury by a witness, for instance, was not a criminal offence till it was treated as such by the Star Chamber.

Whatever may have been its merits, however, there can be no doubt that under James the First and Charles the First the Court of Star Chamber became oppressive in the highest degree, attempting by cruel and arbitrary punishments to put down the expression of all opinions unwelcome to the then government. This brought about its abolition, which was effected by one of the first acts of the Long Parliament in the year 1640. After the Restoration the Court of King's Bench took upon itself some of the functions of the Star Chamber, and in particular recognized and acted upon most of the additions which it had tacitly made to the original criminal law.

A remnant of the criminal jurisdiction of the Privy Council survived the destruction of the Court of Star Chamber, and still exists. In all cases arising in India or the colonies, an appeal lies from all courts of justice civil or criminal to the queen, and such appeals are heard by the judicial committee of the Privy Council. Such appeals are hardly ever permitted in criminal cases; but sometimes a legal question of peculiar difficulty and novelty may arise which it is desirable to decide upon the highest authority, and in such cases the judicial committee of the Privy Council is the body before which it is heard. The committee is not, strictly speaking, a court. It is a body of advisers by whose opinion her Majesty is guided in the orders which she gives.

Such are the English courts of criminal justice. I will now say something of the

procedure observed in them. The first step in criminal procedure is to secure the appearance of the person accused the next, to examine and prepare the evidence against him. It would be of little interest to enter into detail upon the manner in which these operations are performed, and it would take more time and space than I can at present afford to relate their history, which is curious. I may, however, make one remark.

Preliminary proceedings before a justice of the peace are practically all but universal in English prosecutions, but theoretically they are not necessary. According to the theory of an English trial, the prisoner is accused not by the magistrate who commits him, but by the grand jury and a prosecutor may still, if he chooses, prefer an accusation before a grand jury without giving notice to the accused person, and so as to prevent him from having any knowledge of the nature of the case against him till he is brought into court to take his trial. This course is so oppressive and so objectionable on public grounds that it is seldom taken, but it is still legally possible. The fact that it exists can be understood only by reference to the history of the English modes of accusation and trial, which is shortly as follows:—

At present there is in England only one mode of trying criminal cases of any importance, namely, that by jury. There are some few cases in which justices of the peace sitting without a jury may sentence offenders to as much as six months imprisonment and hard labor, and there are one or two cases in which they may imprison offenders for a year; but these are exceptional.

Trial by jury is the survivor of several modes of trial which were in use at and for a considerable time after the Norman Conquest. Its history, though still obscure in detail, is now, as far as its main points go, well ascertained, and it is as follows: the early modes of trial depended on the early modes of accusation, which were two; namely, accusation by a private person, and accusation by public report.

Accusations by private persons were, I am inclined to think, the commonest mode of prosecution in early times. Such accusations were called "appeals," a word which in this connection means simply accusation and not recourse from an inferior to a superior tribunal.

The nature of an appeal was as follows. The injured person was bound to use

every effort to have the criminal arrested by raising the country, which was bound to pursue him "with hue and cry." If he could not be taken otherwise, his name was proclaimed, and he was called upon to appear at five successive county courts, and if he did not appear he was outlawed; the effect of which was in very early times that he might be put to death in a summary way, and afterwards that he was taken to be convicted. In the mean time the complainant had to register his complaint before the coroner, who was in ancient times something like a modern justice of the peace. If the person accused appeared, various proceedings took place, which ended at last, if the parties could not otherwise settle the matter, in trial by combat, which, however, was not permitted if the guilt of the accused person was considered to be so clearly proved as to be undeniable. Appeals had a long and curious history which I cannot now relate. They applied at first to many offences, but were at last restricted to cases of homicide, in which the heir of the murdered person had a right, even after the person accused had been acquitted by a jury, to "appeal" or accuse him. This strange procedure, though used but seldom, nevertheless continued to exist till the year 1819, when upon an appeal of murder the Court of King's Bench actually awarded trial by combat, which was not carried out only because the accuser was no match physically for the accused, and refused to go on with his appeal as soon as the court held that the accused had a right, as it was called, "to wage his body." This case was the occasion of an act of Parliament by which appeals were abolished.

As time went on, accusation by public report superseded appeals. This system of accusation was carried out by a body of persons who acted as public accusers, and who were the predecessors of the modern grand jury. The system worked thus: England was divided into counties, hundreds, and townships, each township being represented on all public occasions by the reeve, the predecessor of the parish constable, and four men. When the king sent his justices into any county on one of the eyres or circuits already mentioned, they were met by the sheriff, the coroners, the high bailiffs of the hundreds, and the reeves and four men from the townships. The principal persons of the county having been in some unascertained way chosen from this numerous body, they made a report to the justices

of the persons within the county whom they suspected of any offence; these persons were arrested forthwith if they were not already in custody, and were at once sent to the ordeal (*urtheil*) whether of fire or of water. The ordeal of fire consisted in handling red-hot iron of a certain weight, or walking over red-hot ploughshares placed at different intervals. The ordeal of water—which, strange to say, seems to have been more dreaded—consisted in being thrown into the water, when sinking was the sign of innocence, and swimming the sign of guilt. How any one without fraud escaped the one ordeal or was condemned by the other it is difficult to understand. I have sometimes thought that the water ordeal may have been like the Japanese happy despatch. If the accused sank, he died honorably by drowning. If he swam, he was either put to death or blinded and mutilated; but this is a mere guess. Many records still remain which end with the ominous words *eat ad juisam aqua*, or *purget se per ignem*. If the accused person escaped from the ordeal, he was nevertheless banished. It was obviously considered that though it might have pleased God to work a miracle to save him from punishment, the bad report made of him by the local authorities was quite enough to show that he was a dangerous character who must leave the country.

Early in the thirteenth century ordeals fell into disuse, probably in consequence of their condemnation by the Lateran Council held in 1215. The result of this was that the report of the grand jury became equivalent to a conviction, or would have been so if means had not been found to avoid a result which even in that age was seen to be monstrous. The method adopted was apparently the introduction into criminal trials of a practice which had already been introduced in civil actions under the name of the grand assize.* This was the summoning of twelve persons from the place where the dispute arose, who were to swear to their knowledge of the matter. The persons so summoned were called an assize, and afterwards a jury, and elaborate precautions were taken for securing the attendance of persons acquainted with the subject. When twelve persons were found willing to swear one way or the other, their oath was decisive. Even before ordeals were abolished a person accused by a grand

* The word "assize" is used in a variety of senses in old English law. It means—1, a law; 2, a jury; 3, the sitting of a court.

jury was allowed as a special favor to purchase of the king the right of having a body of this kind (which in such cases was called an "inquest") to "pass upon him." When ordeals were abolished, juries, or inquests, instead of being an exceptional favor purchased in particular cases, came into general use. The first jurymen were thus official witnesses, and not, as their successors are and have been for centuries, judges as to the truth of the evidence given by witnesses.

There is no more obscure question in the whole history of English law than the question how and when jurymen ceased to be witnesses and became judges. They were undoubtedly witnesses in the thirteenth century, and undoubtedly judges of the testimony given by others in the middle of the sixteenth century, and it seems probable that in the latter half of the fifteenth century they were judges in civil cases, but not to the same extent in criminal cases. Many curious traces of their original character remained long after the change had taken place. Thus for instance, as I have already observed, perjury by a witness was no crime in England till the seventeenth century; but perjury by a jurymen, *i.e.* a wilfully false verdict given by a jurymen, was theoretically punishable in some cases by a process called an attain, which in practice was never put in force. The reason why the witness was not punished was that according to the theory described his appearance at the trial was accidental. The juror was the only witness whom the law recognized as such. The reason why the juror was not actually punished, though he was in theory liable to punishment, was that as time went on every one knew that whatever the theory of the law might be he was in fact dependent on witnesses and was not himself a witness, so that if his verdict was wrong it was impossible to say that it was not mistaken.

However this may have been, trial by jury in the modern sense of the word was fully established in England in the sixteenth century. From that time to this we have full reports of nearly all the most remarkable trials which have taken place in England, and it is possible to trace the gradual growth of the present system by comparing together the trials which took place at different times.

The result of such a comparison is to show that criminal trials in England have gone through several distinct phases. Down to the civil wars of the seventeenth century, the prisoner was interrogated as

closely as a prisoner is in France at the present day; and though torture was never legalized in England, it was to a considerable extent in use under Queen Elizabeth, being employed principally in the case of persons accused of conspiring against her life.

The preliminary procedure was secret to a much later date. Indeed, though in practice it became public in the course of the eighteenth century, it was not till the year 1848 that a right was conferred by act of Parliament on the accused to be present at the preliminary examination of the witnesses. A right to have copies of the depositions made by them was given in 1836.

In the second half of the seventeenth century, and especially towards the close of it, the procedure was not unlike that of our own day; but the furious passions of the times, and the corruption and partisanship of some of the judges, exhibited all its weak points in a terribly strong light. Some of its defects, and in particular the temptation to the judges to be corrupt, were removed at or soon after the Revolution, and in the course of the eighteenth century the general management of a criminal trial was closely assimilated to the course of a civil action. The present method of procedure may be considered as having been fully established with not more than one important exception by the beginning of the reign of George the Third (1760). It is so well known that it is unnecessary in this place to give any account of it.

I must content myself with a very cursory glance at some other curious features in English criminal procedure. The whole subject of legal punishments as inflicted in England is full of curiosity. All common offences — murder and manslaughter, rape, robbery, arson, coining, and theft to the value of a shilling or upwards — were by the law of England punished by death from the early part of the thirteenth century to the year 1827. This, however, was qualified by a singular institution called benefit of clergy, by which first the clergy, then every man who could read, unless he was *bigamus* — *i.e.* unless he had been twice married, or unless he had married a widow (but no woman except, till the Reformation, a nun); then all people, men whether *bigami* or not, or women who could read; then all people, whether they could read or not, were excepted for their first offence in nearly all cases, not only from the punishment of death, but from almost all punishment for

nearly every offence, for, at common law, only high treason and perhaps arson and highway robbery were excepted from the benefit of clergy. Side by side with the process by which benefit of clergy was extended to all persons, a parallel process went on by which large numbers of crimes were excluded from it, by being made, as the phrase was, "felonies without benefit of clergy." For instance, every one as time went on became entitled to benefit of clergy in cases of theft, but it was provided by successive acts of Parliament that the theft of horses, sheep, and other cattle, stealing to the value of five shillings in a shop, and stealing from the person to the value of one shilling or upwards, should be "felony without benefit of clergy." This made the law terribly severe in appearance; but in practice it was seldom carried out, the judges being authorized to commute the sentences which they were obliged to pass—a power which they exercised very freely.

Between the years 1827 and 1861 capital punishment was abolished in all but four cases—treason, murder, piracy with certain aggravations, and burning dockyards or arsenals. The discretion entrusted to the judges as to the amount of secondary punishment to be awarded was also carried so far that minimum punishments were abolished in every case but one, so that there are many crimes for which an English judge can sentence a man, either to penal servitude for life, or to a single day's imprisonment without hard labor, or to any intermediate punishment. English criminal law has thus in the course of a little more than fifty years passed from being by far the most severe system in the world, to being the most lenient as far as the amount of punishment is concerned.

The great leading peculiarity which distinguishes English criminal procedure from the criminal procedure of every other country, is to be found in the extent to which the control of criminal proceedings is left in private hands. Every one has a right to prosecute any one for any crime of which he is suspected, and, what is even more remarkable, every one has almost identically the same facilities for doing so. The police can do hardly anything which any private person cannot do, and the law officers of the crown, the attorney and solicitor general, have hardly any power in conducting the prosecution of a State criminal, which the youngest barrister has not in prosecuting a fraud which concerns no one but the person

defrauded. The attorney general can stop prosecutions; but he hardly ever does so, and he can personally accuse any person of having committed a misdemeanor without resorting to a grand jury; but this is not a matter of much practical importance, especially in the present day.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that criminal prosecutions in England form a branch of litigation over which private persons have nearly as much authority as the parties in civil proceedings have over such proceedings. This was not the result of any intention on the part of any one whatever. It was caused by the working of the institutions already described. The grand jury at first were no doubt public accusers, and in early times the coroners and justices of the peace acted to some extent as public prosecutors; but as time went on the grand jury reported only such matters as were represented to them voluntarily by private persons, and the coroners and justices of the peace came to occupy the position of preliminary judges, who could be set in motion only by private complainants, and thus the whole system came to assume its present character.

I now pass to that part of the criminal law which consists of the definitions of crimes and the apportionment to them of punishments, and which would form the matter of a penal code, as the branch of law which I have already described would form the matter of a code of criminal procedure.

The first subject to be mentioned under this head is that of the conditions of criminal responsibility, or, as it may otherwise be called, matter of excuse. It consists of the exceptions to the general rule that every one is responsible for every crime which he may commit. The exceptions recognized by English law are age, to some extent insanity, to some extent compulsion, to some extent necessity, to some extent ignorance of fact as distinguished from ignorance of law. The effect of such a maxim as "Non est reus nisi mens sit rea" is given by including terms relating to the state of the offender's mind in the definitions of a large number if not of most crimes. This is done by the use of such words as "wilfully," "knowingly," "fraudulently," "negligently," and above all "maliciously," which has much in common with the *dolus malus* of the Roman law.

There is a good deal of indistinctness

in this branch of the English criminal law, the word "malice" in particular being made to bear a great variety of meanings. Thus, for instance, murder is defined as "unlawful killing with malice aforethought," and manslaughter as "unlawful killing without malice aforethought." "Malice aforethought" is here interpreted to mean any one of several states of mind, such as an intention to kill, an intention to do grievous bodily harm, an intention to resist a lawful apprehension, recklessness as to killing, etc. In order that the publication of a libel may be criminal it must be "malicious." This means that it must be done without certain specified circumstances which justify or excuse it. So, again, mischief to property is, as a rule, criminal if it is "wilful and malicious." These words seem to mean little more than "intentional and unlawful and done without a claim of right." In popular language malice means ill-will to another which it is discreditable to feel. Thus envy would be described as a form of malice, but no one would apply that term to honest indignation excited by a wicked action. In law the word is generally used in senses so unnatural that it would be well if it were altogether disused. It does not occur in the Criminal Code Bill of 1878, or in that of 1879.

The law as to insanity is somewhat vague, but this, I think, arises rather from the defective state of our knowledge as to the disease than from any other cause. The law as to compulsion is also in an unsatisfactory state, but the subject is one of singularly little practical importance.

Next come the definitions of crimes. The crimes known to the law of England, and I suppose to the laws of other countries, may be reduced to a very few leading classes, namely:—

- (1.) Offences against public tranquillity.
- (2.) The obstruction or corruption of public authority.
- (3.) Offences against public morals.
- (4.) Offences against the persons of individuals and rights annexed to their persons.
- (5.) Offences against the property of individuals and rights connected with property.

The history of these branches of English law is shortly as follows. With regard to most of them a few general names have been in common use from the most remote antiquity. These were applied to

common cases of crime long before any precise definitions had been found to be needful, and the offences so named are called "offences at common law." Such words as treason, homicide, murder, rape, robbery, theft, are instances. These words were defined by different writers on legal subjects, and, as occasion required, by the decisions of courts of justice, which in England from a very early time were in many instances carefully recorded. Some of our reports go back as far as the thirteenth century. In some instances also the legislature defined expressions which were considered dangerously vague and wide. This, however, was done very seldom indeed; almost the only instance I can remember of an attempt by Parliament to define common law offences, is the famous Statute of Treason passed in 1352, and still in force. New offences, however, were from time to time created by act of Parliament, and special forms of common law offences were subjected to special punishments. For instance, though Parliament has never defined theft, it has made special provisions for the punishment of different kinds of theft, such as the theft of wills, of letters in the post-office, of articles of the value of 5*l.* in a dwelling-house, of thefts by clerks and servants of the property of their masters, and the like.

This part of the criminal law of England is thus composed of two elements, namely, common law definitions and various rules connected with them, and Parliamentary enactments which assume, though they do not state, the common law definitions and rules. Moreover, both the common law and the statute law have been illustrated and explained by a great number of judicial decisions which, as far as they go, are as binding as if they were laws. To understand these decisions properly, and to apply their principles to new combinations of facts, are amongst the most important of the duties which lawyers have to discharge. The decisions are exceedingly numerous, though I think they are less numerous on this branch of our law than on others. The statutes relating to crime are of all ages, and each particular statute has its own special history. Nearly all of them have been enacted at least three times over. The general history of this part of the subject is in a few words as follows. The first writer on the criminal law, whose works are in any sense of authority at the present day, was Bracton—a judge who

lived in the latter part of the thirteenth century, in the reign of Henry the Third. His book "*De Legibus Angliæ*" is by far the most comprehensive work on the subject written for several centuries, and the third book of it, entitled "*De Coronâ*," is the source of much of our existing criminal law. His definitions of crimes are in several instances taken, though with not unimportant modifications, from the "Digest." For instance, he thus defines theft, "*Furtum est secundum leges fraudulosa contrectatio rei alienæ invito illo domino cujus res illa fuerit.*" This omits the words which extend the Roman law definition of theft to temporary appropriations. Bracton's book served as the foundation for other works of less note, as, for instance, Fleta, and to a less extent, Brittan; but no writer of anything like equal note dealt with the subject between his time and the early part of the seventeenth century, three hundred and fifty years afterwards. About that time Coke wrote his "Institutes of the Law of England," the third of which is devoted to the subject of criminal law. Coke had great technical learning and a character of great force and audacity; but he had no power of arranging or generalizing his knowledge, and not only was his style pedantic, but his mind never rose above a very trivial kind of acuteness. His book, however, shows fairly, though in a most disorderly manner and with many inaccuracies, what the law was in his day.

Coke was followed at the distance of about a half a century by Sir Matthew Hale, a much more considerable personage, though he was far less conspicuous in the political history of his time. His "History of the Pleas of the Crown" is far superior to the third Institute, and is, I think, entitled to the first place amongst books on English criminal law. It is full of learning, especially historical learning, and in several parts shows powers of a higher kind.

Both Coke and Hale show conclusively what a crude, imperfect, meagre system the criminal law of their time was, and how little it had been improved by legislation. What can be said of a system under which it was a capital crime to steal a shilling, and a mere misdemeanor punishable with fine and imprisonment to run a man through the body with a sword with intent to murder him?

Neither Coke nor Hale notices the fact that the common law dealt only with a

small number of the grossest and commonest offences, such as homicide, theft, and rape; nor the further fact that a large addition to the law was made by the decisions of the Court of Star Chamber, which treated as criminal a number of actions (such as attempts to commit crimes, conspiracies to commit crimes, perjury, some kinds of forgery) for the punishment of which the common law, properly so called, made no provision. After the abolition of the Court of Star Chamber the offences which it had been in the habit of punishing were treated as being offences at common law, though most of them were unknown to the system properly so called.

Any defects which the criminal law in Hale's time may have had on the side of undue lenity, were effectually removed by the legislation of the eighteenth century, under which innumerable offences were made felony without benefit of clergy. The excessive severity of this legislation and the capricious character which it gave to the execution of the law, excited great attention. At the same time the efforts of many reformers, of whom Bentham was the best known as a writer and thinker, and Romilly as a politician, directed much attention to the form of the law itself. The result was that between the years 1827 and 1830 a great mass of the then existing statute law was repealed, and the substance of it was re-enacted in a less fragmentary shape, the punishments for the different offences being in most cases considerably mitigated. The commoner offences were by this means dealt with by four or five statutes, which consolidated in whole or in part probably many scores or hundreds of earlier acts.

This was a considerable improvement, but it was merely a first step towards a complete criminal code. Efforts were made to have such a measure prepared, and a commission was opened which made many reports upon the subject of the criminal law between 1833 and 1861. After great delay five acts of Parliament were passed in the year 1861, relating respectively to theft and offences in the nature of theft, malicious mischief to property, forgery, offences relating to the coin, and offences relating to the persons of individuals. These five acts constitute the nearest approach to a penal code now in existence in England. They are very useful as far as they go; but they are extremely imperfect, first, because they assume and are founded upon the

unwritten common law definitions and rules relating to crimes; and, secondly, because they deal only with offences against the persons and property of individuals, and leave unnoticed the subject of criminal responsibility and the definitions of offences against public order, offences consisting in the corruption of public officers, and offences against public morals and convenience. In other words, they leave unnoticed nearly half the matters which ought to be disposed of by a criminal code, and they do not deal at all with the subject of procedure, the law as to which is principally unwritten. There have thus been three sets of criminal statutes; namely, first, the unconnected, scattered enactments passed before the reign of George the Fourth in order to fill up the gaps in the old common law; secondly, the acts passed between 1827 and 1833, which re-enacted the first set in a shorter form; and, thirdly, the acts passed in 1861, which repealed and re-enacted, with some additions and improvements, the acts of George the Fourth, and extended them to Ireland. Some others have been passed which I need not notice here.

I will now make a few observations * on the most important and characteristic of the definitions of each of the classes of offences which I have mentioned.

In the first place, I may observe upon these crimes in general that they are all classed as being either treason, felony, or misdemeanor. Treason is sometimes said to be a kind of felony.

Felonies were originally crimes punishable with death and forfeiture of goods, though this definition is not rigorously exact. Petty larceny and mayhem, though felonies, were not capital crimes, and piracy, though capital, was not a felony. So misprision of treason was not a felony though it involved forfeiture. All other crimes were misdemeanors, the punishment for which at common law was fine, imprisonment, and whipping at the discretion of the court. The great alterations made in legal punishments have made this classification altogether unmeaning. Many misdemeanors are now liable by statute to punishments as serious as most felonies, and forfeiture of

property as a punishment for crime was abolished in the year 1870. There are still a few distinctions in the proceedings appropriate to felony and misdemeanor, but the classification has for many years become a mere source of embarrassment and intricacy.

Passing to the definitions of crimes I come first to crimes * against public tranquillity. The most important of these is high treason—an offence of which the definition has played an important part in English history. Bracton has not on this occasion copied the language of the “Digest;” but down to the reign of Edward the Third high treason was a term little if at all less vague than “majestas,” and its definition in the year 1352 by statute was regarded as a highly important security against oppression. It defined treason as consisting of three main branches,† namely: (1) Compassing or imagining the death of the king and displaying such compassing and imagination by any open act; (2) Levying war against the king; (3) Adhering to the king’s enemies. The first of these heads has been interpreted to mean forming an intention in the mind, which intention is displayed by any open act. There is some ground for the opinion that the “imagining” mentioned in the act (which was in Norman French) really meant attempting; but the other interpretation has always been received and acted upon. This act has remained in force for upwards of five hundred years, and its meaning has been the subject of vehement controversy. It was for centuries regarded as the law under which all attempts to make by force revolutionary changes in the government must be punished; but it is obvious that such changes might be made without any direct attempt upon the king’s life, and also without “levying war” against him in the plain sense of the words. Hence at different stormy periods in English history—for instance, in the reigns of Henry the Eighth, Elizabeth, and Charles the Second—other acts were made treason, as, for instance, denying the king’s supremacy over the Church, maintaining particular theological doctrines, speaking

* See my Digest, part ii., p. 32.

* In my “Digest of the Criminal Law of England” (Crimes and Punishments), Macmillan, London, 1877, I have arranged the existing law in the form of a Final Code. All the crimes referred to in the text are defined in it besides many others which I pass over. The definitions will be found at the pages referred to in the foot-notes.

† There are some others of less importance which I omit. It is treason e.g. to kill the lord chancellor or a judge of the High Court whilst discharging the duties of his office. When the statute of treasons was passed, murder was clergyable, and the object was, that a man who murdered a judge on the bench should be hanged even if he could read, and if his wife had not before her marriage been a widow.

words of a seditious character, and the like. These, however, were regarded as stretches of power, and the act of Edward the Third was regarded with almost superstitious reverence as containing the true constitutional theory on the subject. As it was found in practice too narrow for the purposes to which it was from time to time sought to apply it, the judges on many occasions enlarged it by "construction" or interpretation. It was held, for instance, that every one who tried to lay any restraint on the king for the purpose of making him change his measures, or who attempted to depose him, must be taken to "imagine his death," because deposed kings are often put to death. In the same way it was held that any riot having for its object the effecting by force any public general object, as, for instance, the repeal of an obnoxious law, was high reason by levying of war. These judicial interpretations or constructions were naturally unpopular, and juries sometimes refused to give effect to them. During the reign of George the Third accordingly an act of Parliament was passed which gave them statutory authority during his life, but the greater part of this act expired on his death in 1820. In the present reign, during the excitement produced in England and Ireland in 1848 by the Continental revolutions of that year, another act was passed which left untouched the act of Edward the Third and the constructions put upon it by the judges, but re-enacted in substance the act of George the Third, declaring, however, as to the greater part of it, that offenders against it should be guilty of felony and liable to penal servitude for life or any less punishment. It was, however, expressly declared that this should not in any way affect the older law. High treason accordingly at present is defined by the law of England twice over; namely, first by the act of Edward the Third, upon which the judges have put a variety of constructions and interpretations; and, secondly, by the act of 1848, which embodies these constructions and interpretations, but punishes the offender with secondary instead of capital punishment. Some indeed of the constructions in question which relate to attacks on the king's person are still treason by statute.

There are a variety of other acts against political offences, some of which are strange and even antiquated. The only one of interest enough to be mentioned in such a sketch as this is the offence of

seditious libel.* The crime is nowhere defined on authority. Practically it may be described as being any writing upon a political subject adverse to the existing state of things, and such that the jury think the writer ought to be punished. In the latter part of the last century this branch of the law was the subject of a great controversy between judges and juries. The judges held that it was the duty of the jury to convict the accused if it was proved that he had written or published the matter said to be libellous, and that such parts of it as were not stated in express words, but by way of allusion, abbreviation, or the like, had the meaning ascribed to them in the indictment, and that it was the duty of the judge to say whether the matter so published was or was not a libel. Juries were continually told by the counsel for accused persons that it was their duty to determine the whole matter—the criminality or innocence of the alleged publication as well as the fact that the matter alleged to be criminal was published. This controversy was decided in the year 1792 in favor of the jury by Fox's Libel Act. Political libels were prosecuted and their authors severely punished for many years after the passing of this act; but it is, I think, more than thirty years since there has been a successful prosecution for a political libel in England, though there have been some within that period in Ireland.

I must pass very lightly over offences consisting in the obstruction or corruption of public officers in the discharge of their duties.* I may observe, however, that perversions of the course of justice by whatever means were anciently known by the general name of "maintenance," *i.e.* maintaining or supporting by unlawful means either party to any legal proceeding. All through the Plantagenet period this offence was common, and many acts of Parliament were directed against it. It was one main object of the erection, or at least of the extension and development, of the powers of the Court of Star Chamber to deal with such cases. By degrees the offence of maintenance ceased to be prosecuted under that name, but different forms of the offence, such as attempts to corrupt or intimidate witnesses, or to exercise undue influence over jurors, are still occasionally punished. Bribery, per-

* See my Digest, pp. 55-6, articles 91-94.

† See *ibid.*, part iii., p. 70.

jury in its various forms, and conspiracies to defeat the course of justice also belong to this class.

On crimes against the morals, health, and general convenience of the public,* I will make only one observation. As I have already observed in passing, a large addition was made to the criminal law of England by the decisions of the Court of Star Chamber. When that court was abolished and after the restoration of Charles the Second, the Court of King's Bench not only recognized the decisions of the Court of Star Chamber, but to a certain extent considered itself as having succeeded to its authority as *custos morum*, and the judges claimed and exercised the power of treating as criminal any act which appeared to be at once immoral and opposed to the interests of the public. The publication of obscene books was first punished expressly on this ground. To some degree this power has been asserted even in our own day.

I now come to the great leading heads of the criminal law — the offences, namely, which are punished under one or other of the five acts passed in 1861, and which affect the person or property of individuals. Offences against the persons of individuals † consist either in the destruction of life, the infliction of injuries short of death, or the infringement of rights inseparably annexed to the person, such as conjugal and parental rights and the right to a good reputation.

No part of the law of England is more elaborate or more difficult to reduce to anything like order and system than the law relating to homicide in its different degrees.‡ The act relating to offences against the person throws no light upon it whatever. It provides in a few words for the punishment of murder and manslaughter, but it assumes that the legal definitions of these offences are known. Of these definitions I have not space to write with anything like the fulness which they deserve. I will only say in general that upon a full examination of the different legal decisions which have been given by the courts, and the different expositions of the matter which have been made by writers regarded as authoritative, it will be found that the apparently simple definitions,§ already given and quoted below,

require, in order that they may be fully understood, that answers should be given to the following questions: —

First, what is homicide? Must a child be fully-born before it can be killed, or is it homicide to kill a living unborn infant? Is it homicide to frighten a man to death, or to break a woman's heart by systematic unkindness which, operating on weak nerves, causes paralysis and death? Is it homicide to allow a man to die when you can save him without danger or serious trouble, *e.g.* by throwing a rope to a drowning man? If a person having the charge of a child or infirm person omits to render proper services whereby death is caused, is that homicide? If a physician causes his patient's death by mistaken treatment, is it homicide? If A injures B and B refuses to submit to a surgical operation and dies, has A killed B? Or suppose the operation is performed and B dies of the operation, has A killed B? Does it make any difference if the operation was unnecessary or was unskilfully performed?

Next, in what cases is homicide unlawful? The full answer to this question involves a statement of the law as to the cases which justify the use of personal violence, and in particular its use for self-defence, for the prevention of crimes, for the arrest of criminals, for the execution of legal process, and for the assertion of particular legal rights. A, a far stronger man than B, comes by force into B's house and stays there making a disturbance. B tries to remove him. A successfully resists. At what point if at any point may B shoot A or stab him with a knife?

When we have assigned, by answering these questions, a definite meaning to the expression "unlawful homicide," it becomes necessary to distinguish between the two classes into which it is divided by defining each of the words "malice" and "aforethought." Does the word "aforethought" imply premeditation extending over a day, an hour, a minute, or is it a practically unmeaning word? A variety of authorities show that it is practically unmeaning. If a man with a loaded gun in his hand suddenly conceives and executes the intention to shoot dead an unoffending passer-by, his crime is regarded by the law of England as being, to say the very least, quite as bad as if he committed it after long deliberation.

As for the word "malice" I have already described the strangely unnatural

* See my Digest, part iv., p. 95.

† See *ibid.*, part v., p. 191.

‡ See *ibid.*, part v., pp. 138-155.

§ "Murder is unlawful homicide with malice aforethought." "Manslaughter is unlawful homicide without malice aforethought."

meaning which has been attached to it in relation to this matter. The most important of these meanings are (1) an intention to kill, (2) an intention to inflict grievous bodily harm, (3) an intention to commit any crime described as a felony, (4) knowledge that the act which causes death is dangerous to life, and a determination to run the risk of killing. For instance, when a man intending to rescue a prisoner from a prison exploded a barrel of gunpowder against the wall of the prison and blew part of it down, destroying at the same time the lives of many people in the neighborhood of the explosion, he was held to have acted with "malice aforethought," though he probably knew none of the people who were killed, and hoped, if he thought about the subject at all, that they might be absent at the time of the explosion or otherwise escape its effects.

The law relating to the infliction of bodily injuries short of death has in itself no special interest, but it has a curious history. In Anglo-Saxon times the laws provided a scale of fines or *weres* for bodily injuries almost surgically minute. Thus twenty shillings were to be paid to one whose great toe was struck off, and five to one who lost his little toe. Under the early English kings *weres* went out of use; but maiming, *i.e.* destroying any member of the body which might be used in fighting or which was essential to manhood, was a felony; but it was the only felony (except petty larceny) not punished with death, and it came to be treated as a misdemeanor only. I suppose that in ages when violence was extremely common people were left in this matter to defend and to revenge themselves. The effect of this was that till quite modern times the most violent attempts to murder were only misdemeanors. By degrees, however, public attention was attracted by particular acts of violence, and laws were passed for their punishment; but this legislation was occasional and fragmentary to an almost incredible degree. Thus, for instance, in the reign of Charles the Second the enemies of Sir William Coventry set upon him and gashed his face, and in particular his nose, in order to disfigure him. Hereupon an act was passed (long known as the Coventry Act) which made it felony without benefit of clergy to cut a man's nose or face with intent to disfigure him. All this fragmentary and occasional legislation was thrown together, first in an act passed in 1827, and afterwards in the act now in force which was passed in 1861. The

strangest instance of its character which can be given is that different provisions in the act punish specifically seven different ways of attempting to commit murder, to which is added a further provision punishing in the same way all attempts to commit murder by ways other than those specified. As the punishment is the same in all cases, a single provision punishing the attempt to commit murder would have been sufficient. The explanation of this intricacy is that at one time some of these acts were and others were not capital crimes.

The acts which punish wilful injuries to property (of which burning houses, etc., are the most serious), forgery, and offences committed with the coinage, I pass over without any further observation than that they have the same elaborate and yet fragmentary and occasional character as the other acts. The act relating to forgery in particular exemplifies this in the strongest way. Forgery at common law was regarded only as a misdemeanor; but as commerce increased, and in particular as bills of exchange and other negotiable instruments came to furnish a supplementary currency, forgery came to be of more importance, and a succession of acts were passed making it felony without benefit of clergy to forge deeds, bills, notes, and many other commercial papers. It became usual, indeed, when any statute was passed which required almost any sort of document to be used, to make a special provision for punishing its forgery. The forgery act is an imperfect collection of these provisions. It is at once most elaborate, most minute, and quite imperfect. I think a very few general provisions might replace the whole of it.

The act* most commonly in use, most important, and most remarkable, is the act relating to theft and other offences consisting in the dishonest appropriation of property. It is a production which no one could possibly understand without being aware of the history of the law upon the subject, and of the common law theories upon which it is founded.

Bracton's definition of theft, as I have already observed, was taken almost verbatim from the "*Digest*," but the whole theory of the English common law upon the subject differs widely from that of the Roman law. Most of the differences arise, I think, from the circumstance that the Roman lawyers regarded theft as a private wrong, whereas the common law

* See my *Digest*, pp. 194-266.

treated it from very early times as a capital crime. The extreme severity of this view was mitigated in practice by several extraordinary doctrines, the inconvenience of which was recognized as time went on, and to some extent remedied by Parliamentary enactments. I will mention the most important of these doctrines. The first was obviously intended to restrict the law to the class of things most likely to be stolen, and of which the theft was of most importance in a rude state of society, such as cattle, articles of furniture, money, stores of food, etc. It was that certain classes of things were not capable of being stolen. First of all it was considered that as it was a physical impossibility to steal a piece of land, so it should be made legally impossible to steal anything which formed part of, grew from, or was permanently affixed to the soil. So far was this carried that it was not theft at common law to cut down a tree and carry it away, or to rip lead off a roof and melt it down. Coal forming part of a mine, even fruit on a tree, or growing corn was not capable of being stolen at common law. A second exception applied to title-deeds, bonds, and other legal documents. As a legal right was physically incapable of being stolen, it was held that the evidence of a legal right, such as a deed or a bond, should be legally incapable of being stolen. When bank-notes first came into use they were not capable of being stolen, because they were only evidences of the holder's right against the bank, and were otherwise of no value. Again, many kinds of animals were not regarded as being capable of being stolen, because as old writers said "they were not worthy" (as oxen and sheep were) "that a man should die for them." Such were dogs and cats and wild animals kept in captivity for curiosity like bears or wolves.

All these exceptions from the general rule as to theft are themselves subject to exceptions made by act of Parliament, and the sub-exceptions are so wide that they are all but coextensive with the original exceptions. Thus the rule that documents which are evidences of rights cannot be stolen, is qualified by statutory exceptions which enumerate nearly every imaginable document which can fall within the exception, and provide special punishments for stealing them; and the same is true of the other excepted classes which I have mentioned.

Another rule of the common law has caused much greater intricacy and com-

plication than this. This rule is, that it is essential to theft that there should be an unlawful *taking*. If a man gets possession of a thing lawfully, and afterwards misappropriates it, he is not guilty of theft. For instance, if having hired a horse honestly, the hirer rode away with him and sold him, he would not have been guilty of theft at common law, nor was it theft at common law to misappropriate a watch lent for use or entrusted to the misappropriator to be repaired. Nor, again, was a servant who received money on his master's account and spent it guilty of theft at common law.

It would not be worth while to attempt to give an account of the extraordinary intricacies and hardly intelligible technicalities into which these doctrines have run, and it would be hopeless to try to show to what extent they have been removed by statute. It is enough to say that there has been an immense quantity of legislation on the subject as occasional, as minute, and as incomplete as the other legislation already referred to.

Even this, however, does not bring us to the end of the intricacies of the law of theft. As I have already observed, the old law was comparatively simple. Theft or larceny (*latrocinium*), as it was called, was divided into grand and petit. Grand larceny was theft of things worth a shilling or upwards, and was punishable with death. Petit larceny was theft of things worth less than a shilling, and was originally punished by flogging and imprisonment. Grand larceny, however, was a clérigable felony; that is to say, offenders for the first offence were branded on the brawn of the thumb, and imprisoned for a short time and discharged. On a second conviction they were hanged. This was not considered severe enough for many forms of theft, and accordingly acts of Parliament were passed excluding particular classes of thieves from benefit of clergy, as, for instance, those who stole to the value of forty shillings in a dwelling-house, those who stole cattle, those who stole five shillings from a shop, and many others. These are the principal intricacies which were imported into this offence, either by the rules of the common law or by the course of Parliamentary legislation. All of them must be borne in mind before the principle on which the Larceny Act of 1861 is drawn can be understood. It sweeps together all the exceptions to each of the common law rules already referred to, and it punishes with special severity every form of theft

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PENTOCK.

CHAPTER IV.

A GOOD-BYE.

which in earlier times was excluded from the benefit of clergy. It also punishes various forms of fraud allied to theft, and provides for theft aggravated by personal violence, which is robbery, and for extortion by means of threats. It thus forms upon the whole one of the most intricate, unwieldy, and at first sight hopelessly unintelligible productions of a legislative kind that I have ever met with. It consists of one hundred and twenty-three sections, and is, I should think, nearly as long as the *Strafgesetzbuch* of the German Empire.

I have now completed my very rough outline of the criminal law of England as it is. I may observe upon it in general, that it is surprisingly minute and distinct, and, when you have learnt it, so well ascertained that few questions arise on its meaning, but it is to the last degree fragmentary. It is destitute of any sort of arrangement, a great deal of it has never been reduced to writing at all in any authoritative way, and the part which has been is unintelligible to any one who is unacquainted with the unwritten definitions and doctrines of which it assumes the existence.

Of the plans for its codification which have attracted public attention in the course of the last three years, I have only to say that I am now fully convinced that the task of codification—which practically means giving literary form to large bodies of law—is one which a popular assembly like the British Parliament is quite incompetent to perform itself, and most unlikely to entrust to any one else. Parliament can no more write a law book than it can paint a picture, and a thorough revision and re-enactment in an improved form of the whole body of the criminal law would raise so many questions of various sorts, upon which great difference of opinion exists, that I do not believe that any ministry is likely to encumber themselves with so extensive a measure, or that any Parliament is likely to pass it. I think, however, I am justified in saying that the bills referred to prove the possibility (which in England has sometimes been denied) of drawing a criminal code, whatever may be the difficulty of passing when it is drawn. I also think that they show what an immense quantity of sense and experience the criminal law of England contains, notwithstanding some undeniable defects in substance and defects of form which can hardly be exaggerated.

JAMES FITZJAMES STEPHEN.

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THERE was scarcely anything to mark the passage of time in Pentock. The world outside might be convulsed with wars, or chewing the peaceful cud of progress, Pentock troubled very little about it. Folks were born in Pentock, and folks died—that marked the time; and fishing season by season, as they were good or bad, served as a point of reference.

On the whole, it seemed to the Pentock housewives that fewer people died every year in proportion to the constantly increasing number of mouths to fill, and the times grew a little hard in consequence. One or two men had gone away lately to seek work elsewhere—an innovation that had something alarming about it; however, the example had not proved very contagious. Will Mitchell was unsettled, it was said. He had a young wife, and they found it increasingly difficult to provide for their family, as its wants grew out of all proportion to the supply. His father was past work; that he had himself come to acknowledge, as the cold, wintry nights crippled him once more into his easy-chair. But Dick Truscott was a lad to his mind, and he began to be content as he saw the old childish friendship between him and his Kate ripening into a deeper love. All the village knew that Dick was dear to daughter as well as father, and who wondered that to him Kate was the one sweet heart in Pentock? All the village knew it and spoke of it, though as yet no word of love had passed between the two. In love's spring-time life seems a pleasant dream—silently the charm is woven; and while it is closing tightly round them, each heart is dreaming on some last meeting—a word or a look, without caring to look on and touch the future. The waking must come, be it with pain or joy; but for Kate and Dick Truscott as yet the dreamland was enough.

But as the months wore on, Dick began to turn matters over in his mind. Tradition told him that to love was one thing, and to marry another; and that household gear and a prospect of steady work was necessary to the last. The vision of a certain cottage that was then unoccupied often came before his mind; and Kate was always in the doorway greeting him, in the picture he drew of it for him-

self. The thought that perhaps she did not love him never once came to mar his dream. He only knew there was not a woman or girl in Pentock to compare with her—that was patent, every one must see it; but no one else could feel the love that he had in his heart for her—that was equally impossible. But she must know it, and she couldn't help giving him back what was her own in exchange. It did often enter his thoughts that a thorny time might lie between him and his dream. Kate would plague him, he had little doubt of that—she had such teasing ways with her; and he wasn't sure if the mother wouldn't raise objections. But these things did not weigh heavily on his mind. The chief difficulty was how to get a boat and make a start. His light heart smoothed away the obstacles as he thought it over when all was quiet in the boat at night, but in the morning all the difficulties had raised their heads again, and he was no nearer effecting their conquest. It began to lay hold of him, as he said to himself,—the dream was becoming a reality, and facts were hard things to fight with. As mate to Will Mitchell, he could do well enough as he was, but there was no further prospect. Will had barely enough himself—not enough, he said; and often, as the two men talked together, the elder declared he had half a mind to go clear away and make his fortune before he came home to Pentock again. At first Dick shook his head. There was no knowing about places beyond Pentock; they might be better, but they were probably a deal worse. But by degrees he became more familiar with the idea, as Will, more pressed with daily cares, grew more insistent; and at last the thought came to him that here, too, his way might lie. He might go away for a bit, and, as Will put it somewhat vaguely, there were heaps of ways of making money in the world. And then, as his mind received the impression, there grew afresh a happy dream—a dream of welcomings and greetings tenderer and sweeter than any he had yet known, and the cottage, and Kate, and Pentock again, with all the difficulties banished forever.

At times when the thought of going was working within him, he kept away from Kate and the cottage where he had spent so many happy hours. He could not feel like himself there any longer, with his secret scheme lying between her and him,—and he was better away. When it was all settled, and he saw his way ahead, he would tell her all, and that

other thing too, which she knew as well as he did. He would make a clean breast of everything, and Kate would love him and while he was gone she would be waiting for him in the dear old cottage, and the time would not be so bad after all. Here the other picture always came in—the home-coming,—and he would start to his feet and swear, come what would he would go.

To Kate, meanwhile, unconscious of the stir and strife in the young fisherman's heart, a change seemed to have come over him, and her dream, too, seemed threatened with a rude awakening. Had she been deceived? she began to ask herself; or didn't he love her after all? He seemed absent and dull when he was at the cottage; and, worse still, he came so seldom now. Kate went over again and again in her mind the words and meetings of a short time before, and as she mentally compared them with the present, a sharp pain woke at her heart, and with the first keen doubt of his love she knew her own. Merry Dick Truscott, with whom she had played and squabbled in childhood, whom she had plagued and lightly esteemed later on—perhaps all the more because his love for her was so easy to see—was he to turn cold to her now that she had begun to love him? There wasn't much to love in him, she explained to herself; but she'd got used to him, and liked him somehow. And now was this to be her sorrow,—a thing to be hidden away out of sight, become suddenly a shame, and not a joy? The hot tears fell on her pillow as she faced the doubt and knew her own heart for the first time. Kate was proud, and pride did what it could in her behalf. She rapidly reviewed in her own mind every word and act of late years to Dick. Beyond a very few, which made the color rush into her face, the flower she gave him before the wrestling, the kind words when his mother died,—beyond these she could only remember much good-natured gibings and chaff, and many a sharp word spoken because it was not felt. Thank God she had done nothing to rise up against her now; and as for Dick, if he liked to turn round suddenly like this, why, she didn't care. But as she said it to herself the hot tears came afresh, and she knew in her own heart that she did care—too much for her own peace. Her dream was broken too, and no fresh one softened the smart for her, and filled again the empty place.

When Dick came to the cottage he

dumbly felt that things were different, not only with himself, but with her. A shadow had fallen between them, he could not tell how, and it seemed out of his power to dispel it. He never could get hold of Kate alone to speak his mind, and ask her what was wrong. She was never her old self now; she was cheerful and kind enough, but there was no more pleasant banter; she was moving away from him, and it seemed out of his power to bring back the old happy days when her tongue said all the sharp things and left nothing in the heart but good-will and love. As he grew more unhappy, it became more impossible to speak; to see her was to feel anew the shadow between them, so he kept away more and more.

The days dragged on heavily with Kate; work and play were alike become an effort; and there was no one to whom she could speak of a trouble such as hers. Nobody must know it; so she made no change in the outward life which was so out of harmony with the sadder life of thoughts and heart. The evenings were the worst time of all. She could not then subdue the fever and fret within her, though she might perhaps conceal them. Will he come? she asked herself a hundred times; and as the hours went on, he was glad, she said to herself, very glad he had not come, as he did not care to; and then she would cry herself to sleep a little later because he had not come. It was the old, old story, as old as life itself. One would think the world must be very weary of it by this time, yet the most of us play our part in our spring-time, and, as our turn is past, have a sigh or a tear for those that follow so closely in our footsteps.

One day as Kate was returning listlessly home from the Point she heard voices in Lizzie's cottage, and as she passed the open door she stood a moment to watch the scene within. Lizzie was sitting in an old rocking-chair, little Joe on her knee. The child had pulled down her hair, and it fell in shiny masses over her shoulders, while he yelled and screamed with triumph as, at every fresh onslaught, he tore down more and more the closely woven plaits. Lizzie was laughing too; she looked very happy, ate thought, almost with envy, when suddenly she saw her fling her arms round the boy, and, pressing him passionately to her, sobbed out a bitter cry for the pallid dead form hidden away forever under the ground, never, living or dead, to her joy and pride.

Kate moved away a little and sat down on a boulder of granite that pushed out a gray, bare surface from the grass. It had never come home to her before, all the sorrow that poor heart had borne. The love that weighed so heavily upon her, what was it beside the burden that Lizzie bore? With a rush of tears came the feeling hot and quick in her heart of a sympathy deeper than any she had known before. She rose, and hardly knowing what she did, turned back towards the cottage.

Joe was coming away. "Lizzie's crying," he said, as he passed Kate. "I don't like her to cry." True to the instincts of his sex, the young philosopher avoided the spectacle of suffering that he could not practically alleviate.

Kate went on, hardly seeing or noticing the child. She walked straight into the cottage and sat down without a word near Lizzie, who was rocking herself listlessly to and fro.

"Why, Kate," she said, leaning forward, "you look ill."

"I'd be glad of some water," Kate answered; she felt herself strangely shaken and weak. As Lizzie gave her the water she said, "Well, I'm glad to see you, Kate. I was wanting to know if you'd heard any more from our young lady?"

Kate turned her dark eyes to the other's face.

"Lizzie," she said, "I'd give all I have to have her back."

"Why, are you in any trouble just now?" asked Lizzie.

"No," said Kate quickly; "no, I'm just out of sorts, that's all. But she's been so long away."

Lizzie leaned back in her chair again.

"I want her," said she, after a pause, and added earnestly, "I'm so terribly afraid, Kate, that Joe'll stop the boy coming here, and I've grown so fond of him; he's too young to scorn me like other folks. I couldn't do without him now. You don't think he will, do you, Kate? He's not half the bad man folks make out."

Kate did not look up for a moment; when she did, she saw that Lizzie was bending forward with a look of sudden pain across her face.

"You mistrusts me, Kate—I see it," she said bitterly; "you believe them lies."

As Kate rose, the tears were welling up in her throat, as it seemed to her. She could not speak, but she went up gently to where Lizzie was sitting and kissed her.

"I'll do what I can," she said at last, "if Joe'll heed me."

Then she went away, leaving Lizzie sitting motionless in the chair, with a wonderfully still look in her eyes. "She kissed me," she thought to herself, — "only our young lady's ever done that; then she don't think me so bad after all."

Kate was blaming herself as she walked home for the weakness that had prevented her from speaking — but needlessly; that kiss brought more peace to the feeble heart than words could have done.

One day, not long afterwards, came news that the chance had come that Will Mitchell had looked for so long. There was a vessel bound for the West Indies put into Gannet, a harbor four or five miles from Pentock, and she was in want of fresh hands it was rumored. All that day there was much wondering and excitement in the village when it was known that Will and Dick Truscott had both gone off to see her; and the hours of suspense seemed very long to Richard Mitchell and his wife at home. She, good soul, could endure it only by ceaseless activity; "she knew what was a mother's duty," she said, "if that poor child Will had been foolish enough to marry didn't know hers; and go or not, his kit must be ready." There was plenty for Kate's fingers to do while she sat listening to her father as he alternately spoke with encouragement and anxiety of the contemplated voyage.

Be the day weary, or be the day long,
At last it ringeth to evensong.

And so, hour by hour, the time wore itself away, and Will came back at last to tell them all was settled with the captain, and he and Dick were off at daybreak the next day but one. They would be back in four or five months at the outside, and the money would give them something to make a fresh start with in Pentock again.

So *he* was going too, Kate thought to herself; that showed how much he cared, if there was any need for more proof. Well, she had been foolish, and she must suffer for it. Of course it was natural he should like change; all men did. And what was there to hinder him? It wasn't as though his mother was alive, or there was any one he cared for to leave behind. So Kate went on, as she lay staring at the dark, when night came at last, scourging herself with many stripes. It was almost morning before the weary round of thought ceased, and sleep came to her.

The next day was still a busier one. Her work kept her in the house, and she found herself starting every time the door creaked as it opened, and chiding herself each time in vain. He would at least come and say good-bye to her parents, she said to herself, if he did not care to say it to her. Yet the day wore on, and he never came.

Late in the afternoon a neighbor came in, to wonder and talk over the sudden determination of the two young men, and repeatedly expressed a wish that good might come of it with much head-shaking and foreboding of evil. From her Kate learned that Dick had been all over the village, wishing all the folk good-bye, and looking "a bit down in the mouth, but the finest young fellow in all Pentock" in the neighbor's opinion. Kate found the cottage and her talk almost unendurable. What need was there to leave them out amongst all the rest, even if he did not care? She asked herself the question and scorned herself for asking it, again and again. When tea was over, and the time left became shorter and shorter in which it was possible that he should still come, she grew more restless, and now it was fear that the next moment would bring his well-known footstep to the door that possessed her.

"I'm going out a bit, mother," she said at last; "I've been sitting so all day. I think I'll just get a bit of a walk."

"What! so late?" asked her mother surprised; "and there'll be Dick in to say good-bye, like enough."

"Oh, not now," said Kate lightly. "I'll not be gone long, but I want the air."

She walked slowly out of the kitchen. How different was the feverish haste with which she seized her hat and cloak, and stole out of the house! Once beyond the village street she went more slowly, turning her steps without reflection down the Point, as she struggled against the bitter pain that would not be quieted within. She sat down on some rocks near the water and watched the dark waves creeping round them, and listened with a numb feeling of misery to their monotonous noise. How long she stayed there she never remembered; she found herself cold and chill, and began reluctantly to turn her steps homewards again. It was late, she was sure, — certainly too late for her to fear finding any one in the cottage; he must be gone long ago, if indeed he had been there at all. It was all over, and the days would come and go; and it was all beyond her reach now, she thought, as

she walked on, her eyes bent on the ground, where the dim light made it difficult to avoid the loose stones. Perhaps this was why she nearly stumbled against Dick Truscott before she saw him. He took a cold, unwilling hand as he said, —

"Why, Kate, I thought I should have to go without even a good-bye from you. Didn't you guess I should be coming that you went out?"

"I'd been sitting all day and wanted the air," said Kate coldly. There came a moment of silence in which Kate drew away her hand from the friendly grasp.

"And you'd have let me go without saying so much as good-bye?" he asked at length, with a touch of pain in his voice.

"Oh, you seemed so glad to go," said the girl bitterly, "it didn't seem you cared much about anything else."

"I glad to go?" he answered quickly. "Why, I should never have gone if I could have got on here."

"Other folks do well enough in Pentock," said Kate shortly.

"Because they haven't the same need to get on," said the young man hotly. "Do you suppose, Kate," he went on, "anything would ever have made me go away from Pentock if it hadn't been the thought of you? It was that, the hope of that, if I bettered myself, that drove me to it. But now if, after all, you don't care, why I'm best gone, and never to come back neither. Kate, Kate, I can't hardly believe it though," he cried, his voice choking a little, as he took the hand again that was so cold and trembling in his own strong, rough one. There came no answer, and he could not see the girl's face, for the light was almost gone now.

"Don't you care for me just a little, Kate?" he asked. "I know I'm not half good enough for you, but I thought you did love me a bit; and I've thought of it and all when I come home again, till I can't believe it's all no good after all."

What was Kate's answer? She did not speak or move, but somehow in the dark between them the shadow moved away, and Dick knew that as he spoke her heart had gone out to meet him, and he caught her to him with a cry of joy.

It is better to stop here, to leave those few sacred moments of reconciliation untold. True, the thought that they must so soon part came quickly across their joy; but the assurance, oft-repeated, yet never too often, of their mutual love, robbed the separation of its worst sting. Kate's heart danced high for joy as they

took their homeward way together. The moon rose suddenly from behind a cloud and sailed triumphantly along the sky, and the stars came laughing, twinkling out on every side. Only a few months and a good time was coming. "You will wait?" he said, as again and again came their last good-byes; and the answer she gave him was better than words to Dick.

The next morning as Kate opened her window and looked out, the sun was touching with light the broad white sails of a vessel moving rapidly along in the fresh wind. Kate stretched out her arms towards it with a cry, and a prayer in her heart that God would bless her Dick, and bring him safe home to her again.

CHAPTER V.

BAD NEWS.

THE sun was shining again for Kate, and the heavy cloud was gone, and she took up her daily life with fresh vigor and a light heart. True, Dick was gone with his cheery presence, but in his stead had come a dream of happiness which one day was to be theirs, in the strange new life that lay before them. It was a matter of great surprise to Kate that all the village seemed to know about it; and wherever she went, folks had a kind word for her of the absent sailor, and a good wish for the future. As for Kate, to her the future was to be a thing a long way off, and very different from anything else; it filled up the background of her thoughts like a vague vision of paradise. The present was sufficient for itself as yet, for Dick loved her, — was not that enough? She was so happy, it was impossible to keep it to herself. She was forever stirring about the village, doing small kindnesses, waking joy in others, wherever she could. Whatever the great world outside might be, Pentock was not a bad place, after all; every one ought to be happy there. And the clear, bright face she took with her into the cottages was like sunshine touching all duller things with its own brightness.

The parson heard her news and sent for her. He began with a very serious face to administer the reproof he thought necessary. They were too young to think of such things yet awhile; they were but children, who didn't know what life meant, nor what a serious thing marriage was. Kate tried hard to look equally serious, and feel, if it were possible, the enormity they were guilty of; but the happy smile would not be banished; it came rippling

over her face again as she said apologetically, —

"Please, sir, it's not that; it's only Dick and I are fond of each other, and we can't help it."

The old man found himself smiling too, and dismissing her with a "God bless you." It was no use; he had been young himself, a long time ago, and he fell to thinking past times over, and then to sighing; for our laughter of long ago comes back to us with a sigh for all the tears that have fallen between.

The weeks passed away, and Kate was beginning to count the time now. One letter had come; it lay under Kate's pillow every night, though the writing was bad, the spelling worse, and the sentiments hackneyed. He loved her, and said so, and what more would you have? He did not love her less because he spelt it with "u," and did not dignify her name with a capital letter. Dick's letter had been written on the way out; another would soon be here — or, better still, the white sails bringing him back again to Pentock. At last the letter came, and it brought Kate's first trouble to her. Not that Dick's love was growing cold, but Will was coming home without him. He had taken a berth that had offered in the "Stella" to go round to Valparaiso; he would not come home until he could bring enough with him to make his dream of home real; but it was only a month or two more, and Kate knew why, and would wait. She would guess, if her heart was like his, what it cost him to see Will set his face homewards, and not come too. Kate read the letter to herself, holding it with trembling hands; it was only a month or two more, she repeated to herself again and again, as she tried to shake off the disappointment and fear that were creeping like a cold shadow over her heart. She had stood for some time before the thought came to her, that in her selfish disappointment she had forgotten the mother and wife whose hearts the letter would make glad. Great were the rejoicings when Kate, painfully calculating, made it out that Will might be there in a week or two. The mother shed some tears of joy — rapidly wiped away, however, as she began to bestir herself feverishly to make all ready. Kate had not looked yet into her father's face; she knew he would understand, and she feared the love and sympathy she would find there would be too much for her. She went to his side and began talking hurriedly, in a cheerful voice.

"You see, dad, it won't be so long after all, because he says, you see, that 'tis but a month or two; and we shall have him back only too soon, I'm thinking, if it means I'm to leave my dad. I'll step round and tell the little ones their father's coming home; they'll be wild, I'm thinking."

She hurried away. The father's presence, though he never spoke, but only looked wistfully at her, was more than she could bear.

Only a little later, and Will came back with earnings enough to give him a start and a keener love for Pentock than he had ever known before. He told Kate all he could of her lover; that he was bent on getting the boat and house, and couldn't do that without a longer cruise, so nothing would do but to take another berth.

"I think he was as nigh throwing it all up as a chap could be," Will went on, "the night I sailed. He was downright mad to think I should be here first; but he stuck to it. He's a good un, Kate, and you'll be a happy woman one of these days. Blessed if I didn't get sick of you, though, with his talk; he went on, 'Kate, Kate,' till I told un right out he was like the parrot aboard as could only say one thing, and so kep on at it."

Kate laughed with the tears in her eyes. She mustn't be a fool, she kept saying to herself; it was but a month or two, so why should she be suddenly so cast down?

The weeks went on, but they brought no letter. At first Kate thought happily that he was on his way home, and meant to take her by surprise. She began to hurry now, when she bent her way homewards every day, lest he should be already come, and she not the first to welcome him. At night she slept so lightly a little sound woke her, and she started up to listen if it were he. She never spoke her thought, but nursed it and cherished it silently, and each day broke with a fresh hope, and each night brought again the new hope for the morrow. But time went on, and Kate, awake in the night, would sometimes feel her heart fail within her with some evil thought of ill, and quick, sharp dread.

The neighbors wondered clamorously why he did not write or come; but she would not let them see the fear that began now to possess her. Later, came hints of inconstancy, — tales of others who had gone and settled down away over seas. These did not trouble her; she only

thought to herself pityingly that they did not know her Dick. No; the fear that had come to her was altogether different from theirs. Was anything wrong with the ship? was he safe? or had harm come to him on the treacherous waters? As the weeks went on, the shadow fell more heavily on her. She could not sleep, and her dreams were all of wrecks and great waves, and cries for help, which all seemed to turn into her name. When the wind rose at night, she would creep from her bed to the window, and stare out across the dark to where she heard the waves lashing themselves against the rocks. She looked at the sea now with a new feeling; it had a horrible fascination for her; and she would stand and look at it as one looks on the face of an old friend who has done one some deadly wrong.

But as yet she could not put her fear into words, that would make it seem more real. She tried to appear cheerful and go about her work as usual; but the light was gone that had burnt so brightly within her—all faded and gone; and the Pentock folk began to notice and remark, one to another, they feared she was worrying herself over it, though she did not speak of it, she was gone so thin and pale. Her mother feared he was a rascal, and finding he could do better, had settled himself out there. When she told her husband her thought he only shook his head.

If there was nothing worse to fear than that, he should feel all right about it, he said; but his mind misgave him about the ship; and he'd a good mind when he was better to walk over to Gannet and see if there was anything to be heard of the "Stella."

One morning Kate had made her way to the end of the Point. In the night the wind had risen to a gale, and she had lain trembling in her bed, her cold hands clasped tightly in the prayer that as yet could not find utterance, that no such storm had befallen him, that the lad she loved was safe, that no evil had come near him. She could not sleep, and when the light came she had stolen out to try and shake off the horrors of the night, and gain fresh courage to begin the day. She was standing on the rocky edge, looking where the water was dashing up some bits of drift-wood against the rocks, her face set and drawn with pain. Her cheeks were very pale, and her eyes heavy with want of sleep; and Joe Hoyte, as he came suddenly upon her, started as though he had met a ghost, and no thing

of common flesh and blood. Was he afraid that she would vanish away into the thin air of morning that he stood so silently watching her? She turned at length, somewhat suddenly, and was face to face with him before he could move. She hardly seemed to notice him, but her lips formed themselves listlessly into the words, "Good day, Joe."

"It's too fresh so early, Miss Kate, for such as you to come out to the Point," the man said in a rough voice, yet not unkindly.

"I don't feel it cold," Kate answered. He made a sign with his hand for her to go to the other side of the path, which was freer from stones, and walked slowly along by her side. Her head was bent down, and she did not seem to notice or wonder at him. For some time they walked in silence, the fisherman's face wearing a stern yet troubled look. At last he spoke again, and the harsh voice had some gentleness in it.

"I'm afeard, Miss Kate, you're taking on too much about it. There's many a ship gets run out of her course and not heard of for a bit."

Kate looked up and gazed hard into his face, the dark, thirsty eyes looking as though they would read their doom there.

"Then you don't think"—she began, but a great lump rose in her throat, and she could not finish the sentence.

"No," said Joe Hoyte roughly. "*He'll* be back right enough, no fear," and he strode on with his eyes on the ground before him. A minute or two and he came to a stand again. The girl was some paces behind him, walking very oddly, he thought, and as he turned to her she said,—

"I'll sit down a bit—you go on."

He caught her as she fell, and laid her tenderly on the grass.

"She's eaten nothing, like enough," he said to himself, "and the air's too sharp so early."

He had seen people once rub the hands of a woman who had fainted, so he knelt upon the ground and took one of her hands in his. His own seemed so rough he didn't know if he could do it, so he laid it down again. "I'd best get Lizzie—she'll understand what to do," he thought, as he rose to his feet again, and began quickly walking away. Now and again as he walked he clenched his fist, and a hard, bitter look came across his face; but in a few minutes he was at the cottage, and his sharp knock brought

Lizzie to the door. When she saw him she trembled a little, and stood aside in the shadow of the door.

"I'll do the boy no harm, Mr. Hoyte" — she was beginning faintly, when he broke in with, —

"Just come along, Lizzie, and bring some water or something. There's Kate Mitchell out there; she looks downright bad, and's fainted."

Lizzie's shawl was soon on, and the two were making their way back. "Had anything happened?" she asked hurriedly; "was anything wrong?"

"Wrong?" said the man bitterly; "why, there were few things that weren't wrong to his thinking; but as for anything happening, there was nothing more than had been going on for weeks without any one seeming to have eyes in their heads; she was just fretting her heart out, that was what was wrong, and all for a fellow who couldn't know" — but the rest was growled out between his teeth, and Lizzie was frightened at the sternness of his face, and put no more questions, but hurried along by his side, half running in her eagerness.

Kate was sitting up when they reached her; she drank the water without a word, and Lizzie knelt beside her with a little stream of words, her light fingers pulling the cloak to its place on Kate's shoulders, and busying themselves in a dozen such small ways.

"Thanks, Lizzie," said Kate at length. "I'll go home with you a bit. I suppose I'm out of sorts, and faintish for food."

Lizzie helped her to rise, and she walked along slowly by her side. But first Kate turned to where Joe Hoyte stood watching them. "Thank you, Joe Hoyte," she said, and then she waited as though she had more she would say, looking wistfully into his face. He moved uneasily. At last, looking away from her and down the Point over to the lowering sea beyond, he said, —

"I'll go over to Gannet and get what news I can, if you like."

She took his hand with a sudden movement in both hers, tried to speak, but the tears came; she turned back to Lizzie, and the two moved slowly away together.

Had the Pentock folk seen the face with which Joe Hoyte stood scowling out to sea where they had left him, their suspicions of his connection with the powers of evil would have received confirmation. The passions within him must have been fierce indeed to brand his face with such a look of hate and suffering. But the

pain predominated; there was little or none of the other feeling left when he first stirred, and turning on his heel muttered to himself, "I'll do it, if it's to pleasure her. I love her so, I'd do it if it was to tear me to pieces."

Two days afterwards, as dusk was falling, and Lizzie was sitting by herself in the little cottage, the door was pushed open and Joe Hoyte came in. He had been away two days, and now, as he came into the room, he reeled and sat down abruptly opposite to her. At first she thought, with alarm, that he had been drinking, his face was flushed, and there was a wild look in his eyes she had never seen before, but his words reassured her.

"Get me something to eat, there's a good girl. I've been on my legs these two days, and am dead beat almost."

She hurriedly fetched some bread and cold bacon and put it before him.

"Have you heard anything?" she asked timidly. He looked at her for a minute without speaking, then pushing away the things she had brought him, and turning in the chair, he said, —

"Yes, I have; and I wish to God I'd never gone. She went down months back, and all hands lost — the 'Stella,' I mean. Look here, Lizzie, you'll have to tell her somehow. I can't do it, I can't. I'm afraid almost to go home now, lest she should send to know. Her face would kill me. I can't do it."

Lizzie was standing awestruck before him. Now she began to cry feebly. "Oh, dear, what shall I do?" she said to herself. "Isn't there nobody better than me as 'ud tell her?"

What ghost was this that seemed to glide between them, and stood with a white, rigid face before the man? They had heard no sound, and Lizzie shrank back with a stifled cry as she first caught sight of Kate's white face. She stood so horribly still before Joe; she did not speak; her lips seemed frozen, and no sound came from them. He was on his feet in an instant, gave one wild look at her, and staggered out of the cottage. Kate put her hand to her head, and then she turned to where Lizzie was crouched upon the floor, her face buried in her hands, the tears forcing their way through the fingers that vainly strove to hide her face.

"Tell me" — the words died on Kate's lips; and Lizzie, grovelling to her feet, seized one cold hand and buried her hot, tear-stained face in it.

"Oh, Kate," she sobbed, "I don't know how to say it. You'll try and bear it, Kate; but you mustn't hope no more."

She clung passionately to the hand she held, as though she feared it would slip from her grasp. "Joe Hoyte's been, and — and she's gone down. God help you, Kate — there's none saved."

To Lizzie it seemed as though hours passed by in that horrible silence that followed. She could not dare to raise her face and look in Kate's, she only clung weeping to the hand she held, and waited for the other to speak. When no sign came, she could endure it no more; she let Kate's hand fall, and, burying her face again in her own, sat on the floor praying in a helpless, terrified way that God would forgive her — that Kate would bear it — that it mightn't be true after all. When at last she fearfully raised her head to look, the cottage was empty; Kate had gone away with her burden of sorrow.

To and fro Lizzie paced the empty floor. Such a blow falling on a strong nature was fearful to her. That she herself should suffer seemed so natural; but Kate — Kate who was good, and whom every one loved — that Kate should be so troubled, was dreadful. What had she done to bring it on her? Lizzie feebly wondered to herself. Kate had always been so good to her, she couldn't see why things should go so wrong. And then to think she should hear it like that, from such as her, who couldn't do nothing, nor say a word as other folks would know how! And now where was Kate gone? What could she do, what could she do?

Up and down she paced, and at last there gradually framed itself in her mind what she would like to do, but she didn't know how. There was only one person who could help Kate — and how to let our young lady know?

"I can't write her," wailed Lizzie to herself, "and I'm afraid to go to the house. I couldn't dare to go. Why, the parson might see me, and Mrs. Gooding. I couldn't bear it." Yet as the minutes went on the need and love grew so great that they drove her out, flitting a'long the road towards the parsonage. There were lights in the lower windows, and Lizzie hung about by the garden-gate watching them and not daring to ring the bell. At last, as it grew late, the lights began to move. She thought, almost in despair, they would soon be gone to bed, and her chance would be lost. She ran along the gravel path holding her breath and rang the bell. It was a feeble sound, but it

struck Lizzie with new terror, and she hid behind the deep shadow in the porch. Presently Mrs. Gooding herself opened the door, surprised at the bell ringing at such an hour. She looked out, and seeing no one, was going in again when Lizzie started forward.

"I wouldn't have come indeed, Mrs. Gooding," she cried, "but Kate's in such trouble, and I thought you'd help her."

The old woman had started back at the first sound of her voice; now she advanced again cautiously, closing the door behind her. "Well, I didn't think to see you, Lizzie," she said gravely; "but what's wrong with Kate?"

Lizzie told her story, crying as she told it, and ended with an entreaty that Mrs. Gooding should let the young lady know.

"She come to me," sobbed Lizzie, "when I'd nothing left, and maybe she might find a way for Kate too."

The old woman took her hand when they parted; she had also promised to write: and Lizzie crept home again, and flinging herself on the bed, fell asleep at once like a tired child.

And where was Kate? In the cottage, sitting so still and white that the mother was frightened. She had told them, without a tear, the news she brought back with her, and now she was sitting, waiting, as it were, to understand it herself. After all the weeks of feverish fear and hope, the truth had fallen on her like a numbing weight. By-and-by she would understand it, and all that frozen heart would break into tears, but not yet — not yet.

CHAPTER VI.

PENTOCK POINT — NIGHT.

A FEW weeks had gone by, and Kate was going about her work again, trying hard, though vainly, to have patience with her sorrow. Folks had done talking much of it now, but she was only beginning to realize all it meant for her. The future lay like a dead blank before her; if she were so tired already, how could she ever live to cross the waste that was left? She mustn't think, — she must go on from day to day as she could. There were loving hearts round her, but she could scarcely bear even their kind words and looks of pity. She worked very hard, and strove so to fill up her days that the time for thought might be choked, as it were. It was the evenings that she dreaded; then indeed life was terrible to her. When the cottage door was shut,

and her father and mother sitting together on each side of the hearth, and the ticking of the clock became audible in the still, warm room, then there came on her a rush of feverish restlessness, — it was unendurable. She tried to overcome it; and her father's wistful look, as he saw her moving restlessly to the door, had many a time brought her back to his side. But when the wind rose and the nights were rough, it was more than she could control. She used to hurry out, stumbling along to the end of the Point, battling against the storms of wind and rain, and finding a strange relief in the effort. Then, too, when she crept home again, cold and dripping, she was too tired to think, and the pitying sleep came quickly to her. "She would take her death one of these nights," her mother fretted once when she was gone; but her husband shook his head, and answered sadly, "We must let her be, wife, — she's doing her best, poor lassie."

One bright autumn morning about this time Kate was busy in the back kitchen: her mother was out, and she was getting the dinner ready, when a little sound made her turn her head. The things fell from her hands as she sprang forward with a cry: it was her young lady, with the same sweet face, a smile of love upon her lips, and the little hands stretched out silently to her. Poor Kate! how she had longed for this! and now that it had come, she could only try to choke back the burst of tears that she could not control; she could not say a word of all the love she had in her heart. But the little lady had got her hand, and they were sitting together on the old-fashioned window-seat, and the clear, childish voice was once more in her ears.

"I know all about it, dear," she was saying; "my poor Kate." And then Kate's head was leaning on her shoulder, and all the long-pent-up misery had its way, and the bitter words came. The other listened silently but for the constant little dumb movements which told Kate her heart was going with her through all the sorrowful story.

"I'm just stranded, missy," she ended. "I've tried hard to think about heaven, and that we shall meet there; but it's all no good; it do seem so far off, I can't lay hold of it. How am I to get through, missy, without Dick?" she asked piteously, looking up in the other's face. Blinded as she was with tears, she yet remembered afterwards how white and sad it looked; but the loving, tender eyes

were on hers, and soothed her even before the voice spoke.

"Why, dear, you must just wait. God will help you if you will leave it all to him. You'll be brave, Kate, I know; you will do your best, and I think" — here there came a little pause, and the voice took a deeper tone — "I *know* strength will come to you. We mustn't look forward, Kate — we're too weak for that — but just try and be patient every day, and wait. You can't doubt God loves you, Kate? Why, just see if little Joe, now, was in trouble, wouldn't you want to be bearing it for him, and you would do all in your power to help him? Of course you would. And if you would do it for Joe, why, just think how it must be with God, — and he is able, too."

"But Dick," said Kate after a little pause, "he was so young to die like that! Oh, missy, how am I to know I'll see him again?"

Kate felt the cold little hands trembling that held hers. "You must just trust," said the voice again, and there was a catch in it, and a ring of pain as it went on. "You mustn't be unthankful, Kate. Dick was good; he had a true, honest heart; it must be well with him, alive or dead. You can't doubt God cares for him too?"

"No," said Kate, with a sob; "but 'tis easy for you, missy, who is so strong and good, to trust, but I don't know how. You don't know how I feel."

The little lady leaned forward on the seat and looked into Kate's eyes with her own filling with tears.

"Kate," she said earnestly, "I think I know; I wouldn't tell you to trust if I had not tried it."

They talked on for some time, and Kate was soothed and comforted when Carrie left her. She had been able even to forget her trouble for a little in speaking of Lizzie, and answering all her young lady's questions.

Great were the rejoicings in Pentock when the young lady's return was known. She was just her dear self all over, they said; and though they couldn't see why she'd stayed away so long, yet it was lovely to have her back home again. She was in her own place as though that break had never come to her Pentock life; in and out of the cottages she went again with the cheery voice and smile, making every one the gladder for her presence.

Kate was trying hard, but it was no use, she often said to herself. Time was wanted to heal the wound; but meanwhile she was able now to speak of her trouble,

and that helped to soften it. As the autumn grew late, and the gales began to come, she was sorely tried again; and many a night the sad noise of the wind and rain sent her wandering down the Point.

Joe Hoyte had taken to come in sometimes in the evenings with little Joe, though he did not say very much. Kate would read the paper to her father, and the two men would talk over it afterwards. And the girl was glad, as it brought back the old light to her father's eyes which had got so dim of late.

One night, as the men were talking, Kate sat with the boy on her knee, his eyes heavy with sleep as they watched the fire flicker and grow small and large in the grate. Kate's thoughts were away, out beyond the little room, over the dull, grey sea. A tear fell on the boy's face, and he looked up surprised into Kate's.

"What are you crying about?" he asked softly. Kate smiled down at him.

"Why, because I am silly, Joe, I suppose."

There came a little silence, and then the child gathering himself closer to her, whispered, —

"Is it because you're afraid of the dark, Kate? D'you know," he went on with a burst of confidence, "it's so awful dark alone down there before dad comes home? Mrs. Johns says 'tis silly, but I is awful afraid, d'you know?"

Kate put her arms round the boy, and laid her cheek against the rough black head.

"But you never are alone really, Joe," she said gently, "so you needn't be afraid, my son. Don't you know God sends his beautiful angels to come and take care of children when they're good? so you just say your prayers and you need never be afraid."

"What's angels like?" asked Joe.

"Well, we don't know that," said Kate, "but they take care of us."

"They's got great wings, hasn't they?" asked Joe again.

"They say so," answered Kate evasively.

"Was they ever birds, d'you think?" asked the child eagerly.

"No," said Kate; "more likely they were good people once."

Joe's face fell. "Who made 'em?" he asked indifferently.

"Why, God," said Kate; "you know, Joe, he made everything."

"How did he do it?" pursued the child.

"We don't know that," said Kate, "we only know he did."

"I guess," said Joe, with a little laugh, "he didn't make 'em all at once, but stuck the feathers in after!"

Once or twice when Joe Hoyte came he found the old people alone. The mother saw his eyes looking round the room, and answered their question.

"Kate's out again; it troubles me so she goes out these nights."

"Where does she go?" asked the man.

The mother told him, and added her anxiety lest any harm should befall the girl. He said gruffly, if she found any comfort in it they might let her be, — 'twould be all right; and the father added, —

"Ay, ay, let her be; there's none in Pentock 'ud harm Kate."

After that the old woman noticed that Joe never came when the nights were rough.

Often through the driving rain he watched the girl as he stood in the shadow of a rock, beating her way along, and he would follow her silently, his heart growing heavy as he saw the sad face pass by. Once she came upon him suddenly; the night was so dark he had not seen her turn. She started back; but when he spoke, she came forward again, and they walked home together.

"Why did you come out here?" asked Kate, rather sharply, after a long time of silence.

"Because," said the man slowly, "I couldn't rest at home and you out here this weather. If you only guessed a bit how many there is as cares for you," he went on, "you'd maybe feel happier and not take on so."

"It's no use, Joe," she said gently; "I do all I can, and I thank you, but I'd rather you didn't come out here again."

He said nothing, but saw her safely to the cottage door; and never again in her wanderings did she meet with him on the Point.

Winter set in with its cruel storms, and Kate was more than usually restless and unhappy. She talked to her young lady about it, and then felt comforted for a little while; but the terrible nights, when the wind howled and shrieked, beat her down again. When she heard it rising as the afternoon grew late, a cold feeling of terror crept over her. It was in vain that she found more for her hands to do, — the nights would come and bring with them the same old misery. For two days there had been a lull, and Kate was

feeling stronger, when once again the wind began to rise.

"You'll never be going out again, Kate," pleaded her mother. The girl paused on the threshold, and came back again; a little later the parents went to bed. Kate drew away the curtain from the window. The sky was clear, and the moon had just risen, though the wind was rising, and a heavy bank of clouds was driving along near the horizon. She lay down and tried to rest, but the wind seemed to have a voice that night, a voice that called and called her, and wailed as it died away. Anything was better than lying there cold and shaking, Kate thought. She rose, and dressing herself hastily, once more stole out of the house; and her feet, almost without her will, took her down the old familiar way they had trodden so often of late. The wind went by her with a shriek as she walked along, tearing at her heavy dress. She had tied a thick handkerchief over her head, but as she neared the end of the Point, a heavy squall of rain wetted it through and through, and made land and sea dark and awful. The wind, too, seemed to have risen since she left the side of the promontory and neared the extreme end.

It was too dark to move safely now over the broken rocks, so she crouched down and waited till the moon should free herself once more from the heavy driving clouds. They grew thinner: the veil seemed almost transparent now, catching a little of the shining light behind it, then once more she swept clear from its edge into the sky. And the waters caught the gleam and were touched here and there with the light. But what was that dark blot upon them? No rock could stand out so dark and large as that against the sky. Kate sprang to her feet with a scream. It was a vessel, struck on the rocks, and she saw the white foam flying over it as the waves burst up against its side. It must be a stranger, who, not knowing the danger, had got caught and landlocked in the treacherous bay. The sky was clear now. Kate rushed on to the nearest point shading her eyes with her hand. There were men on board, — she saw them running about the deck. What could she do? they were but a little way from shore, but the sea between was so fretted and seamed with rocks, what hope was there of getting a boat out to them? She shouted again and again, but the wind tearing by her carried her voice away. She must get

back to Pentock as fast as she might for help. She was turning to climb again the rocks she had clambered down, when she saw a sight that filled her with new terror. They were letting down a boat, and the men were hurrying into it.

"O God," she cried, "I shall be too late! they'll never know the creek, and they're dead men if they try to round the Point." She stood scarcely breathing as she watched the boat fill and leave the vessel's side, its prow turned towards the sunken rocks and fearful death. With despairing force she shrieked again; but what strength had her voice against these terrible monsters that howled and roared around her as though eager for their prey? She sank on her knees in despair — "God! God!" she cried: the terror of what she should see robbed her of all power to pray. What was it that made her leap to her feet and once more, half climbing, half falling, make her way still nearer to the dark, cruel water? The boat had neared inshore a little, and if she could only hold her own in the sea, she believed she would reach them in time, before they were on those hidden rocks beyond the Point. The sea had not had time as yet to be more than an angry one. She had swum once before when it was almost as bad. Anyhow she could but try.

She was near the edge now, under the lee of a great black rock. She hastily tore off her boots, then the heavy dress, and stood out, bareheaded, on the edge in the clear moonlight to take the plunge. A man running heavily along the Point saw her clearly in that moment as the slight girl's form stood poised against the sky.

A wave dashed over her. Ah, how the frail body shrank from its cold, bitter touch! She could not do it; the chance was so slight, the peril so fearful; and to die alone — so utterly alone — she had not strength. She wavered, and was moving back when a thought came to her that sent the light back to her eye and courage to her heart. These poor souls toiling on to certain death, — were there no hearts at home like hers to be emptied and broken? If it had been Dick in that boat — She rushed to the edge; if she did it there was no time to waste: a heavy wave rolled by, and with an unspoken prayer for help, she slipped into the water.

She never remembered very well what followed, — a vague recollection of a shout behind her and then the sound of a heavy plunge came back to her afterwards.

Then she needed all the strength of body and thought to beat her way through those cruel waters. She bore up bravely at first. With bold, strong strokes she cleared the heavy waves, but it was impossible to bear it long. Heavens! how the waves rose up before her, and hissed, as they curled over and thundered along! She never knew how she passed them; in after times it seemed as though again and again they bore her down. But she was nearing the point at which the boat must pass: if the moon would not hide herself for one brief moment more, if the terrible darkness did not come — one last effort, one cry, and they were safe. She heard their voices as the black boat loomed over her, — heard them, and shouted with what feeble strength remained, "Steer for the creek, inshore, not the Point." Then in the darkness that was coming over her eyes, through the choking waves that sucked her down, a strong arm was held out and caught her. She was pulled into the boat, and half dead as she was, she knew before the darkness quite closed over her, that she was in the arms of her lover, — that it was Dick himself, come back as it were from another world, who wrapped the heavy coat around her and held her in his arms.

Need the happy home-coming, the tears of joy, be told?

My story is over now. The storm was past; they were in the haven; and the shipwreck that had threatened heart and life had borne blessed fruit at last.

There are only a few more words to say.

As the cold, grey morning broke after that fearful night, what burden was this the waves bore and laid down upon the sand in the creek — laid tenderly down with little whisperings, and then shrank back across the sand like guilty things? God rest you, brave, true heart! you died nobly, Joe. Lizzie was right: you were a good man — a good man through all your fierce temptations. And she whom you died to save understands you at last. The loved hands held your cold ones; she laid her lips to yours, and once more came the words, "I thank you, Joe Hoyte," — whispered this time in love and tears. There is a grave in Pentock that never wants a flower, — a heart in Pentock that never grows forgetful: God rest you, faithful heart!

And little Joe lives with Lizzie. They are learning together how to be good. Love is teaching her the right way, and

she is teaching him — love that turns even feebleness to strength, and as it grows makes pure its dwelling in the weakest heart. No more fear for Lizzie now, she is in good keeping; and the years, as they go by, will bring only strength and healing with them.

Kate and Dick were married when April came round again, and the grass and flowers were springing up to their new life. All Pentock was there in the grey stone church — from the parson with his white head bent over his book, to Lizzie and little Joe by the door. Though all Dick had toiled for was gone down with the fated vessel, yet he was there, loving and strong; and as he took Kate's hands in his and looked into her face, so full of love and happiness, no one doubted — and Richard Mitchell least of all — that life's path would be easier for both if they travelled it side by side together.

So I think of the Pentock folk, now that time has gone by, gathered together there in the little church in loving sympathy to rejoice with the group standing together at the end. But last, I like to think of our young lady as she knelt there — a ray of sunlight falling on her, her hands clasped tightly together, and a quiet, happy light in the face, that told one her heart was the home of that peace that passes our poor understanding.

From The Fortnightly Review.

ON THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COLOR-SENSE.

THE subject of the development of the color-sense or color-perception is one that has only been discussed within the last five-and-twenty years. Mr. Gladstone was the first to open this question. His studies of Homer had led him to remark how few colors were mentioned by that author, and in his "Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age," published in 1858, he dwells upon the paucity of colors mentioned by Homer, and also upon the inexactness of their application. This he believed due to the fact that Homer's perceptions of color were vague and indeterminate, owing to the organ of color and its impressions being but partially developed amongst the Greeks of his age.

It would be as well before proceeding further to obtain a clear idea as to the point at issue. Authors have generally considered the question to be this: "Is there sufficient evidence to show that the

power of perceiving color has been acquired by man within historical times?" The question to be discussed in the present paper will be, "Is there evidence to show that the power of perceiving color has been gradually acquired at any time, not only by man in historic or pre-historic times, but by the animal kingdom at large?"

This question naturally falls within the larger one of evolution or special creation, the doctrine of evolution supposing that all living things have reached their present condition by becoming adapted, both in function and structure, to the circumstances in which they may be placed, while the creation hypothesis supposes them to have been created more or less in the same condition as they are now. Thus the question in the present case would be this: "Is there evidence to show that the power of perceiving the different colors has been gradually attained by man or animals owing to the circumstances in which they have been placed?"

The simplest and clearest way of treating this question will be to divide it into four parts:—

Firstly.—To consider in what the "color-sense" or "perception of color" consists.

Secondly.—To recall what has been written on this subject, and the arguments brought forward to prove that the power of appreciating colors has been gradually developed.

Thirdly.—To consider the value of those arguments as to the point at issue.

Fourthly.—To state the conclusion which must be arrived at on the whole question.

I. Firstly, then, "What is the, 'color-sense' or 'perception of color'?"

And in the first place what is color? It is unnecessary to say more than a very few words about this. It need only be remembered that Newton discovered the white light of the sun not to be homogeneous, but formed of seven colors, and that the tints of objects are due to their power of decomposing white light and reflecting various portions of it to the observer's eye; that the separate rays which form what is called the solar spectrum are unequally refrangible, so that when white light is decomposed by means of a prism, the different colors which compose it may be observed separately on a screen placed to receive them; that red, the least refrangible, will be seen at one end of the colored band or spectrum,

while violet, the most refrangible, will be seen at the other, the arrangement of the colors, which should be borne in mind being red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet; also that beyond the red-colored and the violet rays at the two extremes, other rays, the ultra-red and the ultra-violet, exist, known respectively by their heat-giving or chemical effects. Color, then, results from the power which objects have to reflect certain parts of the white light. How are these rays of light supposed to meet our eyes? A certain light, elastic element is supposed to pervade everything in space; this element, which is called "ether," is made to vibrate or undulate by such agencies as heat and light. Not only can light produce these vibrations in its compound condition of white light, but each of its components, the colored lights, has the same effect. Thus when we see a colored object it would seem that certain waves only of those which constitute white light are transmitted to our eye, and these waves give to the object its characteristic color.

This, then, is the accepted explanation of color, and the color-sense, or perception of color, will now be considered. These waves, these undulations forming a certain portion of white light, reach the eye, and exert a certain influence on the expansion of the optic nerve at the back of the eye, termed the retina; corresponding vibrations are set up, it is thought, in the optic nerve, and an impression is thus produced on the brain, which enables the color to be recognized. Thus Young and Helmholtz supposed that, since all colors can be produced by different combinations of the three primary colors, red, green, and blue (or rather violet), three sets of nerve fibres must exist in the retina, each of which is sensitive to one of these sets of rays. This, however, it should be said, is by no means proved to be the case.

It will be observed that corresponding vibrations are supposed to be set up in the retina and optic nerve resembling certain phenomena which occur in the case of sound. I mean in the propagation of sound by reciprocation. If two strings of the same length and tension be placed side by side, and one of them be sounded with a violin bow, or if the same tone be produced by any other musical instrument, as a flute or tuning-fork, the other string will sound the same note. Thus the vibrations of the air producing sound, meeting with a string capable of vibrating at a certain rapidity, would ex-

site such vibrations in it, and produce a similar note. The analogy between the power of distinguishing sounds and colors has long been recognized, and just as different fibres of the auditory nerve would seem to correspond to the air vibrations of a certain rapidity, so would those of the retina and optic nerve with the vibrations of ether producing different colors. Occasionally, as Dr. Pliny Earle has shown (American Journal of Med. Science, vol. xxxv.), the want of power to perceive certain colors, or color-blindness, co-exists with a similar want of power to discriminate musical tones.

This want of power to recognize certain colors, or color-blindness, which affects from three to five per cent. of the population, takes different forms. The most common form is red color-blindness; that is, the inability to distinguish red and green from each other. In the solar spectrum a person affected with this form of color-blindness sees only the two colors, blue and green, with their various tints. Thus red, orange, yellow, and green all appear of the same tint, the other colors of the spectrum appearing blue; the other forms of color-blindness, namely, the inability to see green or blue, are much more rarely seen. It is necessary to say these few words about color-blindness, since it has been supposed to be a return to the primitive condition of vision in mankind. It will be seen, however, as we proceed, that there are no reasons for this supposition.

It is in this, then, that the appreciation or perception of color consists. A colored object is placed before the eyes, vibrations of ether having a certain magnitude are reflected from it, and reach the eye of the observer. Corresponding vibrations are set up in the retina and optic nerve along which they would pass to the brain and effect consciousness. It has been shown that when light falls upon the retina, some alteration must occur in the optic nerve, since the electric current along it undergoes change, becoming sometimes positive, and sometimes negative, in the same way as when motor nerves are stimulated. (Dewar and M'Kendrick).^{*} This covibration or change, whatever it may be, would influence the brain, and lead to a mental image of the colored objects being formed, the power of perceiving and discriminating color in this way being

termed the "color-sense" or "color-perception."

II. We now come to the second part of our subject, namely, to recall what has been already written on this subject, and to mention the arguments brought forward to prove that the power of appreciating colors has been gradually developed. It has already been mentioned that Mr. Gladstone was struck with the fewness of the colors mentioned by Homer, and the inexact manner in which the color-terms were used, and that in 1858 he suggested that colors were probably not appreciated at that day as they are now, the organ of color and its perceptions being probably in a comparatively undeveloped condition.

The next to take up this question was Lazarus Geiger. In a paper read at Frankfort-on-the-Main in 1867, he represented that the power of perceiving color, as it now exists, must have been attained gradually and progressively, and *that* even within historic times. Suggesting that probably the organs of man's senses some thousand years ago were by no means in the same condition as now, and that they were then incapable of their present functions, he applied this idea to the power of distinguishing colors, and examined the indications of color-perception presented by the works of different ages. Neither in the Vedas, the ancient religious works of the Hindus, which are supposed to have been written from fourteen to sixteen hundred years B.C., nor in the Zend-avesta or books of the Parsees, or Persians, which must have been written before the eighth century B.C., did he find indications of developed color-perception. From both any mention of blue color was entirely absent, a fact the more striking since the Vedas are full of descriptions of the sky, while the latter, the Zend-avesta, specially treats of light and fire, which are represented as originating in the sun. Similarly green color is not mentioned either in the Rigveda hymns or in the Zendavesta, though both often speak of the earth. The size and height of trees are considered, but not the green color of their leaves. Again, he finds, as Mr. Gladstone did, how inaccurate are Homer's descriptions of color, and adopts the same suggestion, namely, that colors were probably not perceived at that time as they are now.

In 1867, M. Hugo Magnus in a work entitled "*Die Entwicklung des Farbensinnes*," published at Iena, gave reasons for believing in the same progressive appreciation of colors as Geiger; in the

^{*} The idea of Clerk Maxwell will be remembered, that light itself is an electro-magnetic disturbance, ether being the vehicle by which this disturbance is propagated.

same gradually increasing sensibility to color-impressions. Believing that at first mankind merely perceived white and black, the presence or absence of light, he believed red to have been the first true color to be recognized, and that the power of perceiving the other colors was gradually acquired in the order of the colors in the solar spectrum. Thus he believed the perception of red to be followed by that of yellow, these two colors seemingly having the longest and most powerful waves of ether. The perception of green followed, then of blue, and lastly of violet. Dr. Magnus believed that it was whilst red and black were alone distinguished that the hymns of the Vedas were written, that yellow was also recognized in the time of Homer, and that it was only at a later date that the perception of green followed, and lastly that of blue and violet. He believed it to be only in quite recent times that the numerous shades of the solar spectrum have been defined with exactness, that the evolution of the color-sense is still incomplete, and that the time will come when the ultra-violet rays will be perceptible to the eye, though their existence is only at present recognized on account of their chemical effects.

It has already been pointed out that color-blindness has been supposed to be a return to the primitive condition of vision in mankind. A further examination, however, shows that, even supposing primitive vision to have been such as Dr. Magnus suggested, this could not be the case. In color-blindness the perception of red is almost invariably lost, while that of blue and violet is present. The reverse is supposed to have happened when colors were first appreciated by mankind. Red colors are thought to have been perceived, when blue and violet were not yet distinguished. Thus there is no resemblance between color-blindness and the condition which is supposed by Dr. Magnus to have prevailed when the color-sense was in a primitive condition, nor can it be looked upon as an indication that such an undeveloped state of the color-sense ever existed.

In 1877 Mr. Gladstone wrote an article upon the color-sense in the *Nineteenth Century*, in which much the same conclusions were arrived at as had been already stated in his "Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age," namely, that Homer's perceptions of the prismatic colors and of their compounds were as a rule vague and indeterminate, owing to the organ of color

being at his time, at least among the Greeks, only in its infancy, whilst it is now full grown in us. He reviews what Magnus had already written on this subject, pointing out that discussions had taken place in Germany upon it, the tendency of which seemed to be in favor of the doctrine that color was little known to the ancients, the perception of it having been gradually developed until it had become a familiar and unquestioned part of our inheritance.

Hence the inexactness with which color-terms seem to be used by all ancient writers. Hence the fewness of color-expressions. Hence the apparently different appreciation at different ages of the same colors. Thus he points out that while Homer considers the rainbow as one-colored (*πορφύρεη*, Il. xvii. 547), red or purple, Xenophanes, who lived in the sixth century B.C., sees in it the several hues of red (*φοινικέον*), purple (*πορφύρεον*), and yellow green (*χλωρόν*). Aristotle, who lived at the same date, looks upon it as of three colors—red, green, and blue; while Ovid, who wrote at the beginning of the first century A.D., treats it as of a thousand colors, with shades of which each is scarcely distinguishable from that adjoining it, but with extremes very remote from each other. Finally, Newton established the scientific doctrine of the colors which compose it.

It was also in 1877 that Mr. Wallace wrote an article in *Macmillan's Magazine* upon the colors of animals and plants. The object of this article was to explain the cause of these colors, rather than the way in which they were perceived; but as the two were supposed to be dependent on each other, color-perception on the part of animals was considered at some length. Though the ultimate cause of color in the animal world would depend on something molecular and chemical in their integuments, or on the action on them of heat, light, or moisture, still the colors would be so modified by natural or sexual selection for various purposes, that such selection, Mr. Wallace points out, must be looked upon as the main explanation of their color. Thus it is that he divides the colors of animals into four groups:—

Firstly.—Protective colors, by which the animals are protected from other animals which would prey upon them. Thus green colors would be unperceived, as he points out, in tropical forests, white among arctic snows, and so on.

Secondly.—Warning colors, by which

the animals are rendered more visible, so that, from the juices of their body being unpleasant to the odor or taste, the very conspicuousness of their appearance prevents them from being molested.

Thirdly. — Sexual colors, due to voluntary sexual selection.

Fourthly. — Typical colors, with regard to which none of the above causes seem to exist, but which seem to depend upon peculiar elements or chemical compounds in the soil, water, or atmosphere, or upon special organic substances in the vegetation of the locality which they inhabit.

Thus in the first three of these groups the perception of color by animals is looked upon by Mr. Wallace as an undeniable fact, the apparent use of the color in the animals which belong to them being to protect them from others, to warn others, or to attract others.

Plants also are shown by Mr. Wallace to have acquired some of their colors by the power of attracting insects which such colors give them, the visits of such insects being necessary for their fertilization — a point which has been brought out more fully by Sprengel, Darwin, Müller, Hildebrand, Delpino, and other observers.

The subject of the perception of colors or of the color-sense was very ably discussed by Mr. Grant Allen, in a work on the color-sense published in 1879. After pointing out in what color-perception consists, and how it would seem to be the special function of the cones of the retina, since these are wholly wanting in nocturnal animals, and are most thickly massed near the central part of the retina where color-perception is most acute, he discusses the history of the appearance of color, and of its first perception. Mentioning that, as Brongniart stated, three periods of geological vegetation may be supposed to have existed, he points out that these, which are called "the age of acrogens or ferns, the age of gymnosperms or conifers, and the age of angiosperms or true-seeding plants," might be termed the age of flowerless plants, the age of anemophilous or wind-fertilized flowering plants, and the age of entomophilous or insect-fertilized flowering plants, the former flowers being those in which the pollen of the male flower is wafted to the stigma of the female flower by means of the wind, whereas in the latter it would be carried there by insects.

Thus it was that during long geological ages no signs of red, orange, blue, or yellow, in the form of either flower or fruit, have been found, while since even in the carboniferous period traces of insect life exist, these insects must have sought their food in the flowerless plants then living. Such insects would have carried the fertilizing pollen from plant to plant, forming a more sure method of impregnation than the wind, and the plants which were the most attractive to insects would gain an advantage in the general competition for place on the earth's surface; thus insect-fertilized plants would gradually gain ground on the anemophilous division, not only on this account, but also because the seedlings due to such cross fertilization are the more vigorous. The brilliantly colored flowers being most easily perceived would be more likely to be fertilized by the insects, and the growth of large colored petals might be thus explained, while their color also renders the existence of a color-sense most probable in the insects by which they were fertilized. This color-perception would again become more and more perfect in the insects, owing to the advantage which their improved color-sense would give them in their search for food. Mr. Grant Allen also points out that the color-perception, which has been shown to exist now in many insects, such as bees,* wasps, ants, and others, would have been inherited from such ancestors, and the fact that insect-fertilized flowers are, as a rule, large, brilliant, and colored, while those which are wind-fertilized are small, green, and inconspicuous, affords another proof of the existence of such color-perception.

Supposing, again, the power of perceiving

* My brother, Sir John Lubbock, has not only shown experimentally what had until then been a matter of inference, that ants, bees, and wasps can distinguish colors, but in the case of bees has proved that they have a decided preference for blue.

It is perhaps even more interesting that ants, and some other articulate animals (daphnias), appear not only to perceive all the colors that we can see, but also the ultra-violet rays, which are invisible to us. Sir John Lubbock observes (*Trans. Linn. Soc.*, 1881, p. 1377) that "as every ray of homogeneous light which we can perceive at all appears to us as a distinct color, it seems probable that these ultra-violet rays must make themselves apparent to the ants as a distinct and separate color (of which we can form no idea), but as unlike the rest as red is from yellow, or green from violet. The question also arises whether white light to these insects would differ from our white light in containing this additional color. At any rate, as few of the colors in nature are pure colors, but almost all arise from the combination of rays of different wavelengths, and as in such cases a visible resultant would be composed not only of the rays which we see, but of these and the ultra-violet, it would appear that the colors of objects, and the general aspect of nature, must present to them a very different appearance from what they do to us."

ing color to be similarly inherited by every vertebrate animal, he expresses his belief that man is the descendant of an arboreal quadrumanous animal of frugivorous habits, who shared, like other vertebrates, the power of perceiving color. He points out that man now possesses a very perfect color-sense, equally pronounced in all varieties of the species, from the highest to the lowest. That the latter point is true is proved not only by the works of travellers and others respecting modern savages, but by information received from missionaries, government officials, and others living among uncivilized races. That the color-sense existed, seemingly in an equally developed condition, in ancient times is rendered probable by the character of the ancient monuments in Egypt, Assyria, and other parts. He also points out the traces of color-perception which exist in the Old Testament. In the very first chapter of Genesis we hear of the green herb (v. 30). Isaac partook of red pottage (Gen. xxv. 30). Joseph had a coat of many colors; the Israelites in the desert were enjoined to wear "ribands of blue" (Numb. xv. 38). Rahab agrees with the spies to hang out scarlet thread as a signal. The curtains of the tabernacle were to be made of "fine twined linen, and blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fringed with loops of blue" (Exod. xxvi. 1). The veil was to be of the same three colors (Exod. xxvi. 31), as were the "hangings for the door" (Exod. xxvi. 36) and the gate of the court (Exod. xxvii. 16). The breastplate of the priest (Exod. xxviii. 15) was to be "of gold, of blue, of purple, and of scarlet." In Solomon's temple also the veil was to be "of blue, and purple, and crimson, and fine linen" (2 Chron. iii. 14). In these passages, though the exact meaning of the Hebrew words used may not be given in the English translation, the difference seems to be but slight, the words translated "blue, and purple, and scarlet" being perhaps more correctly rendered "blue purple, red purple, and crimson."

There are also indications that perception of color existed in the bronze age and even in the stone age. Thus white colored ornaments and beads have been found in the Swiss lake dwellings which are supposed to have belonged to the bronze age, stones remarkable for their color seem to have been chosen in the stone age, not only for use, but also for ornament. Grant Allen, therefore, believes color-perception to have been developed at an earlier period of animal

existence, and accepting *in toto* the theory of evolution, he believes the earliest animal eyes to have been cognizant of light and its negation only; the discrimination of form he believes to have followed, and lastly the perception of color. Color-perception, first aroused in insects by the hues of flowers, and in simple marine animals by the animal organisms around them, he believes to have been handed down from the latter to fishes and reptiles and more remotely to birds and mammals, that quadrumanous animals being frugivorous possess color-sense in a high degree; while man, the supposed descendant of these fruit-eating quadrumana, possesses very perfect color-perception, direct investigations showing all existing men to have like color-perceptions, while history shows the same to be true of all earlier races.

I would allude, lastly, to a paper read at the Anthropological Society of Berlin by Dr. Rabl Rückhard, in 1880, upon the historical development of the color sense. From this we learn that Fridhuf Holmgren, the Swedish physiologist, suggested a few years ago a new plan of testing color-perception, namely, by means of variously colored wools. A skein of wool having a certain color, as, for instance, light green on the one hand, or red on the other, being placed before the person whose perception is to be tested, he is desired to choose from among a large number of variously colored wools those which seem to him to be of the same color. Should the perception of color not be in a developed condition, or should color-blindness exist, colors are indicated as similar which to those with good color-perception appear of different hues. Thus, for instance, red and green, or blue and grey, might be regarded as of the same color, whilst the ordinary eye would recognize their dissimilarity. By such means it was found that the inhabitants of the polar regions, Nubians, and other uncivilized races, had a highly developed color-sense; that in some cases with few, vague, and undecided names for color, good color-perception existed; it does not therefore follow that, because the vocabulary of any race is limited, their perceptions must necessarily be the same. Hugo Magnus, mainly owing to these facts, acknowledged that the conclusions which he had previously deduced were not borne out by actual observations, and now lays down propositions which are more or less identical with those of Rückhard, namely:—

Firstly. — That all savage nations hitherto tested have a sense of color which does not differ from that of civilized nations.

Secondly. — That perception of color and designation of color have nothing to do with each other, and that it is not safe to conclude from a deficiency of language that there exists a corresponding deficiency of perception.

III. We have now to consider the value of the different arguments brought forward.

It would be the simplest and best way to regard this, firstly, as to the development of color-perception in man in historic or pre-historic times; and, secondly, as to its gradual and progressive development in the animal kingdom.

Firstly, then, as to its development in man within historic times.

It will have been observed that the arguments in favor of the gradual development of the color-sense within historic times are merely philological—that is, derived from the inexact and scanty way in which the names of colors are used in literature, and that observations among the uncivilized races now living show, as Hugo Magnus asserts, that the perception of color is not indicated by the variety of terms used to express it. The fact, therefore, that the names of colors are seldom, or inaccurately, used, does not prove the perception of color to be equally at fault. If, again, the perception of color has become so perfect within the last three or four thousand years, it would be natural to suppose that some uncivilized races would now be in the same condition as regards perception of color as men at the time when the Vedas or Zend-avesta were written, who did not distinguish accurately between the different colors of the solar spectrum in their writings. Such, however, is not found to be the case, even the least civilized savages being found to have good color-perception. This was found to be the case by Mr. Grant Allen among a large number of uncivilized races in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and the Pacific islands, leading him to the conclusion that color-perception is absolutely identical throughout all branches of the human race. In many cases, however, the color-terms used were few and incomplete, as, for instance, among the hill tribes of India, who, though they can distinguish the different colors, use the same term to express blue, green, and violet. Similarly the observations made at the request of Holm-

gren among the Swedish Laplanders and other inhabitants of the Arctic regions, the observations of Virchow and others upon Nubians and Lapps, brought them to the same conclusion. There is, therefore, no deficiency in color-perception among the uncivilized tribes now living, as would probably be the case had the color-sense only been developed within the last few thousand years. The ancient monuments, again, of Mycenæ, Assyria, and Egypt show how developed the perception of color was when they were built. Indeed Mr. Owen Jones, in his "Grammar of Ornament," states his belief, with regard to Egyptian monuments, that the more ancient the monument the more perfect is the art. "Monuments," he states, "erected two thousand years before the Christian era are formed from the ruins of still more ancient and more perfect buildings. Whether the lotus and papyrus were taken as symbolizing the food for the body and mind, the feathers of rare birds, the palm-branch, or other type of ornament, that ornament, however conventionalized, is always found to be true. We are never shocked by any misapplication or violation of a natural principle." He also says: "The architecture of the Egyptians is thoroughly polychromatic—they painted everything—therefore we have much to learn from them on this head. They dealt in flat tints, and used neither shade nor shadow, yet found no difficulty in poetically conveying to the mind the identity of the object they desired to represent." The Assyrian style of painting was also supposed by him to be "the remains of a more perfect style of art yet to be discovered." Ancient monuments, therefore, lead to the same conclusion that the development of the color-sense cannot have occurred within the last three or four thousand years. The Old Testament Scriptures point to the same conclusion.

There are, as has been said, indications that color perception was also developed in man in pre-historic times. Colored articles belonging to the bronze or stone age indicate the existence of a good color-sense in those times, and so great an authority as the late Dr. Rolleston was of opinion that the general character of the pre-historic remains could leave no doubt in the mind of an expert that primitive man possessed a considerable perception of color.

Whatever, therefore, man has left behind tends to show that he has always possessed good color-perception.

Secondly, as to the gradual and progressive development of color-perception in the animal kingdom in which Mr. Grant Allen believes.

I would ask whether there is any proof that color-perception, being first aroused in insects by the hues of flowers, and in simple marine animals by the animal organisms of their environment, was handed down from the latter to fishes and reptiles, and so on to birds and mammals? What proofs does Mr. Grant Allen offer of this suggestion? Surely none. It is very possible that the insects living in the carboniferous period may have sought their food in the flowerless plants of that age, that the few colored plants—colored, perhaps, owing to their chemical composition—would offer special attraction to the insects by means of which they were fertilized, while at the same time the color-sense would become more perfect in these insects owing to the increased power of procuring food which such an advantage would give them. Similarly it may well be that color-perception became more perfect in simple marine animals on account of the advantage, whether protective, attractive, or other, which the color-sense would give them. But can we deduce from these possibilities that the latter “handed down the power of perceiving color to fishes and reptiles, and more remotely to birds and mammals”? Surely all we can say is, that the color-sense in insects would become more and more perfect owing to their method of procuring food, and that the power of perceiving color, by means of which they do so, would be inherited by their insect descendants which are now living, while marine animals would similarly bequeath to their posterity the same power.

IV. Lastly, then, to what conclusions does the consideration of this subject bring us?

I would again repeat the question to be solved which was mentioned at the beginning of this article, “Is there evidence to show that the power of perceiving color has been gradually and progressively acquired?” Reasons, more or less conclusive, have been given for believing that, as far as man is concerned, no such gradual development can be shown to have taken place. To what conclusion must we come as to such development occurring in the animals of past ages? We have seen that the power of appreciating color would become more and more perfect in those animals which live upon colored food; the same statement, however,

may be made with respect to the power of distinguishing form, and there is no evidence to show that the improvement took place in one direction earlier than in the other. Neither does any proof exist that color-perception has been handed down with gradually increasing perfection from one species to another of the animal kingdom. If everything has reached its present form, its present condition, by evolution, color-perception must have done the same, but as yet there is no evidence to show how and through what stages this evolution took place. It was not my intention to discuss in this paper the general principle of evolution, which we owe to Darwin, and which has been so ably advocated by Spencer and others. I merely wished to point out that the color-sense, considered alone, has not yet been shown to have reached its present condition by means of such a process; that there is no proof that in mankind the color-sense has improved either in historic or pre-historic times, and that the suggestion of its gradual development through the animal series, however probable such a view may be from general considerations, is founded on theory, and not on actual observation. MONTAGU LUBBOCK.

From Temple Bar.

EMILIA: AN EPISODE.

CHAPTER I.

THE scene is a little mountain inn, backed by dark, forest-clothed peaks, about which sullen clouds were gathering. Before the inn-door stood three horses with ladies' saddles, held by a guide; apart from these, a little farther off, was a light open carriage into which a horse was being harnessed. On a paved terrace adjoining the inn, and raised a few feet above the road, stood a gentleman in a grey travelling suit, with an open letter in his hand. He was a man of about thirty, with a thoughtful, sensitive, rather worn face, and a brown moustache, which he smoothed slowly as he read. His was the carriage that was being made ready for departure; awaiting it, he stood leaning against the low parapet that ran round the terrace and overhung the valley, absorbed in the perusal of his letter. Its contents were not new to him; the handwriting, clear and decided, without needless flourishes, was his own; the letter had been written hardly an hour ago in the little inn-room, whilst some trout was being

fried for his midday meal, and he was reading it through once more now, before enclosing it finally in its envelope.

"Let us take it for granted once for all, Emilia," — so the words ran — "that our marriage was a mistake; that, circumstanced as we were, neither of us with a heart free, we did wrong in allowing ourselves to be influenced by others, interested perhaps — let us take all this for granted, I say — what then? Are we to allow that mistake to ruin our lives? When you left me, six months after our marriage, did you solve the problem? It is not so, in my experience, not by such precipitate action, that the problems of life are solved. Ours, I grant, was a hard one; but I think that faith, patience and friendship, might have helped its solution more than a rash step which I resented bitterly at the time, but which I have long since forgiven, knowing under what misapprehension it was you labored. Knowing that you thought I had deceived you, I wonder the less that you should have acted as you did. But you have long since known that you were mistaken, and I think you must sometimes have been sorry that you would listen to no explanation, that you refused to see me, that you left my letters unopened. I should have been more urgent, if I had not fancied — forgive me, Emilia, if I am wrong — that you were not altogether sorry for the pretext; that refusing to be happy under my roof, you were glad rather of any reasonable excuse for returning to your own friends. But after three years, are you still in the same mind? Is your life so happy, is the thought of me so intolerable, that you absolutely refuse to face a future in which I should have a part? For myself, I confess that I see no reason why two honest people should not make up their minds to what is irreparable, and, patient to bear with each other, should not agree to share the burthen of life, which with the weight of the past upon it, I, for my part, own I sometimes find very heavy —"

A clap of thunder and some large drops of rain startled the reader; he looked up at the sky; the rolling clouds had gathered overhead; a storm was imminent. His eye glanced rapidly to the signature of the letter: "Henry Lawrence;" and folding the paper, he replaced it in the envelope, which he closed. For a moment he considered the address: "Mrs. Lawrence, Hôtel de Paris, Bagnères de Luchon;" then placing the letter in his

breast-pocket, with another glance at the sky, he crossed the terrace with leisurely steps, and re-entered the inn.

He turned into a little room on one side of the passage which ran through the house, that he might pay for the trout and red wine off which he had lunched half an hour before. There was a minute's delay whilst the inn-keeper was counting out some change, and through an open door, English voices and English speech were plainly audible from the dining-room on the opposite side of the passage.

"I think it always rains in the mountains," said a sweet, rather plaintive young voice: "I remember last year in Switzerland, don't you, Sophy? how it went on day after day — and it is just the same here. I don't mind for myself, but for you, Emmy, with your delicate throat, it is very bad."

An inaudible reply from a speaker further within the room apparently; and then another voice was heard with decision in its tones, —

"But you ought to mind, Emmy. Really your attacks are no trifle, either for yourself or for any one else. I wish we had taken a carriage for the excursion to-day, instead of riding. I see no chance of this rain ceasing, and we shall be perfectly drenched before we get home."

Lawrence had got his change by this time; he stepped back into the passage. Through the open door of the dining-room he had a glimpse of three ladies in riding-habits; two of them, both young and handsome, were standing by the window; the third was seated at the table with her back towards Lawrence. He could see nothing but some twists of chestnut hair beneath the drooping feather of her hat, the curve of one ear, one slender, ungloved hand supporting her head, whilst the other played with her riding-whip. But the color of the hair, the turn of the head, the shape of the hand, the attitude at once listless and graceful, seemed not unfamiliar to Lawrence. He half-made a step forward, but paused, hesitating, before he crossed the threshold; then abruptly turning, passed again to the outer door. The thunder was rolling away across the mountains, but the clouds were settling into grey, impenetrable mist overhead and around; it was raining heavily now, no thunder-shower, but a steady downpour that left no hope of immediate change.

"It will pour the whole afternoon," said the same sweet, half-plaintive voice that had spoken before.

Lawrence looked round. The two ladies who had been standing at the window, had followed him to the door to look at the sky, and consider the chances of the weather clearing. Lawrence hesitated no longer.

"I beg your pardon," he said, taking off his hat, "I have a carriage here with a hood, and it would give me pleasure if I could be of the slightest use to you. Unfortunately I am driving myself, or the carriage should be entirely at your disposal; but if you would care to occupy the vacant seat —"

He had addressed himself more directly to the younger of the two ladies, the one who had just spoken; and she it was who replied.

"Thank you very much, but my sister and I do not mind the rain at all," she said; "it does not matter to us, does it, Sophy? It is our cousin we are thinking of. She is so delicate, and she has only just recovered from an illness. Sophy, shall we go and persuade her? If it would not really inconvenience you" — she said, turning again to Lawrence.

"My carriage is at the door," he said, "I drove over from the Eaux-Chaudes this morning, and I am this moment about to return there."

"You are very good, and what you propose would be a real boon to my cousin," said the elder sister after a moment's hesitation. "I will speak to her. She is not easy to persuade, but I should be glad if she would consent to take advantage of your kindness. It was such a day as this that brought on her illness before."

They re-entered the inn, and Lawrence waited outside in the shelter of the doorway. Five, ten minutes perhaps, passed, then footsteps and voices approached once more, and the third lady whom he had seen seated at the table appeared.

She came out, holding up her habit, a tall and slender young woman of four or five and twenty, moving with grace and certainty, with an air of ease and distinction proper to a beautiful woman accustomed to good society. Her features were clear-cut and refined, her complexion delicate; she had brown eyes with dark lashes and rather marked eyebrows slightly raised, giving character to her whole face in an expression half-weary, half-indifferent. She had yielded, it would seem, to the importunities of her companions, and came forward with the air of one in truth habitually indifferent to life and life's possible incidents. But she no

sooner saw Lawrence than she drew back, flushing deeply.

"You are very kind," she said coldly, answering words he had not spoken, "but my cousins are mistaken. I much prefer to ride."

Lawrence bowed and turned as if to go, but changed his mind. "You will not come?" he said. His voice and manner were so odd, that Clarice, the younger of the two sisters, who stood behind in the passage, opened her eyes wide and looked at him.

"Nonsense, Emilia," interposed the elder lady in her decided voice, "you must *not* risk catching another of your colds. What will mamma say if she is detained here as she was at Luchon? And since Mr. —"

"I will go," said Emilia suddenly. She gathered up her skirt and walked quickly down the steps of the terrace to the road where the carriage was standing. Lawrence tarried for one moment before following her. "My name is Henry Lawrence," he said to the sisters. "I should perhaps have mentioned it before. I am staying for a day or two at the Eaux-Chaudes." He raised his hat and hurried after Emilia. The carriage was a small, light vehicle with a seat for the driver and one other. Lawrence helped Emilia in, raised the hood, got in himself, and they drove off.

There was a moment's silence. "This has been done on purpose," said Emilia then, in a tone of indignant haughtiness.

"No," Lawrence answered: "I was aware that you were in the Pyrenees, but I thought you were still at Luchon. I only arrived at the Eaux-Chaudes last evening. Our meeting to-day was quite unlooked-for by me."

There was another silence, broken this time by Lawrence. "It seems hard, Emilia," he said with emotion in his voice, "that when I would willingly see you again under my roof, you should resent the offer of half an hour's shelter from the rain."

"I do not resent it," she said more gently, "but this meeting was — unexpected. I thought it had been pre-arranged, and I have known — there has been too much of arrangement between you and me."

"Too much indeed," he answered absently. Then suddenly — "Emilia, you do not still believe those absurd accusations you once brought against me?"

"No," she said, "I do not believe them now. I sent you word once, did I not?"

that the past was cancelled. Oh, let it rest! Why renew the discussion now? We have met — and are friends. In half an hour we part again, and go each our own way. Let the past rest.”

“It shall be as you wish,” said Lawrence, after a moment’s consideration. “Believe me, I have no wish to take advantage of an accidental meeting to force on you a painful discussion. We meet as friends, you say, and those words are welcome from you to me, Emilia. For the moment, at any rate, they content me.”

“That is well,” she said, smiling a little, “and I am glad to be sheltered from the rain. So for the moment, as you say, we are quits.”

They drove on in silence; Emilia content indeed to be sheltered from the pelt-ing rain, content to rest and say nothing, leaned back with an unexpected feeling of repose after her short moment of indignant resistance and repulsion. A sense of *bien-être*, of personal comfort after discomfort, has power to blunt even a strong emotion for a time; and Emilia, to her own surprise, found no present strangeness in this unlooked-for hour, which had brought about a meeting with her husband. A few minutes went by, and then her cousins passed her at a swift canter, the guide leading her own horse. They waved a salute as they swept past.

“Those are your cousins?” said Lawrence.

“Yes,” said Emilia, rousing herself, “I thought you knew them.”

“No,” he said, “we never met before. They were not at our wedding, you may remember. Your cousin Sophy was still in India; your cousin Clarice was — I forget where — at school perhaps.”

“Probably,” said Emilia with indifference; “no, I remember now, you cannot have met them before.”

She leaned back again in the little vehicle, looking straight before her at the rain-obscured, mist-blotted mountain cliffs and forests. That cloud-wrapped scene in which all landmarks were confused or effaced, gave a sense of isolation, of separation from the world which she found inspiring. Yes, it was strange to be driving through this strange, shrouded land with her husband, unseen for three years; but it was a strangeness that exhilarated her. The consciousness of his presence did not oppress Emilia; she would have thought beforehand that it would — that it would be a moment of painful embarrassment. On the contrary,

she had a sense of freedom, of adventure, of exultation even. Emilia was a woman of conventionalities, as Englishwomen brought up in a certain class of society can hardly fail to be. She lived a life that was before all things conventional, a life of social exactions, of kindly, monotonous affection; but she was not conventional by nature, and she found some glamor of enchantment in this one half-hour in which she had escaped into a new atmosphere. It was only for one half-hour, a brief space of thirty minutes, of which nearly half were already gone; it pledged her, it bound her to nothing. But it revived her; it sent the blood to her cheeks, and life to her eyes. Her first mood changed; she sat up and pushed back her hat, welcoming the rain-laden gusts of wind that swept through the mountain gorge. But Lawrence wrapped the carriage rug closer around her.

“You must be careful,” he said, “your cousins will not forgive me if I let you catch cold.”

Emilia sank back passively within the hood. She did not in truth want to catch cold; her colds were events remembered and discussed for months afterwards. Lawrence’s next words, kept carefully at a level of commonplace, followed not unnaturally on his last; they were prompted by a recollection of what had passed at the little inn.

“You spent some time at Luchon, did you not?” he said, “and you will soon be leaving the Eaux-Chaudes. Your aunt seems to travel a great deal.”

“Yes, we travel a great deal,” said Emilia. “All the winter we are at Cannes; all the spring and autumn we spend in Italy; all the summer — I don’t know where — in the Pyrenees, at German baths, in Switzerland — what does it matter? it is all the same.”

“You are a good deal in Italy,” said Lawrence; “well, that must please you. You used to long to go to Italy, I remember. You used to speak of it with an enthusiasm which” — he checked himself in whatever he was about to say. “I remember that you had a great enthusiasm for Italy,” he concluded in a matter-of-fact voice.

Emilia did not at once answer.

“Italy!” she said at last, “yes, you recall to me some old dreams. I too remember my enthusiasm for Italy — the Italy I loved before I went there.”

“You do not love it now?” said Lawrence.

“Do you not understand,” she an-

swered, "in thinking beforehand of a country like Italy, it is as a disembodied spirit that one imagines oneself there, a spirit at one with all the loveliness that one pictures—not oneself with one's life to drag one down and tinge everything to a sad, monotonous coloring. Oh! I love Italy still, and in memory it always takes again some of that ideal charm—but it is not the Italy of vines and statues and sunset skies I dreamt of as a girl. I have looked at too many sunsets since then."

She sat silent for a minute; then, rousing herself, looked at her companion with a sort of surprise.

"How strange that I should say all this to you," she said, smiling with an air of polite apology, as at an immeasurable distance from him. "I never talk so, I never think so, I believe; but now I rave like a sentimental schoolgirl."

"Not at all," said Lawrence; "you speak what I also have felt in moments of depression."

"But I am not a depressed person," said Emilia, still smiling; "far from it. My life is a happy one—ideally happy, some people might call it. I have a home, friends, ample leisure, no cares, no responsibilities. It is responsibility, you know, that weighs a life down, that makes it really depressing."

Lawrence did not answer; there was a false ring in Emilia's voice that forbade response; but as the horse slackened its pace up an ascent, he glanced round at his wife, and his eyes rested for a moment on her profile, clear and pale beneath her plume-shadowed hat. Emilia blushed, conscious of his gaze, though her eyes were downcast; and angry with herself for this involuntary blush, she bit her lip in vexed embarrassment, and colored more deeply. Lawrence instantly turned away his eyes, and shook the horse's reins to quicken its pace.

"I am afraid you will hardly escape a wetting, after all," he said: "these little hired horses have no idea of hurrying themselves."

"But I am not at all wet," said Emilia, "and I am glad to have been sheltered from the drenching I should certainly have had on horseback."

She spoke cordially. Her mood changed from moment to moment. This half-hour was in truth strange to her, and each minute seemed to mark an epoch. To herself it was as though some familiar habit of mind, some long-worn mask were slipping from her, and she must continually strive to grasp and fit it on again. Law-

rence who was not a man of moods, and wore no mask, was comparatively at ease and drove on in unembarrassed silence. They were nearing the hotel by this time the gorge narrowed, the first houses of the village were in sight through the streaming mists. Lawrence loosened the reins that the horse might walk up the last ascent, and drew the letter he had been writing at the inn from his pocket.

"I had written you a letter"—he said—"I have been unfortunate hitherto in my letters. In the somewhat wandering life you lead, they seem constantly to miss you."

Emilia blushed. "I have received them," she said.

"But you would not answer them?"

"No, I would not," she replied coldly; "I burnt them unread."

Lawrence considered for a moment. "Why?" he said then.

The question was a simple one, but it disconcerted Emilia.

"I—I did not wish to read them," she said; "the past is past. Why return upon it?"

"I suppose because we have still a future which it cannot but modify," said Lawrence. "You will do me a favor, Emilia, by reading this letter—and by answering it. Next month I am going to the East; I have a three years' appointment in Constantinople. It shall rest with you to decide whether all communications between us shall cease for those years or not. To-morrow you shall give me your answer, and I will abide by your decision."

He put the letter in her hand. They had reached the hotel, and he helped her to alight from the carriage.

"You look tired," he said with concern, as she hesitated before entering the house. "You have not been well lately, your cousins told me. You do not look strong."

"Oh, I am well now," said Emilia carelessly. She turned to go, then turned again. "Thank you," she said, "you have been kind and generous in this last hour, when you had it in your power to be otherwise; you have insisted on no point that could give me pain. It might have been a painful moment: your consideration has made it otherwise. On one half-hour at least in our lives I shall look back with pleasure."

She smiled slightly as she spoke the last words. Lawrence did not smile; he simply bowed without speaking, and Emilia passed on into the house.

As she went along the upper corridor, the door of her cousin Clarice's room half opened and she looked out.

"It is you, Emmy," she said, "you are better off than Sophy and I are. We are drenched, absolutely drenched. Emmy, *who* is that Mr. Lawrence? Surely it is not —"

"Yes, it is my husband," said Emilia coldly, and passed on to her own room.

CHAPTER II.

EMILIA went down to dinner that evening, feeling shaken, excited with an excitement that was assuredly not pleasure, and yet was not pain; an exaltation rather, lifting her above the usual dead level of her existence. She had thought for a moment of excusing herself, of remaining up-stairs with some ordinary pretext of a headache; she accused herself of stupidity in at once admitting to her cousin that it was her husband she had met; she was sure that she would now have to undergo inquiring looks, even perhaps sympathetic words — and Emilia, like most of us, hated a sympathy that insisted on what was abnormal in her lot. Decidedly, she had thought, she would remain up-stairs. But her aunt, Lady Meriton, a confirmed invalid, was apt to resent all illness but her own as a personal affront; or at any rate, illness that came at *mal à propos* moments when she was not in the mood for petting it. With a gentle interest in many things, in her daughters, in society, in select gossip, in afternoon tea, in Emilia's unhappy marriage, she had only one very ardent interest in life outside her own health, and that was the health of her three dogs — Reine, Duchesse, and Marquise. One or other of these was seldom absent from her side or her thoughts; they habitually travelled with her, they were the present representatives of a long line of favorites, whose biographies, advent, life, and death she faithfully held in sacred memory. "When my girls were little they used to be quite jealous of the dogs," she had been known to say plainerly, "but that was absurd. Of course the children *couldn't* be to me what the dogs were; they couldn't lie in my arms all day and never leave me at night, like Fifi. It nearly broke my heart when she died; *nothing* could make up for her loss. I have never really got over it."

For the rest, Lady Meriton was a gentle, kindly woman enough, and as far as possible kept her dogs to herself and her maid — a virtue rare indeed in your true

dog-lover, and one appreciated at its full worth by her family and friends. But Emilia at once abandoned her half-formed project of a headache, knowing that her absence from the *table d'hôte* might create a commotion worse than anything else to bear. Besides, she wanted — she thought she wanted to see her husband again. She had not the remotest intention of changing her present mode of life. It suited her, she said to herself now, as she had often said before, whilst her maid removed her damp riding-habit and began to arrange her dress for dinner. As for the mutual duties of husband and wife, their just relations to each other and to society, she held no account with them at all; they had nothing to do, she had long since told herself, in a marriage into which she had been persuaded against her will, in which there had been no pretence of love on either side. That episode in her life she had closed and never meant to re-open. She did not read her husband's letter; she had not even made up her mind whether she would read it; it lay on her writing-table for consideration later on. But she thought she would like to see him again, to readjust her ideas concerning him. For years she had felt hard, bitter, resentful; but after this afternoon she could retain those long-cherished feelings no longer. He was not quite what she remembered him; no, he was certainly different from what she had thought. Those first months of her married life had left impressions on her mind that she had held to be righteous as they were indelible; and now a time had come when she must doubt their justice and recognize that others, due to a calmer moment, might well replace these, connected with a disastrous past. Emilia was ignorant as to whether Lawrence were staying in the hotel or no; but nevertheless she made her toilette with more care than usual this evening. As a rule, beyond a preference for certain stuffs and colors, she showed an absolute indifference in the matter of dress, resigning herself entirely to the hands of her maid; but this evening a new sentiment made her rouse herself, select herself the gown she wished to wear, and give an unusual attention to the arrangement of her hair. If Emilia had not been too proud and too reticent, even to herself, to analyze this sentiment, she might have discovered that it was an awakening of feminine coquetry which had been stifled for years — the desire to look well in the eyes of a man who was interested in her. But Emilia was not

given to self-introspection; she acted now simply on the impulse of the moment, and went down-stairs to the dining-room.

Her husband was not at the *table d'hôte*. She ascertained it at a glance, as she looked down a row of familiar faces. She was late, her cousins and her aunt were already seated—her aunt with her two dogs Reine and Duchesse, one on either side. They were charming dogs, silky, well-kept, well-behaved; but there were people in the hotel unfeeling enough to rejoice that the third dog, Marquise, had been left at a Pau hotel in charge of Lady Meriton's man. She and her maid had agreed between them that they could not manage more than Reine and Duchesse on their few days' excursion into the mountains; and though there had been a moment of grave deliberation as to whether it might not be worth while to bring the manservant also to attend upon Marquise, it had been decided finally to leave them both behind. But Lady Meriton was not at ease; she had constant words and thoughts to give to her absent favorite, and she was talking about her now when Emilia came in.

"Poor Marquise will be so lonely," she was saying to Clarice, who sat next to her, and who was more sympathetic than Sophy, "I wish we could have brought her. Stevens is careful, I know, but I am not quite certain that he understands Marquise. It might have been better to leave Duchesse—only Duchesse cannot stand the heat, and Stevens could never have been trusted with Reine. On the whole, perhaps, we did what was best. Ah, Emilia, poor child, there you are—and the soup has just been taken away. But we can have it brought back."

Emilia, seated between her two cousins, found herself obliged to submit to all the attentions proper to the nervous headache she had thought of as a pretext for absence. Not that they supposed she had a headache; it was their way of showing sympathy—the sympathy she deprecated—for the mental discomfort they imagined her to be undergoing. Her aunt spoke to her softly, in carefully lowered tones; her cousin Sophy filled her glass with wine, her cousin Clarice offered her the use of her fan and smelling-bottle. Emilia, half amused, half exasperated, sat helpless through dinner; but as soon as they had gone up-stairs afterwards to their little *salon*, she took the matter into her own hands.

"I met my husband to-day, Aunt Clarice," she said, "he is staying here."

"So Clary told me, my dear," said her aunt in a tone of gentle compassion "Well?"

"That is all," said Emilia indifferently and taking up a review, she checked all comment by setting herself to read.

But she could not read. An unopened letter came continually between her and the page, a letter that lay awaiting her on her table up-stairs. She presently rose and, wishing her aunt and cousins good-night, went up to her own room. She dismissed her maid at once, and wrapping herself in her long white dressing-gown, she began to pace her room with unquiet steps; she began to do what for three years she had shrunk from doing—she began to review her life.

Emilia was not a woman to live alone; the whole course of her education had tended otherwise. She was cultivated without being learned, accomplished as girls with French nurses and German governesses and London masters, learn to be accomplished; she played and drew well, she spoke several languages fluently, she read all the new books and a good many old ones; but she was not self-sufficing, she had no independent ways; she was out of harmony with the ever-increasing rush of womankind along lonely, deviating paths. To travel about the world a solitary woman, or even accompanied by a maid, would have been wholly repugnant to her. She had no advanced views; a London house with social-science lectures, with philanthropic schemes, with coffee taverns and school-board meetings to fill her days, would have suited her hardly better than a life of lonely wandering. She was essentially a woman to be moulded to anything by the will of one for whom she greatly cared, to turn politician, secretary, diplomatist, nurse, camp-follower, to meet the needs of a husband whom she loved. Or to reverse the picture, in an atmosphere of praise and affection, as an adored and cherished wife, she would again have been in her element, and a hundred charms of tenderness and gracious ways would have blossomed in the friendly air. Left to herself, half of life would always be wanting. She had done what she thought best, when she left her husband six months after their marriage day. On a married brother, older than herself, and on his wife, she laid the blame of a marriage arranged for her and insisted on at a moment when her spirit was weakened, nearly broken by the desertion of a man she had loved. She had come to live with her

unt and cousins, for whom she had a sincere affection, and who had taken her part throughout in her disagreement with her husband. She could live with them without feeling that she was a burthen; on the contrary, her ample means were of practical use in the wandering life which modern ideas and ill-health combined, induced her sickly aunt to lead; carriages could be had, expeditions could be planned when Emilia was there, unthought of at other times. With her aunt, for many years a widow; with her elder cousin Sophy, also a widow, young, handsome, and childless, and expected to marry again some day; with her younger cousin Clarice, a charming young woman, so full of sentiment to care about marrying just yet, Emilia, in her somewhat dubious position, felt safe. They lived an exclusive life, with a select circle of friends, who gathered round them in the winter, whom they met at different tarrying-places in the summer; and in this limited world every one *understood*. For outsiders, and mere acquaintance, for their opinions and conjectures, Emilia cared but little. She went out not at all; she saw only the society she met at her aunt's house at Cannes, with which she mixed unaffectedly, but with reserve. She avoided all complications. Always gentle and intelligent, with a certain dignity and gracious kindness to those about her, she was liked and admired by all who knew her; but nothing more. Some people wondered whether Mrs. Lawrence had a heart at all—Emilia wondered herself sometimes; there was little to remind her of its existence, and she did not want to be reminded of it. This quiet round of days, varied by books, by travelling, by acquaintance, by the small family interests she shared with her aunt and cousins, just suited her, she had the habit of saying to herself. She had made a mistake; that was past and irremediable. Given the mistake, she had done the best she could with her life. And yet what a life it was!

The thought came into her mind, as, pausing in her walk, she glanced round her apartment. It was an ordinary hotel room, but in the few days she had occupied it, it had already become transformed by the hundred trifles with which a woman of ample means and cultivated tastes creates an unvarying atmosphere around her. Books and magazines and papers scattered on the table, a heap of silks and a square of fine embroidery, a glass with wild flowers, a water-color block, told of

Emilia's varied occupations; but they told too of a life unfettered by active duties, unclaimed by others, a life to be longed for by some self-sufficing spirit, some devoted worshipper of self-culture, but one which filled Emilia now with a sudden sense of indescribable weariness, of heart-sickening monotony. She went up to the table; she opened one or two of the books; she took up a water-color sketch and laid it down again. A deadly sameness, a fatal mediocrity seemed to her eyes to be written on every page, to deaden everything she touched. What was to be the end of it all? To what could she look forward? What aim or hope did the future hold?

She sat down by the table and thought. For three years she had been answering the question in her own fashion; she had answered it in every letter she had burned unopened, in every appeal from her husband she had left without response. Emilia was less generous than her husband; she knew that she had been at least partly in the wrong; but she had not wanted to own it—not yet. She felt a dull shrinking from explanations, from a return upon a past which had been so filled with pain. She said to herself that she wanted peace, not change. What could change bring her but fresh trouble? She had spoken truly when she told her husband she did not want to read his letters. The past was dead. Oh, let it rest!

But to-night another letter lay before her, a letter which she might leave unread indeed, but which she could not ignore. Should she leave it unread? Should she burn it as she had burned the others and refuse to see Lawrence to-morrow? Should she burn it? For a moment she held it towards the flame of the candle. A moment and all would be ended; to-morrow he would go away, and she would return to her old dead peace, to the old indifferent life with her aunt and cousins, the aimless travelling, the purposeless sight-seeing—a darkness seemed to settle down upon Emilia at the thought. No, that could never be again; anything, any change, any pain even as a relief from that. The meeting with her husband had shaken her to her very soul; she felt it now, she felt herself torn away from the old life with its unexpectant dulness, to take part in a drama of vital interest. With a quick movement she drew the letter away from the candle, she laid her hand upon the envelope to open it—

A knock at the door startled her. "Come in," she cried. She glanced at

the timepiece on her table; it was not late. She had come early to her room, and it was little past ten o'clock.

It was her cousin Clarice who entered, pale and with dilated eyes.

"Oh Emmy," she said, "we have had such a scene! Poor mamma —"

"Aunt Clarice is **not** ill?" said Emilia hastily.

"Not now — no. She was a little hysterical at first, but that is over now. No, it is not that; but we have had a letter from Pau; poor little Marquise is taken ill, and from what Stevens says, mamma is convinced that it is one of the attacks she had before we left Cannes, and that Stevens will not know how to treat it. Mamma is frantic; you know what it is, dear Emmy. She wanted to go off at once, only of course there is no possibility of getting a carriage to-night, and so I came to tell you that she wants us all to start at eight o'clock to-morrow morning. Hardman will stay behind to do the packing, and follow in the evening. You won't mind, will you, Emmy?"

"I shall mind immensely," said Emilia, with an energy that surprised herself, "I cannot possibly go to-morrow."

Her cousin looked aghast. Never since Emilia had lived with them had she asserted herself in this way; never had she shown anything but a half-indifferent acquiescence in whatever was proposed.

"Why, Emilia," she said in her plaintive voice, "I don't see what we are to do. I tell you, mamma is frantic about Marquise, and after all, it is only starting a day or two earlier than we proposed."

"You can go without me," said Emilia, "why not? I will follow with Hardman when the packing is done; or I will keep Maria, and then Hardman can go with you. Aunt Clarice might prefer that."

Clarice stood speechless with dismay for a moment. "Why, Emilia," she said again, "you know mamma cannot bear that we should separate, and just now when she is so nervous too — and then if poor little Marquise were really to die, she would be miserable. You know how she adores her —"

Emilia nearly laughed. She thought of her husband awaiting her reply to-morrow, while she should already have started on her way to Pau to help nurse a sick dog. But her cousin's widening eyes and look of dismay checked her. Evidently Clarice thought some strange spirit had entered into her cousin, changing the gentle, indifferent Emilia she

knew, into a singular being, possessed of a will and energy of her own. And suddenly Emilia's mood changed. Why should she not go? If life must ever be a bondage, had she not chosen this one in preference to that other bondage against which she had revolted, from which she had fled? Had she not borne it for three years, and held herself content?

"I will go, Clarice," she said, smiling a little at her cousin, "don't look so miserable, child. I believe we shall find Marquise perfectly well, and that it is only a device of Stevens's to get away from Pau, where he is tired of being left alone. But I will go, and if you will kindly send Maria to me at once, she can pack up all that I shall want for to-morrow; the rest can come in the evening with Hardman."

But when her maid had once more left her and all was quiet for the night, Emilia again paced the room from hour to hour with unquiet steps. She could not sleep; she could not even rest; for unresting thought possessed her, and her past and future held each other in ceaseless strife, the past with its remembered pain, the future with its uncertain promise. She had thought to end the conflict, and it had hardly begun; she had thought to put a seal on her decision, and already the seal was broken, her purpose rent. She paused presently, and taking up Lawrence's letter again, stood looking at it in a strange hesitation and uncertainty. Suddenly, with a brusque movement, she tore open the envelope, and sinking back in her armchair, she took out the letter and read.

She read with mixed feelings of pride, of remorse, of struggling pain; but she read the letter through twice, thrice; then throwing it down, she rose, and resumed her restless pacing of the room. All at once, moved by some sudden thought, she took a candle from her writing-table, and approached the looking-glass. She set down the light, and twisting back her loosened hair with one hand, stood gazing at the reflection of her own face. For years she had hardly cared to glance at the pallid, indifferent countenance that had met her view in the mirror; but to-night that same face, flushed, excited, startled from its mask of coldness into new warmth and color, arrested her. She recognized that she was young, that she was beautiful, that life after all was only beginning for her. "Would to God that I were free!" she cried in a passionate

outburst, clasping her hands above her head. Her hair loosened from her grasp, fell in long, untwisting coils below her waist. Emilia took up one of the wavy chestnut locks, and looked at it, half smiling, passing it to and fro between her white fingers. Then, with a sudden shiver, she gathered it all together again and coiled it into a tight twist at the back of her head.

"O God!" she cried again, "why was I sacrificed? Why am I not free?"

And yet Lawrence's letter worked upon her. Against her will, as it were, she took it up and read it through once more: in spite of herself, the kind words, the tender for their implied reproach, touched her heart. Here was a generous nature, she could not doubt, a good and kindly heart. She had behaved hardly, ungenerously to him, and he had no words of harsh reproach to give her; still less a strain of misplaced sentimentality that would have repelled her. He advanced no claim; he made no demands; he only appealed to her more generous nature, and that appeal she was free to accept or to reject. Free — for these three years past she had been free to shape her life as she pleased; and what had she made of it? What poor, empty, shattered thing was it that time had left on her hands? Nay, if she were quite and altogether free, if her husband were to die to-morrow — A thrill ran through Emilia; he did not want him to die, she said to herself hastily and pitifully, as though some one had reproached her with the involuntary thought. He had been kind to her that afternoon; she had not thought him kind years ago, when they both hated an indissoluble bond — but he had been kind, and patient, and thoughtful this afternoon. It was long since any one had been kind to her in that way — yes, she must see him to-morrow, if it were only to bid him a friendly farewell. They would part friends this time —

She went to the window and looked out. The night was nearly over, spent in these restless communings, the dawn was at hand; but Emilia felt no fatigue. The unwonted excitement was to her as the strength given by wine; it was like new blood coursing through her veins. She threw the casement wide open and leaned out. The rain had ceased; the clouds were clinging low, in long, faintly gleaming masses against the dark mountain-side; some setting stars crowned the mountain peak; below stretched the black and motionless forests. There was no

wind, no sound but the rushing of the torrent; the earth rested dark and dim and undefined under the dark sky, and in that mighty peace, that silent pause before the awakening day, earth and sky seemed in harmony apart from humanity, apart from struggling souls that cannot grasp their meaning and feel only an alien pain in presence of that immense concord. Emilia leaned from the window; her vision pierced those mountain cliffs, that rocky barrier; it sought the ruddy dawn, the sunrise land, the far East that beckoned her, where already domes and minarets and golden waters were shining in the early morning sun. She lifted her face, she stretched out her arms in the chill air that precedes the dawn. "Not peace," she cried, "but life!"

CHAPTER III.

LAWRENCE also passed a sleepless night.

Lawrence, somewhat strangely, perhaps, was more sensitive to the world's gossip, more irritated by the false position in which he and his wife stood towards each other, than Emilia. Probably more of that gossip reached his ears. Emilia, conscious that her conduct was irreproachable, knowing that at the time she left her husband she had thought to have excellent reasons for taking that step, wrapped herself in an impervious cloak of pale virtue, a cloak that gave no warmth to her heart, but kept off the chill of the censorious world; and safe within the shelter of a circle of sympathizing friends, heard nothing, and held that she cared nothing, for comments on her life. But Lawrence chafed in his position of deserted husband, at the odious breach in his domestic life that allowed a flood of light to fall on his private affairs and permitted them to be matters of public discussion. His wife was above suspicion of reproach; he had no uneasiness on that point; but it was impossible for him not to feel that the very fact that was his consolation, shifted the entire responsibility on to his own shoulders. Was he looked upon as a tyrant or a libertine? he sometimes wondered bitterly. And then it angered him that a young and lovely woman whom he had the right to call his wife, should be less to him than the last pretty girl he took down to dinner; that the circumstances of a loveless marriage forbade him in all generosity from pressing his claims in a bond which she hated and had done her best to sever. It angered him, and it grieved him, for his was

in truth a generous nature. He did not believe that Emilia was happy; how could she be happy in this chill and anomalous position in which she had placed herself? She did not look happy. Lawrence knew far more of Emilia than she had known of him during these three years. He had taken the habit lately of tracking his wife's footsteps when it was possible for him to do so, of spending a day or two in the town which was her abode for the time being, and disappearing before she could be aware that he was there. There were few promenades in southern cities with which he had not become familiar, where at one time or another he had not recognized his wife's graceful head and indifferent glance as she sat driving at her aunt's side. The Cascine, the Chiaja, the Pincian Hill, the Promenade des Anglais, knew his presence as well as hers; for in the crowds of much-frequented places he had little difficulty in eluding her, in escaping the reproach of pursuing one to whom his presence, as he had been made to believe, was odious. It was in fact by the merest chance that they had met now. Some attraction had indeed drawn him to the Pyrenees when he knew that she was there; but he had avoided seeking her at Luchon. And yet to-night he reproached himself for a weak-minded fool, in not having sooner dared a meeting, in not having insisted on being heard, and breaking down the barrier his wife had raised between them. And yet would it have availed anything — would it avail anything now?

When Clarice came to seek Emilia early the next morning, she found her room empty, save for the lady's-maid, who was engaged in locking her mistress's travelling-bag. Clarice inquired for Mrs. Lawrence.

She had gone out, the maid replied; and further stated that she had found her mistress already dressed when she took her in her early cup of tea, and that she had gone out immediately after, saying that she should have time for a walk before they started.

"But the carriage is there," said Clarice in distress, "and mamma will be ready immediately." She went to the window and looked out. "They are putting the things into the carriage already," she said, "and mamma cannot bear to be kept waiting. You don't know which way Mrs. Lawrence went, Maria? Do go and inquire down stairs; some one will perhaps

have seen her pass, and I can go and look for her."

Lawrence, who had also risen early was standing on the hotel steps, a dismayed spectator of the packing of the travelling-carriage. It was for Lady Meiton's party, he was told by a waiter standing by; they were leaving unexpectedly. What, were they all going, all the ladies? Yes, all; all the rooms were given up; only one of the lady's-maids remained behind to do the packing, and she was to follow in the evening.

Lawrence felt hurt and indignant as he had never felt before. That Emilia should elude him now, wounded him inexpressibly. Something more than this, he said to himself, he had a right to expect from his wife. He had counted — all night he had counted upon seeing her to-day; she had no right to refuse him another interview, to deny him the answer he had asked for. She was no slave to her aunt; she was independent, she could assert herself. At this moment, Maria appeared to inquire if anything had been seen of Mrs. Lawrence. Lawrence heard the question and the answer; he saw the man point in the direction Emilia had taken when she passed him half an hour before. Without a moment's hesitation he started to follow her. This time he would have an answer; she should not escape him this time —

Emilia had not gone very far, and she was at that moment hardly a hundred yards from the house. A turn of the road hid her from sight; but only a few steps afforded her a view of the hotel door, and assured her that she was not lingering too long. She herself could hardly have told why she had come out. Some childish impulse to escape and hide herself, some half-formed hope that being missed they might start without her, one chance she gave herself in a hundred that she might yet see Lawrence. For a thousand uncertainties, a thousand varying emotions held her still. Now she determined to remain behind, now the thought of her aunt's nervous worry determined her to go; now she would see her husband, and now again, she would not see him. But when she indeed saw Lawrence coming towards her, she knew it was the hope of meeting him once more that had brought her there.

He came towards her quickly with long strides. She was leaning on a low stone parapet that overhung the torrent, the fresh morning sunshine was upon her, and her face, shadowed by her dark hat,

showed no trace of last night's vigil. Rather, a more vivid carnation tinged her cheeks, a clearer light shone in her eyes; for Emilia was young, and excitement lent its hue more readily than weariness. Lawrence forgot his brief indignation as he came up to her. She turned and accosted him gently.

"I am glad to see you," she said; "we are leaving suddenly for Pau; but I wanted to see you, I wanted" — she hesitated for half a second — "I wanted to wish you good-bye."

He was silent for a minute. "Well," he said after that pause, "good-bye is a hard word; but what you say I can but echo. Good be with you, Emilia."

Neither of them moved. There was again a silence, broken by Lawrence.

"The time is short," he said, looking not at her, but at the rushing waters below, "and I have to say some words which, were I only your suitor would come from me with grace, which as your lover I might utter with a passion you could not despise, that I might urge upon you with a warmth that you could not resent; but which being your husband, I must speak with reserve and command myself to pronounce without too much emotion. When we married, I did not love you, as you know; I loved another woman, of whom we need not speak. But now, Emilia, I love *you*."

His voice changed involuntarily. He uttered the last words in dry and husky tones, and turning, leaned his arms upon the parapet, and awaited her reply. It did not come; only a warm flush dyed her cheeks and deepened as he moved at last and his glance met hers. In a minute he went on, speaking in his usual voice, —

"Such words between you and me are folly no doubt, for as in the past, so in the future, I make no claim on you, Emilia. So far as I can set you free, you are free —" He broke off.

"Would to God," he cried with gathering passion and energy, "that you were in truth altogether free, so that you and I might meet on equal terms; that I might woo you, as I believe, before Heaven, I might win you yet!"

He walked away a step or two, then came back to where Emilia stood, silent and motionless.

"Farewell," he said, holding out his hand, "since farewell it is to be. You cannot love me, and that is my misfortune, but not your fault. We part friends, and that is well. I wish you well in your

life, and you, I think, will give me a kindly wish to carry away with me into mine. I leave you with friends, to the life you have chosen, where you are happy —"

"Emilia!" cried Clarice's plaintive voice at a little distance among the trees, "where *have* you gone? We are all ready, and mamma is waiting."

Emilia started. Lawrence loosened his grasp of her hand, but unconsciously her own grasp tightened.

"Oh!" she said, "my life is not happy — is not happy — is not happy —"

She dropped his hand and put her handkerchief to her eyes, a strange betrayal of emotion in Emilia. In a moment she recovered herself.

"Good-bye," she said, holding out her hand to Lawrence, but with an averted face. He took the hand, but it was he who now firmly held it clasped in his, as she tried to pass him by.

"We cannot now part like this," he said. "Not happy — you say that your life is not happy? Is it possible — good God! — is it possible, Emilia, that you could trust it again to me —"

She did not answer; pride struggled, and reserve and doubt. Oh! to end this uncertainty! And there stood the travelling-carriage; she could see it through the trees from the bend of the road where they stood; her place was prepared; her old life awaited her — how much simpler, how much safer to return to it! She tried to free her hand from Lawrence's, but he held it firmly. The moment was his at last.

"Be generous, Emilia," he said, "give me a frank answer. So much at least I have a right to claim."

There came another cry of "Emilia." Lady Meriton had appeared on the steps of the hotel, accompanied by the bowing landlord — Reine and Duchesse were being settled on their cushions; a familiar bark and yelp reached Emilia's ear. Then she turned and answered Lawrence. She spoke quickly, yet with gentleness and dignity.

"You have a right," she said, "a right that I have neglected too long. Because you have been generous, I have been ungenerous; I see it now. Claiming nothing from you, I shut my eyes to a claim you would not urge. No, my life is not happy. It has become an inexpressible weariness to me. I cannot return to it — I speak frankly, as you tell me to do — I think" — her voice faltered a little, her speech became nervous and more hurried — "I think that with you my life might

be better, worthier. We are friends; do not ask me to say more—not yet. But my place is at your side”—her breath came and went, she freed her hands from his clasp. “You told me to be frank,” she said, turning away. “Oh, be generous still——”

“Emilia—oh, there you are at last!” cried Clarice, running towards them, “you must come, please. Mamma is ready—you know she cannot bear to be kept waiting, and she is so nervous this morning.”

“You must go?” said Lawrence, “then I come too.”

She put her hand into his once more. “Come,” she said, with gentle decision. Then turning to her cousin,—

“Clarice,” she said, “this is my husband. I want you to know him.”

E. F. POYNTER.

From The Modern Review.

JANE AUSTEN AND CHARLOTTE BRONTË:

A CONTRAST.

“I HAD not seen ‘Pride and Prejudice’ till I read that sentence of yours, and then I got the book. And what did I find? An accurate, daguerreotyped portrait of a commonplace face; a carefully-fenced, highly cultivated garden, with neat borders and delicate flowers; but no glance of a bright, vivid physiognomy, no open country, no fresh air, no blue hill, no bonny beck. I should hardly like to live with her ladies and gentlemen in their elegant but confined houses.”

This is the judgment which one great authoress passed on another, and that other the same of whom Macaulay has told us (without one voice of importance uttering a dissentient word) that she was a “woman of whom England is justly proud;” the same, too, whose especial talent Sir Walter Scott describes as “the most wonderful I ever met with,” adding, with the modesty of a truly great man, that her “exquisite touch, which renders commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment, is denied to me.”

And yet the judgment of Charlotte Brontë is not wonderful, is hardly even surprising. Her genius and that of Jane Austen were of opposite types. It was natural that one should judge the other hardly, and the one to pronounce the harshest sentence was likely enough to be the lesser genius of the two.

The experiences of these two women were as different as their talents, with some curious apparent resemblances. Both were the daughters of clergymen; both wrote novels; both passed the greater part of their lives within the quiet precincts of a country parsonage, and each died within a space of two years from her fortieth birthday.

Life was, however, actually very different for them. We can read so much in their writings without needing to turn to their biographies. Charlotte Brontë required the consciousness of passionate joy and attachment, at some time or other, past or present, to console her for the passionate pains of which her life was full. That life had not been well ordered by those who had the care of it; so intense a nature, struggling continually towards the right amid so many strange influences, could not struggle without suffering. Death played a large part in the drama of her existence; she saw those she loved depart one by one, leaving her alone at last with the strange old father. Her own health was shattered then, all buoyancy of spirit had departed from her, and her surroundings offered to her nothing but monotony and melancholy. Who that has visited her old home, and looked out along the hideous stretching valley, with hardly a tree and with many an ugly building on its undecorated sides, has not felt the misery of gazing day after day into such a scene, where nature is neither homelike nor picturesque? It was probably better in her days; the buildings were fewer; perhaps the hills were less dreary. We know that she loved her native moors, and behind her home they have just a hint of beauty; but *before* it! Mrs. Gaskell gives us no idea of the dreariness, the simple, bare monotony of those green slopes. Charlotte Brontë loved them, as she loved nearly all the persons and things interwoven in her life's story. She found possibilities of beauty there which no stranger would suspect; she cherished thoughts about them which no stranger could imagine. But, all the same, when we look upon that dreary, stony, manufacturing valley, we fancy that we see how its reflection would mirror itself as a terrible depression on her vividly impressible mind. We cannot wonder that she felt isolated, low-spirited, uninspired for work, when she looked out alone on the view from the parsonage windows.

Such a world to look at!—uncultured enough for solitude, peopled enough for

cheerfulness; yet possessing neither the wild beauty of a lonely place, nor the redeeming civilization of a populous district. The people out there, who built stone mills and houses, and did not encourage a plant to grow about them; the nature out there, that reared hillsides against the sky, and hardly produced a tree to grow upon them, were they worth writing about or living for? Yet she managed so to write that the whole world read, and wondered what manner of wild scenery this must be among which the author lived, and what manner of original characters with whom she passed her time.

She had witnessed, too, a terrible tragedy of temptation and sin in her own household. It had destroyed the character, genius, and life of her brother. She had known what it was for a home to be no covert from the troubles of the world, but only a hiding-place, a terrible secret dungeon in which to conceal the dreadful family disgrace and trouble. When she and her sisters went home and shut the door of the parsonage behind them, during the last years of Branwell's life, they did not shut out their worst dread and sorrow; they shut themselves inside with it.

There was hardly, then, any trial of life which Charlotte Brontë had not tasted, and tasted so strongly that it left a flavor of bitterness and futility in all her after success. Existence was emptied for her of its hope, its buoyancy, its health; and when the consolation of a wonderful reputation was offered to the lonely, tired, and disheartened woman.

No such melancholy picture of life is given round the figure of the other clergyman's daughter, who died when Charlotte Brontë was a year old. She was well nurtured, and carefully taught; she dwelt in a happy home, enjoyed cheerful social relations, moved amongst pleasant scenes, was never brought into close contact with passion or crime; and whatever sorrows of life reached her did not come without the consolations of self-restraint in those around her and of serenity in her own heart.

No passionate disappointments had for her turned the word love into a symbol of anxiety and pain; she had not learned that to possess was suffering, and to have possessed a perpetual desolation. We see her always a sweet, serene figure — kindly, cheerful, unimpatient, unambitious; willing to be put aside among the middle-aged while she was yet young, yet right enough in spirit to have remained

youthful when she had become actually old. Although personally very much more attractive than Charlotte Brontë, we do not hear that she actually received so many offers of marriage. Whatever offers she did receive were rejected, and there never seems to have been any consequent regret in her heart in after times. Nothing touched her of that bitterness, or that melancholy, or even that oddity, which so many men still believe (all the men of the last century seemed to be sure of it) must characterize any woman who is unfortunate enough to remain unmarried.

We cannot suppose that Jane Austen was a woman without tenderness; her letters and her novels prove her to have been the reverse; and, doubtless, if she had met among her acquaintance a Churchill or a Darcy, who had known how to commend himself to her so as to make her feel as well as to perceive the excellences of his character, she would have married him, and made him a good and happy wife.

Not meeting such a man, or not meeting him in the right way at the right time, she was incapable of longing for what she had not, or regretting what she had given up. She contained all the necessary elements of her own happiness in her own character, and did not require a particular combination of circumstances to bring out her capabilities of usefulness or content. Being so complete a woman, having the perception that there is hardly any relationship of life into which we cannot, if we choose, weave a sufficiency of affection and interest to keep our own lives healthy, she was independent of most of the chances and conditions to which the weaker of us are bound.

Her genius was not unlike her character — self-sufficing, unambitious, serene. It is only actual genius that can afford so to be; that need not long, strive, or struggle; that simply *is*, and so is excellent. It is like nature in that respect — sure of itself, unanxious about opportunities. It can afford, like nature, to possess numerous unexercised and unapparent capabilities; because it exists to answer, out of the fulness of its own capacity, the needs of its own time and place. It does not require, like a smaller thing, that the requirements of the whole world should be adjusted to meet the development of its narrow talent. It is, therefore, independent of chance, certain of opportunity, and does not live in perpetual danger of failure and disappointment.

Jane Austen found subject enough for her genius in her own quiet experience. She never had to search for material, to stretch her imagination, or to reach beyond the limits of her natural sphere in an effort to be great. She probably knew that she *was* great, but we are confident that she never tried to be, and also that she was cheerfully indifferent to the indifference of a world that had not learnt to recognize her according to her merits. It was real success that she desired, the achievement of good work rather than the praise of it.

Get leave to work
In this world — 'tis the best you get at all.

And Jane Austen lived out the idea before it was spoken. She had that unconsciousness of virtue which it is impossible to acquire. As soon as we are sufficiently awake to admire it, the chance of it for ourselves is gone. It is George Eliot who speaks of "that controlled self-consciousness which is the expensive substitute for simplicity;" and this is all that the majority of us can attain.

Jane Austen lived serene without longings, and died content without regrets; whereas Charlotte Brontë, to whom life had brought so much suffering, relinquished it with passionate reluctance. Throughout nearly the whole of her bitter experience, happiness was only a possibility, something she had touched in the past, or might reach in the future. She naturally thought that it was actually in her hands when life was taken from her; for we find the most persistent (although not the most cheerful) hope in the most unhappy. Jane Austen seems to have realized the blessed secret that happiness *is* and is everywhere. It was abundant enough, like nature or her own genius, to destroy all cause for anxiety lest an early death should deprive her of a little of the small portion allotted to her, if she lived out the usual term of life.

Since her death, Charlotte Brontë has been exalted into a literary heroine. More than one popular history of her life has been written, and the church where she was buried came to be regarded chiefly as a monument of her genius.

It is not so with Jane Austen. No pilgrims wander to her grave as to a shrine; no curious literary studies can be made of her life or her character; and the number of her readers is, even yet, smaller than that of the readers of "Jane Eyre."

It is doubtful, indeed, whether a book was ever written of more absorbing inter-

est than "Jane Eyre." All its peculiarities, all its exaggerations, all its limitations of vision tend to the deepening of the charm in which the reader is held. We cannot wish that Charlotte Brontë had modified herself when she wrote this book. She threw the whole strength of her genius, the whole original force of her character into its composition; and we accept it gladly, as it is, without wishing that she had altered or improved anything in it.

The only justification of advice offered to genius is its successful result. Pope is said never to have quite forgiven Addison for giving his counsel against an alteration from the earliest form of "The Rape of the Lock," although his advice had, in this case, been actually sought for. Addison's opinion proved a mistaken one, but it was, at any rate, given in a spirit of appreciative admiration.

We can hardly say this so positively of Mr. Lewes's advice to Charlotte Brontë (the advice which provoked her to a depreciative expression of opinion on the subject of "Pride and Prejudice") that she should "follow the counsel which shine out of 'Miss Austen's mild eyes.'" And if the novelist's instincts had not, in this case, revolted against the suggestion; if she had been foolish enough to follow the mistaken counsel, its error would have been made patent enough, as indubitably evident as Addison's was. We should have lost our Charlotte Brontë, but we should have gained no second Jane Austen. "Jane Eyre," denuded of its extravagances, would not have become "Emma." The peculiarities of Charlotte Brontë's style carried their own apology in accompanying power, and possessed their best modifier in the authoress's sincerity. The sensationalism of "Jane Eyre" is not a sensationalism artificially produced or with difficulty dragged in to suit the vitiated tastes of the public. It is entirely the production of the intense excitement and profound interest with which the authoress has come to regard her heroine's fortunes; and, as such, it is a legitimate picture. If the authoress erred in presenting such a picture, the fault was in her mind and not in her manner. The only cure for it was an annihilation of her wonderful genius.

That very intensity of feeling, which sometimes carried Charlotte Brontë beyond the usual limits of subjects on which women wrote in those days, made her more sensitive to criticism and rebuke than those who were less reckless about

provoking them. There is something very characteristic in her strong desire to have the question of sex left out of the criticism of her works — to be spoken of as a writer, and not as a woman. And we should have thought more highly of the delicacy of judgment of her critic in the *Edinburgh Review* of January, 1850, if he had spared her the pain of a discourse on this point, especially since he had chosen to enter himself in the list of her private correspondents, and to add the claims of personal friendship to those of literary courtesy. He took a different view, however, and could even apply the adjective "cavalier" to the style of Charlotte Brontë's very generous second letter to him on the subject.

Another contemporary critic of distinction — Harriet Martineau — objected that the passion of love held too large a place in Charlotte Brontë's writing. To describe that passion with an intensity and reality hardly ever reached before was, however, Charlotte Brontë's speciality; and, indeed, the quality of her genius, its weird imaginativeness, its wild fervor of feeling, could not have worked so well on any other subject than this; for love, with its self-deceptions, its sudden awakenings, its uncertain issues, and the strange positions which it may develop, is, as a certain critic has told us, more capable of dramatic interpretation than any other sentiment which is common to the human race.

Charlotte Brontë excelled in suggestions of natural scenery. She gave us none of the lengthened descriptions which are fashionable to-day, and in which colors are used as lavishly as in a painter's crudest study of a sunset; but there was a fitting relationship between her personages and the scenes in which they moved, so that each reflected a picturesque light upon the other.

Her command of language, also, was very great, and conscientiously used, although here — as sometimes in her sentiment — there is a tone of exaggeration. We feel that it is too rich, too mellifluous or nature, which has a touch of ruggedness in its sweetest sounds and sights.

As a character-painter she did not attain a very high place. She loved to make studies of particular feelings or interesting situations; and this naturally limited her choice of persons and things, though the studies produced might surpass in interest any possible character-drawings. All her sketches of persons were too strongly biased by her own feelings and experiences to form a represen-

tative picture of any time or any place. The fact that so many of her characters were drawn from real life detracted from their value as permanent types. She had not the highest artist's calmness and impartiality; she might be dowered with the poet's "scorn of scorn, and love of love;" but, although she depreciated the style of Jane Austen as wanting in poetry, she had not herself reached the level when she could say, —

Poets become such
Through scorning nothing.

In all the characters which she created, and whose fortunes we have followed with so vivid an interest, there is not one for whom she did not indulge some strong personal feeling, whether of like or dislike. There is a tinge of bitterness in her description of disagreeable people which misses the highest tone of literature, if not of morals. The highest artist has learnt patience, and is wholly calm. Bitterness is a different thing from indignation, which may be found among the finest examples of poetical pictures. It is something just a little smaller and a great deal more personal. Our sympathies follow hers in the matter. We do not disagree with the opinion suggested; only, from an artistic point of view, the opinion had better not have been there. We want no personal coloring in our perfect illustrations of human life; the artist must be out of sight, and the picture should not be painted on toned paper.

It is in this that Jane Austen so much excels Charlotte Brontë. She has found enough to write about without the intrusion of any prejudices or disappointments of her own. When we look at the world through her eyes the atmosphere is wholly clear. The picture is so perfect that we forget to praise the artist; it is simply quite natural, quite true, and so, perhaps, for some persons, wholly without interest. For there is a large class of readers to whom nature does not speak plainly enough, for whom real life is not intense enough. They fail to find in the one the beauty the poets describe, and in the other the passions they depict. Life and nature must be translated for them into plainer expressions by some other mind, and the more theatrical light the other mind throws into these expressions the more satisfactory they are considered. Day by day we all walk through the same scenes without observing half the details of them; and if we are compelled to grope for the first time in the dark along

often-trod pathways, we come unexpectedly on hitherto undiscovered objects innumerable. It is only when some new light is thrown upon a well-known scene — the sudden flashes in a thunderstorm, or the red glow of a great fire — that our attention is roused to things habitually passed over unseen.

Some persons walk as blindly through life itself. They require a cleverer mind than their own to throw a background of fantastic color behind the objects among which they move. Only so can they perceive their true significance.

Such persons cannot be expected to appreciate Jane Austen's delicately tinted pictures of human life. Perhaps they must not even be required to realize what we mean when we are foolish enough to praise Shakespeare. A very intelligent young man of to-day, who reads novels with interest and attends theatres with pleasure, is so convinced of the absence of any surpassing merit in the mighty dramatist that he allows himself to believe that the enthusiasts for the poet are all pretending!

Another man, an elderly clergyman (also of to-day), an M.A. of Oxford, in early years a botanist and a dabbler in the natural sciences — a man who thinks he appreciates Virgil, and has got everything out of the poets that can be got by an intelligent mind — has been heard to express, in a kind of confidential disgust at the stupidity of the world, the following astonishing sentiment: "Shakespeare? Shakespeare is a very much overrated man. I can't understand what people profess to see in him. But it's no use saying anything." So he leaves us all to our blindness.

It is not to such men that we must recommend the study of Jane Austen's works, with their quiet humor, their quaint reality, their trenchant but good-natured criticism, their sober and unexaggerated tone, and that manner which, Macaulay has told us, approaches somewhat near to Shakespeare's own. There is such an absence of exciting scenes in Miss Austen's books that, with the exception of those passages in "Sense and Sensibility" designed to illustrate the weakness of the heroine's sister, we can hardly remember any occasion of actual weeping; agony and wild passion are altogether excluded. We may complain a little of want of the pathetic, which can less easily be spared than the exciting element; but even here we may be wrong to demur. In the present age, when

most of the powerful writers employ the power in harrowing our feelings painfully in weaving miseries out of circumstance which seem improbable, by means of actions which strike us as unnatural; in a time when the chief end of talent seems to be to pile up the agony sufficiently high without caring about the reasonableness of the foundation on which it rests, we may well hesitate before expressing regret that, in a series of half-a-dozen delightful novels, there is not one distressing death, not one terrible domestic tragedy, not one horrible crime, not even one irresistible temptation. All can be good if they choose, and nearly all may be happy if they will.

We may say of these books that they are simply and entirely delightful. The cheerful reality of interest and the genial spirit of laughter which pervade them carry us on through pleasant and instructive pages to a pleasant and satisfactory end. We know none, except Jane Austen, who, by a few delicate touches, can so completely satisfy us concerning the disposal of a heroine at the close of a novel. After passionate quarrels the reconciliation generally seems tame; but we are wholly content with the fate of Emma in the novel which bears her name, of her favorite Lizzy in "Pride and Prejudice," and of the gentle heroine in "Persuasion."

There is no respect of persons in the works of this writer. A charming impartiality and candor are to be found in all her portraits of friend or foe. Jane Austen delights us as much in depicting the peculiarities of a pleasant old woman as in relating the fortunes of a blooming young one.

And the most extraordinary thing is that at a time when every other writer thought it necessary to write in another way, and to depend upon incident and plot for his interest, Jane Austen ventured to write in this way, and has so commended herself to this generation beyond her more brilliant contemporaries.

Even the king of novelists, Sir Walter Scott, whose wonderful masterpieces of fiction we have all read with absorbing delight and interest, must, in some points, as he has himself so generously acknowledged, bend his head before this quiet and unobtrusive young woman, who never made, and never seemed to wish to make, a sensation of any sort.

The fact that so little of the interest of Jane Austen's works depends on her incidents is in favor of a repeated perusal of

these delicate etchings of human life. The characters she depicts are less romantic than is, or was, usual in fiction; but then they are much more real — with the reality not of stupid commonplace, but of pleasant familiarity, intelligently and suggestively unveiled to us.

Her style seemed prosaic to Charlotte Brontë, and her characters uninteresting. Life was full of meaning to the younger authoress, and even the minor incidents in her novels are stamped with the impress of some strong feeling, or carry a reflection of some intense personal experiences. But Jane Austen's belief in the seriousness of life went beyond Charlotte Brontë's; and the author of "Pride and Prejudice" found the drama of human existence so full of meaning that she dared to leave it to explain itself.

A. ARMITT.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

A PORT OF THE PAST.

THERE is only one thing in the world more wonderful than Rome, and that is the neighborhood of Rome. Yet of the myriads of tourists who annually pass through the Eternal City, how few are there who condescend to do more than take one or two desultory drives in the Campagna! Perhaps they get as far as the tomb of Cecilia Metella on the Via Appia. Possibly they drive out to Sant' Agnese on the Nomentan Way. If very enterprising, conceivably they take the tram to Frascati, or the railway to Albano. But of the scores of places of absorbing historical and antiquarian interest within a twenty miles' radius of the Seven Hills they know and care nothing. In this respect modern travellers have greatly lagged for the worse as compared with their forerunners. They cover a vast amount of space with their locomotives and their hired carriages; but they keep to the more beaten tracks, and they skim the country almost with the swiftness of wallows. Like gold nuggets, human intelligence and human curiosity can either be beaten out very thin, and so be made to cover a considerable superficial area, or they may be compressed and concentrated till their depth is equal to their breadth. The spreading-out process seems to be the one most in vogue in these days. People prefer to make a superficial journey round the world in a given number of days, rather than to de-

vote an ungiven number of days to the world's most precious and sacred localities. One place is treated exactly like another. Florence occupies no more of the tourist's time than Vienna; and Rome is supposed to be seen in the same number of hours that are required for Berlin. In olden days, fewer people, far fewer people, visited Rome; but those who visited it did so with intelligent interest and to some useful purpose. They remained for months at a time in a city which is not to be thoroughly explored in less; and to their acquaintance with intramural Rome they added some familiarity with the numerous suburbs that lie between Rome and the sea, or between Rome and the mountains.

One of the most delightful excursions to be made in the neighborhood of Rome, and one which best repays the expense of the journey, is a day's trip by carriage to Ostia and Castel Fusano. The time was when a carriage that held four persons could be hired for this purpose for five scudi, or little more than a sovereign. But last spring nearly twice that sum was demanded for the cost of the expedition. The temporal power of the popes has disappeared; Rome boasts a Parliament, a free press, and many new thoroughfares; and these are luxuries which invariably bring costly living in their train. Even in the middle of March, when you are going to undertake a journey of this kind — only fifteen miles out and fifteen back — a Roman coachman is anxious to be off betimes; and if you know what a Roman sun can do long before noon, even at the vernal equinox, you will second his humor, and be settling into your seat not long after 8 A.M. strikes. People are not taking down shutters in Rome at that hour, as in Oxford Street or Piccadilly. All the world is up and about; the streets are thronged; the markets are crowded; and a fair amount of the day's work has already been done. How charming it is at that hour to wind through the streets that lead to the Forum, where all modern improvements despite, the buffaloes are still lying down in the shafts of the two-wheeled country carts that are stacked with fodder for the use of the capital. You can see at a glance that Rome is still far from being an opulent city; that the old ways of primitive poverty, as shown in garb, in victual, in harness-gear, in every turn and detail of life, still subsist; and as you pass out of the Porta San Paolo, and get upon the Ostian Way, you can hardly believe that you are in the

neighborhood of a great capital. It is not that the Campagna is as yet about you, or that signs of moral cultivation do not abound. But there is a ruggedness, a carelessness, a don't-mind air about everything, that is more than provincial in character. The only houses are roadside *osterie*, or inns, their walls decorated with flaming frescoes or trellis decoration of the rudest sort, intimating that a good rest and *vino nostrale* are, on the whole, the best things in this world. The Roman peasant, and indeed the Roman citizen of a certain class, readily believes this otiose philosophy; and the amount of drinking and reposing that is got through in these suburban gardens is amazing. For gardens they all of them possess; and when summer comes, there will be a *pergola* of vine-leaves, and under the grapes of this year the stalwart contadini and handsome Trasteverine matrons will quaff the juice of the grapes of last. They are true descendants of Horace. They love their Falernian or their Massic; they gather rosebuds when they may; and they take as little heed of the morrow as possible. Yet they are amiable and graceful in their cups unless the demon of jealousy lurks at the bottom of the draught; and then their bouts are terrible.

By degrees, however, these wayside inns become more and more sparse, and finally vanish altogether. You have passed the great Basilica of St. Paul, so tame and poor externally, so splendid and gorgeous within, with its attendant convent, stricken with annual malaria, and you find yourself following the course of the truly yellow Tiber, through scrub, through rough pasture, and past little low hills scarce deserving of the name. It is the horizon rather than the foreground that now attracts your eye; and you note where, far away to the left, lies Frascati, further still, Tivoli. There is little traffic along the road, though it leads to the most famous port of ancient Rome and to where the Tiber still debouches. Sheep grazing, lambs frisking, shepherds in goat-skin garments leaning upon their crooks, troops of young colts, shaggy, spare, and easily startled, are the main objects and incidents of your progress. Now and again there is a green thicket and a deep-banked stream, and now you catch sight of the sea. What is that? That is Ostia? Which? That round tower, with some farm buildings clustered round it? Precisely. That is all which represents the greatest port of the most celebrated

city in the world. Listen to the description of what it once was. The historian is describing one of the feats of Alaric. "Instead of assaulting the capital, he successively directed his efforts against the port of Ostia, one of the boldest and most stupendous works of Roman magnificence. The accidents to which the precarious subsistence of the city was continually exposed in a winter navigation and an open road, had suggested to the genius of the first Cæsar the useful design, which was executed under the reign of Claudius. The artificial moles, which formed the narrow entrance, advanced far into the sea, and firmly repelled the fury of the waves; while the largest vessels securely rode at anchor within three deep and capacious basins, which received the northern branch of the Tiber, about two miles from the ancient colony of Ostia. The Roman port insensibly swelled to the size of an episcopal city, where the corn of Africa was deposited in spacious granaries for the use of the capital." The rest may be easily surmised. As soon as Alaric got possession of Ostia he menaced Rome with the destruction of these granaries unless the capital was instantly surrendered into his hands; and the clamors of the people, and the terror of famine, subdued the pride of the Senate. It would be impossible to terrify Rome to-day by threats directed against Ostia. An invader might flog the waves like Xerxes or sack the barren sands; but his power of mischief would end with those bootless exploits.

Ostia never recovered from that famous assault in the fifth century, and till A.D. 830 it remained to all intents and purposes deserted, the sea-sand continually silting up and adding future uselessness to past ravages. Then Gregory IV. founded another Ostia, about a mile distant from the site of the original city; and it is at what is left of this second Ostia that your coachman will descend, take out his horses, and show every intention of having nothing more to say to you till you think proper to turn your face Romewards again. It is some distance hence to the Roman Ostia, some distance again in another direction to the woods of Castel Fusano; but the day is young, and one wants to walk and to have as little company as possible while prowling among ruins and excavations. A malaria-stricken peasant emerges from a massive stone doorway, and helps to stable the horses. A priest, dirty and unshaven, is amusing himself by feeding with coarse oatmeal

the litter of a wild boar, which he has tamed to be his companion in this solitary place. The old sow, in spite of her fierce appearance and shaggy bristles, is very friendly; and but for his cassock the *padre* would look far more like a professional swineherd than a servant of the altar. Once upon a time the bishopric of Ostia was the most famous in the world. Pious tradition has always maintained that it was established in the time of the apostles; though I fear that erudite sceptics would claim for it no earlier origin than the pontificate of Urban I., about 229 A.D. This privilege, however, it undoubtedly had, that when the pope elect happened to be in priest's orders he was enthroned by the Bishop of Ostia, who was regarded as the dean of the Sacred College, and must therefore have had the dignity of cardinal by virtue of his office. Apparently this smiling, grimy ecclesiastic is all that is left of the Ostian bishopric, which is now merged in that of Velletri. We ask him if he will show us his church. With all the pleasure in the world, for it gives him something to do; but it evidently surprises him that anybody should wish to see it. Truly, it is unremarkable and, to the eye, devoid of interest. But look at that fresco in the side chapel on the right. It represents the death and apotheosis of Santa Monica. And then you remember that it was here, at Ostia, that St. Augustine, on his way to Africa, had to bid adieu to his saintly mother. The records of history contain no tenderer chapter than the relations of Monica with her ardent, erratic, and finally repentant, immortal son. Who does not remember Ary Scheffer's picture of the pair gazing out to sea together! So did they at Ostia before Monica died. And here, at Ostia, Augustine buried her, lingering a while to write his treatise "*De Libero Arbitrio*," and then sailed for the African see with which his name is forever associated. Not content with trying to revive the existence of Ostia, Gregory IV. surrounded it with walls, and the sycophants of the time tried to christen it Gregoriopolis, but the name Ostia could not be got rid of. Under Leo IV. the Saracens swooped down upon it, and got that picturesque thrashing which Raphael has commemorated in the *Stanze* of the Vatican. That event must have administered a fillip to the place, for it was important enough to be besieged and captured by the king of Naples in 1413. Then the famous cardinal Giuliano della Rovere, better known

as Julius II., took a fancy to it, and employed Sangallo to build, and Baldassare Peruzzi to decorate. The decorations have gone the way of all such; but the massive circular tower, surrounded by bastions connected by a curtain and defended by a ditch, still remains. Everywhere where they can be put are the arms of the Della Rovere — an evergreen oak, the *robur* of the Italian poets. The cardinal gallantly defended his tower against the French for two whole years, and finally drove them off. After that, new Ostia languished; and now nothing survives but this same tower, a small church, and a farmyard with the litter of a wild boar. Inside the tower are staircases, vaults, mutilated statues, undecipherable inscriptions, votive altars, funeral tablets, broken utensils of bronze, pottery, and glass, the *disjecta membra* of a vanished civilization. I am told the population of the *paese*, or neighborhood, is sometimes as high as one hundred souls, though in the season of malaria it sinks below this figure. I can only speak of it as I found it, and I saw only one priest and one peasant. To make the population larger I must count the wild sow's litter.

And now, with your face seawards, you may walk through sandy drives to the site of ancient Ostia. Of late years, the excavations begun in the time of Cosmo de' Medici, under the direction of Poggio Bracciolini, and then for many a generation suspended till the present century, have been pushed on diligently. Cosmo found what folks there were upon the spot, occupied in reducing an entire temple back again into lime; and doubtless that was the chief industry of the place for many centuries. Is there much to see? Well, yes, and no. No, if you expect to find a huge city disinterred — a Herculaneum or a Pompeii. But yes, if you are satisfied with a street or two, part of a theatre, portions of a temple, and many a roadway with the marks of the chariot wheels of senator, consul, and augur cut into them. There is enough, if you are learned, to embarrass your erudition; there is more than enough, if you be sensitive, to flood your feelings. You may say that this temple was dedicated to Jupiter; or, if you like, you may safely contradict anybody who affirms as much. It is still a fine brick structure. The *cella* is entire; much of the floor, which is of African marble, is there to testify to you. The altar of the divinity still stands. But where are the worshippers? Here they come, down that winding, grass-

grown street of tombs. First, an old crone, I should think as old as Ostia itself, her face not only withered parchment, but a very palimpsest upon which many a generation has inscribed its obscure meaning. She has the comely square towel upon her head; the hard, unyielding bodice round her waist; the short, gay petticoat; and the *ciocce*, or sheepskin sandals round her feet and legs, which otherwise are encased in stoutly knitted blue stockings. She is fingering her rosary, for it is Sunday, and she totters along, the genius of the place. Second, a young girl, dressed in precisely the same garb, but somehow making it look quite different. She stands erect like a goddess, and her gaze is that of the ox-eyed Juno. She has no rosary, no anything. She is a splendid mass of colors, a splendid embodiment of form, and she is an ignorant pagan who hopes the Madonna will send her a lover. Third, a lamb, decked with bright ribands, and following for company's sake, as for company's sake it has been adopted. Beyond these, deeply-worn slabs, draped statues without heads, prone and splintered columns, acanthus leaves, heaps of chipped marble, and the undying associations of the mightiest empire man has ever built or seen. Antiquarians would prattle to you by the hour about Ancus Martius, who, if you please, founded Ostia; about Claudius, Procopius, Hadrian, Septimius Severus, and Aurelian. I think such lore goes in at one ear and out at the other, when there is so little visible and tangible to impress it on the memory. One of the strangest relics of the place is an oblong room with an apse at the end of it, in the middle of which is a sacrificial altar with Mithraic reliefs. Statues of priests of Mithra were likewise found upon the spot. In the front part of the altar you may plainly see the circular depression that received the blood of the victims sacrificed. There is, too, an inscription recording that Caius Cælius, *antistes hujus loci*, erected it *de sua pecuniâ*, or at his own expense. Obviously, then, there was here a temple of Mithra. Many charming statues have been found hereabouts: the bust of the young Augustus, the Ganymede of Phædimius, and excellent bas-reliefs of Diana and Endymion. The early Christians, too, have left visible traces of themselves, of their creed, of their martyrdom, and of their special modes of interment; and there is one headless statue, much steeped in fading color, of which the toe is worn away with

constant kissing, as is that of St. Peter in the Vatican Basilica, known to all men and tourists. But nothing has availed to save Ostia; neither emperor nor cardinal, neither pope nor martyr, neither Jove Mithra, nor Augustine.

From the summit of the excavated ruin of ancient Ostia, or, still better, from the top of the Torre Boacciano, a trifle nearer to the sea, you command a splendid view of that branch of the Tiber by which Virgil makes Æneas and his companions enter Latium. Hither it was that, as the poet describes, propitious Neptune directed their ships. Here was it that the cakes of bread were spread under a shady tree; that the wandering Trojans ate their trenchers, as provender was running short, and thereby reminded Æneas of a prediction of Anchises, which convinced him that he had "touched land" at last. It was from this very spot that the embassy set out to the court of King Latinus at Laurentum, only a few miles away, received as gifts the three hundred horses, and took back to Æneas the message concerning Lavinia. The woods described by Virgil have gone; but it is as true to-day as then, that the Tiber, dimpled with whirlpools, and driving the sand along, "rolls his yellow billows to the sea." True now, as then, that the seabirds "*æthera mulcebant cantu*," were softening the air with their song. How is it possible, with such tender phrases as these abounding in Virgil, that critics can pretend it was left to modern poets to divine the subtlety of nature? No doubt Dryden renders this lovely phrase, "To tuneful songs their narrow throats applied;" but we may depend upon it that this horrible parody would have revolted Virgil as much as it does ourselves. What a fascination Virgil still sheds around all this Latin coast! "*Nunc magnum manet Ardea nomen*," he wrote, hundreds of years ago, of the Argive capital of Turnus; and *magnum nomen* is all that can now be predicted of Laurentum, of Lavinium, of Antium, of Alba Longa. But the names will always remain great, because of the author of the Æneid. It was from this same mouth of the Tiber that Claudius sailed for Britain. We know that Claudius lived, and we are all considerably interested in the island he subdued. But who can bring himself to associate Ostia with either or both, in the same sense in which he does so with the mythical landing of Æneas and his followers? Claudius has fared but ill at the hands of historians, and poets have

troubled themselves about him not at all. Why does Gibbon speak of him as "the most stupid of Roman emperors"? But if neglected by the bard, and stigmatized by the chronicler, Claudius, after the expedition he organized from here, evidently had his flatterers. There was an arch of Claudius in Rome, in the Piazza Sciarra, which Andrea Fulvio tells us existed even down to his time. In 1565, excavations were made in its neighborhood, and many sculptured marbles were disinterred; among them, a head of Claudius, and a relief, in which he is represented as addressing his troops. It is still to be seen in the Villa Borghese. In a garden wall, behind the Barberini Palace, is a complacent inscription to Claudius, "Quod Reges Britannos absque ullâ jacturâ domuerit, gentes Barbaras primus judicio subegerit." But these haughty imperial boasts are all in vain; and the "æthera mulcebant cantu" moves us infinitely more.

To the pine woods of Castel Fusano is a smartish little walk, in the heat of the March sun, which is now high in the heavens. But under their dense canopy of shade, upon turf growing a harvest of asphodels, you may spread your tablecloth, set out your luncheon, uncork your Montepulciano, eat your oranges, and be very happy. What is it that smells so sweet? It is the rosemary you are lying on, for the forest is full of it. There is a *casino* or villa belonging to Prince Chigi, which is inhabited only for a few weeks in the spring. Why not for more? They say the malaria strikes no one, at a certain height above the ground. Then why not make yourself a hammock in the topmost boughs of those lofty murmuring pines? Better couch, better cradle, no man could have; and from your eyrie you would descry the winding of the Tiber, the Tyrrhene main, and Rome itself. The word reminds you that you must sleep there to-night; for it is a conventional world, and men no longer couch in trees. If you did, where would you find your breakfast? Like the followers of Æneas, you would have to eat your trenchers; and I much doubt if any Lavinia would be in store for you, or any Latin king send you horses and provender. Back to Rome! It would always be worth while to go fifteen miles from Rome, if only for the sake of the pleasure of driving back to it. Its majesty never ends nor palls; and nothing can stale its infinite variety. Etruscan civilization, Roman civilization, Greek civilization, the early Christian, the

mediæval, the papal, the strictly modern, all are there. Rome is the compendium of history; and you may open the human story at what page you will.

From Nature.

ECONOMIC GEOLOGY OF INDIA.*

II.

IN a former notice of Professor Valentine Ball's important work on the "Economic Geology of India," the subjects of the gold supply and of that form of carbon known as the diamond, were treated of. In the present notice it is proposed to give a brief account of that more important form of carbon known as coal, as well as to allude to the valuable information given in the chapters on iron, salt, and building-stone. The rocks, which in peninsular India probably correspond, as regards the time of their formation, to the true carboniferous rocks of Europe, are not coal-bearing, and the oldest coal-measures in the country belong to a period which is well included within the limits of the upper palæozoic or Permian, and the lower Jurassic formations. All the useful coal of the peninsula may conveniently be described as being of Permian age, and, with two exceptions, it may be added, these measures do not occur beyond the limits of the peninsula. In the extra-peninsular area, coal is found in various younger deposits, and there are numerous deposits in Afghanistan, the Punjab, at the foot of the Himalayas, in Assam and Burma, of undoubted lower tertiary, nummulitic, or eocene coals and lignites; but it is only quite exceptional that such deposits possess any great value (the chief noteworthy exceptions occur in Assam and Burma).

According to the somewhat liberal estimates of Mr. Hughes, the areas in India, in which coal-measures occur, including those unsurveyed, amount in all to thirty-five thousand square miles, but the thickness of a vast number of the seams of coal in these basins is very varied. For over one century the coal-mining industry of India has been in operation, and there has been a steady increase in production and consumption, especially within the last ten years. Still the coal resources of

* *A Manual of the Geology of India. Part III. Economic Geology.* By V. Ball, M.A., F.G.S., Officiating Deputy Superintendent, Geological Survey of India. Published by order of the Government of India. Calcutta, 1881.

the country cannot be regarded as yet developed. Out of over thirty distinct coal-fields in peninsular India, only four or five are worked at all, and even of these, but two have arrived at an output of from one to two thousand tons a day, and this though in those two fields the coal-pits are numerous.

It is very important that the reasons for this state of things should be well understood, and they are not far to seek. Most of the coal-fields are very remote from the centres of manufacture and from the sea-ports, and at these places the native produce has to compete with a better quality of coal sea-borne from Europe. With the extension of railways in India, the home coal will have a better chance, as the facilities of carriage will enable the coal to be brought to the iron-mines, which are mostly too at long distances from the ports, and when used in the reduction of metallic ores, the demand for coal would increase.

As to the quality of the coal of peninsular India, it is not easy to write in general terms. It may be described as a laminated bituminous coal, in which bright and dull layers alternate; much of it does not coke easily. No true anthracite has as yet been discovered. In the coal from the Raniganj field, the proportion of fixed carbon is under fifty-five per cent., which is about ten per cent. under that from the Karharbari field. The amount of moisture varies a good deal in the coal from the different fields, being as high as fourteen per cent. in the coal from the Godavari field, and not more than five per cent. in that from the Raniganj field. The quantity of sulphur and phosphorus present varies also considerably, but coal, sufficiently free from these impurities as to be available for the manufacture of steel, is to be found. In a table showing the amount of coal imported into, and raised in India, for the years from 1852 to 1880, we find that of a probable total amount of mineral fuel consumed in India during 1880-81 of fifteen hundred thousand tons, one million was raised in the country, and half a million was imported. While the price of European coal at Indian ports varies, the average value at present per ton is about 30s. and English coal has been sold within the last ten years, in Calcutta, for as small a sum as 15s. a ton.

At the pit's mouth at the Raniganj field the value of the best coal is about 5s. a ton, but the same coal in Madras costs from 30s. to 32s. a ton, the difference

being the cost of transit. On many of the railways in upper India, wood largely used as fuel, being much cheaper than coal.

The largest and most important of the areas in which coal is worked in India is that of the Raniganj field. It is situated on the rocky frontier of western Bengal at a distance of one hundred and twenty miles from Calcutta. The available coal was calculated in round numbers by the late Dr. Oldham to be fourteen thousand millions of tons. Its proximity to the main line of railway, and also to the port of Calcutta, give it an advantage over all other coal areas in India. Coal was known to occur there in 1774, and so long since as 1777 was actually worked. There are now five European companies engaged in the extraction of the coal, besides many smaller firms, and one native company. At one time a good deal of the coal was obtained by open quarrying, now mining is adopted on the pillar and stall plan. None of the mines are of great depth; and there is a perfect freedom from fire and choke damp. Some of the seams are nearly forty feet in thickness but as a rule the very thick seams do not contain the best quality of coal. The lieutenant-governor of Bengal reported for the year 1878-79, that "the year was a prosperous one for the coal companies of Raniganj. There was a large demand and production was greatly stimulated. The output is estimated to have been 523,097 tons, against 467,924 tons, the average of the three previous years. The number of persons employed was 388,931 men, 194,647 women, and 27,277 children."

The coal supply of India is a subject of vast interest, one full with a great future for India, and one which, though slowly, is steadily coming to be properly understood.

Into the subject of "peat in India" the space at our disposal does not allow us to enter; and that of "petroleum" can only be glanced at. So far as is at present known, petroleum has not been met with within the limits of peninsular India. In the extra-peninsular countries there are several regions where the strata yield more or less abundant supplies of petroleum. The most important of these are in Burma. In British Burma the working of the oil-springs is but in its infancy. But in upper Burma, the exportation of the rock oils is said to have been in progress during the last two thousand years. The oil of upper Burma, commonly

known as Rangoon oil, is a valuable article of export, taking its name from the port from which it is shipped to Europe and America.

In intimate connection with the coal of India is the abundance in extent of the iron ores of the same region. In the peninsular area, magnetite occurs in beds or in veins of greater or less extent in most of the regions where metamorphic rocks occur. In some places, as in the Salem district in the Madras presidency, the development of this ore is on a scale of extraordinary and unparalleled magnitude, whole hills and ranges being formed of the purest forms of it; and in many cases these deposits are not lodes, but beds as truly such as those of gneissose and schistose rocks, with which they are accompanied. To the abundance and wide-spread distribution of these ores in the oldest rocks is no doubt to be attributed the fact of the frequent recurrence of considerable deposits of the general dissemination of ferruginous matter, which more or less characterize the sedimentary rocks of all subsequent periods. In some localities bedded magnetite is known to occur in sub-metamorphic or transition rocks. Thus the rich ores of central India are principally found as hæmatites in the Bijawar or lower transition series of rocks.

The prevailing red and brown tints characterizing the great Vindhyan formation are owing to the presence of iron ores in veins. The Talchir group of the Gondwana system—supposed to have been deposited from floating ice—is notable for the absence in it of iron matter. The next group Barakar is also almost free, but with some remarkable exceptions, as, for example, in the vicinity of the Aurunga coal-field at Palamow. The third group of the system is one of iron-stone shales; while in the succeeding members of the group iron is, though somewhat unequally distributed, always present.

The laterite of India is peculiarly rich in iron ores, and these have been worked by the native smelters time out of mind. Practical men have sometimes spoken of the native furnaces and methods of working in a very contemptuous manner, or have regarded them as merely objects of curiosity, but ought this to be so? Does not such a work as the famous iron pillar at the Kutab, near Delhi, indicate an amount of skill in the manipulation of a large mass of wrought iron, which has ever been a marvel to all who have stud-

ied it? But a few years ago, what iron foundry in Europe could have produced the like, and even now how many are there that would turn out such a mass? Of a total length of twenty-three feet eight inches, just twenty-two feet thereof stands exposed over the ground. Over sixteen feet in diameter at the base it tapers to a little over a foot just below its capital, which is three and one-half feet high. Its total weight is over six tons. Mr. Ferguson, in his "History of India," believes from the letters on the inscription that it dates from A.D. 400; if so, then it has stood exposed to wind and weather for nearly fifteen hundred years, showing no signs of rust; a most complete testimony to the skill and art of the Indian iron-workers of the period.

Even in quite recent days Indian steel was in considerable demand in England. Its production was the cause of much wonderment, and was accounted for by various theories. The famous Damascus blades had long attained a reputation for pliability, strength, and beauty, ere it was known that the material from which they were made was the product of an obscure Indian village, and it is probably not very generally known that a large quantity of the excellent iron used in the construction of the Menai Suspension and the Britannia Tubular Bridges, was from the Porto Nevo Works in South Arcot in Salem district. The competition with European iron has practically thrown the production of native ore into the deepest shade. Unless, indeed, the Indian iron factories should succeed in producing iron at so low a rate as to defy competition, the import of European iron must continue with the result of leaving no margin for profitable working. In England, too, it will be remembered that the demand for skilled labor has brought forth an abundant supply. In India the loss of a life, or a stoppage of machinery may be productive of serious and prolonged delay, causing numerous embarrassments.

It would seem almost too late for the government of India itself to undertake the manufacture of iron. Perhaps had it done so, prior to the opening up of its fine system of railways, it might have done good, keeping money in the country and employing labor, but there were many and serious objections to such government establishments. In the mean while, here and there throughout India iron is still manufactured.

The earthy varieties of the hæmatites, or red and yellow ochres, are abundant in

India. They are used by the natives as mineral pigments under the collective term of *girn*, for the adornment of the walls of houses and huts, and sometimes to make the caste marks on the foreheads of the Hindus.

In the Gabalpur district a paint is manufactured by grinding the ore to an impalpable powder by means of grindstones worked by small water-wheels. The powder is packed in bags, and sells retail at a price so high as 13½ a ton. It has proved to be the cheapest paint in the Indian market. It lies smoothly on wood or iron, and has been successfully used against damp or porous tiles, bricks, and plaster. It has already stood a good practical test on the metal-work of the principal bridges in India.

So far as the coal and iron products of this great dependency of ours are concerned, they would seem more than sufficient for all her needs, but at prices that were alone remunerative when the country remained isolated from the rest of the world. By competition the native production has been almost starved out, but the native consumers get as good an article, and at a far cheaper rate now than of old.

Salt is the mineral product of all others the most important to the revenue of India, the gross annual receipts from the salt-tax being now about seven millions of pounds sterling. While the native supply is practically inexhaustible, there is still a steady import trade from foreign countries. Within the last ten or twelve years, a great deal has been done in the way of equalizing the salt-tax in the different districts of India, and the government monopoly is now fairly complete. In Madras the indigenous sources of supply have been the salt-pans on the coastal districts, where salt is obtained by the evaporation of sea-water. It was also obtained at one time by the lixiviation of saline earth. The salt manufacture begins in January, as soon as the rains are over and the weather begins to get warm. Before the evaporation at the pans begins, there is a preliminary evaporation, lasting over some twenty-five days, in pits, by which the brine is reduced fifty or seventy-five per cent. in bulk. The manufacture in the pans continues for about twenty-nine days, when the salt is taken out and stored on the banks to dry. The brine is not evaporated to dryness in the pans, in order that the magnesium sulphate may, as much as possible, remain in solution. In Rajputana, there are four sources of salt. The most extensive are

the salt lakes, such as Sambhar and Didwana; next come the brine-pits, then some salt is obtained from saline efflorescence from earthwork, and some from deposits in old river-pits. A brine-pit in Bhartpur, examined in 1865, contained twenty to thirty feet of brine at a depth of twenty feet from the surface, and was reported to have shown no diminution of supply during the preceding twenty-eight years.

The Punjab is distinguished from all the other districts of India, in possessing enormous deposits of rock salt, and it is very remarkable that these deposits do not all belong to the one geological age, but are referable to very distinct periods which are widely separated in time. During the year ending March 31, 1880, inland customs duty was paid on fifty-five thousand tons of salt from the rock-salt mines of the Punjab. The rock salt of the Kohet district would seem to be of eocene age; it is overlaid conformably by gypsum, which is again overlaid by rocks of Nummulitic age. Here the salt is obtained by open quarrying. The quarries at Malgin have been worked from time immemorial; those at Bhadur Khel were opened some twelve centuries ago. The total available quantity of salt in these quarries has been estimated to afford a supply, which, allowing a liberal margin for waste, would, at the rate of the present demand, last for four thousand years.

The Salt-range deposit is the oldest known deposit in the world. It underlies beds containing Silurian deposits, and is therefore of a period at least not younger than the Silurian age. The rock salt in this range is worked underground. The largest mines of the range are the Mayo mines at Khewra, on the eastern side of the Indus. These and the neighboring mines had been worked most of all, and generally on a most dangerous system. Thus, in one of the Mayo mines the old Sikh workmen having worked out the salt in one vast chamber, the roof of which was supported by two immense pillars, commenced and worked out a second chamber under the first one, and beneath the pillar supporting its roof, with the result that on a Sunday, in June, 1870, one of these pillars broke through, carrying with it a large part of the roof, and forming a crater on the hill where the mine is situated. Since then, these mines have been worked in accordance with modern principles, and the appearance of their tunnels, drifts, and tramways is most imposing. There is even a wire-rope

tramway to the nearest village from the mouth of the mines. The annual average receipts from the Salt-range mines is 388,144/.

In connection with salt, the subject of *reh* is a highly important one. *Reh* is the native term applied to efflorescent salts which have accumulated in the soil or in the subsoil waters of large tracts in India, and this, in some places, to such an extent that cultivation has become impossible, and fertile fields have become barren spaces. The origin of this *reh* is now fully understood; the rivers carry in solution saline particles washed out of the rocks over which they flow; as well as a fine silt or alluvium, which also, on its decomposition, yields further salts; in a region of intense evaporation, and where the surface of the ground is constantly irrigated, if there be no free drainage outlet for the waters, the salts contained in them are accumulated in the soil, or still further surcharge the subsoil waters; while over and above all this, during the rainy season the rain-water, charged with carbonic acid, falling on the porous soil, has the effect of decomposing its mineral constituents and of carrying down to the subsoil the salts then formed. This being the state of things, when the surface of the ground becomes dried, the water, charged with salts, rises up and evaporates, leaving a salt efflorescence, the *reh*, which at length so permeates the superficial layer of soil as to leave it little better than a salt marsh. Contrary to what might on first sight be expected, irrigation by even pure canal water seems to increase the evil; for, as Mr. Medlicott has so well pointed out, the table of salt subsoil water is, by the addition of the canal water, raised to a height that brings it within the reach of evaporation; and so the efflorescence is increased. The only remedies for this state of things would seem to be good, deep subsoil drainage, with thorough washing of the surface soil, and protecting the latter as much as possible from evaporation.

India at one time enjoyed almost a monopoly of the saltpetre trade, and even still, from the port of Calcutta, in the year 1879-80, the export of this commodity was nearly 432,000/. The peculiar habits of the people and the fact that in the saltpetre-reducing districts there is a long period of drought after a long period of rain, accounts for the soil in the vicinity of the Indian villages being impregnated with this salt. More than two-thirds of the total quantity of the saltpetre which is

exported from Calcutta at present comes from the districts of Tirhut, Saran, and Champaran in Behar.

The building-stones of India form a wonderfully interesting subject. Among the most abiding records of any nation must always be included the buildings they have raised, and the duration of these will depend on the material chosen for the erection. Is it a necessity of modern civilization that our great edifices should be constructed of materials that are quick to perish? and why should it be said of Anglo-Indian architecture, that if the English left India, in a century after their departure no sign of their occupation would remain? and in India, as Prof. Ball remarks, unlike new countries such as Australia and most parts of America, where knowledge had to be obtained by experience, the native temples and buildings should have at once furnished the needed information as to the durability of the material used in them, the only one quality in building material that nothing save time is a test for. Most of the buildings erected by the British in India are built of brick; it need scarcely be added that all the native temples are of stone, and that many exhibit a wonderful mastery over sometimes difficult material. Very strange is it, too, to learn that the resources of India in this respect are so little known or appreciated, that at this day advertisements daily meet the eye in the Indian papers of Aberdeen granites and Italian marbles; and yet how many temples are there to be found in India, constructed of native granites! and what can surpass the white marble filigree screens called *jalee*, made out of the native marble?

One splendid screen is thus described by Mr. Keene: "But all the marble work of northern India is surpassed by the monument which Akbar erected over the remains of his friend and spiritual counsellor, Shekh Sulim Chisti, at Fatipur Sikri (1581 A.D.). In the north-western angle of a vast courtyard, 433 feet by 366 feet, is a pavilion externally of white marble, surrounded by a deep, projecting dripstone, also of white marble, supported by marble shafts, crowned by most fantastic brackets, shaped like the letter S. The outer screens are so minutely pierced, that at a little distance they look like lace, and illuminate the mortuary chapel within with a solemn half-light which resembles nothing else that I have seen."

The varieties of metamorphic rocks suited to building purposes in India are

very numerous; besides the granites, sandstones and porphyritic gneiss abound. In Mysore, a building-stone occurs in the crystalline rock of the district, which can be split into posts twenty feet long, which have been used for the support of the telegraph wires; and the peculiar adaptability of gneiss to fine carving is often to be seen in the rings appended to the drooping corners of some of the pagodas, where the rings, the links within which are movable, and the projecting corners, are carved out of a single block. Among all the formations, the Great Vin-dhyān sandstones stand prominent; these were used in the manufacture of stone implements; the great memorial monoliths or *lats*, many of which bear the edicts of Asoka, the protector of the early Buddhists who reigned about 250 B.C., are made of this stone; some of these are of great size, and on the exposed surfaces are polished; their carved capitals were surmounted with figures of lions or elephants.

There are many quarries of stone throughout India, opened in these Vin-dhyān rocks. At Delhi, on Son, the stone is a compact white sandstone, strong and durable, and susceptible of artistic treatment. Other fine quarries are at Chunar, from which has come for ages the supply to Benares and Calcutta. But perhaps the most important quarries in India are those in the upper Bhanrers, which have furnished building material since before the Christian era, to the cities of the adjoining plains. Portions of the Taj at Agra, Akbar's palace at Fatipur Sikri, the Jamma Masjid at Delhi, have been built from the stone of these quarries. The palace of the rajah of Bhartpur, at Deeg, one of the most beautiful edifices in India, is constructed of the stone from the same district. In it, cupolas rest on slender shafts of two or three inches in diameter. Arches are supported on strong, yet graceful pillars, and windows are formed of single slabs of stone, perforated with the most elaborate tracery.

Among the sandstones of the Damuda series, there are several varieties which are suited for building purposes. Throughout the Damuda valley, where these rocks occur, they have been used from considerable antiquity for the construction of temples. Among the finest examples known, some Jain temples at Barakar may be mentioned, as they exhibit specimens of wonderful carving which has stood well, though the old Pāli inscriptions on stone of this material in the

caves of Sirguja and Chang Bakhar even better testify to the endurance of this rock.

Laterite has also been used as a building material, but it is not ornamental, and does not weather well. Good roofing slate does not appear to exist in India though in the transition rocks of the Kharakpur hills, slate occurs; it is a partially altered, earthy rock, which is readily fissile, and with pains and care can be reduced to a thickness of one eighth of an inch; it would answer well for flagging.

Extended though this notice of Prof. Ball's book has been, we have been unable therein to glance at more than its more prominent features. We doubt not, however, that the reader will perceive that it is one of the most important contributions yet made to our knowledge of the economic geology of this vast kingdom, the prosperity of which so nearly and so intimately concerns ourselves.

From Nature.

ART METAL-WORK OF JAPAN.

FOR centuries past the artists of Japan have earned for themselves a reputation for their skill in the working of metals, and at the present day their productions in bronze, iron, and steel, excite admiration and astonishment. This art industry is of extreme antiquity. Mr. Satow, in his recent handbook of central and northern Japan, describes the colossal image of Buddha at Nara. It was first cast in 749 A.D., and was set up in its present position. It suffered from various accidents, and in 1567 the temple was burned to the ground, the head of the image falling off. It was replaced not long afterwards, and we may therefore assign to the body an age of eleven hundred and forty years, and to the head about three hundred years. Buddha is represented seated cross-legged on a dais which is of bronze, and represents the calyx of a lotus. The figure is $53\frac{1}{2}$ feet high; the face is 16 feet long, and $9\frac{1}{2}$ wide, while 966 curls adorn the head, around which is a halo 78 feet in diameter, on which are images 8 feet in length. A roof protects the image, and a staging is erected to assist visitors in examining it. The casting is said to have been attempted seven times before it was accomplished, and three thousand tons of charcoal were used in the operation. The whole is said to

weigh four hundred and fifty tons, and the alloy is composed of:—

Gold	500 lbs.
Mercury	1,954 "
Tin	16,827 "
Copper	986,080 "

"The body of the image and all the most ancient part of the lotus flowers on which it is seated are apparently formed of plates of bronze ten inches by twelve, soldered together, except the modern parts, which are much larger castings. A peculiar method of construction is said to have been adopted, namely, of gradually building up the walls of the mould as the lower part of the casting cooled, instead of constructing the whole mould first, and then making the casting in a single piece." The other large image of Dai Butsu at Kamakura, near Yokohama, is somewhat smaller than this, and dates from a period three centuries more recent. The various temple bells, some of which are of great size, are remarkable for the sweetness and mellowness of their tones, which contrast greatly with the harsh, ringing sounds to which we are accustomed in Europe. They are struck on the outside by huge pine beams which are suspended by strong ropes. The vessels ordinarily used in worship, such as vases, lamps, and incense-burners, are made of bronze, many of them being fine specimens of art, executed in high relief, and finished with much care. The demand for art metal-work of a high order has thus existed for centuries in Japan; and so far as can be judged from the specimens of more modern work of this description, the hand of the Japanese workman has not lost its cunning. In the Japanese art-gallery in Grafton Street, among many rare and beautiful productions of the Land of the Rising Sun, the metal-work well deserves attention. A pair of dark, green-tinted bronze vases, fourteen inches high, inlaid with gold, are conspicuous for beauty of design and workmanship. They are said to have occupied the maker seven years, and their curious tint is said to be a trade secret. It must be understood that it is no mere surface coloring, but is produced by the mixture of the metals in certain proportions. The work on the rims and necks represent in gold inlay a cloud dragon, while the bodies are decorated with four medallions formed of gold and silver inlays, the shading obtained by an inlay of gold upon silver being very remarkable. The tints of bronzes vary in color and depth from yellow, green, and ruddy to

dark brown, and next to beauty of design, the tint is a *sine quâ non*. A favorite design on bronzes is the dragon, a subject which is treated with much force and character.

A plaque of *shakudo*—an alloy of gold and copper, and black in color—set in a bronze mounting, representing the bamboo, is remarkable as showing the care and labor expended by the Japanese artist in working out details. The design represents a meeting between the twelve chief disciples of Buddha; the inlaying of the figures, trees, flowers, etc., is of gold and silver, with various tinted compositions, and stands out from the dark background of the alloy with much brilliancy. One of the compositions employed for shading is called *shibu-ichi*, and consists of three parts of copper to one of silver. Both these alloys are favorite compositions of the Japanese artist. The minute interlaying of gold and silver in another plaque, about eighteen inches in diameter, with a curvilinear border, exhibits marvellous skill. The body of the plaque is of iron, and the border is adorned with grape-leaf and fruit patterns, the former being of gold, the latter of silver. This is the work of Komai, of Kioto, whose family held the office of sword-mounters to the court. Swords in the olden time were much prized by their owners, for the quality and temper of the steel, and much cost was lavished on the ornaments of the handles and sheaths. The making of a good sword was regarded as a very serious task, and the maker had to conform to certain rules of conduct from the commencement to the end of the operation. The external ornaments offered endless scope to the skill and care of the worker in metals. Great importance is attached to the maker's name, which is engraved above the guard. It was a common saying of the Japanese, that the swords of celebrated makers, such as Naminohira, Yukiyasu, Masamune, and others, could not return to their scabbards, unless they had been dipped in blood; the sword-maker's occupation is now gone, not so their fellow-artists, the sword-mounters. Their skill in working metals can always be turned to good account.

Many other works in metal in the gallery deserve mention, but we cannot refer to them here. They all exhibit the patience, skill, imagination, and love of his craft which distinguished the Japanese artist of old. It is to be feared that he is now abandoning these qualities, and

seeking a more rapid road to fortune by shoddy foreign imitations, and that beautiful works requiring the patience and loving care of years—such, for instance, as the small cabinet shown in Grafton

Street, which was made for the third shogun of the last dynasty, and which is probably the finest work of its kind in existence—will soon be things of the past.

NINETEENTH CENTURY FRIENDSHIPS. — In France, England, and Germany, among many minor groups, three stand out with marked lustre by reason of the eminence of the men who formed their centres — Diderot, Johnson, and Goethe. They all contained men who may be ranked among the most active and successful workers whom the world has known, men who have left enduring monuments of their labors. Yet these men never seemed to want leisure for frequent meetings and genial fellowship. They met constantly and almost regularly, without loss, we may be sure, to their work, and with much increase of happiness to themselves. The French have a saying that the hours spent at the dinner-table do not count in life. But the best thing at a good French dinner, especially of the old school, was not the cookery but the conversation. A few dishes with ample pauses between, by which equal justice was done to the viands and the talk — this was the ideal, not unfrequently realized in practice, which the proverb had in view, and in which health equally with recreation found its account. In Edinburgh, again, from the days of Hume to those of Sir Walter Scott, men had time both for work and play; and even in remote Königsberg, under Kant, the ardent pursuit of metaphysics was not found incompatible with the restorative relaxation of genial and frequent social intercourse. For it is to be noted that the meeting of friends, to be at once a source of refreshment and repose, must be neither too frequent nor too rare. If we only meet our friend at long intervals, we have either too much to say to him and cannot say it for over-fulness, or we have lost touch and those finer contacts of sympathy which are the spirit and essence of the best talk. We have insensibly diverged, each in his separate groove, and easy flow and spontaneity are replaced by reserve and half-shyness. It is here that we place our finger on the painful spot in our modern life. In this huge wilderness of bricks and mortar called London friends live apart, separated by invisible barriers, which only exceptional moments of health and energy enable us to traverse. The facilities of locomotion, by which men are enabled to escape from an atmosphere poisoned and thickened with coal-smoke and noxious gases in which their daily business mostly lies, have caused such a dispersion of the inhabitants presumed to live in the same city that the chances are that friends who would like nothing better than to meet and

talk once or twice a week are often unable to do so once or twice a month, or even at longer intervals. In this respect London is a monster unequalled in the civilized world. But Paris is fast becoming a rival of no mean pretension in this repulsive characteristic. In the old days men lived, so to speak, within a stone's throw of each other. Goldsmith in the Temple, Johnson in Bolt Court, Burke in Gerard Street, for instance, were neighbors, as compared to men equally eager for social union who now perhaps live one at Wimbledon, another at Clapham, a third at Hampstead or Highgate.

Pall Mall Gazette.

A RECENT number of the *Celestial Empire* referring to a discovery of some ancient grave near Shanghai, gives an interesting account of Chinese burial in former times. A man means purchased his coffin when he reached the age of forty. He would then have it painted three times every year with a species of varnish, mixed with pulverized porcelain — a composition which resembled a silicate paint or enamel. The process by which this varnish was made has now been lost to the Chinese. Each coating of this paint was of some thickness, and when dried had a metallic firmness resembling enamel. Frequent coats of this, if the owner lived long, caused the coffin to assume the appearance of a sarcophagus, with a foot or more in thickness of this hard, stone-like shell. After death the veins and the cavities of the stomach were filled with quicksilver for the purpose of preserving the body. A piece of jade would then be placed in each nostril and ear, and in one hand, while a piece of bar silver would be placed in the other hand. The body thus prepared was placed on a layer of mercury within the coffin; the latter was sealed, and the whole then committed to its last resting-place. When some of these sarcophagi were opened after the lapse of centuries, the bodies were found in a wonderful state of preservation; but they crumbled to dust on exposure to the air. The writer well observes that the employment of mercury by the Chinese of past dynasties for the purpose of preserving bodies ought to form an interesting subject for consideration and discussion in connection with the history of embalming and "mummy-making."

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Each number of the NATURALIST contains carefully written articles on various scientific subjects, and, in addition, departments of *Recent Literature, Botany, Zoölogy, Entomology, Anthropology, Geology and Palæontology, Geography and Exploration, and Microscopy*. The department of Entomology is edited by Prof. C. V. RILEY, that of Botany by Prof. C. E. BESSEY, and that of Microscopy is edited by Dr. R. H. WARD, of Troy, N. Y. A new department, that of Mineralogy, is added this year, which is edited by Prof. H. C. LEWIS, of Philadelphia. The department of Geography and Travels is edited by ELLIS H. YARNALL, Esq. Prof. OTIS T. MASON will continue his monthly summaries of Anthropological News, and will edit the department of *Anthropology*. Arrangements have been made to report the *Proceedings of Scientific Societies* with promptness. A Digest of the *Contents of Foreign Scientific Journals and Transactions* will also be given each month, together with the *Latest Home and Foreign Scientific News*.

The attention of publishers and teachers is called to critical notices of standard scientific books, to which especial attention has been given the past year, and will be given during the coming year.

A recent feature, and one which will render the NATURALIST most useful to American scientists and students of science, are summaries of progress made during the preceding years (1879, 1880, 1881) in different departments of science. Reviews of progress in *Botany* have been furnished by Prof. C. E. BESSEY; of *Crustacea* by Mr. J. S. KINGSLEY; of *Mollusca* by Dr. W. H. DALL. Prof. C. A. WHITE has reported on *Invertebrate Palæontology*. Prof. OTIS T. MASON has prepared reports on progress in *American Anthropology* during 1879, 1880, 1881. These reports will be continued during the coming year. *American Geography and Explorations* will be reported upon by ELLIS H. YARNALL, Esq., and *American Microscopy* by Dr. R. H. WARD.

Original articles or notices by over fifty of our leading naturalists have appeared in the volumes for 1880 and 1881, among which occur the following names:—

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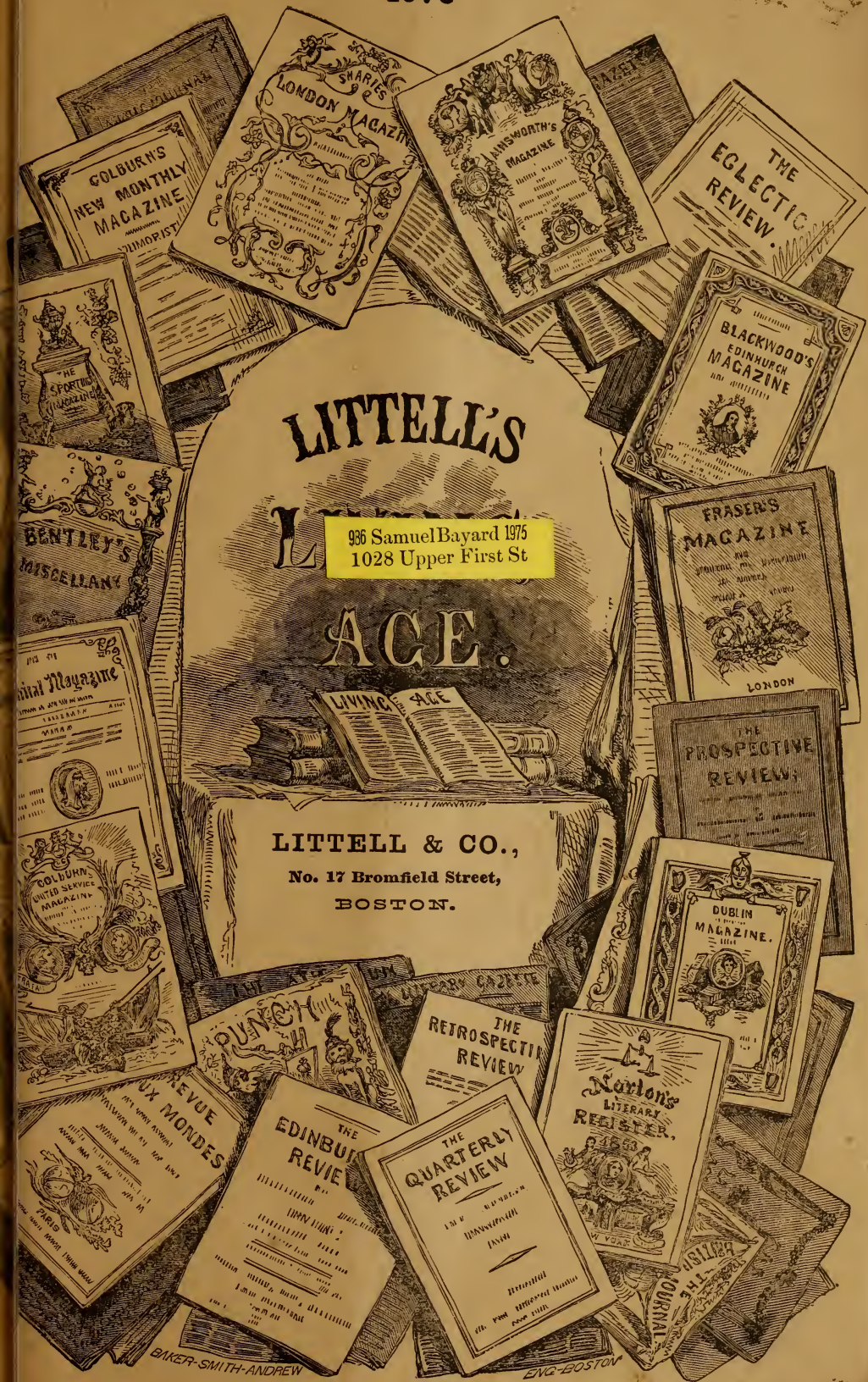
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CONTENTS.

I. THE LIFE OF JAMES MILL,	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> ,	387
II. PEPPINIELLO. Twenty-four Hours with a Neapolitan Street-boy,	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> ,	404
III. ALFONSO LA MARMORA,	<i>Modern Review</i> ,	417
IV. THE BANDSMAN'S STORY,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> ,	426
V. ROSSETTI'S POEMS,	<i>Edinburgh Review</i> ,	436
VI. THE WILD SILKS OF INDIA,	<i>Nature</i> ,	444
VII. A NORMAN PRIEST,	<i>Athenæum</i> ,	447

POETRY.

LITTLE LINK,	386	CECINIT VIATOR,	386
MISCELLANY,			448

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A LITTLE LINK.

SHE sleeps — the welcome wintry sun
Is shining on her little face,
The firelight glints upon her hair,
My precious blossom! oh, how fair,

How very fair she is!

And soft she sleeps, my little one,
As sadly to and fro I pace,
And dream anew of olden bliss.

The flowers I plucked for her delight
Have fallen from the tiny hand;
The painted toy that charmed her eyes
With quaint design and action, lies

Beside the pictured book:

Strange thoughts arise, oh! blossom bright,
That vex and thrill me as I stand
Anear, and on thy features look.

Thy mother's face, thy mother's smile,
Thy mother's ringlets flowing free,
Her tinted cheek, her forehead white,
Her eyes, brown wells of liquid light,

Yea, all her charms are thine;

Thy mother kissed thy lips erewhile,
Before she sent thee forth to me,
And to that kiss I added mine.

And when this evening's shadows fall,
And thou art by her side again,
Will she, too, seek, as I have sought
The kiss the childish lips have brought

Our parted lips to bless?

Will she too fondly question all
I said and did, and seek to gain
A glimpse of our lost happiness?

Ah dear my wife! ah sweet my wife!
Too lightly won, too lightly lost;
Might ripper age repair with tears
The havoc made in earlier years,

Should we weep, thou and I?

Should we clasp hands, and end the strife
That all our youthful years hath crossed,
And fare together till we die?

If we two stood upon the brink
Of that wide gulf that yawns between
Thy life and mine this many a day,
And one should to the other say,

"I erred the first — and most,"

Should we stretch out glad hands and link
Our lives, and let the dark "has been"
Float from us like a grim grey ghost?

'Tis hard to say, for pride is strong,
And either blamed the other's heat;
But as I look upon the face
Of my one child, and in it trace

The looks of one away,

My heart cries out against the wrong
That bars us both from union sweet.
"And whose the blame?" I sadly say.

I was to blame, for I was hard;
She was to blame, for she was proud;
And so the pride and hardness built
A wall between us, high as guilt;

And yet no guilt was there.
But when my heart grew soft, she barred
The gate on love. I cried aloud;
But she was deaf unto my prayer.

And so we drifted far apart,
While friends came in to heal the breach.
Poor fools! to think that they could touch
With balm the hearts that ached too much

Too wildly for despair.

But pride put gauds above the smart,
And we were gay and light of speech,
And jeered at love and mocked at care.

But still the child, the little child,
Goes at the stated seasons forth
From her to me, from me to her,
And keeps keen thrilling thoughts astir,
Awaking old regret.

Thought springs to-night unfettered, wild,
Oh, wife! what is life's living worth
If thou and I are parted yet?

Lo! I will break the bonds that hold
My life and thine in separate ways,
And standing by thee face to face
Beseech thee fill thine empty place,
And bless my lonely soul
With love like that fair love of old,
That gladdened all our morning days,
But stronger grown, and calm, and whole.

I will not grudge to own me wrong —
Great Heaven! what slender form is here?
What loving eyes look into mine?
What hands in mine own hands entwine?

My wife, my wife, at last!

Wake up, white blossom, sleep not long,
Awake to bless thy mother dear;
Our days of dark are gone and past.

My bird, thou hast flown home to me,
Thrice welcome to thine early nest!
Nay, not a word between us twain
Of all the empty years of pain

Forevermore be said.

It is enough for me and thee
That thou art here upon my breast,
That all our foolish past is dead.

All The Year Round.

CECINIT VIATOR.

LIKE child, who in a meadow fair
Pulls berry bright and blossom new,
Yet knows he may not linger there
For heavy task at home to do —
Or him of whom the Phrygian tells,
Shell-gathering by the sleeping main,
Content to cast aside his shells
Called by the Boatswain back again —
Through fields so fair so journey I;
Yet pass with not too curious eye.

Athenæum.

DAVID FITZGERALD

From The Fortnightly Review.

THE LIFE OF JAMES MILL.*

WHEN Mr. Mill's "Autobiography" was given to the public nine years ago, it created a common impression that the author was even a more remarkable and singular figure than the son; and there was a general desire to know more about the personage of so many striking and original traits. Grote had already said enough of one of his minor pieces to stir a lively curiosity about the elder Mill. Apart from his publicly authenticated merits, which have for that matter fallen somewhat out of date both in history and philosophy, he had other merits, says Grote, which were at any less real:—

His unpremeditated oral exposition was hardly less effective than his prepared work with the pen; his colloquial fertility on philosophical subjects, his power of discussing himself, and of stimulating others to discuss, his ready responsive inspirations through all the shifts and windings of a sort of Platonic dialogue—all these accomplishments were, to those who knew him, even more impressive than what he composed for the press. Conversation with him was not merely instructive, but provocative to the dormant intelligence. Of all persons whom we have known Mr. James Mill was the one who stood least remote from the lofty Platonic ideal of *Dialectic*—*τοῦ διδόναι καὶ δέχεσθαι λόγον* (the giving and receiving of reasons)—competent alike to examine others, or to be examined by them on philosophy. When to this we add a strenuous character, earnest convictions, and single-minded devotion to truth, with an utter disdain of mere paradox, it may be conceived that such a man exercised powerful intellectual ascendancy over younger minds.

Lord Brougham, in a passage quoted in the volume before us, says something to the same effect. He admits that James Mill was not free from the dogmatism of his school (as if Brougham were quite free from the dogmatism of *his* school), but he praises his great candor in controversy, and then he goes on to remark what must have multiplied his intellectual force a thousandfold, namely, his moral earnestness, the profound sin-

cerity of his criticism, and the consistency of his life. "He was always," says Brougham, "of such self-denial that he sunk every selfish consideration in his anxiety for the success of any cause which he espoused, and ever ready to the utmost extent of his faculties, and often beyond the force of his constitution, to lend his help for its furtherance."

The real impressiveness, however, of James Mill's character was not suspected by our generation until his son described it to the world in pages that must become classic, if mankind continue to cherish the memory of their benefactors. Mr. Mill pronounced it to be "far from honorable to the generation which has benefited by his work, that he is so seldom mentioned, and, compared with men far his inferiors, so little remembered." There are two causes for this. One of them is that the thought of him merged in the deservedly superior fame of Bentham, though he was anything but Bentham's mere follower and disciple. The other reason is that notwithstanding the great number of his opinions which have come to be generally adopted, "there was on the whole a marked opposition between his spirit and that of the present time." In other words, he belonged to the eighteenth century: he was the last of its strong and brave men, "and he was a fit companion for its strongest and bravest." (Mill's *Autobiography*, p. 205). But surely the best reason why James Mill's fame is less than it deserved to be is that his influence was far less literary than personal. His most striking gift was "the power of influencing the convictions and purposes of others by mere force of mind and character."

He was sought for the vigor and instructiveness of his conversation, and used it largely as an instrument for the diffusion of his opinions. I have never known any man who could do such ample justice to his best thoughts in colloquial discussion. His perfect command over his great mental resources, the terseness and expressiveness of his language, and the moral earnestness as well as intellectual force of his delivery, made him one of the most striking of all argumentative conversers: and he was full of anecdote, a hearty laugh, and when with people whom he liked, a most lively and amus-

*James Mill. *A Biography*. By Alexander Bain, D. London: Longmans, 1882.

†John Stuart Mill. *A Criticism with Personal Reflections*. By the same.

ing companion. It was not solely, or even chiefly, in diffusing his merely intellectual convictions that his power showed itself: it was still more through the influence of a quality, of which I have only since learnt to appreciate the extreme rarity: that exalted public spirit, and regard above all things to the good of the whole, which warmed into life and activity every germ of similar virtue that existed in the minds he came in contact with: the desire he made them feel for his approbation, the shame at his disapproval; the moral support which his conversation and his very existence gave to those who were aiming at the same objects, and the encouragement he afforded to the faint-hearted or desponding among them, by the firm confidence which (though the reverse of sanguine as to the results to be expected in any one particular case) he always felt in the power of reason, the general progress of improvement, and the good which individuals could do by judicious effort. (Autobiography, pp. 101-2.)

Nor was this the exaggeration of filial piety. Editors of newspapers are not usually an enthusiastic class, but Black of the *Morning Chronicle* and Fonblanque of the *Examiner* were as sensible as his son himself of James Mill's rare qualities.* "Mr. Mill," says Black, "was eloquent and impressive in conversation. He had a great command of language, which bore the stamp of his earnest and energetic character. Young men were particularly fond of his society, and it was always to him a source of great delight to have an opportunity of contributing to form their minds and exalt their characters. No man could enjoy his society without catching a portion of his elevated enthusiasm." Fonblanque's eulogy runs in similar terms. "Wherever talent and good purpose were found conjoined — the power and the will to serve the cause of truth — the ability and the disposition to be useful to society, to weed out error, and advance improvement — wherever these qualities were united, the possessor found a friend, a supporter to fortify, cheer, and encourage him in his course, in James Mill. He fanned every flame of public virtue, he strengthened every good purpose that came within the range of his influence. His conversation was full of instruction."

* See Mr. Bain's Appendix, 457-8.

And the panegyric closes with words taken from that immortal passage — surely the most beautiful in the literature of antiquity — which was inspired by the grave and noble sorrow of Tacitus, *Quid ex Agricola amavimus, quidquid mirati sumus, manet mansurumque est in animis hominum, in æternitate temporum fama rerum.*

It is to the pages of the son's "Autobiography" that we must go for the inner structure of ideas and beliefs which lay under so imposing a character. It will hardly be time lost to re-read and to transcribe some parts of Mr. Mill's account

My father's moral convictions, wholly dis severed from religion, were very much of the character of those of the Greek philosophers and were delivered with the force and decision which characterized all that came from him. . . . His moral inculcations were at all times mainly those of the "Socratici viri;" justice, temperance (to which he gave a very extended application), veracity, perseverance, readiness to encounter pain and especially labor; regard for the public good; estimation of persons according to their merits, and of things according to their intrinsic usefulness; a life of exertion in contradiction to one of self-indulgence and sloth. These and other moralities conveyed in brief sentences, uttered as occasion arose, of grave exhortation, or stern reprobation and contempt. . . . In his views of life he partook of the character of the Stoic, the Epicurean, and the Cynic, not in the mode but the ancient sense of the word. In his personal qualities the Stoic predominated. His standard of morals was Epicurean, inasmuch as it was utilitarian, taking as the exclusive test of right and wrong, the tendency of action to produce pleasure or pain. But he had (as this was the Cynic element) scarcely any belief in pleasure; at least in his later years, of which alone, on this point, I can speak confidently. He was not insensible to pleasures; but deemed very few of them worth the price which, at least in the present state of society, must be paid for them. The greater number of miscarriages in life, he considered to be attributable to the overvaluing of pleasures. . . . He thought human life a poor thing at best, after the freshness of youth and of unsatisfied curiosity had gone by. This was a topic on which he did not often speak, especially may be supposed, in the presence of young persons; but when he did, it was with an air of settled and profound conviction. He would

sometimes say, that if life were made what it might be, by good government and good education, it would be worth having; but he never spoke with anything like enthusiasm even of that possibility. He never varied in rating intellectual enjoyments above all others, even in value as pleasures, independently of their superior benefits. The pleasures of the benevolent affections he placed high in the scale; and used to say, that he had never known a happy old man, except those who were able to live over again in the pleasures of the young. For passionate emotions of all sorts, and for everything which has been said or written in exaltation of them, he professed the greatest contempt. He regarded them as a form of madness. "The intense" was with him a byword of scornful disapprobation. He regarded it as an aberration of the moral standard of modern times, compared with that of the ancients, the great stress laid upon feeling. Feelings, as such, he considered to be no proper subjects of praise or blame. Right and wrong, good and bad, he regarded as realities solely of conduct—of acts and omissions; there being no feeling which may not be good, and does not frequently lead, either to good or to bad actions; conscience itself, the only desire to act right, often leading people to act wrong. . . . He blamed as severely what he thought a bad action, when the motive was a feeling of duty, as if the agents had been consciously evil doers. . . . He disliked, for instance, a fanatic in any bad cause, as much more than one who adopted the same cause for self-interest, because he thought him even more likely to be practically mischievous. And thus his aversion to many intellectual errors, or what he regarded as such, partook, in certain sense, of the character of a moral feeling. All this is merely saying that he, in a degree once common, but now very unusual, threw his feelings into his opinions; which makes it difficult to understand how any one who possesses much of both, can fail to do so. (p. 46-50.)

This, then, is the interesting man of whom Professor Bain has now given us a biography, on which, and incidentally on the little companion volume on the younger Mill, we now propose to make a few remarks. That the book is as interesting as the subject cannot, we fear, be justly affirmed. It has all the merits of an industry can secure, nor can anybody escape with the typical critic that it would have been better if the author had taken

more pains. All that diligent search for the facts of James Mill's life could do has been done, and the results are duly entered and posted up with the laudable accuracy of daybook and ledger. But Professor Bain has certainly not been able to do for this eminent member of the great *domus Socratica* what Plato did for Socrates himself. It is no slight on an author to say that he does not write as well as Plato, but Mr. Bain carries the license which every author has of writing worse than Plato, almost to excess. There is no light in his picture, no composition, no color. It would be too much to ask for the polish and elegance, the urbanity and finesse, of a discourse at the French Academy, but the author is really more severe than is permitted in his disdain for graces of style and the art of presentation. A writer does well to be concise, yet the Greeks have shown us that a writer or an orator may attain the art of conciseness without being either dry or ungenial. It is not enough to give us a catalogue, however industriously compiled, of the external incidents of a man's life in the order of time, of his books and articles, and even of his ideas. Such things are mere memoranda, and not biography. Of these laborious memoranda there are enough and too many. Mr. Bain gives us, for instance, a minute description of Ford Abbey, where James Mill and his family spent many months with Jeremy Bentham, who then lived there. "The original plan of the front," it seems, "compels us to divide the whole range into seven portions," and to each of these seven portions the reader is virtuously trotted, learning, if he be so minded, how many divisions there are in the archways, how many windows in each floor, at what distances the windows are from one another, what the upper story used to be and is, what the lower story. With weary foot we follow our guide into the inside, we open a door to the left and are in the great hall, 55 feet in length, 27½ feet wide, and 28 feet high; then into the dining-room; then back to the main entrance to a cloister, which is 82 feet long, and 17 feet high; then up-stairs to a great saloon, 50 feet long, 26 wide, and

20 high; there are not less than thirty bedrooms in the house; there is a gravel walk a quarter of a mile long, and 30 feet wide; and so on, and so on, through five closely printed pages. Who cares to know all this, unless Ford Abbey happens to be to let or sell? Nobody can remember, or ought to remember, a word of it, but everybody recalls the few lines in the autobiography, which stamp the place and its impression on Mill in the inmost mind of the reader:—

From 1814 to 1817 Mr. Bentham lived during half of each year at Ford Abbey in Somersetshire (or rather in a part of Devonshire surrounded by Somersetshire), which intervals I had the advantage of passing at that place. This sojourn was, I think, an important circumstance in my education. Nothing contributes more to universal elevation of sentiments in a people than the large and free character of their habitations. The middle-age architecture, the baronial hall, and the spacious and lofty rooms, of this fine old place, so unlike the mean and cramped externals of English middle-class life, gave the sentiment of a larger and freer existence, and were to me a sort of poetic cultivation, aided also by the grounds in which the abbey stood; which were *riant* and secluded, umbrageous, and full of the sound of falling waters. (Autobiography, p. 56.)

With the highest respect for Mr. Bain's conscientious and painstaking method, we submit that he has not seriously reflected on the things that are worth telling, on the relation of details to the whole, what it is that the reader seeks to know, what it is good for him to know—on the difference, in short, between a jejune list of *dramatis personæ* and the drama itself. There is Ricardo, for instance. Ricardo was, excepting his son, James Mill's most eminent disciple, and indeed he was more peculiarly and exclusively his disciple than John Mill himself. It was Mill's Socratic stimulation that inspired the founder of abstract political economy to work out his observations into a connected system; and whatever value we may set on the system when it was so worked out, at least it made a very profound mark on the current thought in its own sphere. All that Mr. Bain has to tell us of Ricardo is that his intimacy with Mill began in 1811, that he was shy and timid, that Mill encouraged him to publish his book on rent and to enter Parliament, that he amassed an enormous fortune on the Stock Exchange, and that, if we may trust Bentham, he was stingy in small matters (pp. 74, 75, 153). When Ricardo dies in 1823, Mr. Bain properly enough

gives us Mill's letter to the *Morning Chronicle* commemorating his friend's loss, and there the matter ends. Yet was far better worth while to tell us little more about Ricardo than to tell us so much about a country house in Somersetshire. He was a far more interesting subject, and much more to James Mill's life, than Ford Abbey. If Mr. Bain answers that there is nothing to say about Ricardo's life, that is quite true in the sense of there being nothing particular in the way of dates and little external incidents; but the question how it was that Ricardo was prepared to receive Mill's impressions and to react to his stimulation is full of interest. Witness, for example, the remarks of Mr. Bagehot of Ricardo; on the connection between his dealings on the Stock Exchange and his power of abstract thinking; on the subtle preparation of race for these high regions of thought, (for Ricardo belonged to the same race as Spinoza); on the peculiar economic circumstances of the time which fitted Ricardo to apply Mill's method of reasoning to deal with them. Mr. Bain may perhaps disdain all this as mere fanciful speculation, but it is such things, nevertheless, that make all the difference between a book that is readable, fertile, and suggestive, and one that is none of these things.

It is not merely in the conception of the art of biography that Mr. Bain seems to us to fall somewhat short of what might have been hoped. In the mere quality of literary correctness he does not come up to the standard which he exacts with much rigor from other people. He has done good service before now, for example, by working out the distinction between the relative pronouns, *who* or *which*, and *that*. His rule on the matter is a good guide, but all such rules are subject to old and accepted usage (more than half of grammar having its root in usage), and all are liable to nice variations from the influence of taste and ear. Mr. Bain, if we remember rightly, gives Shakespeare a scolding for using *which* when, if he had been lucky enough to be bred at Aberdeen, instead of among the drowsy meadows of Stratford-on-Avon, he would have used *that*.† The same damning

* Economic Studies. By Walter Bagehot, pp. 1560.

† Mr. Bain's rule is that the heavy relatives *who* and *which* are to be used when they introduce a second or subordinate sentence; *that* is to be used when the sentence added by it is a qualifying, limiting, descriptive, or a jectival proposition. Thus: "Canning delivers a scathing elaborate oration, *which* is the subject of a scathing

lemish is now exposed in the writing of J. S. Mill, and in truth I do not know one single author of eminence in whose pages Mr. Bain's rule is not most freely neglected. Mr. Bain may say that these famous men, Shakespeare, Burke, and the rest, would have written better if they had never used *who* or *which*, except to connect two co-ordinate sentences, and always used *that* when they wanted the proper restrictive, explicative, limiting, or refining relative. It may be so; and it may be that Felix Holt was much more sensible than his neighbors in wearing a cap instead of a hat, but nevertheless the cap gave him a vulgar and ill-bred air which he might as well have avoided. And to us, Mr. Bain's over-scrupulous rejection of the common use of *who* and *which* gives to his style something disagreeable and uncouth. His precision in this and other points makes it the more singular that Mr. Bain should not always satisfy his own requirements. "On referring to the volumes of these various reviews," he says for instance, "about the years when Mill may have been a contributor, I was deterred by the multitude of short articles that *would need to have been studied*" (p. 62). It is superfluous to remind the author of a "Companion to the Higher Grammar," that this ought to have been, "the multitude of short articles that *would have needed* (or *would need*) *to be studied*." Whatever, also, we may think about the use of *which* and *that*, it is slipshod work to use such an expression as "the way that he allowed himself to speak and behave." Again, it may or may not be pardonable for us poor journalists, whose writing, like the grass of the field, to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, to talk of the "Bradburgh business," and the like; but a leared professor of rhetoric surely ought not to keep us in countenance in these malpractices by such phrases as "the common question," "the language element," "the Bentham philosophy." Nor can we profess to admire the elegance of the propositions that "Mrs. Grote came for the cold shoulder," that "Baldwin came to grief," or that Parliamentary reform went on "by flukes and leaps in the dark." That these refined atticisms should appear in a book by a serious

writer by Grote in the *Morning Chronicle*.* Here there are two distinct propositions: Canning delivers an oration, and on it Grote writes the letter. But if the facts had been put differently the words would have run thus: "The scathing letter that Grote wrote in the *Chronicle* was prompted by the oration that Canning delivered."

writer is not a good sign for the future of our language, especially at a moment when it is in such imminent danger from the defiling flood of trans-Atlantic vulgarisms, so ingenious, so humorous, so wonderful, so truly hideous and detestable.

We should certainly not care to notice these *nugas difficles*, nor to pursue this *labor ineptiarum*, if Mr. Bain had not himself drawn especial attention to such matters. A writer who is so censorious on the style of another, is bound to watch his own. One can hardly think it a happy turn of expression, for instance, to say that a man has no energy "available for *establishing the co-ordinations of manual dexterity*" (p. 333), when you only mean that he is too tired by reading and thinking to have spirits for boxing and fencing. J. S. Mill's style may perhaps have been, as Mr. Bain says, "wanting in delicate attention to the placing of qualifying words generally," but surely either delicate attention or something else is wanting in the following sentence of the critic's own: "According to our present notions of physical and mental training he [Mill] ought to have had a decided break in the afternoon. Considering that he was at work from about six in the morning, with only half an hour for breakfast, *he should clearly have had between one and two a cessation of several hours*." Of course we know what Mr. Bain means, but the language is less precise than we have a right to expect in one who is an *arbitrator elegantiarum* by profession.

Some of Mr. Bain's criticisms of the younger Mill's grammar are undoubtedly just. What he says of the slovenly use of *only* is clearly quite correct. Oddly enough this is one of the very words about which Mill himself many years ago gave us a useful hint in a passage which unfortunately remains as much in season to-day as when it was written. *Only*, said Mill, is not fine enough for our modern rhetoric of ambitious ignorance, and so writers are turning *alone* into an adverb. "The time is coming when Tennyson's *Enone* could not say, 'I will not die alone,' lest she should be supposed to mean that she would not only die but do something else." In the same place he notices such ignorant vulgarisms as *transpire for happen*, *sanatory for sanitary*, and *predicate for predict*. Mill's protest is now forty years old, yet these freaks are more common than they ever were.*

* Logic, bk. iv., ch. v., § 3 n.—one of the very rare passages in Mill's writing where we detect something like irascibility. He had the same feeling for

Having disposed of these lighter matters, we may turn to the substance of the story that Mr. Bain has to tell. In truth the private life of James Mill does not make much of a story. There can be no doubt as to what is the most remarkable episode in it. "It was said of the famous Swedish chemist, Bergman," says Mr. Bain, with excellent point, "that he had made many discoveries, but his greatest was the discovery of Scheele. In like manner it will be said of James Mill that his greatest contribution to human progress was his son." It is the record of the education of J. S. Mill which stands out in heroic proportions in the history of his father's life. In other respects James Mill's career was marked by hardly any external events of striking interest. The struggle of authorship is an old tale, and except that the battle was waged by him with more than ordinary stubbornness and resolution, there is nothing remarkable about it. He was the son of a shoemaker in Forfarshire (b. 1773), and acquired the elements of education first at the public school, and next at the burgh school of Montrose. His reputation for good parts and promise is supposed to have commended the youth to the notice of the family of Sir John Stuart, a person of consideration in the neighborhood, and Mill's friend through life. At their instigation, and presumably through their means, he was sent (1790) to prepare himself for the sacred office of the ministry at the University of Edinburgh. At Edinburgh, he pursued his own studies, while at the same time acting as tutor to Stuart's only daughter. Mill himself mentions the most important of the influences of which he was conscious at the university. "All the years I remained about Edinburgh," he said, "I used, as often as I possibly could, to steal into Mr. Stewart's class to hear a lecture, which was always a high treat. I have heard Pitt and Fox deliver some of their most admired speeches; but I never heard anything nearly so eloquent as some of the lectures of Professor Stewart. The taste for the studies which have formed my favorite pursuits, and which will be so till the end of my life, I owe to him."

The divinity course he did not finish until 1797, and in the following year he was licensed by the Presbytery of Brechin to preach the gospel. "Very few records

of his preaching exist," Mr. Bain tells us; "but there is good evidence of his officiating in the church of Logie Pert. My informant, the last survivor of the Barclay family, distinctly remembers hearing him on one occasion; and knows of his preaching twice. She remembers his loud, clear voice, which filled the church; that his text was from Peter; and that the generality of the hearers complained of not being able to understand him. Sir David Brewster said to myself, 'I've heard him preach; and no great han' he made o't.' His discourses would no doubt be severely reasoned, but wanting in the unction of the popular evangelical preacher." In after years a parcel of his sermons was known by his family to exist in a saddle-bag in an attic, but they disappeared, and he was supposed to have destroyed them. The ministrations of the pulpit seem to have been at no time congenial to him, and for four years after he had been licensed to preach he is believed to have played miscellaneous parts of a lay kind, as family tutor, corrector of the press, and possibly hack-writer.

This interval, we may suppose, marks the time when he finally repudiated theology. Mr. Bain maintains a certain discreet reserve on Mill's rejection of all religion. But the son's "Autobiography" tells us enough (p. 38). By his own reading and reflection James Mill had been early led to throw over natural religion as well as revealed. Butler's "Analogy" for a long time kept him a believer in the divine authority of Christianity. If a wise and benevolent being can have made the universe, why should he not have acted as the New Testament records? "Those who admit an omnipotent as well as perfectly just and benevolent Maker and Ruler of such a world as this can say little against Christianity, but what can, with at least equal force, be retorted against themselves." It was the moral difficulty which overthrew, in Mill's mind, the faith in which he had been educated. He found it impossible to believe that a world so full of cruelty and wrong could be the work of a Creator uniting infinite power and wisdom to perfect goodness. And so at last he came to the conviction that concerning the origin of things nothing whatever can be known. Questions how the world came into existence and who made us, he henceforth definitely regarded as impenetrable problems, because we had no experience and no authentic knowledge from which to solve them.

those who spoil the noble instrument of language as for those who efface natural beauties, and he had surely good cause for his anger in both cases.

Now and at all times he was a hard reader, without any of the luxurious apparatus of easier students. The west room of his father's humble cottage

contained two beds along the right hand wall; in that room the mother hung up a canvas curtain . . . thus cutting off from the draught and from the gaze the farther end of the room, including James's bed, the fire, and the gable window. This was his study . . . Here he had his book-shelves, his little round table and chair, and the gable window-sill for a temporary shelf. He spent great part of his day in study. He had his regular pedestrian stretches; one secluded narrow glen is called James Mill's walk." He avoided people on the road; and was called haughty, shy, or reserved, according to the point of view of the critic. His meals he took alone in his screened study; they were provided by his mother expressly for his supposed needs.

In this steady discipline he was maturing his powers, reading books on history and the theory of government, and acquiring or fostering a strong Liberal bias. Mr. Bain, who shows from time to time a rather superfluous jealousy of Latin and Greek, anxiously assures us that though the Greek studies imbued Mill with the democratic ideal of government, "very few have ever been made liberal politicians by classical authors alone." As if anybody had ever maintained the contrary. Yet if this remark is offered in any important or serious sense, it is untrue. Of course, a man might learn to hate the Test Act, rotten boroughs, and the House of Lords by honest mother-wit, and without reading Thucydides or Aristotle. It is equally true that a man may be thoroughly versed in his classical authors, and yet be a Tory and an absolutist to the core. Hobbes, the great philosopher of the absolutist school, translated Thucydides, the Iliad and the Odyssey, and Aristotle's Rhetoric. But it is undeniable that some of those who have been greatest, not among "liberal politicians," but among liberating thinkers, have drawn sustenance and inspiration from classical authors. From Montaigne down to Rousseau, there is an unbroken succession of French emancipators who were nourished on Plutarch and Tacitus and Seneca. Illustrations of this same circumstance from our own history will occur to every reader, and the reason is the same. Liberalism in its best sense, and in so far as it is the fruit of education and thought, is the spontaneous and half accidental suggestion of contemporary requirements and events, is developed by the free play

of social, moral, and political ideas; and in what literature is that play more free, more copious, more actual, more exhilarating and stimulating than in Mr. Bain's classical authors? It is only too true, we admit, that many thousands of young men who are bred on "classical authors alone" fall into political and social obscurantism of the first water, but the reason of this is simple enough. The circumstances of their social position are many degrees stronger than the influences of any academic education whatever. As Locke puts it: "A country gentleman who leaving Latin and learning in the university, removes thence to his mansion house, and associates with neighbors of the same strain, who relish nothing but hunting and a bottle; with these alone he spends his time, with these alone he converses, and can away with no company where discourse goes beyond what claret and dissoluteness inspire."*

It is unnecessary, however, further to prolong this digression into which Mr. Bain's remark has unlawfully tempted us. The influence of the Greek ideals of democratic government on James Mill's mind is not disputed, but if he had read no books at all, his opinions would almost as certainly have taken the same political cast. The truth is that the only thing needed in those days to make a Scotchman with any power of trained reflection into a Liberal politician, was that he should look out of his window and survey the degraded political condition of his country. Take the account of what Scotland was during these years, given by Lord Cockburn in his "Life of Jeffrey" (and there are many other accounts of the same kind):—

There was then in this country no popular representation, no emancipated burghs, no rival of the Established Church, no independent press, no free public meetings, and no better trial by jury, even in political cases (except high treason), than what was consistent with the circumstances that the jurors were not sent into court under any impartial rule, and that, when in court, those who were to try the case were named by the presiding judge. . . . There were probably not above 1,500 or 2,000 electors in all Scotland; a body not too large to be held, hope included, in Government's hand. The return, therefore, of a single opposition member was never to be expected. . . . Of the fifteen town members,

* Conduct of the Understanding, § 3. This little book (which the reader will not confound with the famous essay) has recently been edited by the president of Corpus Christi, and is well worth studying even in these enlightened days.

Edinburgh returned one. The other fourteen were furnished by clusters of four or five unconnected burghs, electing each one delegate, and these four or five delegates electing the representative . . . The people had nothing to do with it. It was all managed by town councils, and every town council was self-elected. The election of either the town or the county member was a matter of such utter indifference to the people that they often only knew of it by the ringing of a bell, or by seeing it mentioned next day in a newspaper . . . [With a few momentary exceptions] Scotland did not maintain a single opposition newspaper, magazine, or periodical publication. . . . The nomination of the jury by the presiding judge was controlled by no check whatever. . . . Peremptory challenge was unknown. . . . With ample material for opposition meetings, they were in total disuse. I doubt if there was one held in Edinburgh between 1795 and 1820. . . . Politically Scotland was dead. It was not unlike a village at a great man's gate.*

It is not wonderful that a man of James Mill's moral and intellectual vigor should have been fired with a profound hatred of such a system as this. It was exactly calculated to prepare him to embrace the political principles of the warm and fervid reformers of the school of the eighteenth century. When their work was done, then, and not before then, was there room and a demand for the conservative or historic sense. By the time when J. S. Mill came to think for himself, the fabric of abusive and tyrannical misgovernment had been brought to the ground, and it had become necessary to restore conservative and historic sentiment to its place in social life. It was not so when his father began his speculative career, any more than it was so in France in the days of Voltaire and the philosophers. Then what was needed was exactly that purely rationalistic temper, those sharp-cutting deductive principles which Mill had gathered from his studies in the writings of the eighteenth century. It was these, mixed with a great body of positive thought drawn from Hobbes, which were expressly designed to reform the evils in law, tribunals, legislature, and executive administration which Mill saw at their height in his native land.

In 1802 James Mill came to England.

The extent of his acquired knowledge and original thinking, when he left Scotland at the age of twenty-nine, will be judged by what he was able to do in the next few years. He kept back from the aspiring Scotchman's venture upon London, until he had attained an unusual maturity of intellectual power; while possessed

of good ballast in the moral part. Moreover, we are to conceive of him as a youth of great bodily charms. One of my lady informants spoke of him with a quite rapturous admiration of his beauty. His figure and proportions were fine; the short breeches of the time showed a leg of perfect form. His features beamed with expression. Nothing was wanting that could prepossess people's favorable regards. (Bain, p. 35)

For seventeen years after his arrival in London Mill followed the indefinite calling of a man of letters or author by profession—a name that covers so many widely different employments, from the great poet, historian, or novelist down to the writer of articles in newspapers and essays in periodicals. The excitement of the great city was delightful to him. The bustle of the streets, the throng of carriages and fine people in the park, the animation of the noblest of rivers, acted like martial music on his intrepidity and his ambition. He heard Fox make a great speech, and he stared at Pitt and Addington riding together in Hyde Park. To his friend Thomson, the chemist, he wrote:—

I am extremely ambitious to remain here, which I feel to be so much the best scene for a man of letters, that you can have no notion of it till you be upon the spot. You get an ardor and a spirit of adventurousness, which you never can get an idea of among our over-cautious countrymen at home. Here everybody applauds the most romantic scheme you can form. In Scotland everybody represses you, if you but propose to step out of the beaten track. On the idea of remaining here, I have even formed schemes for you and me already. You must of necessity come here, where you may do anything you like. You may make £500 a year by your pen, and as much by a class of Jurisprudence.

Inferior men were making decent incomes by authorship, and Mill did not see why he should not do the same. That money and fame are easily within reach is one of the stock illusions of happy youth. Mill, however, faced the conditions. "I am willing to labor hard and live penuriously," he said, "and it will be devilish hard if a man, good for anything, cannot keep himself alive here on these terms." He reviewed books, planned articles, formed literary schemes, executed a translation from the French, and became the editor and principal writer of the *Literary Journal*, a shilling weekly. For a time he also edited the *St. James's Chronicle*, of which Mr. Bain tells us that nothing worse can be said than that it was milk-and-water. His income rose to

* Cockburn's Life of Lord Jeffrey, i. 74-7.

the highly respectable sum of five hundred pounds a year, but when he gave up the *Literary Journal*, towards the end of 1806, his earnings fell to something under four hundred.

These avocations were perfectly praiseworthy and honorable, but Mill's aims went beyond them, to the composition of books of permanent value and repute. He projected and began the "History of India," expecting that in four years at the outside it would be complete. Every author knows the sanguine miscalculations with which men launch out on the sea of literary enterprise. The "History of India," instead of being finished in four years, took twelve. They were years of extraordinary stress. Besides incessant and difficult labor upon his great work, Mill wrote review articles, though according to Mr. Bain not more than three or four a year, and not realizing more than forty or fifty pounds apiece.*

It is worth noticing that scarcely any of Mill's articles were of that facile kind which Southey, for instance, used to turn out every quarter, indifferent to the subject, and not too fastidious as to the process of their manufacture. On the contrary, into these casual productions Mill put the best of his mind, making them the means of spreading real thoughts and real principles in matters of the very first importance. Education, freedom of the press, religious toleration, political economy, the penal laws — on all these subjects he seized every occasion of impressing the new ideas, mainly derived from Bentham, which were destined to work so complete a transformation in many sides of our national life. Besides working strenuously at his history, and earning as much money as he could by his articles, he revised Bentham's "Rationale of Evidence," he diligently co-operated with Allen in schemes of philanthropy, and most important of all, he devised and persistently executed his memorable plan for making his son's mind of such a degree of excellence as would leave him a worthy successor to his father and to Bentham. (Bain, p. 120.)

It is painful and disheartening to think that a man possessed of so rich a stock of valuable ideas as Mill was, and habitually moved by such high and benevolent aims, should have missed the nameless

elusive arts of domestic happiness. In 1805 he married Miss Harriet Burrow, then in her twenty-third year, Mill himself being thirty-two.

She was an exceedingly pretty woman; had a small fine figure, an aquiline type of face (seen in her eldest son), and a pink and dun complexion. One letter of Mill's to her she preserved, as perhaps the fullest and strongest of all his affectionate outpourings. The depth and tenderness of the feeling could not well be exceeded; but, in the light of after years, we can see that he too readily took for granted that she would be an intellectual companion to himself. . . . Mrs. Mill was not wanting in any of the domestic virtues of an English mother. She toiled hard for her house and her children, and became thoroughly obedient to her lord. As an admired beauty, she seems to have been chagrined at the discovery of her position after marriage. There was disappointment on both sides: the union was never happy. (Bain, p. 60.)

There were nine children born to them. The "Autobiography," as Mr. Bain says, expresses frankly enough what was defective in Mill's character as a head of a family.

Such a phrase as "the most impatient of men" speaks a volume, and we have only to turn the leaves to realize the particulars. He could exercise perfect self-control in his intercourse with the world, and his social and commanding qualities gained and kept friends, but at home he did not care to restrain the irritability of his temperament. In his advancing years, as often happens, he courted the affection of the younger children, but their love to him was never wholly unmingled with fear; for, even in his most amiable moods, he was not to be trifled with. His entering the room where the family was assembled was observed by strangers to operate as an immediate damper. This was not the worst. The one really disagreeable trait in Mill's character, and the thing that has left the most painful memories, was the way that he allowed himself to speak and behave to his wife and children before visitors. When we read his letters to friends, we see him acting the family man with the utmost propriety, putting forward his wife and children into their due place; but he seemed unable to observe the part in daily intercourse.

John Mill's touching plea for his father is in the reader's memory: how he expresses the true pity that it is impossible not to feel for one who strove to do so much for his children, and yet who must have felt that fear of him was drying up their affection at its source. Mill goes on, while protesting against the old tyrannical method in education, to insist that

* Macaulay, writing in 1833, says that hitherto he had never made more than two hundred a year by his pen (Trevelyan's Life, i., ch. v.), and yet he had by this time written more than one of his most famous articles in the *Edinburgh Review*.

our new methods are training up a race of men who will be incapable of doing anything disagreeable to them. It certainly seems sometimes to happen that in private life, as Arthur Young noticed in the case of communities, absolute governments prove favorable to good-humor; and a more modern traveller has observed that it is the habit of submitting to the despotic authority of a father that has given to the population of Russia their characteristic spirit of obedience, abnegation, and gentleness. It may be true, and indeed we think that it is true, that a certain austerity of parental discipline is no bad preparation for encountering the assured and inevitable austerities that nature and circumstances have in store, as we emerge from youth to fight the battle of life in harsh earnest. But this is a very different thing from that violent tyranny which crows and crushes young hearts. In an ordinary case it is of little concern to posterity what were the domestic qualities of great men and our fathers that begat us. Better Racine, — said Voltaire or some one else, — bad father, bad husband, bad friend, so that he wrote great plays, than Racine, good father, good husband, good friend, and a block-head. But a writer on education and on happiness disappoints us when he so far misses his own mark. James Mill is not the only man, unluckily, whose actual fortunes in the way of character have fallen below his own ideals.

The younger Mill has stated that his father maintained his family by means of contributions to the reviews, while he was also their sole teacher, during the whole time when he was writing the history. Mr. Bain gives good reasons for thinking that, wonderful as Mill's exertions really were, this is an over-statement. There can be little doubt, he thinks, that the production of the "History of India" would have been impossible, if Bentham had not given shelter to Mill and his family for many months during each of four successive years (1814-17). The arrangement had hardly begun before a rupture was threatened. Mr. Bain produces the whole of a letter on the matter from Mill to Bentham, of which only a portion has been published before. One passage in it confirms Mr. Bain's view of the extent to which Mill was indebted to Bentham, and another expresses with singular manliness and self-respect the considerations that induced Mill to lay himself under the obligation.

My experience has led me to observe that there are two things which are peculiarly fatal to friendship, and these are great intimacy and pecuniary obligations. It has been one of the great purposes of my life to avoid pecuniary obligations, even in the solicitation and acceptance of ordinary advantages — hence the penury in which I live. To receive obligations of any sort from you was not a matter of humiliation to me, but of pride. And I only dreaded it from the danger to which I saw that it exposed our friendship. The only instances of this sort which have occurred are — first, that a part of my family, while with you in the country, have been for a small part of the year at your expense, this year the whole of them were destined to live a considerable part of it, — and secondly, that at your solicitation, that I might be near to you, I came to live in a house of which, as the expense of it was decidedly too great for my very small income, part of the expense was to be borne by you. The former of these obligations of course will now cease, and I reckon it still more necessary that the other should. And as it would be ruinous for me to bear the whole expense of the house, of course I must leave it.

The second passage sets forth a very just and sensible view of the relations between them. It begins by deprecating the scandal to the cause which would arise if there were a public quarrel.

The infirmities in the temper of philosophers have always been a handle to deny their principles; and the infirmities we have will be represented as by no means small, if in the relation in which we stand, we do not mind showing to the world we cannot agree. . . . In reflecting upon the restraint which the duty which we owe to our principles — to that system of important truths of which you have the immortal honor to be the author, but of which I am a most faithful and fervent disciple — and hitherto, I have fancied, my master's favorite disciple; in reflecting, I say, upon the restraint which regard for the interest of our system should lay upon the conduct of both of us, I have considered that there was nobody at all so likely to be your real successor as myself. Of talents it would be easy to find many superior. But, in the first place, I hardly know of anybody who has so completely taken up the principles, and is so thoroughly of the same way of thinking with yourself. In the next place, there are very few who have so much of the necessary previous discipline, my antecedent years having been wholly occupied in acquiring it. And in the last place, I am pretty sure you cannot think of any other person whose whole life will be devoted to the propagation of the system. It so rarely happens, or can happen, in the present state of society, that a man qualified for the propagation should not have some occupation, some call or another, to prevent his employing for

that purpose much of his time, that, without any overweening conceit of himself, I have often reflected upon it as a very fortunate coincidence, that any man with views and propensities of such rare occurrence as mine, should happen to come in toward the close of your career to carry on the work without any intermission. No one is more aware than yourself of the obstacles which retard the propagation of your principles. And the occurrence of an interval, without any successor whose labors might press them on the public attention after you are gone, and permit no period of oblivion, might add, no one can foresee how much, to the causes of retardation. It is this relation, then, in which we stand to the grand cause — to your own cause — which makes it one of the strongest wishes of my heart that nothing should occur which may make other people believe there is any interruption to our friendship.

Mr. Bain here very justly remarks, in reply to some censorious observations by Bowring, that the weakness of temper was on Bentham's side, and "the moderation, the self-restraint, the gentlemanly feeling all on Mill's." This is quite true. Mill's letter seems to us to be a perfect pattern for philosophers about to quarrel. He proposed that during the limited time in which they were to be together, they should "talk together, and walk together, looking forward solely, never back; and as if this arrangement had been the effect of the most amicable consultation, we can talk about our studies and about anything else as if no umbrage had ever existed." As might have been anticipated, no harm came from an incident into which here entered so much self-control and tight feeling.

Among other glimpses of Ford Abbey, while Mill and his family were installed there, Mr. Bain might as well have reproduced one which is given to us in a letter of Francis Horner's in the summer of 1814:—

There are some handsome rooms, furnished in the taste of King William's time; one of these, very spacious and hung with tapestry, Mr. Bentham has converted into what he calls his "scribbling shop;" two or three tables are set out, covered with white napkins, on which are placed two or three music desks with manuscripts; his technical memory, I believe, and all the other apparatus of the exhaustive method. I was present at the mysteries, for we went on as if I had not been with him. A long walk, after our breakfast and before his began the day. He came into the house about nine o'clock, the tea things being by that time set by his writing-table, and he proceeded very deliberately to sip his tea, while a young man, sort of pupil and amanuensis, read the news-

papers to him paragraph by paragraph. This and his tea together seemed gradually to prepare his mind for working, in which he engaged by degrees, and became at last quite absorbed in what was before him, till about five o'clock, when he met us at dinner. Besides the young man I have mentioned, he has living with him Mr. Mill (a gentleman who writes a good deal in the *Edinburgh Review*) and his whole family.*

Exactly three years later Romilly was invited by Bentham to Ford Abbey, and was not a little surprised to find in what a palace his old friend was lodged. The grandeur and stateliness of the buildings, he said, form as strange a contrast to his philosophy, as the number and spaciousness of the apartments, the hall, the chapel, the corridors, and the cloister do to the modesty and scantiness of his domestic establishment.

The society we found and left with him were, Mill and his family, and a Mr. Place. . . . Place is a very extraordinary person; by trade he is a master tailor and keeps a shop at Charing Cross. This situation, a humble one enough, has, however, been to him a great rise in life, for he began his career in the lowest condition. He is self-educated, has learned a great deal, has a very strong understanding, and possesses great influence in Westminster.†

Place, by the way, was one of Mill's constant allies, and Mr. Bain suspects that he sent Mill money during the stress of the years when the history was being written. The correspondence shows, says Mr. Bain, that Mill and his family lived as much as ten months at Ford Abbey in the third and fourth years, and he is right in adding that the book could not have been finished in the same time under any less favorable circumstances. Indeed the conditions were as good as they could be. Mill was free from anxiety for daily bread; he had none of the silly and wasteful interruptions to thought and industry which are unavoidable in London; and yet he had the frequent stimulation and variety of talk with Bentham and his occasional visitors. His labor in the final stage of the task was intense. Mrs. Mill told the children that, while at Ford Abbey, he used to get up at four in the morning and work until twelve at night. Few men have ever lived with so energetic a faith in the virtues of work. "He who works more than all others," he wrote to one of his sons, the year before his own death, "will in the end excel all others."

* Life and Correspondence of Francis Horner, ii. 179-80.

† Memoirs of Sir Samuel Romilly, iii. 315-7.

ers. Difficulties are made to be overcome. Life consists of a succession of them. And he gets best through them who has best made up his mind to contend with them."

As might have been expected, application of such severity and so prolonged did not leave even his vigorous constitution unimpaired. Within a year or two after he had achieved his task, he was attacked by gout, and that fell enemy tormented him to the end. Mr. Bain remarks that the amount of work which Mill went through was "too much for the human constitution at its best," and he blames J. S. Mill because "he never would allow that work could be pushed to the point of being injurious to either body or mind." A proposition of that kind is certainly open to the judicious censure which Mr. Bain visits upon it. But on the other hand there are some who believe that there is a strong tendency in the doctors of our own generation to look at hard work far too much with the eye of a valetudinarian. Men are not meant to live forever. They cannot choose the nicest hygienic conditions under which the allotted task is to be finished. It is no bad rule to press along sturdily and firmly like soldiers in the field, even if you find yourself in the evening with uniform stained and tattered, and a hole or two in your skin. The great object after all is to win the battle, not to keep clear of dyspepsia. "To do great things," said Vauvenargues, "a man must live as though he was never to die." Or as Napoleon put a corresponding thought, "*Il faut vouloir vivre et savoir mourir.*"* I do not know how James Mill could have done better with himself at that time than work from four in the morning until twelve at night, even if gout were the price to be paid for it, and even if his years were somewhat shortened in consequence. There is a worse way of shortening life than this, and that is, as J. S. Mill used to say, by wasting time on "things that are neither business, nor meditation, nor pleasure."

The history was a great and speedy success. It was published in 1818 in three quarto volumes, at the high price of six guineas; a second edition in six oc-

tavos appeared two years later, and a third not very long after that. Mill was entitled to a large sum as sharer in the profits. This, however, and the income of the subsequent editions, he left in his publisher's hands, as an investment bearing interest. Unfortunately, Baldwin failed, and the money, which amounted to a substantial sum, was all lost. "The crash did not come until after Mill's death, so that he was spared the mortification of witnessing the downfall of a house that he had implicitly trusted, as well as the loss of his twelve years' earnings." John Mill, by the way, experienced a similar disaster in consequence of the American repudiation of 1842. "He had invested"—so Mr. Bain was told—"a thousand pounds of his own money, and several thousands of his father's money which he had in trust for the family, and which he would have to make good."*

Notwithstanding the severe criticisms with which his work abounded on the principles of administration practised by the East India Company, Mill received the year after its publication an appointment in Leadenhall Street. This was the more remarkable as the tone of the book was not only unqualifiedly hostile to the commercial privileges of the Company, but it was, as J. S. Mill says, "saturated with the opinions and modes of judgment of a democratic radicalism then regarded as extreme; and treated with a severity at that time most unusual, the English constitution, the English law, and all parties and classes who possessed any considerable influence in the country." At this date, too, the government was in the very depth of the black reaction which followed the close of the war with France, and 1819 was the year of Peterloo and the Six Acts. His appointment gave Mill the requisite position of material stability and comparative ease, from which he was able to work with good effect in ripening men's minds for an era of improvement. It was seventeen years since he had come from Scotland; he had ex-

* In the preface to the third volume of his Dictionary, that noble monument of industry, learning, and character, Littré says: "He who wishes to put his life to serious employment, ought always to act as if he had long to live, and to order himself as if he had soon to die. The first of these reflections induced me to undertake a work which demanded, when I began it, more health and longer years than are usually granted."

* People, says Miss Martineau justly enough, but with some tartness, on this event, "should not invest their money in foreign funds without understanding the circumstances of the case; nor accept extraordinary interest for their investment without being prepared for a corresponding risk. The New England States which head the Union have ever preserved an unblemished honor; and so have most of the rest. The few which have not were unfit to be trusted, and might have been known to be so by any one who understood what the border states are, with the institution of slavery on the one hand, and the wilds of the Mississippi on the other." (Hist. of the Peace, bk. vi., ch. xii.)

actly seventeen years of life before him. His official career was vigorous and important. Mr. Bain gives an account of the active part he took in the discussion of the renewal of the charter between 1830 and 1833, and J. S. Mill says that his despatches, following his history, "did more than had ever been done before to promote the improvement of India and teach Indian officials to understand their business." "If a selection of them were published," he adds, "they would, I am convinced, place his character as a practical statesman fully on a level with his eminence as a speculative writer." (*Autobiography*, 27.)

Apart from his official labors, Mill was now even more industrious in the propagation of his opinions on domestic subjects than he had been while he was a man of letters and nothing more. He wrote his great articles on education, government, and jurisprudence for the supplement to the "Encyclopædia Britannica;" he played an important part in the establishment and management of a quarterly review for the propagation of Radical principles; and he composed his "Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind." If we add to these occupations the education of his children (he heard their lessons in his dressing-room almost to the last), and eager commerce with some of the most important men of his time, we have a striking picture of a thoroughly well-filled life.

The year 1830 [says Mr. Bain] is the culmination of Mill's career. Before the end of the year, he is at the head of his office. Soon after, he quits Queen's Square for a large villa in Vicarage Place, Church Street, Kensington. Here in opulence and fame, he spends his last years, varied by the summer residence at Fittleham. The one serious drawback was ill health. His attacks of gout are of course not diminishing in frequency or severity; while indigestion gives him uneasiness on its own account. His stomach and liver are much impaired. He was all his life very temperate; or many years he scarcely ever indulged in alcoholic drinks. Latterly, he took a fancy to the Scotch ale called Alloa ale; this was what he used at his own table. During these last six years of his life, he wrote comparatively little for the public; not for want of will and purpose, but from diminishing strength and the increased pressure of his office work. His private social influence was subject to no abatement. As the adviser of the small band of philosophical radicals, in and out of Parliament, he was still of the greatest value to the cause of political progress.

The circle of his intimates included

men who have had a wider fame than his own. Brougham was the most eminent among the politicians, and Grote the most learned and important of the writers, who consulted him and sat at his feet. Lesser stars were Molesworth, Black, Foulton, Blanque, McCulloch. At Mickleham Mill found himself a near neighbor of his friend Richard Sharp, commonly known to a generation that has now nearly passed away as Conversation Sharp. As Mr. Bain reminds us, John Mill counted it a part of his good fortune that he was able to listen to the conversation between his father and Sharp during their walks among the dells and slopes of that delightful vale. It is not a mere fancy that John Mill may have derived some of his striking regard for the amenities of style and even of thought from his intercourse with this accomplished and urbane character. It is an inevitable law of things that the secondary figures in social and literary history should disappear, and on the whole there is little time to spare for them. Yet they often have a significant share in the mental destinies of more important persons than themselves, and it is a pity that criticism should altogether neglect them in the little interval before the dust has finally settled on their name and memory. We wish that Mr. Bain had been able to collect some of the traits of a man who must have been endowed with qualities of more than common interest. Besides Mill's reference, Hallam quotes Richard Sharp as an authority on points of good taste in literature. He used to protest against the too fastidious disuse of the Anglicism of ending a sentence with a preposition, quoting an interrogatory of Hooker, "Shall there be a God to swear by, and none to pray to?" as an instance of the force and spirit of this arrangement.*

Macaulay, who knew him well, describes on one occasion how he spent three or four hours very agreeably in Sharp's company at the Athenæum, and had a long talk with him about "everything and everybody — metaphysics, poetry, politics, scenery, and painting." He had the merit of never talking scandal. This did not mean that "in confidential communication about politics he does not speak freely of public men; but about the foibles of private individuals, I do not believe that, much as I have talked with him, I ever heard him utter one word." This, says Macaulay, is quite peculiar to

* Hallam's Literary History, IV. vii. 37, n.

him among town-wits and diners-out.* The fact is that Sharp was much more than the diner-out and the town-wit, or else he would never have been the friend of the two Mills. "I owe much to your society," Mackintosh said to him; "your conversation has not only pleased and instructed me, but it has most materially contributed to refine my taste, to multiply my innocent and independent pleasures, and to make my mind tranquil and reasonable. I think you have produced more effect on my character than any man with whom I have lived."† It is odd that Mackintosh should have thought this, for his failure in life was due to the absence of some of those strenuous qualities whose value Sharp was never wearied of impressing. The only literary memorial of him is a little volume of short essays, letters, and verse, of no monumental pretensions, but still worth turning over by anybody who forgives commonplace when it is of the permanently useful kind, and is set out with neatness and flavor. The value that he set on activity and exertion may well have made him sympathetic with a character so busy and alert as the elder Mill. He delights in Nicole's great saying to Pascal, "There will be time enough to repose in the grave." Here are some of his wise saws to the same purpose — truisms to us who find ourselves before knowing it *nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita*, with the journey of our life half over, but of endless importance to the young traveller just setting out, and unaware how all depends on learning early "to scorn delights and live laborious days."

. . . The want of harmony between the talents and the temperament is often found in private life; and wherever found, it is the fruitful source of faults and sufferings. Perhaps there are few less happy than those who are ambitious without industry; who pant for the prize, but will not run the race; who thirst for drink, but are too slothful to draw it up from the well.

A passionate desire and an unwearied will can perform impossibilities, or what seem to be such to the cold and feeble. If we do but go on, some unseen path will open among the hills.

As a young man you should be mindful of the unspeakable importance of early industry, since in youth habits are easily formed, and there is time to recover from defects. An Italian sonnet, justly as well as elegantly, compares procrastination to the folly of a traveller who pursues a brook till it widens into a river and is lost in the sea.

* Trevelyan's Life, i. 329.

† Life of Mackintosh, i. 196.

Courage and industry must have sunk in despair, and the world must have remained unornamented and unimproved, if men had nicely compared the effects of a single stroke of the chisel with the pyramid to be raised, or of a single impression of the spade with the mountain to be levelled.*

Even these instructive commonplaces we ought not to despise, inasmuch as there is at every moment a new generation who need to have the old moralities repeated to them, while even those who have often heard them before are none the worse for hearing them, once again. Sharp is not always content to decorate this timeworn apparel of worldly wisdom with tags of fresh illustration. When he remarks, for instance, that "in all the professions high stations seem to come down to us, rather than that we have got up to them," he gives evidence that he did not get his sentences from the textbooks, but observed and reflected on life for himself. We can believe how the younger Mill enjoyed conversation in such a vein as this. The thoroughly superior man of the world, and that is what Sharp was, is a type to which the speculative thinker and the man of letters are wont to do little justice. Mill, however, shows in many places that he knew how to relish these empirical masters of the wisdom of life. The admiration which he expresses in more than one place for Horace, the most pleasant if not the greatest in this genial school, illustrates the store that he set on these shrewd and penetrating questioners of human experience and conduct. "This unsystematic wisdom," he says in one place, "drawn by acute minds in all periods of history from their personal experience, is properly termed the wisdom of ages, and every lettered age has left a portion of it upon record. It is nowhere more genuine than in the old fabulists, Æsop and others.

* Letters and Essays in Prose and Verse. London: 1834. Published anonymously. Perhaps there is room for one more specimen of the writer's vein: "Luckily you have not to overcome the disadvantage of expecting to inherit from your father an income, equal to your reasonable desires; for though it may have the air of a paradox, yet it is truly a serious disadvantage when a young man going to the bar is sufficiently provided for.

Vitam facit beatiorem
Res non parva, sed relicta,

says Martial, but not wisely; and no young man should believe him. The lord chief justice Kenyon once said to a rich friend, asking his opinion as to the probable success of a son, "Sir, let your son forthwith spend his fortune; marry and spend his wife's; and then he may be expected to apply with energy to his profession." The modern advice, by the way, is quite different, to marry the daughter of a solicitor, and live on the interest of your income.

The speeches in Thucydides are among the most remarkable specimens of it. Aristotle and Quintilian have worked up rich stores of it into their systematic writings; nor ought Horace's 'Satires,' and especially his 'Epistles' to be forgotten." *

Mill died in the summer of 1836. His ruling passion, anxiety that the best possible should be done to make the new generation what he hoped that it might become, was strong in him to the last. While getting weaker and weaker every day," wrote one of his younger sons, "he sometimes, when he thought he should not recover, used to say to me or George that he would very willingly die, if it were not that he left us too young to be sure how we should turn out." Curious as it sounds, there can be no doubt that he felt some disappointment in the result, for which our generation has had so much reason to be grateful to him, of the pains that he had taken with his eldest son. John Mill by this time had taken the fortunate turn towards the imaginative and historic side of progress, which to the older school seemed no better than stretched sentimentalism, but which both enriched his own character and gave some of its most valuable as well as its most attractive and powerful elements to his influence in the world.

As James Mill's hopes of life being made what it might be were never at any time enthusiastic, we may easily believe that his last days were free from those manly repinings or any of that garrulous self-pity which not seldom, even in the case of men who have done good work, their noontide, rob the close of life of its becoming dignity and fortitude. Francis Place was with him a few days before he died. "Poor Mill," he told Mr. Grote (Bain, 409), "showed much more sympathy and affection than ever before in all our long friendship. But he was all the time as much of a bright reasoning man as he ever was—reconciled to his fate, brave and calm to an extent which I never before witnessed, except in another old friend, Thomas Holcroft, the day before, and the day of his death." "Until the last few days of his life," the "Autobiography" (p. 203) tells us, "there was no apparent abatement of intellectual vigor; his interest in all things and persons that had interested him through life was undiminished, nor did the approach of death

cause the smallest wavering (as in so strong and firm a mind it was impossible that it should) in his convictions on the subject of religion. His principal satisfaction, after he knew that his end was near, seemed to be his thought of what he had done to make the world better than he found it, and his chief regret in not living longer that he had not had time to do more." This was well and fitting, and it is right that a man should wrap himself in his cloak and turn his face to the wall and die in peace. Yet in reading this there comes back the fact that Mill "thought human life a poor thing at best, after the freshness of youth and of unsatisfied curiosity had gone by." Calvinism, like the theology which haunted and inspired the sombre imagination of Pascal, leaves in every superior mind that has once imbibed it, the seeds of a terrific yet fortifying irony. Perhaps, even, at the last, he had glimpses of the mood imputed in the saying of divers strong men on their death-beds from the emperor Augustus to Rabelais, "*Draw the curtain, the play is over.*" We shall never know how much brave and honest work has been done for the world by men in whose minds lurked all the while this thought of the puppet-show, the tragedy-comedy of phantoms.

The criticisms which Mr. Bain offers on Mill's philosophical work, mark its chief qualities, as might have been expected, with precision. They would have been more instructive, as well as more interesting, if they had shown us, as might have been done in a few sentences, the relation of the association psychology in Mill's hands to its earlier form in Hartley and others, and the extent to which it has been superseded by the psychological speculations of the evolutionists who have come after him. The curious fact, again, that it was Mill who brought Hobbes into his proper place as a great political thinker, deserved some recognition and remark, considering that Hobbes was also one of the chief inspirers of Rousseau, the least positive, as Mill was one of the most positive, of speculative innovators. Mr. Bain, however, is one of the thinkers who have always preferred absolute and independent exposition to historical or relative classification. James Mill himself was of the same school. The development and interconnection of philosophical opinions, which our generation finds more exciting than the opinions themselves, seem to have had no attrac-

* Dissertations and Discussions, i. 206. The same thought is more copiously expressed in the "Inaugural Address," p. 16.

tion for him. For this there was a sufficiently good reason in his case. What he sought was a practical instrument for doing certain work required by the circumstances of the time, and finding this in Hobbes and Bentham, he took what they supplied him with, and asked no further questions.

In one cardinal instance he paid a tremendous penalty for his indifference to historic methods. This is in the second book of his "History of India." Of this Mr. Bain speaks in a manner that is rather surprising at this time of day.

The Second Book [he says] is what arrests our attention as the most characteristic, bold, and original portion of the work. It undertakes to exhibit the character, the history, the manners, religion, arts, literature, and laws of the people of India; together with the physical influences arising out of the climate, the soil, and the productions of the country. The first-named part is the best product of the author's genius. Here he exerted all his powers to make a grand sociological display. The analysis of the Hindoo institutions is methodical and exhaustive, and is accompanied with a severe criticism of their merits and their rank in the scale of development. The best ideas of the sociological writers of the eighteenth century were combined with the Bentham philosophy of law, and the author's own independent reflections, to make a dissertation of startling novelty to the generation that first perused it. Subsequent research and criticism found various mistakes and shortcomings.

Surely it is not merely that various mistakes and shortcomings have been discovered, but that the whole point of view is wrong. Mill was violently knocking his head against a stone wall, instead of patiently seeking for a door and a key. Along with the "best ideas of the sociological writers of the eighteenth century," he had their worst. He views Hindoo religion, manners, and institutions from an absolute instead of a relative and historic standpoint. This is exactly the same fatal error as was made by the school of the eighteenth century about Christianity itself, and in the light of modern philosophy Mill's second book is as profoundly unsatisfactory as Gibbon's fifteenth and sixteenth chapters. He speaks of the Hindoos, their superstition and their degradation, with the bitterness of the most ferocious evangelical missionary. There was some provocation, no doubt, in the exaggerated pictures which have been painted of the sublimity of the Hindoo religion; for this again was a mark of the eighteenth century, to extol the virtues and the

philosophy of Chinamen, Persians, and all other sorts and conditions of unknown peoples. Voltaire, Montesquieu, Rousseau, Diderot, and a host of minor writers, furnish abundant illustrations of this bias, which had its origin in the search for polemical instruments against the Catholic Church and the old régime. But a thinker of Mill's calibre and philosophical training might have been expected to dispose of the extravagant overestimate of Hindoo civilization, without falling into equally unphilosophic extravagances in the other direction. It is odd that he should not have felt the necessity, as a positive thinker, of seeking some explanation of these superstitious beliefs, grovelling customs, and backward institutions, in the facts of human nature, history, and surrounding circumstances. The time was not then ripe for adequate theories on these matters, but Mill rushed further away from the track than he ought in reason and consistency to have done.

While we think that Mr. Bain's selection of the second book as the best product of the author's genius is not fortunate, it would be mere presumption to disparage the signal merits of a history which has received the deliberate and unstinted applause of two such judges as Grote and Macaulay. No work, says Grote, surpasses the "History of British India" in the excellences attainable by a historical writer. Mill has not indeed the gift of striking narrative, but vigor, strenuousness, and sincerity of interest, almost make up for that deficiency. In his history, as everywhere else, we feel that though Mill did not in any sense belong to the great minds of the first rank, yet he had a first-rate mind in his own order—a wide grasp, keen penetration, strong mental coherency and soundness, and great force of understanding.

This long *causerie* may be closed by one or two remarks on Mill's political ideas. It is sometimes said by writers who are imperfectly informed, that the modern Radical has departed from the ways of those who fought under the same flag in the last generation. It is worth while to note three or four points showing how little true this is. The modern Liberal is abused for want of national spirit in showing indifference to our colonial dependencies. Mr. Bain recalls Mr. Mill's blunt answer to the question what is the good of colonies, that it is chiefly to give places to the members of the ruling

class (p. 242). The doctrine of non-intervention, again, he states as strongly as Cobden himself could have done : —

The desire, so often expressed, that we should interfere to establish good government all over the world, is most alarming, and if assented to in any degree would lead to the worst of consequences. The business of a nation is with its own affairs. That is not only the general rule, but one to which it is not easy to conceive a case of exception. At all events, in the present state of Europe we have nothing to do with any other affairs but our own. We have suffered enough by mischievous interference. Let us not again embark easily in that folly. Besides, I am fully satisfied that the good of mankind in the largest sense, is more interested at the present moment, in the peace of England, and that of France, the two countries from which improvement emanates, and which will rapidly improve if they keep free of war, than in re-establishing what they call the independence of Poland, or giving a particular sovereign to Portugal, ten times told.

The desperate controversy upon the Irish Land Act has provoked a thousand taunts about the desertion of political economy by the new Liberals ; yet James Mill was a staunch political economist, and what he said on a similar subject was this : —

Do not allow yourself to be taken in, as many people are, by an ambiguity in the word *property*. Englishmen in general incline to think that where property is not entire, especially in the land, there is no property. But property may be as perfectly property, when it includes only part, as when it includes the whole. There is no doubt that the ryot has a property in the soil, though it is a limited property.

And so forth. The famous doctrine of the unearned increment, which is supposed to have been invented by the socialistic sentimentalism of John Mill, is found in terms in the writings of his father. (See the passage quoted from James Mill's "Political Economy," Bain, 11-12.) With the House of Lords Mill ad a short and simple way : —

Let it be enacted, that if a Bill, which has been passed by the House of Commons, and thrown out by the House of Lords, is renewed in the House of Commons in the next session of Parliament, and passed, but again thrown out by the House of Lords, it shall, if passed the third time in the House of Commons, be law, without being sent again to the Lords.

We have not space for a longer list of questions still open, in which the answers defended by the strongest Liberals

to-day were also upheld by Mill. There is one remarkable passage, however, which comes nearer to the doctrine of Lord Beaconsfield than to the modern democratic view, and shows that this statesman may have imbibed one of his strongest opinions from the Radical company that he kept in his youth. There must be a chief magistrate, says Mill. The question is whether he should be elective or hereditary.

There are very solid advantages on the side of the hereditary principle. If the chief magistrate is to be elective, the choice must reside either in the Parliament or in the people. If by Parliament, the consequence would be a great development of faction, to the detriment of attention to business. The choice of the people is perhaps less pregnant with evil ; but the agitation and ferment would be in every way unfavorable. If ever the king of England becomes clear-sighted enough to see that he has been very ill-advised, in leaning upon a corrupt aristocracy, and a corrupt church, as the two crutches without which he could not stand ; and that he may rest with assurance on the solid advantages to the people, inherent in his office ; he will occupy a far more exalted station in the social union than he has hitherto done.

Mill and his school had two characteristics which have not always marked energetic types of Liberalism, and perhaps do not mark them in our own day. The advanced Liberals of his time were systematic, and they were constructive. They surveyed society and institutions as a whole ; they connected their advocacy of political and legal changes with theories of human nature ; they considered the great art of government in connection with the character of man, his proper education, his potential capacities. They could explain in the large dialect of a definite scheme what were their aims, and whither they were going. In an excellent passage which Mr. Bain has quoted, Mr. Roebuck has described how the anomalies that were then to be found in every part of the constitution were continually being assailed by these acute and systematic reasoners. "They produced," he says, "a much more serious effect on public opinion than superficial inquirers perceived, or interested ones would acknowledge. The important practical effect was not made evident by converting and bringing over large numbers of political partisans from one banner or class to another, or by making them renounce one appellation and adopt another : but it was shown by affecting the conclusions of all classes,

and inducing them, while they retained their old distinctive names, to reason after a new fashion, and according to principles wholly different from those to which they had been previously accustomed."

Is there any such approach to a body of systematic political thought in our own day? We cannot say that there is. We cannot perceive in active operation any system of political or social principles, connected with one another, bearing with united pressure in a common direction, and shedding light now on one, now on another, of the problems which circumstances bring up in turn for practical solution. The followers of Comte, no doubt, diligently offer a doctrine with pretensions of this kind, and it contains many luminous and useful truths. But these are mixed up with what is arbitrary, accidental, almost even merely personal. Besides this, Comte was always a Frenchman, and nearly always a Catholic; and we constantly feel, as a consequence, that he left out of account considerations of essential importance to a country like our own with vast dependencies, with a Parliamentary system, and with the peculiar tendencies and prepossessions bequeathed by centuries of energetic Protestantism. All that Comtism can do is to supply certain wholesome correctives; it is not competent to control and to direct. Mr. Herbert Spencer, again, has approached politics with the methods of general reasoning, and from him too we have all learned many valuable things, in a detached way. How little his system as a whole has, as yet at any rate, affected the course of either law-making or administration is shown by the circumstance that one of the most conspicuous peculiarities of the present day is the incessant extension in all directions of that very supervision and interference by the State to which Mr. Spencer has been more vehemently antagonistic than any other thinker. Then, again, it is not so many years ago since it seemed to some as if the Manchester School had found a key that would unlock all the secrets of a wise policy. It is only simpletons who disparage the real utility of the Manchester principles—a utility, moreover, that is far from being exhausted—but it is not well to claim for them a higher place than belongs to a number of empirical maxims, subject to the limitations common to all such maxims. There are whole departments of social institutions, covered by thinkers like Bentham or Mill, about which the Manchester School, quite nat-

urally and rightly, never professed to have anything to say.

Yet it cannot be said that we are less in need of systematic politics than our fathers were sixty years since, or that general principles are more commonly accepted and settled now than they were then. The perplexities of to-day are as embarrassing as any in our history, and they may prove even more dangerous. The resettlement of Ireland; the renovation of Parliamentary government; the transformation of the conditions of the ownership and occupation of land; the relations between the government at home and our national adventurers abroad in contact with inferior races,—these are only some of the questions with which time and circumstance are rapidly bringing us face to face. On each of them there are far more violent and revolutionary ideas in the air (on the Conservative as much as on the Liberal side) than were current in Mill's time from 1819 to 1836. The practical statesman must deal with emergencies under all these heads as they arise, but we can hardly feel satisfied that there is among us any school, whether Liberal or Conservative, as well provided with clear and definite principles for the solution of our problems as were James Mill and his allies for the solution of theirs.

JOHN MORLEY.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
PEPPINIELLO.

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS WITH A NEAPOLITAN STREET-BOY.

I.

IF you have ever sauntered along the Strada del Molo at Naples, you can hardly have failed to notice the *mozzonari* who gather there in greater numbers than in any other part of the city. You frequently catch sight of a single *mozzonare* in other places, it is true—lounging on the steps of a church, it may be, or basking in the hottest corner of a piazza; but here is the great centre of the trade in old cigar-ends, and here its "merchants most do congregate"—as ragged, dirty, and unkempt a set of little beggar-boys as any European city can show. Each has his stock in trade spread out before him on the sheet of an old newspaper, and carefully divided into little heaps of eight or nine ends apiece. The lots have been carefully selected according to the quality of

the cigars of which they are composed, and cost one soldo each; for the *mozzonari* are almost the only Neapolitan traders who have really fixed prices, and with whom it is useless to bargain, though even they stoop to human weakness in so far as to keep a general heap from which each purchaser is allowed to select a stump.

Perhaps you may wonder who can be found to buy such nasty rubbish. Wait a minute or two, and you will see.

But first fix your eyes on the boy who lounges at the corner of the road leading down to the custom-house and the landing-place. His name is Peppiniello, and he is about twelve years old. Judging from his face you might fancy him older, it wears in its moments of rest so astute and self-reliant an expression; but if you looked at his body you would think him at least a year or two younger, for a scanty diet has checked his growth. Otherwise his limbs are not ill-formed. If you watch him while bathing in the dirty waters of the harbor, you will be amazed at their suppleness and activity, and also at their leanness. He seems to consist of nothing but skin and bone. "The wonder is," as an Italian shopkeeper once remarked to me, "that there should be so much life in so little flesh!" The whole of his skin is of one color, a deep greyish-brown; there is not blood enough in the veins to lend it the warmer tint that the Venetian painters loved. The upper part of the face is well formed, and the eyes are very bright and intelligent; the mouth, however, is not only too large, but there is a precocious trait about it of something which generally appears to be merely humor, but at times looks unpleasantly like cunning. Still it is, at the worst, a quick, cheerful, not unkindly face, and it would look far better if the hair were not shorn so closely to the head. In dress, Peppiniello does not greatly differ from his companions. His shirt is open before and torn behind; his trousers are so full of holes that you wonder he should think it worth while to put them on at all, particularly in a town where their absence in a boy of his age would attract but little attention. He is wiser than you, however, and he knows that in Naples it is only the children who have parents to care for them that can afford to run about in their shirts. He does not look at the nether article of his dress — at least during the summer months — as a matter either of comfort or decency, but simply as the badge of the social position he is desirous

of occupying. In the same light, too, he regards the little round cap, of nearly the same color as his skin, which seems to be made of some woollen material. I have never been daring enough to examine it closely. It is rarely to be seen upon his head, and its chief practical purpose seems to be to serve as an elbow cushion.

At present Peppiniello looks idle enough. He is stretched at full length upon the ground, watching a game which two other boys are playing with peach-stones, a natural substitute for marbles; but he has a keen eye for business, and makes more money than any of the fraternity. This his comrades attribute to his luck; but it is really the result of a number of small observations. Thus, more than a year and a half ago he noticed that when four or five of them sat in a row those at the two ends were sure to sell their wares quickest; for if the purchaser is in haste he will buy of the first that he sees, and hurry on; if he is at leisure he will probably inspect all the piles, and, finding them pretty much alike, he will take his tobacco of the last, in order that he may not have to retrace his steps. Some months passed before he made a second discovery, namely, that the spot he now occupies is the best for its purpose in all Naples, because the mechanics who pass along the Strada del Molo are generally anxious to get to or from their work as quickly as may be, while, on the other hand, the boatmen who return from the landing-place have usually finished their task, and have nothing very particular to do. As soon as he had noticed this, he made a point of occupying the corner before any of his comrades were astir, and he has now almost a prescriptive right to it. Some of his success must also be attributed to his good-nature. When his wares are exhausted, or there is no hope of custom, he is always ready to run an errand for the men who are working near. Sometimes he is rewarded by a crust, a slice of cabbage, or a handful of fruit, and more rarely by a centesimo or two; but on such occasions he never asks for anything, and those whom he serves in this way naturally repay him by giving him their own custom and recommending him to their friends. In fact, he is a favorite with most of the men who are employed in the neighborhood; and this is useful to him in more ways than one.

Among Peppiniello's other observations is this — that during the morning hours it is useless for him to take much trouble in

recommending his wares. Those who want old cigar-ends will come and buy them; but every one is then too busy to pay attention to his noise and nonsense. Later in the day it will be different—a joke may secure a customer, or a grin and a caper draw a soldo from the pocket of some foreign gentleman, and Peppiniello is as equal to these as to the other requirements of his trade. But there is a time for everything, and at present the most brilliant display of his talents would make no impression on any one but his companions, for whose applause he does not greatly care; so he lies at his ease with the happy conviction that his own stock is the finest in this morning's market.

It consists of eleven piles, and a little heap of foreign cigar-ends, which are their possessor's great joy and pride, though he is a little uncertain as to their exact market value. If a sailor of luxurious tastes and reduced means happens to pass, he will probably offer a good price for them; but at present the boy is not anxious to sell, for he knows the unusual display will attract customers for his other wares. This special heap is the result of a daring raid into the Grand Café, which he made the other evening, and in which his retreat was covered by a party of good-natured foreigners. When he found himself in safety, and gesticulated his thanks from the middle of the street, they threw him a soldo or two, and one of them, supposing that an infantile craving for the prohibited joys of tobacco was the cause of his boldness, added a cigar which he had only just lighted. There it lies at the top of the sheet of paper. Peppiniello is resolved not to part with it for less than eight centesimi. It must surely be worth ten, he thinks; but, unfortunately, those who are ready to pay such a price for a cigar usually prefer to buy it in a shop.

But see, a mechanic in his working-dress pauses for a moment, lays down two soldi, sweeps up two piles, which he wraps in a piece of paper, and thrusts them into his pocket as he walks on. The whole transaction has been the work of a few seconds, and has not cost a single word. The next customer is of a very different type: he is a fisherman coming up from the landing-place to fill his morning pipe. He feels the deepest contempt and animosity for the mechanic on account of his calling; but, at the same time, he has a firm conviction that he belongs to a class which knows how to cheat the devil, and that consequently it is by no means unad-

visable for a good, simple, Christian fisherman to take a hint from it in worldly matters. He has, consequently, made up his mind as to which of the *mozzonari* he will patronize long before he reaches the first of them; but that does not prevent his inspecting all the other papers with a critical, irresolute air. When he reaches Peppiniello, he looks at his wares with a new expression of marked contempt, pauses for half a minute, and then commences to gesticulate. To all his movements Peppiniello only replies by that slight and peculiar toss of the head which every Neapolitan accepts as a final refusal. In fact, they have been having an animated discussion, although not a single word has been spoken; for the common people of Naples, though ready enough with their tongues, are fond of "conversing silently" with each other—not exactly as lovers are said to do, but by means of a perfect language of signs. The fisherman has offered, first three, and then four centesimi for a single lot, and then nine centesimi for two. These offers have of course been refused. He knew from the first that they would be, for any *mozzonare* who was observed to increase the size of his piles, or even suspected of selling below the established price, would not only lose caste, but be subjected to constant persecution by his comrades; but then, as a fisherman, he feels he would be outraging every feeling of propriety if he were to buy any article whatever without at least attempting to cheapen it. It would almost look as if he wished to be taken for a *signore*. At last, with a sigh, he places the exact price of a single pile—which he has all the time been holding ready—upon the paper, and then, with a most innocent expression, he stretches out his hand to the foreign tobacco at the top of the sheet. He knows that is not its price, and he does not want it, as he greatly prefers the Italian tobacco below: he only wishes to show that he is not quite a fool. Peppiniello gently pushes back his hand, draws a line with his own finger between the upper and the lower lots, and points to the latter. He is very careful not to touch the money, as that might lead to an unpleasant discussion with respect to the exact amount. The fisherman now makes as if he intended to resume it, and purchase of the next dealer; but, as he sees Peppiniello is still unmoved, he takes instead the heap on which from the first his heart has been set, seizes the largest cigar-end in the general pile, and moves

off slowly till he finds an empty place on the coping on which to seat himself. When he feels quite comfortable, he slowly takes off that peculiar piece of headgear, which young artists and enthusiastic antiquarians delight to call Phrygian, but which to the uninitiated eyes of ordinary mortals rather suggests a cross between an overgrown nightcap and a gouty stocking; from this, after fumbling about in it for a time, he draws a red clay pipe with a cane stem, and a clasp-knife, and begins to prepare for the enjoyment of a morning smoke. If you could get near enough to look into that Phrygian headdress of his, as it lies there beside him, you would probably find that it still contains a hunch of bread, half an onion, an apple, two peaches, a few small fish wrapped up in seaweed, and a picture of San Antonio; for the fisherman's cap is not only his purse and tobacco-pouch, but a general receptacle for miscellaneous articles of his personal property. It is but just to add, however, that the fish he carries in this way is always intended for his own consumption.

II.

At ten o'clock, Peppiniello has disposed of all his wares. As the day is hot he feels almost inclined to have a swim in the harbor; but he sees no one near to whom he could safely deposit the eleven soldi which he has made by his morning's work, and, besides, he is hungry, as well he may be, for he has been up since dawn and has eaten nothing yet. Where to get a dinner?—that is the question; for it never even occurs to him that he might spend a part of his hard-earned gains upon common food, though now and then, when the times are good, he will buy a slice of water-melon. He could hardly feel justified in doing even that to-day; so, as he rolls up the foreign tobacco, which he has not sold, in the old newspaper, and places it inside the breast of his shirt, which serves all Neapolitans of his class as a capacious pocket, he resolves in his mind the chances that are open to him. He knows he could have what he wants at once by going to the narrow street near the Porta Capuana, where his father used to live; for there are still several women in the neighborhood who remember his family, and who could give him a crust of bread, a slice of raw cabbage, or a part of whatever their own dinner happened to be. But he has noticed that the more rarely he comes the warmer his welcome is; and he wishes to

leave these friends as a last resource in cases of the utmost need. Though it is not the hour during which strangers are likely to be moving about, it might be worth while to saunter down to Santa Lucia, as there is no saying what a foreigner may not do, and, if he is out, that is the likeliest place to find him. But the children in that district hold together, and look upon him as an intruder on the hunting-grounds that belong by right to them. They will crowd him out of the circle, if possible, spoil his antics, and snatch the soldi out of his very hands. Nay, a few weeks ago, when he stole the purse from the English gentleman, they seemed half inclined to betray him instead of covering his retreat. It is true that, at last, their instinctive hatred of law and the police got the better of their local jealousy, and he made his escape. In half an hour, when he had brought his booty into safety, he returned, and invited the boys who had helped him into a neighboring *taverna*, where he placed four litres of wine before them. That was the right thing to do, and he did it; nay, as the purse had contained nearly twenty lire — though that he confessed to nobody — he even added a kilo of bread to the repast. Since then he has enjoyed a half-unwilling respect in that quarter. But Peppiniello is not the boy to forget their hesitation, which seems to him the basest of treachery. Besides, their manners disgust him. It is right enough that boys should cut capers, and make grimaces, and beg, and steal; but it is indecent for girls of eleven or twelve to do so. If he has a contempt for anything in the world, it is for those girls and their relations. No; he will not go to Santa Lucia.

So he turns up one of the dark, narrow ways that lead away from the Porto, looking wistfully into every *taverna* that he passes. Most of them are empty. In some a single workman is sitting, with a small piece of bread and one glass of wine before him, or half a dozen have clubbed together to buy a loaf and a bottle. Peppiniello knows it is useless to beg of these — they have little enough to stay their own appetites. "Ah!" thinks he, who, like all his class, is a bitter enemy of the present government — perhaps only because it is the government — "it was different in good King Ferdinand's days, when bread only cost four soldi the kilo, and wine seven centesimi the litre. Then, they say, if a hungry beggar-boy could find a workman at his dinner, he was sure of a crust and a sup; but how can they

give anything now, with bread at eight and wine at twelve soldi?" At last he sees what appears to be a well-dressed man, sitting at the further end of the low, dark room. He slips in in a moment, and stands before him making that movement of the forefinger and thumb to the mouth by which Neapolitan beggars express their hunger. The man cuts off a small fragment of his bread and gives it him. Now Peppiniello is near, he can see by the pinched face and bright eyes of the man that he, too, has nothing to spare. He is almost ashamed of having begged of him; but he munches the bread as he goes along. It is such a little piece that it seems only to make him hungrier. He hardly knows what to do; so he sits down on a doorstep to reflect.

He knows an English ship came into port last night. The chance is that some of the sailors are ashore. If he could find them, they would very likely give him something, and he fancies he can guess pretty nearly where they are; but then—to tell the truth—he is afraid. Such sailors, it is true, have never shown him anything but kindness; but who knows what they may do? They are so strong and rough, and have no respect for anything. He looks upon them as he does on the forces of nature, as something entirely capricious, incalculable, and uncontrollable. They threw him a handful of soldi the other day; perhaps to-day they may throw him out of the window. The people say they are not even Christians. Who can tell? Yet surely the Madonna must have power over them too; and he is very hungry. So he rises, and turns once more in the direction of the Porto, murmuring a Paternoster and an Ave, with eyes in the mean time perfectly open to any other chance of provender.

He goes to one, two, three of the houses they are likely to frequent, and convinces himself they are not there. At last he hears them in the front room of the first story of the fourth. It is the very worst house for his purpose that they could have chosen; for the hostess is a very—well, I know no English word which would not be degraded if applied to her. She looks upon all the money in the pockets of her guests up-stairs as already her own, and naturally resents any new claim upon it, however small. Peppiniello knows her well; but he has not come thus far to be turned back at last by fear of an old woman. He saunters carelessly and yet wearily into the street, and seats himself

on the step opposite the door of the *locanda*, leans his head upon his arm, and finally stretches himself at full length. Any passer would fancy him asleep; in fact, he is on the watch. He knows his only chance is to wait till the lower room and, if possible, the kitchen behind it, are empty, and then make a dart for the staircase. He lies there for more than half an hour. At last the cook is sent out to fetch something, as it seems from a distance; for he takes his coat and hat. The hostess stands at a table at the back of the front room, with a tray of grog-glasses before her which are half full of spirits. In a moment more the scullion comes with a kettle of boiling water, which he pours into the glasses while the hostess stirs them. By some accident a drop or two falls upon her hand; she says nothing, but simply wipes it with a cloth beside her. As soon, however, as the last glass is full, and the scullion has taken two steps away from the table, she gives him such a cuff as sends him flying to the other end of the kitchen, with the scalding water streaming down his legs. Of course there is a howl. He, at least, is not likely to take much notice of anything at present. The hostess quietly takes up the tray, puts on a bland smile, and mounts the stairs. This is Peppiniello's chance. He lets her ascend three or four steps, and then, with a spring as stealthy as a cat's, he follows her. His bare feet fall noiselessly, and he steals up so close behind her that there is no chance of her seeing him, even if she should turn, which she can hardly do, as the stairs are narrow and she has the tray in her hand. When she reaches the landing, she stops to place her burden on a table, in order that she may open the door; Peppiniello at once springs forward, and enters without being announced, satisfied so far with his success, but by no means certain that he may not have sprung out of the frying-pan into the fire.

Round a table which is strewn with the remnants of what seems to have been a sumptuous though rather coarse meal, six sailors are seated in company not of the most respectable.

Peppiniello knows that boldness is now his only hope, for if the hostess can catch hold of him before he has attracted the men's attention he will certainly fly down the stairs much more quickly than he ascended them. So he advances at once, and with a low bow and a grin makes the gesture that indicates his hunger.

"What does the young devil mean?"

sks one of the men in very imperfect Italian.

"He only wants some of the broken bread," replies a girl, throwing him half loaf.

Peppiniello springs into the air, catches halfway, makes a gesture of the wildest joy, and then, with a face of preternatural gravity, bows his thanks and stands like a soldier on parade. The men are amused, and soon all the bread upon the table is stowed away within his shirt. This gives him a strange appearance, as the slender arms and legs form a striking contrast to the enormous trunk. He at once sees his advantage, and proceeds to contort his face and limbs in a way that makes him appear hardly human. Shouts of laughter follow, and one of the girls hands him a glass of wine. Meanwhile the grog has been placed on the table and the men have lighted their pipes. One pulls out an Italian cigar, but after the first whiff he throws it away with a curse, declaring that it is made of a mixture of rotten cabbage-leaves and Indian-ubber. Peppiniello seizes it almost before it falls, seats himself in a corner, and begins to puff away with an expression of the most luxurious enjoyment.

"What, you smoke, do you, you little pup of hell? You'd better take the whole lot of them, for I'll be d——d if any human being can smoke them."

The words are spoken in English, and Peppiniello can hardly believe his eyes when a parcel of cigars comes flying across the room into his lap.

"Ask him if his mother knows he's at," says one of the men. His companion puts the question into such Italian as he can command. One of the girls repeats it in the Neapolitan dialect, and explains Peppiniello's answer, which is then translated into English for the benefit of the male part of the company.

"I have no mother."

"His father, then?"

"I have no father."

"How does he live, then?"

"How I can."

"Ask him if he'll come aboard with us; and tell him we'll make a man of him."

"What would my sisters do then?"

"How many sisters has he?"

"Four."

"How old?"

"One a year older and three younger than I am, and they have nobody in the world to take care of them but me."

The idea of that little monkey being

the father of a family is too comic not to excite a laugh, yet there is something pathetic in it. None of the girls believe the tale; but if questioned by their companions they would all assert a firm conviction of its truth. Nay, one or two of them would probably say they were personally acquainted with all the facts of the case.

"It's all a d——d lie, of course," says another of the men; "but it don't matter," and he throws the boy a two-soldi piece. The other sailors follow his example.

Peppiniello gathers up his riches. He feels that it is time for him to withdraw, but he knows the landlady is waiting below with a stick, and that she purposes first to beat him as unmercifully as she can, then to rob him of all that has been given him, and finally to kick him into the street. He is afraid that even his morning's earnings will go with the rest of his gains. It is not a pleasant prospect. Fortunately for him the girls at the table know all this as well as he does. One of them whispers a word or two to her companion, rises, beckons slightly to the boy, and goes down-stairs. He makes a silent bow to the company and slinks after her, but when they reach the lower room she takes him by the hand and leads him to the street door amid a perfect storm of abuse from the landlady, who, however, does not venture to give any more practical expression to her rage.

"Now run, you little devil, run!"

Peppiniello only pauses for a single moment to raise the girl's hand gently to his lips, and before half a minute is past he has put a dozen corners between himself and the scene of his adventure.

But the girl turns and faces the infuriated hostess. "What harm has the boy done you?" she says quietly. "If the gentlemen up-stairs had been angry I could understand it, but they were amused. What harm has he done you?"

The hostess is rather cowed by the girl's manner, and she replies in an almost whining tone, "All that bread he has robbed me of—is that nothing?"

"Why, what can you do with broken bread?"

"Sell it to the poor."

The girl's form assumes a sudden dignity; she feels that this woman has sunk far below her, and her voice is very low but very biting as she says, "Donna Es-tere, you are as hard and wicked as a Piedmontese. If you speak another word I will never enter your house again.

but take all my friends over there," and she moves her head slightly in the direction of a rival establishment.

This is a threat that Donna Estere cannot afford to disregard, but she is still too excited to be able to fawn on the girl and flatter her as she will in half an hour's time. So she retires silently into the kitchen, to vent her rage first in abusing and then in beating the scullion.

III.

WHEN Peppiniello feels himself well out of the reach of danger, he draws out a piece of bread and eats it greedily as he walks slowly in the direction of his father's old home. He has not gone far before he sees another boy of his own class seated in a doorway, and dining off a raw cabbage-head and two onions. Peppiniello squats down opposite, and by way of beginning a conversation he remarks in a friendly tone that the cabbage doesn't look very fresh. The owner of the maligned vegetable replies that he pulled it that very morning in his uncle's garden, and adds that he is sorry for boys who are obliged to dine off stale bread. This gives rise to an animated discussion, which in about five minutes leads to the exchange of a thick slice of cabbage and half an onion for a piece of bread. Each now feels that he is dining sumptuously, and in order to remove any unpleasant impression that may have been left on his neighbor's mind, he praises the provisions he has just received at least as warmly as he before disparaged them. The stranger then gives a glowing description of his uncle's garden, which, by his account, must certainly be the most remarkable estate ever possessed by a violent and eccentric old gentleman, whose only weakness is a doting fondness for his nephew. Peppiniello has his own doubts as to the existence of that earthly paradise, but he is far too polite to express any. In his turn he relates how his father went to sea a year and a half ago and was, as they thought, lost, and how they mourned for him, and how that very morning his aunt had received a letter stating that he had married a great heiress in Palermo, and was going to return to Naples in a few weeks.

"Ah, won't your stepmother just beat you!" says the stranger, in a tone which implies that he could quite enter into the fun of the operation.

"Ah, but she can't!" replies Peppiniello. "That's the best of it. She's only one leg; the other's a wooden one, but

they say it's stuffed full of good French gold pieces."

And so, having finished his meal, he proceeds upon his way, pondering upon what to do with the fortune he has so unexpectedly invented for himself. The stranger, as he saunters in the opposite direction, considers the important question whether a ferocious miser of an uncle who can refuse nothing to his single pet or a stepmother with a wooden leg stuffed with gold pieces, is the most desirable imaginary possession for a little street-boy of limited means.

Peppiniello at last reaches a small tobacco-shop at the corner of a narrow close. "Good day, Donna Amalia," he says as he enters.

"What, Peppiniello! you here again, and dinner's over, and I don't believe there's a bite left in the house." Her tone is rough, but she turns with the evident intention of searching her larder.

"Thank you; I've eaten to-day. I only want to ask you to take care of this for me till the evening;" and he heaps the bread upon the counter.

"What, ten pieces; you *have* had luck to-day!"

"And here are some cigars. Will you sell them for me? Of course I should not expect the full price."

It goes rather against Donna Amalia's conscience to refuse any lawful profit that may fall in her way; but she remembers that the boy is an orphan, and that the Virgin has a way of rewarding those who are pitiful to such.

"Well, let me see them. Yes, they are whole. They cost, you know, eight centesimi apiece; that makes fourteen soldi and two centesimi. There it is," and she pays him the whole sum. She has no doubt in her own mind that she is receiving stolen goods, but no one can identify a cigar, and it is no business of hers, so she asks no questions. Peppiniello puts it together with the rest, and then commits the whole to her care. She counts over the sum with him very carefully, wraps it in a piece of paper, and places it on a shelf in the inside room beside the bread. He has already bidden her good-bye, and is passing out of the shop, when she calls him back.

"You will never be able to eat all that bread while it is fresh."

"It is quite at your service, Donna Amalia;" but there is something in the eyes that contradicts the tone and the words.

"Nay, boy, I don't want to beg your

bad of you; but look here, these three pieces are as good as when they came from the baker's. If you like, I will take them to-day, and give you new bread for to-morrow."

"A thousand thanks, but let it be the day after to-morrow."

"Very well."

He is really grateful to the rough, kind woman, but he does not kiss her hand. But one only does to people of a higher social class, and he does not feel so very much below Donna Amalia.

It is now more than time for the mid-day sleep, so Peppiniello retires into a room where the stones are pretty smooth, and there is no danger of the sunshine stealing in to waken him. He does not go to sleep so quickly as usual, perhaps because he has dined better; and he reviews the events of the morning and comes to the conclusion that it is his duty to go to mass next morning, to render thanks for his deliverance from danger.

He has no doubt that it was the woman who saved him from Donna Estere, and it never occurs to him that he chose rather a strange messenger. Then he begins to consider on what number he had better set in this week's *lotto*. He is rather doubtful of his luck, for he had lost six of the francs he found in the street in that way. How he wishes he could dream of numbers, but somehow he never does. The priests of course know them all, for they are learned, but they are bound by a vow not to impart their knowledge to any one; yet they say that sometimes a monk will whisper the sacred secret to a friend. Surely they ought to do so, if only to be revenged on the government who has turned them out of their monasteries. Peppiniello resolves to be very polite to all monks in future. If he could read, he would try to get hold of one of those wonderful books which explain things so well you can hardly dream of anything without knowing the number it signifies in them. Well, this time he will set upon thirty-two, the number of Donna Estere's house, and upon twelve, for there were twelve guests at table. Fate will doubtless give him another number before the time for the drawing comes round. Pondering these things, he falls asleep.

It is later than usual when he awakens, and he sees with some consternation how the sun has already sunk. He has obtained the best early harvest for old cigars, which is at its height at two o'clock, and the gentlemen who have lunched

and smoked return to their places of business. He must make haste or he will have nothing for the evening market and miss that too. So he hastens off to the railway station, picking up here and there a bit of merchandise by the way. He is not lucky even there, though a good-natured porter lets him slip into the waiting-room, which is empty for the moment; and on his way to the Porto, which he chooses to take through the narrow streets and not by the most frequented road, he walks slowly, as if in doubt. At last he sits down and counts over his scanty gleanings with a look that says plainly enough, "They won't do." So he turns once more away from the Porto, and after climbing two or three streets at rather a rapid pace, he reaches the corner of one in which a poverty-stricken *café* is situated. Then his whole manner changes; he assumes an indolent but merry air, and begins to sing a Neapolitan song. The threadbare waiter who is sitting at the door hails him with a loud jest, and then asks in a low voice, "Don't you want any cigar-ends to-day?"

"Well, I hardly know. I have such a large stock, and I sell so few; but let me see them."

They enter the empty *café* together, and the treasure is displayed.

"What do you want for them?"

"What will you give — four soldi?"

"Not two for that lot," says the boy contemptuously.

A discussion of course follows, and Peppiniello finally agrees to give two soldi, but only that he may not lose the waiter's friendship and patronage. The tobacco he still insists is not worth the price.

"And when am I to be paid?"

"To-night, if I sell enough."

He resumes his indolent walk and his song, which he continues till he reaches the end of the street, when he quickens his pace and leaves off singing. Both parties are rather ashamed of this transaction. The waiter knows he has been acting meanly, and the boy, who looks upon all cigar-ends as the rightful property of the *mozzonari*, feels he has been put upon. It is only in extreme cases like to-day's that he will submit to this. In fact, this perfectly legitimate purchase, by which he is sure of making a large profit, weighs on his conscience far more heavily than any of his thefts. Hence each is sure of the other's secrecy.

As Peppiniello turns again in the direction of the Porto, he fancies that some

misfortune is sure to overtake him shortly, for he feels he has deserved a punishment, and only hopes the avenging powers will lay it on with a light hand. So when he finds a perfect stranger to the whole company of *mozzonari*—a great hulking youth of some fifteen years—has taken possession of his place, he looks upon it as the result of their immediate interposition, but this does not make him feel any the more inclined to bear it patiently. Besides, he knows that if he gives way now his favorite seat is lost forever. Accordingly he utters an indignant protest, which calls forth a contemptuous answer. An angry altercation follows, in which sufficiently strong language is used on both sides. A boatman passing up from the landing-place soon puts an end to the situation, by first pushing the youth to a distance of some yards and then tossing his wares after him. This being done, he passes on, fully satisfied that he has been performing an act of justice, for he knows Peppiniello does usually sit there, and then his opponent is old enough to gain his living in some other way. The sale of old cigar-ends is work that children can do, and so it ought to be left to them.

Peppiniello quietly takes his old seat, from which the new-comer does not venture to expel him by force—he has evidently too powerful allies; so he crouches down at a distance of a few yards in front of him, and covers him with every term of abuse. Hitherto the language, though strong, has been confined within the wide limits of what the lower-class Neapolitans consider decent, or at least tolerable; now the vilest and most offensive terms which their unusually expressive dialect furnishes are freely used. At first the boy gives epithet for epithet, but then he falls silent, his eyes dilate, his lips tighten, his right hand is fumbling inside his shirt.

“You son of a priest.”

The words are scarcely uttered, when the boy's knife is unclashed, and, with a spring as sudden and unexpected as a cat's, he has flown at his enemy's throat.

Fortunately for both, a well-dressed man has been silently watching the scene, and with a motion as quick as Peppiniello's he has seized the boy, clasping his body with his right arm and grasping the knife with his left hand. Another moment, and a hearty kick has sent the intruder sprawling upon the stones. The latter gathers up first himself and then his wares, and goes off muttering threats and

curses. A single glance at his face, however, is sufficient to show that he will never venture to interfere with Peppiniello again.

“If you had ever seen the inside of prison, my boy,” says the man whose intervention has just been so opportune, “you would not run the risk of being sent there for such a foul-mouthed fool as that; nor,” he adds in a voice that no one but the child in his arms can hear, “nor for a purse either, even if it did contain twenty lire;” and so he pushes him with apparent roughness, but with gentleness, back into his place.

Peppiniello stretches himself at full length. His face is on the ground and covered by his two arms, his whole body is still quivering, but his protector sees a glance that it is only with subsiding rage, so he passes on as if nothing particular had happened. When he returns in an hour's time the boy is jesting merrily with his comrades; but his quick eyes catch the approaching form, he draws back into his corner, and whispers with a downbent head, “Thank you, Don Antonio.”

Don Antonio, if that is his name, takes no notice; he does not even cast a passing glance at the scene of the late conflict.

IV.

AT about eight o'clock, Peppiniello resolves to give up business for that evening. It is true the market is at its height and he has not yet sold more than half his wares, but he will want a new supply tomorrow, and the best time for gathering it has now begun. To-night, too, he must make good use of his time, for he will have to return home earlier than usual. Donna Amalia goes to bed between eleven and twelve. He turns in the direction of San Carlo, and walks slowly past the small theatres, picking up what he can by the way, till he reaches the garden gate of the palace, over which he throws a two-centesimo piece, with hardly perceptible motion of his hand and without turning his head. On each side stands a colossal bronze statue of a man governing an unruly horse. The emperor Nicholas of Russia sent them a present to King Ferdinand after his return from Italy, and they were supposed by the Italian Liberals of those days to convey a delicate hint as to what the autocrat of the north considered the true principles of government. Of all this Peppiniello of course knows nothing; he

stalwart forms have made a deep impression on his imagination, and he has adopted this strange way of paying his devotion to them. He does not number them with the saints, still less has any intention of paying them divine honors. What he attributes to them is not, though by no means unlimited, power, and some such capricious good-will to himself as the boatmen frequently show. He is not given to analysis, and sees no contradiction between this worship and the rest of his religious life; indeed, the bronze statues fill a niche that would otherwise be left vacant in his pantheon. He looks upon them as leading strong, joyous lives of their own, and caring on the whole very little for human affairs, though he thinks they must be somewhat pleased by sincere devotion. At best they are only half-natured, not good; and so they stand far below the saints, whose whole life is spent in acts of graciousness and pity. But then you cannot call upon the saints to help you in committing what the Church calls a sin, though doubtless they will often save you from its consequences. With respect to the two bronze figures, he has no such scruples, for he is convinced that their moral code is no less stringent than his own. So he stands upon them when the children at Santa Lucia seemed inclined to abandon him to the police, and we know how well he got out of that scrape. Nevertheless, he keeps his irreligious faith a profound secret, partly from a fear of ridicule, no doubt, but partly also because he has a shrewd suspicion that the objects of it are more likely to pay attention to his prayers if the number of their worshippers remains strictly limited.

Peppiniello now sets to work in good earnest, and by twelve o'clock he has collected an ample stock in trade, paid the other two soldi he owed him, and received his bread and money from Donna Amalia. He now turns homewards. It is a long way, but he only pauses to take two slices of water-melon at a stall, and these he carries in his hand until he reaches a small open court at the mouth of the cavern, where a number of women are seated to enjoy as much of the freshness of the night as the high walls of the neighboring houses will allow. He gives a sharp whistle, and immediately a girl comes towards him. You can see at a glance that she is Peppiniello's sister. Her name is Concetta, and she is about thirteen years old, though a northerner

would probably think her a year and a half older. Her complexion is sallow rather than her brother's, her eyes are very bright, and her black hair, which is tied in a rough wisp round her head, has been burnt and bleached by exposure till the surface coil is almost brown. With a little care it might be made to look well, but it has never been brushed since her mother's death, and is rarely combed more than once a week. Her dress is decent, but it has been patched in many places with different materials, and she is far dirtier than Peppiniello, to whom custom allows the luxury of sea-bathing. Still there is a great deal of intelligence, some kindness, and not a little care in her look. Yet at times she can break into wild fits of merriment, and dance the tarantella with all the wild passion of a bacchanal. She seldom does that, however, when her brother or, indeed, any male person is present, and to-night she follows him very quietly down a narrow street to a little open place, and there seats herself on a doorstep beside him. She feels quite as strongly as he does that it would be beneath his dignity to take a place among the women and girls at the cavern's mouth.

"The children are asleep?" asks Peppiniello, as he gives his sister a hunch of bread and one of the slices of water-melon.

"Yes; and Donna Lucia has promised to have an eye on them till I come back."

Peppiniello now gives the girl four soldi for the household expenses of the morrow, and when he adds eight centesimi to enable them each to buy a piece of water-melon, she knows he has had a prosperous day, for in hard times she and her sisters are obliged to live on a soldo each, and what they can manage to earn or pick up. The bread is a new and pleasant surprise over which her eyes brighten; to-morrow, housekeeping will be an easy task.

Business being over, the two fall to their suppers with a hearty appetite, while Peppiniello relates all his day's adventures, with the exception of the bargain with the waiter, and his sacrifice to the statues. The manner of both is quite changed; they are mere children chatting together as merrily as if they had never known want or care. When he has finished his tale, he places the money in her hand — all except a single soldo which he has hid away before. She counts it over carefully, and then exclaims joyously, "Why, you *have* been lucky! With the

rest this makes seven lire and a half: only ten soldi more and the month's rent is ready, and to-morrow is only the thirteenth."

Peppiniello's tone assumes some of its old business weightiness, as he replies, "Yes, but that must be made up before we spend anything."

Concetta readily assents to this, and then goes on to propose that, even when their rent is ready, they shall continue to hoard their gains until they have money enough to buy one of the children a nice dress, so that they may be able to send her out of an evening to sell flowers to the ladies and gentlemen in the villa. "That is the way to make money." But Peppiniello very decisively rejects the proposal, and the girl, who, like most affectionate women that have not been spoiled by culture, has a habit of obeying even the unreasonable wishes of those whom she loves, gives way at once, and all who know more of Neapolitan life than she does will feel that in this difference her brother is in the right. Still, though she does not sulk or quarrel, she is disappointed by the rejection of her plan, and more silent than usual. She has a great trust, love, and admiration for her brother: they never quarrel, partly perhaps because they are so little together, and, what is more, she never yet had a secret from him. He, as we have seen, is not so open. He never told his sister anything about that purse; but he had several good reasons for this. He does not wish her to know that he steals, for she might imitate his example, and that would be unfeminine. There is no harm in boys doing a great many things that girls must not do, and he would be as much shocked to hear that Concetta had been guilty of a theft as to find her swimming in the waters of the harbor. But he had also another reason for keeping that secret. He knew exactly what he wanted to do with the money. The great terror of his life is that some month he may be unable to pay the rent, and that they will consequently be turned into the street. For himself the discomfort would not be great, as in most weathers he can sleep at least as comfortably on a doorstep as in bed; but he dreads it for the children's, and still more for Concetta's sake. So as soon as the money fell into his hands, he resolved to keep eight lire constantly in store as a resource against cases of the utmost need, and to say nothing about this, in order that neither he nor his sister might be tempted to be less careful in always get-

ting the rent together as early in the month as possible. Nearly three lire were spent on the banquet he had to give to his half-hearted associates. He had still three left to dispose of, but they will go, as six have already gone, to the *lotto*. For that, too, he reserves the soldo which he daily abstracts from his earnings. It is the only way he knows of investing his savings, but he is afraid of awakening hopes in his sister's mind which a sad experience has shown to be so often fallacious. Yet he has many compunctions of conscience about that soldo, which he tries to quiet by remembering that he allows each of the others the same sum for her daily expenditure. Otherwise he scrupulously shares everything he gains with the rest. If he buys a little fruit the only way in which he ever spends anything upon himself, he brings them some, or gives them money to do the same. What Concetta and the children can earn or pick up they do as they like with, but though she keeps the family purse, into which all his gains flow, she never thinks of taking a centesimo out of it without his previous consent.

But, by this time, Peppiniello and his sister have finished their supper and are returning to the cavern's mouth. More than twenty families sleep in that gloomy hole, divided from each other by no partition greater than a line drawn upon the floor. The sides of the grotto are damp, and the air close and fetid with a thousand evil odors, though the entrance and the roof are lofty. You can catch no glimpse of the latter at this time of night; there is only one great starless darkness overhead, but below, here and there, a tiny oil-flame glimmers before the picture of some saint. There is one burning at the foot of Peppiniello's bed, which occupies the worst place but one, that farthest from the entrance, and when the two reach it, after exchanging a few friendly words with Donna Lucia, one of the occupants of the neighboring bed, they refill the lamp from a little flask, and then kneel down before the rough print of the Virgin to repeat a Paternoster and an Ave.

The bed itself is large enough not only for the whole family, but also to accommodate a stranger now and then, when, on a stormy night, Peppiniello happens to find some homeless boy shivering on a doorstep that does not shelter him from the rain. Three children are now sleeping quietly enough in it. The eldest of them, who may be nine, has a strong fam-

likeness to Concetta, and so has one of the younger girls, whom you take to be ; but the third, who seems to be of nearly the same age, has quite a different face and figure. She is far more slightly built, has a little rosy mouth and tiny hands and feet. Her skin, though it is bronzed by the sun, is far fairer than that of her bedfellows, and she has fine, light brown hair which would be silken if it were kept in proper order. Her name is Mariannina, and she is not in fact one of Peppiniello's sisters. This is her story : One night, about a year ago, when the boy was returning home, he saw her sleeping all alone in the portico of a church. If it had been a boy he would have passed on without taking any notice, but that wasn't a proper place for little girls to sleep in, so he wakened her, and asked where her home was that he might take her there. It was a long way off, he said ; she didn't know where, but a long way. At length, in answer to many questions and a good deal of coaxing, she told him she lived alone with her mother, who, as soon as she had had her breakfast, used to give her a hunch of bread, turn her into the street, lock the door, and go to her work, from which she did not return till after dark. But one morning some time ago — Mariannina did not know exactly how long : it seemed a long while — her mother was lazy and would not get up. The child had nothing to eat that day, but in the evening her mother gave her the key of the cupboard where the bread was, and told her where to find some money. Mariannina had a good time of it for several days, as her mother took no notice of her, and would not eat anything ; but when the money was all spent she told her she had no more, and that she must get her breakfast by herself. She went out to play as usual, and a neighbor gave her something to eat. When she came back her mother was talking very loud, but there was no one else in the room, and the child could not understand what she said. She went on that way for a long time, but at last she made a strange noise and then she was quite still. Afterwards the lamp before the Virgin went out ; there had been no oil to replenish it with. Next morning when Mariannina awoke her mother was still asleep. When she touched her she was quite cold. At first she had tried to waken her, but she would not speak nor move, so the child was frightened and ran away. All day she had tried to get away as far as she could. She did not want to

go home ; she would go with Peppiniello, and she was hungry.

The kindest as well as the wisest thing would of course have been to take the little orphan to the Foundling Hospital, but Peppiniello never thought of that. He was convinced that the Holy Virgin had sent him to take care of this child, and he was not the boy to shrink from such a trust. Concetta was of the same opinion, and from that day to this Mariannina has been a member of the family. She is a quiet child, with soft, caressing ways, and never has those fits of wild merriment into which the others fall ; but she has also less cheerfulness to face hard times with, and when the supply of food is very scanty, she is apt to be rather subdued and to look weary. The girls treat her exactly as they do each other, but there is just a shade of extra gentleness in the relation between her and her protector, which may arise from the consciousness that the ties between them have been formed by their own free choice, or perhaps from the belief which both entertain that it was the Blessed Virgin who brought them together.

As soon as Peppiniello and Concetta have finished their prayers they arm themselves with two long sticks. A rusty fork is firmly bound to the end of that which the girl leans against her side of the bed, while her brother's terminates in the blade of an old knife, carefully sharpened. As he creeps into his place, Mariannina puts her hands up to his cheeks and falls asleep again in the midst of the caress. And now the purpose of the strange weapons soon becomes clear, for scarcely has quiet been restored than the floor is literally covered with hundreds of rats. Concetta makes several ineffectual thrusts before Peppiniello moves his arm, but at his first blow he succeeds in wounding one of them, which utters a sharp squeak as it disappears. In a moment all the rest have vanished, and a shrill yet tremulous voice is raised in angry protest from the darkness beyond. At first it utters nothing but vile abuse and frightful curses, but then in a whine it urges that it is a sin to maim and injure the poor creatures. " They, too, are God's children."

" Why doesn't he keep them at home, then ? While I'm here, they're not going to nibble Mariannina's toes," replies Peppiniello, but in a tone only just loud enough to catch Concetta's ear, for he respects the age and pities the suffering of the wretched being who has just spoken.

It is Donna Lucia's mother, who, having been found too loathsome to retain her place in the family bed, has been accommodated with a sack of dried maize-leaves in the darkest corner of the cave. As her daughter and son-in-law are abroad at their work all day, their children are too little to be of any use, and she cannot move from her pallet, she has perhaps some reason to be grateful to the natural scavengers she vainly endeavors to protect. Perhaps, too, the last affectionate instincts of a motherly nature have centred themselves on the only living beings that constantly surround her. At length the querulous voice dies away, the stick falls from Peppiniello's hand, and he sinks into a sound sleep.*

V.

WHEN Peppiniello wakes he feels instinctively that it is dawn, though as yet no ray of light has penetrated even to the entrance of the cavern, so he awakens Concetta. She is tired, and would willingly sleep another hour or two as she usually does, but in that case she could not go to mass with her brother, so she rouses herself, and they are soon on their way to a neighboring church.

It is still dusk, the larger stars have not yet faded out of the sky, and the freshness of the morning air is felt even in the narrow streets through which their way leads them. There is a stillness everywhere, and an unusual light on common things which impress both the children, but chiefly Concetta, who never rises so early except when she goes to mass. And when they pass the portal of the church the blaze of the candles upon the altar, the glow of the polished marble, the rich

colors of the hangings, seem to stand in a strange contrast, not only to the quiet twilight outside, but also to all their ordinary surroundings. To you and me the church looks gaudy, a miracle of bad taste it may be; to them it is a little glimpse of splendor which they feel all the more keenly because it is so different from all the sordid circumstances of their daily life. And they are so safe here, too. Dirty as they are, no one rudely forbids their entrance or will push them from the altar step at which they kneel. For this is no great man's palace, but the house of God and the Madonna, and even these outcast children have a right to a place in it.

And so the mass begins, and Peppiniello remembers a number of trifles, and asks forgiveness for them. He thinks about the daily soldo he conceals from his sister, and has half a mind not to do so any more, though he is by no means sure it is a sin, and he thanks God and the Madonna for having taken care of him so often, but particularly yesterday, and prays them still to be good to him and his sisters and Mariannina, and to the girl who so kindly befriended him yesterday. For the rest of his friends and benefactors he prays in a general way and in the usual form; he does not specially think even of Donna Amalia or Don Antonio (though he would pray for both if they asked him), far less of the English sailors; and when he repeats the petition which he has been taught to use with respect to his enemies, I doubt whether any remembrance of Donna Estere comes into his head. When the elevation of the host is past, and the time has come to remember the dead, Concetta gently presses his hand, and he prays for the souls of his parents and of Mariannina's mother, and for "all that rest in Christ." She remembers their old home better, and thinks oftener about it, than he does, and so she is more moved by this part of the service, which he is sometimes apt to forget.

And all his real sins, his lies and thefts, doesn't he repent of them? I am afraid not. Some time ago he took his sisters to see the miracle of San Gennaro, and when the liquefaction of the blood was long delayed, did not think of all the other spectators who crowded the church, but concluded that it was some personal sin of his that had offended the saint. So he searched his conscience, and remembered that some time before he had refused an old woman a part of his scanty dinner, even though she had begged for it in the

* The incident of the old woman's affection for the rats is borrowed from Renato Fucini's interesting "*Napoli a occhio nudo*," p. 67. On his visiting one of the habitations of the poor, some such wretched being as Donna Lucia's mother used the expression employed in the text, in reproving him for frightening the rats away. The Italian words are "*Son creature di Dio anche loro*," and the verbal translation would of course be, "They, too, are God's creatures;" but this would quite fail to give the point of the reproof, for the word *creatura* is constantly applied in affectionate excuse for little children, or to urge their claim on the pity of adults. When a poor widow says in begging "*Tengo tre creature*," she means to insist on their inability to care for themselves in any way, and "*Sono creature*" is the constant plea of the mother whose children have excited the anger of a grown-up person; pretty much as an Englishwoman might say, "They are too young to know what they are doing, poor things." In calling the rats "*creature di Dio*," therefore, the old woman wished to insist upon their weakness and their ignorance of right and wrong as a claim upon human pity, quite as much as on the fact of their having been created by God; almost as if she had said, "Spare the poor helpless innocents who have no protector but Him who made them."

Madonna's name, and that he had spoken harshly to Donna Lucia's mother a few days afterwards; and he resolved to be gentler and kinder to the aged and infirm in future. Then the miracle was wrought, and hitherto he has kept his resolution. But his lies and thefts he did not remember. Nay, when he next prepares himself for confession, they will probably be the last sins that come into his mind. When the priest insists on their wickedness, the boy will be moved, and he will really repent, and make up his mind to give them up altogether, and for a day or two he will persevere; but then he will begin to consider the matter from a worldly point of view. The priest was doubtless right in what he said. Peppiniello himself can hardly imagine that a saint ever picked any one's pocket, but then there is no chance of his ever becoming a saint, and they know how hard a poor *mozzone*'s life is, and will not judge him too harshly. In some such way he will probably arrive at the conclusion that perfect honesty is a luxury as far beyond his means as the shells and periwinkles which are heaped upon the itinerant vendor's tray, and whose dainty odors so often vainly excite his appetite.

But now the mass is over, and Peppiniello and Concetta pass out of the church under the golden morning sunshine and here part, each to begin anew the labors and adventures of the day. And here we must leave them for the present.

From The Modern Review.

ALFONSO LA MARMORA.*

WHEN Burke, at the time of the French revolution, lamented that the age of chivalry was gone, he meant the old cavalier spirit of loyalty to the reigning dynasty. And the statement was true to a certain extent. In our island the downfall of the Stuarts had given a fatal blow to this sentiment. After James II. had been thrust from the throne, and a foreigner elected in his stead, never again could the principle of divine right hold up its head with any sort of confidence. Thenceforward British sovereigns should reign by the will of the nation, and learn that legitimacy, though a respectable thing in itself, is not an insuperable barrier to the removal of a prince who made himself ob-

noxious to his subjects. A century later, when the French Revolution gave birth to democracy, the spirit of chivalry (in Burke's sense) may be said to have expired generally throughout Europe. The nations, suddenly awakened to a sense of man's rights, rose and protested against despotism; and if they sank again under the yoke it was in a sullen mood awaiting a day of reckoning.

In Italy the gross abuse of sovereign power provoked frequent conspiracies and rebellions. The Italians are naturally an easy-going, patient people, and could bear a considerable amount of paternal government if judiciously administered; and so it happened that in a State where the prince, though despotic, was in the main just and true, he was loved and served with that romantic devotion which united a Highland clan to the chief. The kings of Sardinia had never been given to grinding their people into poverty to support extravagant pomp and luxury. They were hardy soldiers who did not send their armies to fight for them; they led them to the field, and shared their hardships. For ages the spirit of loyalty to the house of Savoy and personal attachment to its actual representative had grown into the blood of the Piedmontese nobility and people, and it bound them like an enchanter's spell from raising their hand to grasp the liberty they began to long for when the echo of the French Revolution made itself heard. Even the young Constitutionalists of 1821 had no intention of dethroning Victor Emmanuel I.; they wished to separate him from Austria, and "make him greater and more powerful" against his will. Santorre Santa Rosa, the leader of the movement, wrote of the king's abdication:—

"The night of March 13th, 1821, was fatal to my country; so many swords raised in defence of liberty dropped; so many dear hopes vanished like a dream. The country, it is true, did not fall with the king, but for us the country was *in* the king—Victor Emmanuel himself personified it, and the young promoters of that military revolution often said, 'Perhaps some day he will pardon us for having made him king of six million of Italians.'"

Thus we see that the old cavalier spirit of loyalty to the sovereign as such was still alive in Piedmont after it had died a natural or violent death in most other Continental countries, and it was so strong that in the struggle with the fierce young spirit of democracy it was able to

* Il Generale Alfonso La Marmora. Ricordi biografici. Per GIUSEPPE MASSARI. Firenze.

hold its own. The reconciliation of these two spirits took place in 1848, when Charles Albert voluntarily renounced his absolutism, and proclaimed a constitution. With rapturous joy the citizens of Turin beheld their hereditary prince raise the tricolored banner on the balcony of his palace, and with tears of passionate emotion they vowed eternal fealty to the house of Savoy. They could not be more royalist than the king, and he had become revolutionist; there was nothing now to divide them, and he became their hero. There is enough of the savage in the most civilized races to make them like their ruler to be a fighting man. The princes of Savoy had always been such, and, the Salic law prohibiting female succession, there was never an exception to the rule. Charles Albert did his duty to the best of his ability, and recklessly exposed his life on repeated battle-fields; but he was not an able general, and the fates were against him. His successes in the beginning of the campaign were due chiefly to the wild daring of his son Victor, and the enthusiasm he inspired.

It was in this school that Alfonso Ferrero la Marmora was bred. Descended from a princely line old as the dynasty itself—which counts more than nine centuries of existence—to which he was bound by a hundred family traditions, he grew up amongst his numerous brothers and sisters with all the prejudices and virtues of his race. He was by nature, as well as by education, conservative; but with an intelligence of no common order he sought, by the study of foreign nations, to learn how to improve his own, and though extremely cautious and given to look at the worst possibilities which might arise out of any measure, when once it was decided upon he was resolutely brave in carrying it out. Alfonso la Marmora was the Bayard of new Italy, with all the chivalry and gallantry of his prototype, and some additional attributes which were, perhaps, wanting in the latter. He was an affectionate brother; a model husband, idolized by his wife; a true, warm-hearted friend; a loyal enemy; a patriotic citizen, and the most self-sacrificing, devoted subject king ever had. Though a strict commander, he took such a kind interest in his men that he was called the father of his soldiers, and was sincerely loved by them. His talents were of a high quality, but he never overrated them, or depreciated the merits of others. He was not ambitious, and his biographer, Massari, has aptly put on the title-page of his

life this line from Macaulay, "*He found glory only because glory lay in the plain path of duty.*" Lord Clarendon, who met him at the Paris Conference, said: "He looks statesmanlike, soldierlike, and gentlemanlike." And contemplating his portrait taken at middle life, when he was covered with honors, one can see that he had a commanding presence. Tall, thin, upright, with the Italian type of face; broad across the forehead, tapering downwards; long, Roman nose; keen, dark eyes, protected by heavy brows; well-kept moustache and beard of dark-brown color and just proportions. The expression is grave and thoughtful; it is the face of a sensitive but self-contained man. It is not a happy face; and, in fact, the owner was not a happy man. No one constituted as he was could be happy for any continuous length of time. That "sublime repression of himself" which he practised all his life was carried too far, and, it seems to us, had a natural reaction in his latter years, when the proud, sensitive soul, afflicted by many sorrows, began to feel that his affections had met with a cold return, that his acts and his motives had not been understood or appreciated, and he could no longer conceal his heart-wounds with that mantle of calm, dignified reserve which he had hitherto worn.

All his life La Marmora had one chosen friend, who was his confidant, and who knew the full depth and tenderness of his heart as, perhaps, no one else did, not excepting his loved brothers and sisters. This friend had predicted, when they both were at the military academy, that Alfonso would be a great man, and bring honor to his country; and their correspondence lays bare his character in its mingled strength and weakness, and enables the reader to form a judgment more correct and true than any description of him could. The cruel accusations of Prince Bismarck called forth many gallant defenders of his fame in Italy, both before and since his death in 1873. One who deserves particular mention is Captain Chiala, to whom the public is indebted for the interesting private correspondence of the general during the Crimean War. The last and most important publication on the subject by the famous biographer, Massari, we have taken as a text for our brief notice of his life; but as it describes only the public career of the hero, we will not confine ourselves to its pages.

Alfonso was the fourth son of the Marquis della Marmora and Prince Massarani; his three elder brothers were

distinguished soldiers, the one next him, Alessandro, being the founder of the fine corps called Bersaglieri. Alfonso, obeying the genius of his race, devoted himself with extraordinary zeal to the improvement of the Piedmontese army, and to that end he travelled much in foreign countries in order to profit by studying the different systems of each nation. When not much past thirty he was appointed military tutor to the princes Victor Emmanuel and Ferdinand, a post once occupied by his friend Dabormida. He did not desire the office, and felt it to be a heavy responsibility; but, having undertaken it, he gave himself heartily to the work, and a close and warm friendship grew up between him and his royal pupils. Though wayward and fond of pleasure, Victor had such fine qualities, such a princely, magnanimous spirit, that every one loved him. The Duke of Genoa's more serious and less impulsive character, however, was in sympathy with that of La Marmora, and their relations were consequently more easy. The young men were much given to "discuss questions," and as they were all three very tenacious of their own opinion, they often spent a whole evening in passionate argument, which a stranger might imagine would lead to a quarrel, but which, in reality, never caused more than a momentary ruffling of temper. Next morning they met with serene countenances, and laughed over the excitement of the evening before.

La Marmora was the most sincere and honest of counsellors: his chivalrous loyalty, which was part of his very being, did not hinder him from expressing his opinion and giving his advice with perfect frankness to the princes — nay, it impelled him to do so; he had their welfare so much at heart to play the courtier, and they knew it and loved him. An officer once related a story to the princes about one of his companions, who had made a journey in the mountains and was supposed to be lost in the snows of Mount St. Bernard, and a friend of his, not waiting for aid, had gone alone to seek him, and saved his life at the imminent peril of his own — this friend being La Marmora. "Even before you named the officer I knew it must have been our Alfonso!" exclaimed the Duke of Genoa.

In 1848 La Marmora saved the life of Charles Albert by great presence of mind and intrepidity. The Milan mob, persuaded that the king had betrayed them, surrounded the palace, throwing stones

and firing shots through the windows and threatening to set fire to the building. Alfonso's eldest brother, the Prince of Masserano, was there, and he had sent a gallant young officer to seek assistance from the garrison outside. But obstacles delayed him, and our hero not being aware of the order given by his brother, and seeing the danger increase momentarily, rushed out into the street, and, by sheer intrepidity, forced his way through the populace, called together a body of troops, with which he returned and carried the king off before young Torelli had been able to get back with the necessary escort. When they returned to Turin the queen asked to see Colonel la Marmora.

"Monsieur le chevalier, vous avez sauvé le roi; j'en garderai un souvenir éternel!" she exclaimed, with trembling emotion, as La Marmora raised her hand to his lips with the deep, respectful sympathy which seldom found expression in words. "It was not only the king I wished to save," he said to a friend, "but the Milan populace from the perpetration of a horrid crime, the consequences of which would have been fatal to Italy."

Novara soon followed, and on that disastrous battle-field Charles Albert, who had sought death in vain, laid down sword and sceptre: —

Stripped away

The ancestral ermine ere the smoke was cleared,

And, naked to the soul, that none might say
His kingship covered what was base, or bleared

With treason, he went out an exile, yea,
An exiled patriot: let him be revered.

For he was shriven, I think, in cannon-smoke,

And taking off his crown, made visible

A hero's forehead. Shaking Austria's yoke

He shattered his own hand and heart.

La Marmora's grief at the issue of the campaign may be imagined, but he did not despair or waste time in vain lamentations. His country still remained, and her independence, her very existence, depended on the strength of Victor Emmanuel's throne; all true patriots rallied round the monarchy; the republicans, who were rioting in Genoa, cannot be called such, as nothing could be more disastrous for their country than the policy they then pursued. They were for the most part a set of disappointed political adventurers, collected from all parts of Italy, and had chosen Genoa as a convenient centre. La Marmora's first service to his new king was the painful one of reducing the rebel city to obedience; and he was in all the more haste because

he feared Austria would make the disorders a pretext for intervening, as she did in all the other States of Italy. La Marmora (now general) took the city by storm, arrested Garibaldi, proclaimed martial law — taking great care, however, that the peaceful citizens did not suffer in any way — and finally, by his delicate tact, won the respect and good-will, almost friendship, of his revolutionary prisoner, and sent him on a government mission to keep him out of harm's way. "It was a great error not to have made use of him," he wrote to Turin; "should another war arise, he is the man to employ."

When the smoke of battle had cleared off and the general had time to renew the amenities of life, he was pleased to find that amongst those who welcomed him to Genoa was Miss Mathews, an English lady, who was a close friend to one of his sisters, and whose acquaintance he had made some time before. Their relations soon became more intimate, and after overcoming some not unnatural misgivings on account of the fact that the lady had become an ardent Roman Catholic, and was in the hands of the Jesuits, who had converted her, he made her his wife. As might have been expected, no little unhappiness to them both resulted from the part which La Marmora felt bound to take in the crusade which the government of Victor Emmanuel had just begun against clerical immunities and abuses. But the signora who had to hear from her Jesuit friends that her husband was a sacrilegious monster, a heretic, and so on, had the best opportunities of judging his character for herself; and she soon learned to admire and love him as he deserved.

La Marmora was Cavour's colleague for seven years, and when the grand idea of the Crimean alliance began to be mooted he opposed it strongly. "And where will the money be got?" he asked, when Cavour had successfully assailed and overcome his objections. "England will think of that," replied the premier. A subsidized army! The model troops, whose *morale* he had labored so hard to elevate, were they to be reduced to a band of mercenaries, and he, their leader, to be at the command of a foreign power? La Marmora's proud spirit started back from the proposition like a fiery war-horse who feels the touch of a hand, not his master's, on his bridle. They should fight as equals and allies, or not at all. And so a loan was substituted, and the

dignity of the Sardinian army saved. La Marmora requested instructions from the government as to how he was to behave towards the Allies. "He does not require instructions," said Cavour; "he will know how to act according to circumstances."

At the last moment, when the friends were saying adieu, the general asked once again: "In fine, how am I to regulate my conduct? Give me the instructions."

"Exercise your own ingenuity," replied Cavour, as he embraced him. Instructions met him subsequently at Constantinople, which were not to his taste, but he accepted them, using his own discretion as he had a right to do, with regard to their interpretation. He behaved with great tact and judgment, and was highly esteemed by both English and French officers.

Before they had a chance of distinguishing themselves the Piedmontese army fell a prey to cholera, and this misfortune caused the general indescribable pain and anxiety. His brother, Alessandro, of whose military talent he had a high opinion, accompanied him to the Crimea, and ably assisted him in his duties. They were fondly attached to each other, and Alfonso's modesty and delicate regard for the feelings of others were pained by the fact that he was in a higher position than his elder brother; and when he was promoted at Genoa he concealed it on this account till after his return to Turin. The heaviest blow that had yet befallen him now came in the death of General Alessandro. But he bore it like a Spartan. Two hours after he had closed his brother's eyes he was walking through the hospitals, attending to all the minute regulations for the comfort of the sick with as much if not more than usual care; and the suffering soldiers who looked with respectful sympathy into the calm, melancholy face of their commander, could not read there the anguish of his soul, or know what it cost him to appear always "serene and resolute and still." In the evening he sent a telegram to Cavour: "*Quel malheur! mon frère est mort!*"

In his overwhelming sorrow he found relief in pouring out his feelings without reserve to his friend and confidant, General Dabormida, to whom, for thirty years, he had been bound by ties of the closest affection. In one of his letters he complains that in his package from Turin he found no word of sympathy from Cavour, which he had eagerly sought for among the heap. "You only," he writes to his

favorite, "have understood my immense grief and my sore need of comfort in these woful conditions." But it was only Dabormida who knew how he suffered, and how keenly he felt the slightest neglect. From the rest he was careful to conceal his sensitiveness, and at the end of the same letter he sends his customary kind messages.

In time the cholera began to disappear, and then came that glorious day for the Piedmontese, the 16th of August, on which was fought the battle of the Tchernaya. It is probable that this would not have been a victory for the Allies if it had not been for the vigilance of La Marmora, who espied the approach of the enemy before dawn. All Europe rang with his fame, and he was described by the Allies as one of the ablest generals living.

Count Cavour to the Signora la Marmora.

Madame, — The minister of war has received to-day, at three o'clock, the following despatch from Alfonso : —

"Kamara, August 16.

"This morning the Russians attacked our lines with fifty thousand men. The telegraph will tell if the Piedmontese are worthy to fight beside the English and French. We repulsed the Russians with cries of *Vive le Roi! Vive la Patrie!* The Piedmontese have been very brave. General Montevecchio is dying. We have lost two hundred men. The loss of the Russians is considerable. From the French despatches you will learn the rest."

These lines, dictated by La Marmora, will tell how our soldiers and their chief have covered themselves with glory, and that your husband has acquired a new title to the gratitude and affection of his fellow-citizens. You may feel proud of being his wife, as I am proud of being his friend.

Receive, madame, the assurance of my respectful devotion.

C. CAVOUR.

Let us give a line or two picked out of the voluminous correspondence with Dabormida : —

The French were admirable for the intrepidity with which they repulsed twice, and in some places thrice, the numerous columns of Russians who had already mounted their positions. But they allowed themselves to be surprised, and (*entre nous*, be it understood), if it had not been for our advanced posts, which held firm for about an hour, they would have been late. I did everything to make them pursue the enemy. (Strictly confidential, I repeat.) I pushed forward the Trotti Division across the Tchernaya, and had the vexation of seeing it turned back — once at the instance of General Morris, and again by Pessier himself. . . . But to return to ours. I

have to praise all in general, but in particular Trotti, Mollard, and that brave Montevecchio, who believed himself to be dying, and edified every one by his firmness, and the noble sentiments he expressed. We have now some hope of saving him.

We must quote a brief passage from Dabormida in reply : —

The letters that came from the English and French camps, as well as ours, are all agreed in recognizing the honors acquired in this field by you and yours, and they supply the want in Pelissier's too laconic reports (in that which concerns us), and your too modest ones, a modesty of which I approve however. But the journals will inform you of the enthusiasm which this feat of arms has awakened, not only here, but in Paris and London. . . . I have said your report was modest; but permit me to say also that you are very sparing of praise. Could you not say in it of Trotti, Mollard, and Montevecchio what you said to me in your letters? Could you not say a word of Ricotti and his battery, or mention the expressions of the dying Montevecchio? You, my friend, place duty above all things, thereby proving the loftiness of your own soul; but men in general, when they have done that duty well, like to be caressed and encouraged.

Great ovations awaited La Marmora when he returned to attend the Peace Conference at Paris. Cavour's carriage was at the station, and Cavour himself on the platform, determined to be the first to welcome "*il nostro Wellington*," as he was the last to bid him God-speed. He, too, had suffered much anxiety, feeling the terrible responsibility of the war; but now that all had turned out as he had hoped, he gave free vent to his happy nature, and he was radiant with joyous triumph when he came forward to greet his friend. The embrace was cordial on both sides. La Marmora could not but feel gratified at the hearty enthusiasm of his welcome and the genuine delight Cavour took in hearing his praises. Later, when he returned with the troops from the Crimea, the ovations were renewed; the king loaded him with honors and made him commander-in-chief of the whole army. The queen of England, the emperor of the French, the queen of Spain, the sultan of Turkey bestowed orders upon him. He bore his honors modestly, and shrank from the popular demonstrations.

"I hope this will end all the *fêtes* in our honor," he said to the king, as he was marshalling him to a thanksgiving service in the Piazza, for Victor loved to have the Church's blessing when he could get it.

"They have been more than our deserts, and as much as we can bear."

He resumed his seat in the Cabinet, rather contrary to the king's wish, but Cavour insisted upon it, for he had a very high opinion of La Marmora's ability, and unlimited confidence in his prudence, and he was the only one who was aware of the negotiations going on between the king and the emperor of the French, of which Cavour was the medium. The count wrote all particulars to him, and we have some interesting letters that passed between them at this time. Here is a passage from one just after the interview at Plombières:—

The only point not settled is that of the marriage of the princess Clotilde. The king has authorized me to conclude it only in case the emperor makes it a *sine quâ non* of the alliance. The emperor not having pushed the matter to that extreme, I felt bound in honor not to make the engagement. But I am convinced that he attaches great importance to this marriage, and, if the alliance does not depend on it, its final success does. It would be a great error, very great, to unite with the emperor and at the same time give him an offence which he would never forget, and it would be a serious mischief for the king to have by his side in the bosom of his counsels an implacable enemy, all the more to be feared as Corsican blood flows in his veins. I have written very warmly to the king, praying him not to place in danger the finest enterprise of modern times for the sake of some musty aristocratic scruples. I entreat you, if he consults you, to add your voice to mine. Let us not attempt an undertaking in which we risk our king's crown and the fate of our people without due consideration, but if we risk them, for the love of heaven, let us leave nothing undone to secure success in the struggle. I left Plombières with a more tranquil mind. If the king consents to the marriage, I have the hope, I should almost say the certainty, that within two years you will enter Vienna at the head of our victorious columns.

Not quite so far, Count Cavour! The astute, far-seeing diplomatist reckoned without his host on this occasion. But how could he imagine that the emperor could be so weak and irresolute as to turn back from the enterprise at the moment of his most brilliant victory?

Signor Massari destroys somewhat the romance attaching to the famous *grido di dolore* by relating the particulars of the preparation of the king's speech, but we can forgive him this for the sake of the flashes of light he throws on the characters of the two pillars of the State in their private conferences—Cavour giving out his deeply pondered schemes with an air

of gay and reckless daring, La Marmora fulfilling the legitimate mission of a Conservative by pouring cold water on them, not to sweep them away, but rather to cleanse them from useless rubbish. He hesitated long about the policy of pushing matters to an extreme with Austria; but when the decisive moment arrived the cautious statesman disappeared, and he was all the soldier—fearless, resolute, indefatigable, full of a subdued fire. "Austria is a formidable enemy, but our cause is just; the public opinion of Europe will be with us. We shall do our duty," he said.

And bravely he did it; not as a soldier only, but as the king's adviser. The emperor had wished La Marmora to have the supreme command, but the Parliament had willed that the king should lead his own army, and the general would not put himself in comparison with his sovereign. He refused, therefore, any military post, and accompanied Victor Emmanuel to the field in the character of a councillor. They quarrelled at the outset of the campaign because of La Marmora's energetic remonstrances with regard to Victor's reckless exposure of his life; and again about a retreat which the king had decided upon without consulting him, and of which he disapproved so much that he burst into the royal presence in defiance of the servants' orders to admit no one. If Victor Emmanuel had been a tyrant with the power and the will to cut off his head for this offence, he would have spoken his mind and gone to the block serenely, with a sense of fulfilled duty. As it was, the king listened with a dark brow and haughty bearing to his expostulations, and then replied that it was bootless to complain, as the order had been given and the troops were already in motion. La Marmora then entreated him with great earnestness to repeal the order, and answered the king's arguments with such force that Victor's patience gave way, and he commanded him to be silent—he would hear no more. La Marmora, very much excited, but always respectful in tone, continued: he could not, he would not, be silent when his duty to his king obliged him to speak; his Majesty might have him arrested and put under a court-martial—have him shot, if such were his royal pleasure, but speak he would; and the passion which agitated his soul made him eloquent. "Friends and enemies will have the right to despise us," he said at last; "we shall be dishonored! I shall not move, for I prefer to

fall into the hands of the Austrians rather than be the scorn of the French." The concluding words were not calculated to allay the king's natural anger, but he controlled it, and after a brief consultation with Canrobert, who was present, consented to revoke the order. If Victor Emmanuel let the sun go down on his wrath, it seldom rose on it again. The morning brought him information which showed him that his general had been right in his judgment, and prompt to acknowledge a wrong, he wrote with his own hand:—

Cher Général, — Je vous envoie la proclamation de l'empereur. Dite moi si vous allez trouver le Maréchal Canrobert à Valence. Je vous remercie de ce que les troupes ne sont pas parties hier au soir. A vous revoir.

Votre très-affectionné,
VICTOR EMMANUEL.

When Cavour resigned in a fit of furious anger about the peace of Villa Franca, and La Marmora took up the reins of government unwillingly, at the king's bidding, he did his utmost to bring about a reconciliation between his former chief and the offended sovereign. He consulted him constantly, and begged him to return to office.

"I cannot," said Cavour one day, when he was beginning to recover from the terrible blow; "the place is filled."

"I will resign it to you willingly," was he quick reply.

"No," said Cavour; "if at all, I will serve under you."

"Impossible!" cried the general, whose modesty was startled by the proposition.

"Do you mean to say, Alfonso, that you would not work with me?" asked the count, with his sly, humorous smile.

This was the time when the central provinces of Italy had thrown off their princes, and offered themselves as subjects to Victor Emmanuel, and his government hesitated about concluding any engagement on the subject. Massimo l'Azeglio got out of patience with the delay, and wrote a stirring article, with his signature, pointing out its duty to the ministry. La Marmora, with his delicate feeling, quickly appropriated all the implied blame to himself, and he wrote in a sad but not resentful spirit to his cousin:

General la Marmora to Cavaliere d'Azeglio.

Turin, September 17, 1859.

Dear Massimo, — Notwithstanding the very sad state of my sight, I have read and re-read with increasing interest your stupendous article in the *Opinione* of the 16th, on "Piedmont and

Central Italy." You justly remark that a grave responsibility rests with the present government, and you end by saying that the moment is supreme, and that on the resolutions now adopted depends the confirmation or the loss of the noble conquest. These observations of yours are very true; and so true, also, that other one, that "*only great characters save States*," that I feel it my duty to make you a proposition. You know with what repugnance I accepted the presidency of this new Ministry. Now I feel myself incapable of conducting it, because I do not please the king, because I have public opinion against me, having not done enough for Italy, and little good for the army; and because—I confess it—I do not possess one of those characters which save States. Therefore I propose, without further prelude, that you take my place. After your memorable article, you will be carried in triumph. I await your reply before speaking to the king or my colleagues, and I earnestly entreat you to send it in the affirmative, and quickly.

Yours very affectionate friend,
ALFONSO LA MARMORA.

This letter, which is written in the familiar, brotherly, second person singular, elicited a prompt reply from the critic of his policy. "Lookers-on are good wrestlers," says a vulgar proverb, the truth of which strikes one often in political affairs.

Cavaliere d'Azeglio to General la Marmora.

Cannero, September 19.

Dear Alfonso, — I receive at this moment, starting for Turin, your letter, which seems to me to show that you are exactly one of those characters indicated in my article, so strongly does it bear the stamp of the loyal-hearted, honest man upon it. How could you want me to become minister, with my health, etc., etc.? But you know that I have always been your friend, although you sometimes make me angry. To-morrow I shall be in Turin, and if I can serve you in any way, you shall see that I will do it like a friend. The rest when I see you.

MASSIMO.

La Marmora seized the earliest opportunity to resign, on a trifling pretext, and the king at once recalled Cavour to office, when there was a cordial reconciliation. This was what La Marmora wished, as he had tried hard to coax his former chief back to his duty. He went to a ball that evening, and enjoyed himself, saying there was a great weight lifted off his mind. Cavour and La Marmora had always got on very well together, in spite of the over-sensitiveness of the one and the commanding will of the other. Their intercourse was marked by personal attachment and unbounded confidence.

It was a pity that this delightful friendship should have been overcast by a cloud

at the last. Cavour and La Marmora found themselves opposed to each other on some home questions; and angry words had been spoken in the heat of debate. The count accused the general of writing against his government in the press; the suspicion was an insult to the knightly spirit of our hero, and he was on the point of resigning all his offices in a moment of fiery indignation. Cavour would not have allowed the estrangement to last long, for he was the most generous-minded of men, but his sudden death — an unparalleled disaster for his country — left no time for a reconciliation.

Four years later La Marmora was summoned by the king to his aid when affairs seemed in a hopeless muddle; and here it is only just to remember that La Marmora never had what might be called a fair chance to display his ability except in the Crimea. When affairs were prosperous some one else was in office; when troubles multiplied, and the burden of power was too much for those who sustained it, then the king, who knew the high-souled loyalty, the self-abnegation, of the man, appealed to him, and never appealed in vain. So now, in 1864, when Rattazzi had to beat a retreat before the enraged Turin citizens because of the French Convention, the general was once more called to the head of affairs. He had not approved of this convention, but it was made, and must be fulfilled to the letter. "The king's signature is there; that settles the question," he said, resolutely, in the Chamber. He braved unpopularity willingly, and always threw himself, so to speak, into the breach between the king and the people. He was the scapegoat that Prince Bismarck pretends to be.

In 1866 he had not the sole command in the war. The king and Cialdini shared it, but La Marmora had to bear the obloquy of the defeat of Custoza. When Victor Emmanuel and his general found themselves in a hopeless position in front of a powerful enemy, they felt constrained to sue for an armistice without waiting to communicate with the other members of the government. They both felt bitterly the humiliation and the heavy responsibility of acting without advice. Victor Emmanuel loved his popularity, as was natural for a king elected by the suffrages of the nation; and La Marmora, after honor, prized most his stainless name. He knew the heaviest blame would fall on him, but he was willing to bear it all to shield his beloved prince;

and it is to Victor Emmanuel's honor that he would not accept such sacrifices as many selfish monarchs, in times past, accepted as their divine right. "They may call me a traitor, they may impeach me; I do not care in the least," said our hero, almost in the same words in which he had defied the king in 1859. "I take all the responsibility, your Majesty; it is mine." Victor Emmanuel was deeply moved. With moist eyes, he pressed the general's hand, as he again protested with, "No, dear La Marmora; I must have my share."

All La Marmora's great troubles date from this unfortunate war. He was prime minister when the negotiations of an alliance with Prussia were carried on previous to the declaration of hostilities, and Count Bismarck, not knowing the man he had to deal with, revealed himself too openly to the Italian statesman; and when he found his mistake he hated him. La Marmora and the king had been offered Venice free on condition of their detaching themselves from the Prussian alliance, then not formally concluded; but the enormous bribe could not tempt the *Re Galantuomo* or the *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche* to be guilty of a shadow of disloyalty. Later, however, they found that their slippery ally regarded the matter as Miss Flora Macflimsy did her betrothal —

This is a sort of engagement, you see, Which is binding on you, but not binding on me.

We cannot here enter into the long and complicated case of La Marmora *versus* Bismarck. It would be impossible, in our limited space, to convey even a faint idea of all the provocation, the long-suffering under slanderous reports, which La Marmora endured before he at last broke silence and published his volume, "*Un Po' Piu di Luce*," in which he revealed enough unpleasant facts to make the most powerful man in Europe his deadly enemy. He was accused of playing into the hands of Austria at Custoza, falsifying despatches, betraying his allies, and doing everything base and wicked that a public man could be guilty of. In Germany his name became synonymous with treachery, and his own government publicly deplored the publication of his book as offensive to a friendly power. He spoke on the subject in the Chamber on one occasion. "I do not want to pass down to posterity as a great captain or a great diplomatist, but I hold to living and

ying as an honest citizen, as a soldier without a stain." He had devoted friends, however, particularly in the army, who could have shed their blood in defence of the honor of their revered chief. The persecution of slanderous tongues rendered him very unhappy; but he had his moments of triumph and his consolations. On one occasion, in the Chamber, when the controversy was at its height, the brilliant young diplomatist, General Goyone, a man of La Marmora's stamp, pronounced an improvised and thrilling eulogy on him, till the subject of his eloquence, covered with confusion, stopped the excited orator by a gesture of entreaty and prohibition. His constituencies refused absolutely to allow him to retire, and persisted in electing him over and over again in spite of himself. The Venetians, who are a grateful people, remembering that he prepared the way for their redemption, sent him a warm address, regretting his absence on the great occasion of the king's entrance, saying they missed him that happy day "the dignified and noble form of one of their best friends."

And how came La Marmora to be absent on such an occasion? He had not been invited by the king to be present in proper time. Not till Victor Emmanuel was in Venice did he think of telegraphing to Florence for him, and then the general respectfully declined. He was so deeply wounded by his sovereign's neglect of him at the restoration of the crown, a public ceremony at which, of course, all the makers of Italy were assembled. "Would you believe it," he wrote, "the king never addressed a kind word to me?"

Notwithstanding our great admiration and affection for the memory of the Re alantuomo, it must be confessed that he did not treat La Marmora as he deserved. He fact is, his nature was of a coarser texture, and he did not always understand him, or know how much he felt a slight neglect. Then, the general was proud and reserved, and in order not to compromise the king with his powerful allies, the Prussians, he kept out of the way, avoided any intimate intercourse with the royal family. Victor Emmanuel, though a most generous-minded and democratic king, was still a king, and had his dignity to maintain. He would most probably have welcomed warmly any advance towards a better understanding, but the general made none; he hugged his wrongs in silence, and let them eat into his brave, tender heart. The pro-

verbial ingratitude of princes does not apply to Victor Emmanuel. He was never known in any other case to be forgetful of faithful services, and his chivalry in defying "diplomacy" for a friend in trouble was often exemplified. We are induced, therefore, to believe that other reasons than that of selfish policy were at the bottom of his coldness to La Marmora. He was impatient of his "touchiness," irritated by the unpleasant noise excited by the revelations in "*Un Po' Piu di Luce*," and "*Segreti di Stato*," and, above all, being a man of an expansive and open nature, he did not know the depth of the affection which La Marmora cherished for him under his cold and distant bearing. For him

Loyalty was still the same,
Whether it win or lose the game;
True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shone upon.

One day at a dinner, seeing that the king's health was not proposed, he wrote on a card, which he passed to the prefect, that if the syndic did not intend to do it he would go away; and when the king had a bad fever in 1869, his friend tells us that when he called to see him, he was informed by his wife that he was reposing, being tired from having "wept all night."

It is right to mention that Margherita and Umberto were true to him, as far as court etiquette permitted, under the circumstances. On their marriage the princess sent him her portrait, with the lines, written in her own hand, "*To my father's faithful friend. Margherita di Savoia*." And in the autumn of 1877, when the prince learned that La Marmora's health was broken down, he sent by telegraph a cordial message of regret, and of hope for his speedy recovery, with an expression of most sincere friendship and regard.

As soon as Victor Emmanuel was made aware of his illness he wrote in his old familiar, kindly tone; and the poor general was consoled also by the many marks of sympathy and esteem that were showered upon him from all parts of Europe as well as from his own people in these last months of his life. His "glorious enemy," the archduke Albert, had a special regard for him; they had met in friendly guise three months after Custoza, and discussed the war, when La Marmora, who was the guest of the prince, reproached him gently for the unjust accusation of want of faith which he made in a proclamation. By some mistake, owing

probably to the difference of the time of their respective watches, the Austrian commander was under the impression that the Italians had begun hostilities before the expiration of the hour named in the declaration of war, and hence the offensive allusion to the "disloyal foe" in the proclamation. When La Marmora explained saying, "I was standing on the *middle* of the bridge beside his Majesty with my watch in my hand when I heard a clock strike the hour," the archduke left him, and having made inquiries into the matter, returned, saying La Marmora was right, and tendered an apology for his hasty accusation. He treated him with the greatest consideration always, having sought his acquaintance perseveringly; when he heard that his late enemy was travelling *incognito* in Austria he sent an officer with an invitation, and would take no excuse. La Marmora shrank from meeting him, and pleaded that he had no uniform with him, and could not present himself to his Imperial Highness; but the next day brought a more urgent message, and he felt it would be too uncourteous to persist in a refusal. Perhaps these friendly relations with Austrians, so soon after the war, gave color to the accusations of the Prussian chancellor.

La Marmora's wife died about a year before himself, to his great grief. The large fortune she left him, which he never touched in her lifetime, he hastened to bestow on benevolent institutions, for he had no children.

To the Conte Arese.

Florence, 1876.

You cannot imagine, dear Arese, what I have suffered, seeing the suffering and death of my poor wife. Notwithstanding our different way of thinking on some things we loved each other deeply, and during her long and painful illness I was more than ever convinced that that noble woman never had any serious affection but for me.

To the Contessa Matilde Arese.

Oh, what a blow! what a tremendous disaster for one who had, one by one, lost seven brothers, five sisters, four brothers-in-law, three sisters-in-law, and who never thought of being left a widower, the only survivor of the generation to which I belong. Of twenty-one I only remain.

The general was already in bad health from all the trials he had undergone, and he grew gradually worse after the loss of his wife, so that the last year of his life was a period of great physical suffering. Death was not unwelcome to the brave

old soldier, who was worn out with trouble; but he was not impatient or disagreeable. He read his favorite authors, conversed with his friends, was made happy by the reconciliation with the king, and in the intervals of pain was bright and cheerful. He never made much profession of faith, but he was a believing Christian, and his last look was turned on the crucifix as he sank gently into repose. The national mourning for the illustrious soldier was soon swallowed up by a heavier grief. Alfonso and Victor Emmanuel had been bound together by the accident of birth; their lines of life had crossed, and their deaths occurring within four days of each other make the association of their names inseparable in Italian history — names of which any country might well be proud, and to which posterity perhaps will do more justice than did their own generation.

G. S. GODKIN.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE BANDSMAN'S STORY.

AT twenty I believed I was sent into the world to become a second Beethoven; at twenty-five I was playing the flügelhorn in a German band, and thought myself lucky in getting that appointment.

It seems a great drop — a fall from the stars to the mire; but as my own particular fortunes or misfortunes have little bearing upon the events I am going to relate, I need not dwell upon them at any length. Left an orphan at an early age, bred up in a small village under the care of an old aunt, what wonder that the astonishment caused in the little world around, by the musical talent I gave early evidence of, quite turned my head? The boy who could play upon all and every instrument by ear alone, and, moreover, play melodies which he really thought at the time were original, was looked upon by the simple people about as a heaven-born genius, and naturally felt averse to earning a prosaic living by commerce. So exalted was he, in fact, that having acquired a smattering of harmony, and, through the kindness of some old friends, a hundred pounds to give him a start, he felt little fear of failure when he resolved to wring fortune, if not fame, from Music, heavenly maid.

How soon a man finds his level in London! How soon I found mine! and found, moreover, that within the bounda-

of the United Kingdom there must be at least five thousand young fellows whose talents were equal to, if not greater than, mine.

Having learned my lesson, hard as it was, thoroughly, the next thing was to find out how to live. My money was at once spent, and I think my dreams of success fled entirely as I changed the sovereign; and then, almost cap in hand, I was fain to wait upon those great blubbers whom in my dreams I had patronized, and beg for work, however humble. So then I became a helot, a power of water and carrier of wood to the divine mistress, Art. I copied scores, tuned pianos when I could get that task intrusted to me; I gave elementary lessons when I could find pupils. It was weary work, but somehow for the next few years I managed to live; and then, tired of the ceaseless and unremunerative toadyery, I sank all pride and donned the gay blue-and-white uniform of the Upper Rhine Band, engaged to perform from May to October at the rising water-gate, Shinglemouth.

It was a hard life, but I believe not an unhealthy one, if a man had a good constitution, sound limbs and lungs. Being on one's feet the whole day was the most tiring part of it. It was unpleasant, too, playing in half a gale of wind, or with cold, drizzling rain falling; but worse than all to me were the burning days in July and August, when the sun glared down upon us, — vicious, it seemed to me, at finding his dazzling rays reflected from our bright brass instruments. Then I confess I looked with envy upon the holiday folks for whom we made sweet music, as they sat placidly under the shade of the trees or their own umbrellas; and I longed to tear off my close-fitting tunic, and revel in the green sea at my feet. Yet in spite of all these drawbacks, for my sedentary life in London, I was contented and comfortable enough.

The Upper Rhine Band was none of those harrowing little atrocities who go about with five or six ignorant performers, playing on battered brass instruments — replacing one of their number every ten minutes to go on a begging expedition. We were a properly organized and fairly musical company, engaged and paid by a committee of the townspeople, to enhance the natural attractions of Shinglemouth. It was too dignified were we to pass the hat round. If our listeners chose to give, there was a box placed for that purpose; but as all such vicarious contributions

went to the committee's fund, it mattered nothing to us.

Probably the inner life of a German band would be without general interest, so I will only say that our quarters were in a dingy little street at the back of the fine row of new buildings on the Esplanade. We lodged in twos and threes at various small houses. We met together at a certain hour in the morning to commence our rounds, and at nine o'clock at night our duties were over, our instruments put into their cases, and each man his own master — free to smoke, drink, or go to bed, as he pleased.

Although the name we gave ourselves — the "Upper Rhine Band" — was intended to stamp our origin as Teutonic, there were several in the company who, like myself, only spoke English; but as these were quite as good musicians as their German comrades, the fraud was a very little one. My tale concerns no more than two men, so I need only mention the names of these — Caspar Hoffman, a German, and Stephen Slade, an Englishman. The former played the clarionet — an instrument which, in the constitution of a German band, takes the place of the first violin in an orchestra. The latter played that enormous mass of metal called a serpent.

Hoffman was a tall, light-haired man: his age was about thirty. His face was handsome, and bore an expression of great amiability. His manner invited friendship at once; and my strange new life seemed easier and pleasanter to me when this frank young German chose to discover a kindred spirit in mine, and insisted upon our lodging and chumming together. It took me little time to find out that he was a man of education and reading, and that his acquirements were far more than might have been expected from one in his position. He had lived in England a long time, and spoke our language easily, and he told me he was almost as well acquainted with French. It seemed strange to me that so well educated, I might almost say so accomplished a man, should fill so lowly a post in the world. Indeed I began to weave a little romance about him, fancying he must be an exiled nobleman or political offender. When I knew him well enough to venture to express my wonder, and ask for an explanation, he laughed a bitter laugh, saying, —

"There is nothing to explain, my friend. My little history is the history of thousands of my countrymen. The eldest son

of a small farmer; given an education that straitened the means of my people; sent out as certain to find employment and fortune for myself and all belonging to me in your great London.

"*Ach!* what find I there? Tens of thousands of young Germans like myself, all striving to get into merchants' offices and make the promised fortunes. Everywhere I offered myself—not even a pound a week could I get. Then I began to starve, and the consul offered to send me back. How could I return? Then I found I could make a living by that gift natural to most of my countrymen. And now I play the clarinet till fortune finds me something better to do."

Any way, if not a prince in disguise, my light-haired German was a fine fellow: a true friend to me when I most wanted a friend, and a great favorite with all. Even the surly toll-taker at the pier gates was civil to him. The nursery-maids, heedless of their charges, looked upon him with that open-mouthed admiration usually reserved for the military; and, although with trembling I say it, I have seen ladies whose rank in life should have forbidden such condescension, glance with approval at his fine face and manly figure. Yet when I said above that he was a favorite with all, I should have made an exception—Stephen Slade, the Englishman.

I knew little of this man, and that little was not pleasing enough to make me wish for a closer acquaintance. I may say, in passing, that I am not a bandsman now. Fortune at last gave the wheel a half-turn, which placed me at least above such struggles for a living. At the time of which I write, I had little enough to be proud of; but, fallen as I was in the world, there were a few men in the band with whom I could scarcely bring myself to associate on intimate terms. This man Slade was one of them.

The son of the poorest parents, his present position was as much a rise in the world to him as it was a fall to Hoffman and myself. Yet he appeared to be a sullen, discontented man. Those who knew him better than I did said he was clever and crafty, but could be pleasant enough company when he chose. I never tried to ascertain the truth of the latter assertion, although I fully believed the former. I disliked the man, his appearance, and his ways. He was broad-shouldered and powerful, although clumsily and coarsely made. That our dislike was mutual, I knew: indeed we had quarrelled about some trivial matter the first day we

met; and ever since, I had studiously avoided him. I felt that the man was of a vindictive nature, and would do me an evil turn if he found the opportunity; but unless I was foolish enough to be provoked to a personal encounter, in which his great strength would be of service to him, I could scarcely see how he could harm me.

It often pleased him to throw out sneering remarks about gentlemen and their ways—intended, of course, for the benefit of Hoffman and myself. Caspar would parry these attacks with jesting good humor and ready wit, oftentimes raising a hearty laugh from his listeners at the expense of Stephen Slade. Yet I knew that even if these merry sarcasms did strike well home, it was for another cause than Slade hated my friend—the cause which has ever been answerable for so much bad blood between man and man.

One night, when Caspar and I were sitting in our poor little room, talking, and finishing our pipes before going to bed, Slade's name was mentioned.

"How that wretch hates you!" I said. "So? hates me?"

"Yes; I can see him glaring sideways at you, even whilst blowing his heart out over his awful instrument."

"Ah, he is not a pleasant man. Yet I thought it was you he honored with his dislike, not me."

"He dislikes me, and would no doubt injure me if he could; but you he hates. I saw it in his look."

"And for what cause?"

"Need we go very far to seek the cause? Certainly not a quarter of a mile."

Caspar laughed, but made no reply.

The cause of Slade's animosity lay very near at hand. Where the corner of our dingy little street went round towards the Esplanade, was a second or third rate inn, not an establishment that for a moment dared to enter into competition with the great hotels on the Esplanade, but which nevertheless did a fair and lucrative business with the rank and file of excursionists to Shinglemouth. This inn we had to pass and repass morning, noon, and evening, going to and coming from the pier. After our work was over, many of us, when able to afford it, were glad to pause and drink a glass of beer or spirits. The inn was kept by a widow named Deane—a woman reported well-to-do in the world, owning, as she did, the house and doing good business there. No

rs. Deane had one daughter, an only child, and reputed heiress to all her mother's wealth, — wealth that, to the German members of our fraternity, must have seemed fabulous, a dower almost large enough for one of the numerous princesses of Fatherland. This girl, Mary Deane, was really handsome — dark-eyed, dark-skinned, and rich in color. She was, I must say, a well-conducted, virtuous girl, perhaps showing at times a little of that coquetry which appears to be inseparable from good looks, when owned by a girl of her rank in life. As it seems necessary to their comfort that every body of men should raise up a goddess to adore, Mary Deane, by common consent of our unmarried members at least, was exalted to that proud position; and the amount of broken devoted English wafted to her across the shining counter was enough to give the girl ear-ache, if not heart-ache. Of course I ought to have followed my fellows' example, and fallen in love with her; but somehow — and somehow — in spite of all failures, my dreams had not quite left me, and genius in a white apron drawing beer seemed rather out of the fitness of things. Again, it was not long before I found that my light-haired German, Caspar, was the man on whom the girl had set her heart.

Have I written the above lines in a light vein? If so, it was far from my intention. As I picture him now, smiling at the girl with that frank, open smile of his, and calling up on her face that scarcely disguised look of pleasure, my thoughts are only sad ones. Not for a moment did I think that Caspar was wooing the girl either for her undoubted charms or possible possessions; but like other men I have known, without meaning harm, he had a dangerous knack of dropping his voice and softening those clear blue eyes of his when speaking to a pretty woman; and if Mary Deane mistook these symptoms for dawning love, who can blame her? You must always remember that in social standing, and as far as outside appearances went, there was a great gulf between her and a clarionet-player in a German band, and she stood on the side nearest heaven. Yet when Hoffman entered the house and gave his modest elders, she invariably came out from the little parlor behind to minister to his wants, — an act of condescension certainly not accorded to many of our comrades.

Let Caspar be grateful or not for the favors shown him, one other man, at least,

would have given much for them: this was Stephen Slade.

With all his faults, the man was not a drunkard, yet at every leisure moment he haunted the corner house, and in his own unpleasant fashion wooed the girl. First to enter and last to leave, he sat and scowled at all who interchanged a word with Mary Deane, till men grew nervous and uncomfortable under his sullen gaze, and the girl herself could only escape it by taking refuge in the private sanctum, where no one was allowed, on any pretence, to enter. Caspar alone heeded not his black looks: he was not his rival, so troubled nothing about them, but talked as long as he chose to Mary, letting Slade scowl his blackest at the broad back hiding his sun from him.

This, I say, was the reason why Caspar Hoffman had one enemy amongst us.

On that evening when we had the conversation as above, Caspar, with a sort of mock gallantry, had given the girl a rose. The act and the manner were harmless enough; but I felt distressed, having noticed the vivid blush that came to her cheek as she pinned his gift to her dress, and had now, in truth, only led up to the subject under discussion with a view of warning my friend not to make the girl too fond of him.

So I resumed.

"Slade, you must know, looks upon you as a fortunate rival. He is madly in love."

"Then I am sorry for it. I am not his rival, although I fear he will have little chance, for all that."

"But you really ought to be careful. I don't want to flatter you, but the girl is in love with you."

"Then I am more sorry yet. I am *versprochen* — bespoken. Far away in *Vaterland* dwells a little *Mädchen*, with eyes of blue, and flaxen hair. True and tender is she; and years, weary years, has she waited for me. When I can I will send for her, or else some day I will go back to her, and till the earth, like my fathers before me, for a living."

I said no more, and Caspar's eyes grew dreamy and far away as he fell into a deep reverie, thinking doubtless of the little German maiden waiting and waiting for her lover. Then he sighed, and stretching out his arm, took his clarionet, and played softly, very softly, a plaintive little phrase. It was very simple and very melodious. I was struck with it, but could not remember having heard it before. I listened attentively as he played

it over and over again. A sad little tune, and one I should no doubt always have been able to recall, even if events to come had not impressed it forever upon my memory.



When at last he laid his clarionet down, I asked him what he had been playing.

"A little *Lied*—a setting to one of Heine's songs."

"But who wrote it? It is quite fresh to me."

"A friend of mine, who had dreams once, such as you confess to, *mein Engländer*, but who never dreams now."

"You mean you wrote it yourself?"

He laughed and nodded, and at my request played his strange little song several times more; so that, when we went to bed at last, I rocked my brain to repose with its rhythm.

The next day, in spite of the season being summer, was bitterly cold. That evening we played on the pier, with a keen north-east wind cutting our hearts out, and making our scanty audience stamp their feet and clap their hands, more for the promotion of circulation than for applause.

I had not been well all the day. I had only done my part with a great effort; and when at length our hour of freedom came, and we shouldered our music-stands and left the pier, I think I felt worse than ever I did in my lifetime. I was thoroughly worn out, and my one desire was for warmth and rest. Hoffman and I walked together, as was our custom; and without telling him how ill I felt, I said, as we turned out of the Esplanade,—

"I am shivering with cold. I think I shall step into Mrs. Deane's and get a glass of brandy."

"Very well; although, after your lecture last night, you cannot expect me to

accompany you. I shall go home and write a letter."

I entered the inn, and found the dark-browed Slade there as usual. The spirit I drank seemed to do me little or no good: but as the gas was lit, I found the warmth of the room pleasant; so I sat down in a corner, and thoroughly ill and tired out, dozed off. I must have slept long time, for the sound of the shutter being put up for the night aroused me. I opened my eyes, and from the dusk of my corner saw Stephen Slade leaning over the counter, talking to Mary Deane, who kept well out of his reach.

"I tell you I love you," I heard him whisper. "I will slave day and night until I can make a home for you, if you will give me one word of hope."

"Why can't you take your answer, Mr. Slade?" replied the girl. "When you asked me before, I told you I cared nothing for you, and never should. Why can't you leave me alone and go elsewhere?"

I saw the man's back shaking with suppressed passion as he said,—

"If that long-legged cur of a German chose to speak to you as I am speaking, you'd give him a very different answer. I'll be bound."

The girl's face flushed. "What do you mean by insulting me and a better man than yourself?" she cried, with spirit. "His friend is sitting just behind you, so you had better be careful what you say."

Slade, who had doubtless forgotten my presence, faced round and looked at me. I had the sense to shut my eyes again.

"Damn them both for upstarts," he growled. "The boy is drunk or fast asleep." Then turning again, he said in a hissing whisper, "You mind me, Mary Deane—I'll have you, or no one shall. If I see that fellow making love to you again, I'll shoot him like a dog that he is. I will; I swear it! If it costs me my life I will."

The girl laughed scornfully, and without another word turned her back upon him and vanished through the curtained door.

After waiting a minute on the chance of her reappearing, Slade, with a scowl and a curse at my sleeping form, left the house, from whence, after a proper interval, I followed him and crawled home.

The next morning I should have told Caspar Hoffman all I had overheard, but when I awoke I found myself scarcely able to articulate a word, and suffering from severe pain in my chest. I was so

ously ill — there was no doubt about it — and, moreover, rapidly growing worse. That evening I was taken to the hospital, where I lay for a fortnight with inflammation of the lungs. Caspar, like a good fellow, came to see me every morning and evening, until within a day or two before I was pronounced well enough to quit. When that time came and I stepped outside the gates, I felt it would be some time before I could resume my place in the Upper Rhine Band. Slowly, very slowly, I walked home, wondering what had kept Hoffman away from me the last few days, and looking forward to the merry greeting he would give me when we met. Just before I reached our house I encountered Stephen Slade. To my surprise he stopped, and accosting me with quite a show of friendship, inquired after my health, congratulated me upon my recovery, and even carried his newborn civility far enough to beg me to take some dinner with him, it being now the one allotted for that meal. I began to think whether, after all, I had misjudged the man — whether his roughness was but external, and his heart beneath as kind as other people's. However, as I was anxious to get home and see my friend, I declined his well-meant hospitality, saying that Hoffman would be expecting me.

"Hoffman!" he repeated. "Have you then heard the news?"

"What news?"

"Hoffman has left us — suddenly — without a word to any one. He has gone back to Germany, we all believe. Every one thought you were in the secret."

So saying, he bade me good-morning, leaving me too much surprised to utter a word.

I entered the room in which Caspar and I had lived together for the last two months, and the first thing I saw was a letter addressed to me lying on the table. I opened it; it ran thus: —

"DEAR FRIEND, — I am called back to Germany at an hour's notice, and deeply regret that I cannot find time to see you again. Please guard all my belongings, and I will write telling you where to send them. My prospects being entirely changed, I shall return no more."

Ill, weary, disappointed, and sorely in need of companionship and sympathy as I was, I sank down on one of the rickety chairs, leant my head upon the table, and softly cried.

The letter was unsigned, but its being

written in that peculiar German calligraphy left no doubt as to the writer. After our daily and almost brotherly intercourse, his abrupt departure seemed almost unkind; yet I felt that he was such a true friend to me, that he must have had strong reasons for it, and also for withholding his present address. I could only hope that soon I might hear from him.

In another week I had recovered my health sufficiently to enable me to resume my place among my Teutonic comrades, and found, upon rejoining them, an idea prevailing that Caspar Hoffman had inherited a fortune — hence the reason he had left so suddenly.

I was still weak, and lagged behind the others as we left the pier that evening. Just outside the toll-gate I met Mary Deane. I suppose she must have hidden herself until Slade had passed by. If I looked ill, she looked worse. The rich color had flown from her cheeks, her lips looked drawn, and dark circles were round her eyes. Glancing hastily around, she said, in a sharp, quick whisper, —

"I want to see you — I must speak to you — alone. Be outside our house at twelve o'clock to-night without fail." Then, without waiting for any answer, she turned and hurried away.

Her manner was so emphatic, so earnest, that I never thought of disobeying her command, and twelve o'clock found me waiting outside the corner house. The door opened stealthily, and Mary, appearing, beckoned me in. I entered, when, taking my hand, she led me to the parlor. The gas, turned down low, made a dreary twilight in the room, and through it the girl's face looked wan and ghost-like. I seated myself, wondering what was the reason of this midnight appointment, when, leaning over me, she whispered in my ear —

"Where is Caspar Hoffman?"

"Caspar Hoffman!" I repeated. "Why, gone home to his friends and to fortune, they say. He left me a letter — read it." And as I spoke I drew the letter from my pocket.

She waved it aside without giving it one look. "He has not," she said; "he is dead — murdered — and that man has murdered him."

"You are dreaming, or you must be mad."

"I am not. I know it. I am sure of it. He threatened to do so the night you were taken ill, and he has done it now. When or how, I know not; but every time I see his black face and wicked eyes

I can read the deed there. Oh, my Caspar! my bonny Caspar! I will find out the truth."

"But his letter to me — it is written as a German writes. Look at it."

She turned upon me with something like contempt in her voice.

"And would not a man who murders forge also? Has he never seen a letter written by a German? Ah, Stephen Slade is a cleverer man than either you or Caspar ever suspected. Do you know Caspar's handwriting?"

I was obliged to confess I could not remember having seen it.

"Then I say that letter is only a forgery, written to deceive us. He has killed him. I know it. He comes to me in dreams, in more than dreams, and tells me so. You, who call yourself his friend, aid me in bringing his murderer to justice. Oh, my Caspar! my Caspar!" and she threw her arms across the table, and leaning her head upon them, sobbed convulsively.

The girl's passionate words, excited manner, and, above all, absolute, unswerving belief in her wild statement, greatly impressed me. Her dark suspicions were infectious; and as my former opinion of Slade again reasserted itself, I began almost to think that her horrible fancy might have some foundation. It may have been my ill health, or the mystery of this midnight meeting, that induced me to give any weight to her words; but any way, I promised to leave no stone unturned, but try and ascertain whether Hoffman really wrote the letter, and whether he had gone back to Germany. Calmed, apparently calmed by my promise, she bade me good-night.

As she opened the door for me to go out — as her hand lay in mine — as I was looking into her great dark eyes, shining through the dusk; solemn at one moment with the horror they pictured; fierce at another with fire of revenge, — as we stood thus, I say, a sound came on the night wind — a sound that sent a tremor through me and made the blood run cold in every vein with unspeakable fear. And I knew, from the way in which her fingers closed on mine, that as I heard it and trembled, so it was with my companion. It was nearly one o'clock. The street was deserted by all save ourselves. So quiet was all around, that we could catch the dash of the waves on the shingle, audible, even at that distance, through the stillness of the summer night; and then — soft, yet clear and well defined — rose,

as it were close to us, a strain of plaintive music. So close it seemed, that I turned instinctively to see the player; but we were alone in the street, which, although dimly lighted, held no recess where one might hide; and I felt, soft as the music sounded, it was not distance that diminished the power of the notes. Whoever or whatever produced it, was almost within arm's length. And bar after bar of the strange music came sighing to us until I had recovered sense enough to understand the language of the notes, and then my fear was linked with horror, for this was the melody that fell upon my ear: —



Over and over again I heard the pathetic little phrase floating, it seemed, in the air around me; at times so low that I could scarcely say I heard it — at times so clear and distinct that I turned again and again to detect the player, but each attempt was futile.

Many minutes did Mary Deane and I stand, hand in hand, listening with all our power, neither speaking nor trying to speak, until the notes grew fainter and fainter, and finally died into the silence of the night, and the distant murmur of the waves was the only sound left. I looked into the girl's face, but said nothing.

"You heard it?" she whispered.

I nodded assent — my agitation was too great for speech.

"I did not tell you before," she said; "but I have heard it three times. But never so clearly or for so long as to-night. What does it mean? Tell me."

"I do not know," I replied; and then with an effort said, "Let us meet here again to-morrow night at the same hour, and try and find its meaning."

She assented, and closed the door as I turned away towards my home. Agitation is no word to express the state of my

mind; for although I dared not tell Mary Deane so, the unearthly melody that came sighing so softly to us that night, was that same plaintive little air that Caspar Hoffman had played to me the last time we had sat together in the room which now seemed so desolate without his cheery presence.

I knew not what to think — what to do. My sleep that night was restless, broken, and dreamful. All sorts of horrors came to me, but running through and in some way entwined with every dream was that haunting melody. The figures in my visions moved to its notes; their voices, when they spoke, kept time to them. I seemed to breathe to their rhythm; and glad I was when I awoke altogether and found it was broad daylight.

Somehow I dragged through the next day, studiously avoiding Stephen Slade's eyes, lest he should read in my look the rowing but as yet undefined suspicions I felt my eyes must utter. At half-past nine I threw myself on my bed and slept with my clothes on for three hours. At one o'clock I was waiting outside the inn. There was no moon, but the stars were right above. I had not long to wait; the girl soon appeared, and closed the door behind her. Her head was covered with thick hood that almost prevented recognition. We shook hands, and, without a word, waited with nerves intent on catching the first strains of the mysterious music, if indeed it should be again audible to us. For some time we listened in vain, and I was just on the point of saying, "It must have been our fancy," when close at my right hand arose the plaintive and familiar strain. Mary's cold fingers stole trembling into mine as, in spite of last night's experience, I turned sharply around, feeling convinced that some bodilyayer must be close by. Up and down the street I looked, but we were alone, and yet the notes lay on the air. Now they seemed at the right, now at the left, now behind, now in front — departing, turning, circling around, yet ever with me. I am not ashamed to say dread — mortal dread — came over me, as with a mournful monotony I heard, over and over again, Caspar Hoffman's sad little melody sighing through the night, whilst with the girl's hand ever in my own we stood still, neither knowing what to do nor how to account for the phenomenon. At last, in an awe-struck whisper, Mary Deane said, —

"It is Caspar playing. I know it is — feel it. What are we to do?"

The sound of her voice recalled my reasoning faculties, and, unbeliever as I had ever been in the supernatural, I felt now that it might be for some weighty reason we were permitted to hear this strange music on these two occasions. I was brave now; fear had left me. I was only eager to learn what message the music bore.

I drew my companion's arm through mine. "Let us move up the street a few paces, and see if the music follows us," I said.

We did so, but after walking some twenty yards could hear it no longer. Then we returned to the spot where at first we stood, and the notes sounded as before. We then walked a little way in the other direction, and yet we heard the melody: farther yet we went, and it was with us; farther and farther yet, right to the end of the street, and yet it kept near us. We turned to the left, and heard it not. We retraced our steps, and took the road to the right, and clearly we heard each note once more.

We neither were frightened now: my companion, like myself, had caught the meaning of the music. It was not accompanying us, nor following us, but, as a bird might, hovering before us — guiding us for some purpose, to some end, although we knew not to what or whither it might lead us. The girl seemed transformed. Her step grew firm and sure; her arm trembled on mine no longer. She turned her wild eyes to mine, and said, almost in exultation, —

"I knew it — I knew that music meant something. Listen! it calls us to follow, and it will lead us on and on until we learn the truth. Yes, my Caspar, my love," she continued, speaking in a softer voice, as if addressing one near at hand, — "yes, follow it we will, even to the ends of the earth."

She said no more; and silently, for what seemed hours, we followed as the music led us. All fatigue had left me, and every nerve was strung with excitement and curiosity. Far along the main road we went, turning neither to the right nor the left, with the music ever circling and floating around us, but ever advancing, as the mother bird that seeks to draw the stranger from her nest and its treasure. On and on for perhaps three miles it led us by the road, till, glancing back, I could only see the lights of Shinglemouth dim in the distance. Then the notes stayed, and near us was a gate. We passed through it, and the music passed

before us. We entered a grove of pine-trees, with which the country roundabout is thickly studded. Spectral and weird the trunks looked as they threw their straight shadows on the light brown ground beneath, carpeted many inches deep with cast needles. The pungent, aromatic odor of the pines perfumed the air, and to this day that odor sets my heart beating with the memories it bears. Then out again to the open, with nothing between us and the clear stars shining overhead. We were now on the sward that stretched away towards the sea-cliff. There was no road, not even a footpath, over the springy turf; but on and on our feet were led, straight as the crow flies — the girl's step ever falling in unison with mine, and as firm and resolute. Gradually we seemed to be bearing across the downs towards the sea; and I was wondering whether our destination was the seacoast, when I found we were descending the side of a deepish hollow. We reached the bottom, which was thickly covered with large-sized stones, and then with one accord we stopped short, for we heard the music no longer. Suddenly as it came, so it went: one moment we heard it, as we had heard it for so long, close at hand; the next, and not a sound broke the stillness of the night. I raised my eyes and peered around. Just in front of us was a small, square, gray building; old and venerable it looked, like a ruin of some sort. The sides of the hollow in which we stood sloped upwards towards its roof, which seemed almost on a level with the higher ground. As I knew but little of the neighborhood round about, I turned to the girl.

"Where are we?" I asked.

"At the old limekiln, about five miles from home."

"Is it worked now?"

"No; it hasn't been worked for years. No one ever comes near it."

"What shall we do now?"

"I shall wait," she answered decisively.

"Wait!" I echoed; "for what? The music has left us. It has led us here, but perhaps can do no more. Its mission is accomplished. Let us return by daylight and try if we can find out anything."

"No matter — I shall wait. You can leave me if you like; I am not afraid."

This was entirely out of the question; so finding persuasion useless, I determined to make the best of it. After all, some inner voice I could not hear might be telling the girl what course to take. I

pressed her no more, but begged her to sit down and rest herself, and upon her complying, seated myself beside her and longed for the morning to break.

And thus we sat and waited — neither speaking — both listening for the weird music to come again for our guidance, — sat until I feared we should be numbed with cold, for we were not far from the sea, and the night was chilly.

Being summer time, the nights were very short, and with joy I saw at last the welcome grayness tempering the eastern sky. With the coming dawn a mist seemed to be gathering, and a cold wind began to blow in from the sea. I was shivering, and suggested to my companion, who sat motionless as a statue beside me, that it would be well if we took shelter under the side of the limekiln. She made no remark, but rising, followed where I led her. I placed her as comfortably as I could; and then, pressing her hands on her eyes, she sat silent, ever thinking, I well knew, of the man she loved. The morning was now fairly breaking; and I was resolved, as soon as there was sufficient light, to thoroughly examine the place, and ascertain if what I dreaded to think of might be hidden there. I had even risen to commence my investigations — quietly, without disturbing my silent companion, thinking that whatever fearful discovery was to be made had better be made by me alone — when the noise of a stone rolling down the declivity and falling with a slight crash upon its fellows at the bottom, drove all the blood back to my heart, and grasping Mary's arm, I forcibly pushed her back into the darkness cast by the side of the limekiln, as through the gray mist of the morning a man strode down into the hollow and stood within a few paces of us; and as he stood there, for a moment we heard once more the melancholy notes that had led us so far.

The girl clutched my arm with an energy almost painful.

"See," she whispered — "see, there is Caspar's murderer, led here, as we were led, for us to know and accuse."

And the man standing there with pallid face and distorted features, with great drops of sweat rolling down from his forehead, was Stephen Slade. Had he looked our way he must have seen us, so close we were to each other; but all his attention seemed to be riveted on one spot, the entrance to the disused kiln, now almost hidden by a pile of stones. He was breathing hard and quick, and stood ges-

ticulating, shaking his fists and glaring in that one direction.

"Devil! devil!" we heard him mutter, "why will you not rest in peace and leave me alone? Three times has that cursed music drawn me here against my will. I hate you dead worse than living."

Then, as if with an effort, he turned away and began to retrace his steps. As he moved, the girl broke from my hold and sprang after him. Her hood had fallen back, her long, dark hair streamed loose about her shoulders, and her eyes from under her black and knitted brows gleamed like fire—an avenging fury she looked, claiming blood for blood. Heedless of the consequences, she grasped his arm and cried with a shrill voice, "Murder! murder!" I had followed her, both to protect and assist her; but as I did so, the danger of bearding this desperate man flashed through my brain like lightning. As he felt her touch I think he screamed with horror and with a livid face staggered back, seeming about to fall. So helpless he appeared, that I believe had we then and there thrown ourselves upon him we might have bound him as easily as a child. We let the opportunity slip, and the delay was fatal. In a few moments he had recognized us; then, knowing he had to deal with mortals like himself, not with avenging spirits, the man's horrible courage and ferocity came to his aid. His cruel eyes met mine in the early twilight; and well, from their expression, I knew what was coming, and framed an inward prayer for deliverance.

"So you have spied and tracked me," he said. "You two, at any rate, will ever tell the tale. I can make room for both of you beside your friend."

Then, with fell murder written on his face, he came towards me, and I braced myself for the struggle, which I felt was hopeless.

Slade, as I said before, was a broad-shouldered man of great strength. What chance could I have with him, broken as I was with sickness, and worn out with the night watching? I had no weapon, not even a pocket-knife. Fly, and leave the girl to his mercies, I could not. Truly, death seemed very near to me at the moment when I felt those muscular arms grown round me, and my ribs bending beneath their strong grip. I was an infant in his hands. Yet I was not altogether unaided. Bravely the girl stood by me, tore at his arms, at his face, to make him release me. It was but for a moment,

however. He loosened his left arm, and, with one backward sweep of it, hurled her, stunned and senseless, upon a heap of stones. "You and I will have another kind of reckoning by-and-by, my pretty maid," I heard him mutter as he closed with me once more. Death was very, very near me now. Backwards and forwards we swayed, then we fell together—Slade uppermost. I was utterly exhausted, and could struggle no more. The ruffian tore himself from my feeble grip, and kneeling on my arms, pressed his thumbs upon my throat. As I lay helpless, I could look straight into his wicked eyes, but saw no gleam of mercy or relenting there. In three seconds my head felt bursting, sense was failing me; I seemed trying to articulate these words, "How hor—ri—ble—to—die—like—this!" when—waking, dreaming, or dying—I heard close, close to me, the wail of Caspar Hoffman's *Lied*,—the same ghostly music that had led us to this spot, and brought the murderer face to face with us. And as I heard it, I knew I was saved. Slade's villanous grip on my throat relaxed; I breathed once more; and although too far gone to move hand or foot to save my life, I could see the ruffian rise, stare around him in a bewildered manner, then, muttering like one in a dream, and with a face as set as a somnambulist's, ascend the side of the hollow, and vanish over the level ground. Then I fainted.

When my senses returned I found Mary Deane kneeling beside me and chafing my hands. She had not been much injured, and upon coming to herself found me lying dead, as she thought, and Slade gone.

We were too much exhausted, indeed terrified, to make any investigation that might solve the mystery of the night. Painfully we dragged ourselves over the downs until we reached the main road; then having removed, as far as we could, all traces of the recent deadly struggle, managed by the aid of a passing wagon to reach Shinglemouth before its inhabitants were astir.

What could I do now? My only course seemed to be that of going to the police and accusing Slade of the murder of Hoffman. I could give no common-sense reasons for the accusation, but I might beg that the limekiln be searched, and the man kept in sight at least during the operation. It should be no fault of mine if Slade escaped justice. And so I went.

The inspector I saw was rather a friend of mine, and gave me an attentive hear-

ing. Upon learning the gist of my errand, he said, —

"You are an hour too late. The man is in custody now, upon his own confession. Says he murdered him and stuck the body in the entrance of the limekiln, making a heap of stones in front of it. We thought him drunk or raving — kept on talking about music that was driving him mad. Any way, he's here safe enough, and some of our men have gone off down coast to find out whether his tale is true or false."

And true enough they found it. Three hours afterwards I saw all that remained of my light-hearted German friend; and two months afterwards Stephen Slade was hanged at Dorchester jail.

He simply confessed to the murder, but would enter into no particulars. Plenty of circumstantial evidence was forthcoming to establish his guilt, but it was never ascertained how he decoyed his victim to that lonely and distant spot. A pistol-bullet through the breast told the way the deed was done, and that was all.

Slade died sullen and impenitent. The prison doctor thought there were grounds for a reprieve, as the man was forever talking wildly about music he, but no one else, could hear. This was, however, attributed to the profession he had followed, not to higher causes; so as he had no friends to take up his case, and as his character was not such as to enlist strangers in his favor, no steps were taken to mitigate his sentence, and he met the fate he fully merited.

Since that night I have never heard that ghostly music. Its mission was no doubt accomplished when the mysterious power it wielded caused the murderer's hand to drop nerveless from my throat, and drove him, cruel, remorseless, and impenitent as he was, to make confession of a crime that might else have remained undiscovered, and to reveal the tragic end of Caspar Hoffman.

From The Edinburgh Review.
ROSSETTI'S POEMS.*

"I do not know what poetical is," says Audrey to Touchstone; "is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?" and

* 1. *Poems*. By DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI. London: 1870.

2. *Ballads and Sonnets*. By DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI. London: 1881.

herein Audrey, like her fantastic lover in another scene of the play, spoke more wisely than she was aware of, for the question is significant in regard to the permanent interest and value of any contribution to the poetical literature of a nation. For all poetry which retains a permanent hold over succeeding generations of readers, and is by common consent enshrined among the precious possessions of a national literature, has been nourished upon the spontaneous feelings and aspirations of its own age, and speaks without affectation, though with more than common force and finish, the common speech of its own time. It is only in the free and bracing atmosphere of natural and healthy life that a strong and healthful poetry can grow and spread her wings. Under such conditions were the works of our great dramatist produced; under such conditions the poetry of Chaucer remains as full of life and interest at this moment as ever it was, in spite of the drawback of obsolete spelling and etymology. Not under such conditions (if a negative example be wanted) was matured the poetry of Spenser, who, as far as poetry was concerned, shut up within an artificial world, has lost his hold on general readers and become the property of students alone; his stately palace of verse being, like his own cave of Mammon, so clogged and cobwebbed with affected archaisms and artificial fancies, that it is only here and there that the gleam of the pure gold of poetry can be discerned beneath them. Perhaps an illustration more apposite to our present purpose may be found in Sidney's "Arcadia," a work of imagination, though not in verse, which appealed to the short-lived affectations and conceits of a coterie, and died a natural death with the decease of euphuism; an apposite illustration, because within the last few years we have been witnessing a somewhat similar development of artificial taste in art and in poetry alike — a kind of modern euphuism; like the original one, the adopted fashion of a coterie. In picture-galleries strange, lank-haired women writhe and twine, who are neither of this nor of any world, but represent a nondescript ideal evolved from the inner consciousness of those who produce them, acted upon more or less by an affectation of archaism. In poetry we meet with the counterpart of this affected art, displayed in the use of an artificial diction in which language is twisted into the expression of far-fetched images and similes with a *curiosa infelicitas* which suggests a repe-

tion of the-caution given to Pistol: "If thou hast tidings, I pray thee deliver them like a man of this world." In both the poetry and the painting of these æsthetic separatists we trace some of the same mental tendencies and characteristics. In the figures drawn, whether with the pencil or the pen, we find a morbid preference for forms that "err from honest nature's rule," forms destitute of definite or typical human character, and which belong to a world of dream-shadows, existing only in the painter's or the poet's morbid imagination; in both we find a languid sensuous beauty taking the place of intellectual force of expression or moral beauty of character. These visions belong to no world of which healthy human nature has any experience; they are the artificial creations of an intellectual forcing-house, from which fresh air and daylight are carefully excluded.

The causes which have produced this peculiar tendency in recent art and literature we cannot here pause to consider too curiously; the consideration at least would lead us too far afield from the immediate purpose of this article; some certain conclusions which are unavoidably suggested by the nature of the movement referred to, and in part illustrated by some of the poems immediately before us, may be touched upon as we proceed. But one feature in connection with the subject, one of the secondary causes which have contributed to give to this morbid growth in artistic fancy and expression an apparent importance which it might not otherwise have attained, cannot be passed over here. It is impossible for those who from an independent station take note of the tone of contemporary literature not to perceive that, along with this artificial development in art and literature, there has sprung up an equally artificial development in what is called contemporary criticism. Like the manufacturer who boasted that he kept a poet, the poets and painters of this esoteric sect keep a ring of critics, the existence of a tacit understanding with whom has become too palpable to be ignored, and is, in fact, displayed at times with a frankness which it might have been supposed would have defeated its own end, did we not know how careless and ill-informed are the public of general readers in regard to what is behind the scenes in so-called criticism, how indolently prone to accept as truth what is repeatedly forced upon them in journals which are supposed to be the accredited organs of æsthetic taste.

Hence there has arisen a state of things in which a great proportion of the criticism of the day has entirely ceased to be the thoughtful expression of independent opinion, and degenerated into the expression of the indiscriminate adulation of a clique "which moveth altogether if it move at all," and which no more represents the balance of educated public opinion than the productions which it recommends represent the ideal of a genuine and healthful national art or literature.

We may at once disclaim any intention to imply that the two volumes of poems, the titles of which stand at the head of this article, represent no higher element in poetry than the artificial sensuousness of which we have spoken, or that they would have failed to command attention apart from the rhodomontade of over-officious zealots of the press. Were it so, serious consideration of their merits would be superfluous. It is because they do contain higher elements of poetic power, because, even when they are clogged with the morbid sensuousness against which we have protested, they at least show that their author is conspicuous among poets of this school for picturesque choice of language, that it is worth while to consider what matter of real value as poetic literature is to be extracted from the somewhat chequered contents of these two volumes; and the unquestionable fact that the repute of the first volume was largely forced by the advocacy of the poet's too friendly critics seems to place us under a kind of moral obligation to deliver Mr. Rossetti, if possible, from his friends.

The publication of the first volume of poems in 1870 at once justified the conclusion that their author was at least no mere versifier. To those who knew nothing of his other productions, the sense of having met with something new in style and expression was probably predominant on first reading them. To those who knew anything of the author's paintings (still carefully guarded from the public eye under the custody of sworn admirers), it was easy to recognize in the poems, under another form, some of the prominent intellectual and artistic characteristics of the paintings. The languid, sensuous expression, the affectation of archaism, the strong sense of beauty of color, combined with the sometimes almost ludicrous stiffness and weakness of form and draughtsmanship, which characterized many of the paintings, seemed to be all reflected in this collection of poems, with their singu-

lar mixture of rich imagery, flashes of brilliant word-painting suggesting no definite logical connection of ideas, weakness of construction, and often entire absence of the sense of literary proportion or of the subordination of details to the total impression. One or two other more direct analogies between the poems and the paintings may occur to us further on. The latter having been, as we have said, carefully hidden away, except from the elect, as things too precious to be submitted to the gross ordeal of public criticism, nothing is even known of them publicly, save when one of the painter's journalistic satellites indulges his readers with a glowing description of the last new work. What would be the actual position now held by Mr. Rossetti's paintings in general estimation, had they been placed in the light of public criticism instead of being nursed in private all these years, we will not here undertake to say, but we shrewdly conjecture that it would not be that which the painter and his friends appear to claim for them. Fortunately books cannot be nursed in this way; an author must, *volens volens*, come to the light of day, and be judged by ordinary standards. The recent publication of a second volume of poems (including, however, some which had previously appeared), furnishes a better basis for coming to a conclusion as to the place which these works can take in recent poetical literature.

We have referred to what we termed the very chequered character of the contents of these volumes, which, in fact, is so marked as to suggest in the first instance the question whether a good deal of the poetry here included is not the result of self-conscious elaboration rather than of genuine poetic fervor. We can recognize three different styles in Mr. Rossetti's poetry: one of them deliberately archaic, in which the style and turn of thought of the mediæval ballad is reproduced; a second style in which what may be called erotic fancies (mainly) are expressed in fantastically elaborated and often very obscure metaphor, and in verse much of which may be said to have more sound than sense; and we have a third group, unfortunately much the smallest portion of the poems, in which the author shows himself able to deal with subjects arising out of genuine human passion and human action, in natural and forcible language, differing from that of ordinary speech only in so far as the language of elevated feeling in poetry differs from the

language of ordinary idiomatic prose writing. In regard to the two first named groups it may be observed that the tendency to pose in an artificially induced phase of feeling and of language, so often met with at present, is in itself an indication of the existence of insincerity and affectation, of the absence of a spontaneous poetic impulse. The attempt to reproduce the effect of an archaic form of art or literature is not, however, without its interest, if not carried too far, as it has been, for example, in the fashionable reproduction in modern music of gavottes and other antique forms. Somewhat analogous to these experiments in music is the experiment in poetry of reproducing the directness, *naïveté*, and simplicity of the old ballad form, sometimes accompanied by a feigned revival of the superstitious beliefs which furnished a lurid background to so many of the old ballads. In one experiment of this kind Mr. Rossetti has been signally successful—the ballad of “Sister Helen,” in the first volume of poems, where a betrayed and forsaken girl revenges herself on her now hated lover by the old witchcraft of melting away his waxen effigy, at the cost of the perdition of her own soul as well as his. The poem has every quality that a ballad of this class should have—forcible and picturesque narration and unaffected terseness and simplicity of language, in which not a superfluous word is admitted. Let the reader be in the mood to deliver himself over to the weird fancy of the poem, and its effectiveness is unquestionable. But it is very questionable whether such imitative experiments (there are others not equal to this) ever survive in literature. Even to the reader at the moment there may come the turn of mood in which the whole thing will seem too absurd to be read seriously. Supernatural terrors soon lose their hold in modern poetry. Even so tremendous a “bogey” ballad as “Lenore” is now only read with a smile; the “*Erl-könig*” survives more for the sake of Schubert's music than of Goethe's words; the “Lyrical Ballads” of Southey (good enough in their way) have gone into limbo; and the “Ancient Mariner” retains its hold on us in virtue of its human pathos and the exquisite touches of scenery in it, quite apart from its supernatural machinery.

These considerations have some bearing on our estimate of one of the two much longer and more important poems in ballad form which occupy a large portion of the new volume. The first of

these, "Rose Mary," is certainly the most complete and finished in form of the author's longer poems. The scene is laid in some vague period of mediæval life. Rose Mary's lover, James of Heronhay, is to ride on the morrow to the shrift at Holycleugh, to which he will needs go alone. Her mother has word of an ambush laid to take his life, and calls on Rose Mary to look in the magic beryl stone, wherein to a pure maiden is shown the vision of whatever she would know, to see on which of two routes the ambush is laid, that the lover may be warned. The beryl stone, "shaped like a shadowy sphere," was once the abode of accursed spirits, who were driven out by better angels, —

Never again such home to win,
Save only by a Christian's sin.

The girl kneels at her mother's knee to look in this fateful mirror, through which

As 'twere the turning leaves of a book
The road runs past me as I look;
Or it is even as though mine eye
Should watch calm waters filled with sky,
While lights and clouds and wings went by —

a touch of that picturesque vividness of description in which Mr. Rossetti excels — and we follow the incidents of the visionary road till, with a suppressed shriek, the girl tells how she sees the spears by a ruined weir, and the blazon of the warden of Holycleugh, her lover's mortal foe. But, alas! poor Rose Mary has already been too kind to her lover, and her sin has given entrance to the former evil inhabitants of the beryl, to blind her with false shows. In the second part of the poem the mother has guessed the daughter's secret, and has to tell her that the lover has been murdered on the supposed safe road. But worse is behind, for in the dead man's bosom is found a letter and a lock of hair from the warden's sister of Holycleugh, and it is but too apparent why he must needs go alone to his shrift. Rose Mary swoons away in agony, and on recovering finds open the secret panel giving access to a staircase, up which she blindly stumbles, to find herself in a kind of mystic chapel dedicated to the four elements, in the midst of which on an altar lies her enemy, the beryl stone, on which she revenges herself in a sufficiently materialistic manner by splitting it with her father's sword, thereby putting an end to the charm. But this supreme effort brings to her side the good angel whom her sin had driven out, and she dies with the assurance of forgiveness and admission "to Blessed Mary's rose-bower."

We have read this highly-wrought poem very carefully several times, in the endeavor to form a distinct conclusion as to the cause of its failure to impress us in any degree commensurate with the labor evidently bestowed on it, and the very fine and even grand character of some of the versification. We make no further quotations from it, for it is one merit of the poem that it must be judged as a whole, having more continuity and process to a climax than any other of the author's longer poems. But the feeling it gives us is precisely that which we have gathered from the contemplation of some of Mr. Rossetti's paintings. We seem to have been in a land of dreams, peopled by figures which have no more flesh-and-blood reality than the figures in a stained-glass window; and even such human pathos as there is, is overshadowed by the predominance of the magic machinery, which constantly suggests to us the sense of an absurd disproportion between cause and effect, particularly when we find that all the devilry can be taken out of the beryl stone by the simple mechanical means of splitting it with a sword. Why not a mallet and "cold" chisel? we are tempted to ask, which would have done the work still better. It is impossible to repress a smile, too, at the tremendous similes, drawn from all things in heaven and earth, which are crammed into four verses, to give an adequate notion of the stupendous results of the splitting of the stone. Just as Carlyle, in his trenchant way, said of Scott that he had spoiled the future of his novels by "going in for the buff-jerkin business," so we may say that in a poem like this the poet has "gone in for the conjuring business;" and conjuring tricks, however effectively displayed, are after all only an amusement for children.

"The King's Tragedy," a narrative told in the first person by that Catherine Douglass who earned the name of "Kate Barlass" from having thrust her arm through the door-staples in an heroic effort to bar out the men who murdered James I. of Scotland, is a poem of very different stamp. Here the interest is real and human; the language has for the most part the unaffected simplicity proper to a ballad narrative; and the supernatural element, the vision of the king's "wraith" with a shroud clinging round it, is in a poetic sense more probable than in the other poem, and not disproportionately emphasized. The defect in the poem lies in its want of brevity and reti-

cence in parts. Nearly one-third of it might be cut out with great benefit to the force and effect of the whole; but the author seems to want the critical perception that whatever does not directly add to the force and effectiveness of a poem (a narrative poem especially) necessarily weakens it: parentheses and reflections are inserted which interfere with the unity and movement of the poem, and the idea of tagging it with long extracts from King James's own poem, "The King's Quhair" (altered, moreover, to suit the author's own metre), was a singularly unfortunate one. But in spite of these drawbacks there are genuine force and pathos in the poem, and the story is told with constantly increasing vividness and reality. From the first description of the night when the king and court were met in the Charter-house of Perth, the ominous feeling of some impending calamity overshadowed the scene:—

'Twas a wind-wild eve in February,
And against the casement pane
The branches smote like summoning hands,
And muttered the driving rain.

And when the wind swooped over the lift
And made the whole heaven frown,
It seemed a grip was laid on the walls
To tug the housetop down.

The contrast between the storm outside and the loving scene between the king and queen within is finely imagined, but the latter portion would bear much compression. The climax of contrast arrives when the guests have departed, and the king and queen are in affectionate talk while "he doffed his goodly attire."

And now that all was still through the hall,
More clearly we heard the rain
That clamored ever against the glass,
And the boughs that beat on the pane.

But the fire was bright in the ingle nook,
And through empty space around
The shadows cast on the arras'd wall
'Mid the pictured kings stood sudden and tall,
Like spectres sprung from the ground.

And now beneath the window arose
A wild voice suddenly:
And the king reared straight, but the queen
fell back
As for bitter dule to dree;
And all of us knew the woman's voice
Who spoke by the Scottish sea.

"O king," she cried, "in an evil hour
They drove me from thy gate;
And yet my voice must rise to thine ears;
But, alas! it comes too late!

"Last night at mid-watch, by Aberdour,
When the moon was dead in the skies,
O king, in a death-light of thine own
I saw thy shape arise.

"And in full season, as erst I said,
The doom had gained its growth;
And the shroud had risen above thy neck,
And covered thine eyes and mouth.

"And no moon woke, but the pale dawn broke,
And still thy soul stood there;
And I thought its silence cried to my soul
As the first rays crowned its hair.

"Since then have I journeyed fast and fain
In very despite of Fate,
Lest Hope might still be found in God's will:
But they drove me from thy gate.

"For every man on God's ground, O king,
His death grows up from his birth
In a shadow-plant perpetually;
And thine towers high, a black yew-tree
O'er the Charterhouse of Perth!"

Immediately on these last lines, which seem to rise in a shriek above the storm, comes the clang of armed men and "the tramp of the coming doom," the confusion in the chamber of which the locks "have all been riven and brast," the desperate forcing up of a plank from the floor, through which the king escapes to the vault below:—

And louder ever the voices grew,
And the tramp of men in mail;
Until to my brain it seemed to be
As though I tossed on a ship at sea
In the teeth of a crashing gale.

And the narrator thrusts her arm through the door-staples, only to fall back maimed on the floor, and watch the crowd of wrathful men "ramping" through the chamber for their victim, till they all rush forth again, and the night wind shakes the rushes on the empty floor, and the moon throws the image of Scotland's crown in the window over the fateful plank on the floor. But storm obscures the moonlight; the fierce crowd surges in again, guided by one who "found the thing he sought," and the unarmed king is butchered in his hiding-place:—

Oh God! and now did a bell boom forth,
And the murderers turned and fled;
Too late, too late, oh God! did it sound!
And I heard the true men mustering round,
And the cries and the coming tread.

But ere they came, to the black death-gap,
Some-wise did I creep and steal;
And lo! or ever I swooned away,

Through the dusk I saw where the white face
lay

In the pit of Fortune's wheel.*

There the poem should have ended. Even in a narrative poem, poetic effect rather than historical completeness should be the aim, and the concluding portion is anticlimax. But the portion of the poem leading up to the catastrophe is a very powerful piece of narrative poetry, bringing vividly before the mind's eye the scene it describes, and effecting this with directness and simplicity of language which stands in favorable contrast with the fantastic verbiage into which the author too often falls.

Similar praise may be given to the shorter and slighter poem, "The White Ship," which has also the merit of much greater conciseness and concentration, and is, artistically speaking, the best poem in the volume, though slighter and less energetic in style than "The King's Tragedy." It would have been better, however, if the artificial "burden" verse which recurs several times had been omitted, and the story told in its naked simplicity. But we will turn from the allads, which, after all, are all more or less archaisms, to the one poem of importance in the earlier volume which deals in modern phrase with a subject from modern life, and a ghastly subject it is, yet the choice of which we cannot regret, in view of the temper and spirit in which it is here treated. "Jenny," which deserves its title from Mrs. Quickly's grotesque misconstruction ("Vengeance of my case," etc.), stands quite alone among Mr. Rossetti's poems. Like most

of his longer poems, it is unequal in construction and blemished by bad and awkward lines: but it is almost entirely free from the affected elaboration of manner and overwrought metaphor to which he is prone. The contemplation of the most painful and bewildering of social problems seems to have raised the poet to a pitch of earnestness of feeling and unaffected eloquence, such as we find nowhere else in his pages. The poem is uttered in the person of one who has accidentally dropped again into a momentary companionship, such as had once been too familiar to him (in the case supposed it is obviously no more than companionship), and soliloquizes over the poor, mercenary beauty who has fallen into the unexpected snare of pure weariness. Though the

In allusion to an expression in King James's own poem.

poem is certainly not for boys and virgins, it is no small praise to say that the subject is treated without one touch of indelicacy; but it merits far more than this merely negative commendation. Even Wordsworth (if we could imagine him treating such a subject) could hardly have shown more forcibly the pathos that may lie in the simplest language than in the passage where the speaker imagines how in Jenny's mind

there may rise unsought
Haply at times a passing thought
Of the old days that seem to be
Much older than any history
That is written in any book,
When she would lie in fields and look
Along the ground through the blown grass,
And wonder where the city was;

and where he recoils on himself at the thought of the utter futility of such reflections:—

Let the thoughts pass, an empty cloud!
Suppose I were to think aloud—
What if to her all this were said?
Why, as a volume seldom read
Being opened halfway shuts again,
So might the pages of her brain
Be parted at such words, and thence
Close back upon the dusty sense.
For is there hue or shape defined
In Jenny's desecrated mind,
Where all contagious currents meet,
A Lethe of the middle street?
Nay, it reflects not any face,
Nor sound is in its sluggish pace;
But as they coil those eddies clot,
And night and day remember not.

We can call to mind few passages in recent poetry of more tragic pathos than this. Equally fine, perhaps, in its serious tone, is the passage where, after a cynical revulsion of feeling in which for a moment the speaker contemplates the girl as being, after all, but

A cipher of man's changeless sum
Of lust, past, present, and to come,

he proceeds:—

Like a toad shut in a stone,
Seated while Time crumbles on;
Which sits there since the earth was cursed
For man's transgression at the first;
Which, living through all centuries,
Not once has seen the sun arise;
Whose life, to its cold circle charmed,
The earth's whole summers have not warmed;
Which always—whitherso the stone
Be flung—sits there, deaf, blind, alone;
Aye, and shall not be driven out,
Till that which shuts him round about
Break at the very Master's stroke,
And the dust thereof vanish as smoke,

And the seed of man vanish as dust : —
Even so within this world is Lust.

But the night wears on, and the sights
and sounds of honest life begin to struggle
into the London streets, and the sparrows
chirp —

And Jenny's cage-bird, grown awake,
Here in their song his part must take,
Because here too the day doth break.

Another very fine passage follows this,
picturing the dreams and ambitions of the
fallen woman; but we must leave this,
and only return in conclusion to one sentence,
where, after a hopeless ejaculation, —

What has man done here? How atone,
Great God, for this which man has done?

he adds : —

If but a woman's heart might see
Such erring heart unerringly
For once! But that can never be.

Yet perhaps the poet may have contributed to render such an impossibility less impossible; for, say what we will of the painful nature of the subject, the poem is not one from which any truly womanly woman, who loves her sex, should turn away.

It is with a sense of absolute bewilderment that we turn from this poem to the set of sonnets entitled "The House of Life," some of which were published in the earlier volume, and which appear complete in the later one. We charitably hope that we may take it as one proof of the affected and unreal character of much of Mr. Rossetti's poetry, that the same poet who could treat the subject of woman in her utmost degradation in so high a strain, should treat the subject of conjugal love so as to lower it more than we remember to have seen it lowered in any serious poetry before; should substitute for true affection the languors of sickly and unwholesome passion, expressed in language which, however overlaid with farfetched and fantastic metaphor, comes at times little short of absolute pruriency. Let it be granted that the purest affection is inextricably interblent with sexual passion, this is certainly not the phase of the matter which would be predominant with high-minded men and women; still less is it that which it is seemly or healthful to dwell upon in serious literature, poetic or other. To quote Carlyle again: "Thou shalt not prate, even to thyself, about those 'secrets known to all';" and though the author has had the sense to remove

from the complete collection one exceedingly disagreeable sonnet, there is enough left to render the poems a much more unwelcome addition to a domestic library than "Don Juan," in so far as this kind of brooding over the ideas suggested by sensuous passion is more enervating and unwholesome than that comic and half-contemptuous treatment of the subject which only raises a laugh. Recalling the recent dictum of our greatest critic and one of our most gifted poets, that poetry is essentially "a criticism of life" (which, if we cannot accept it *sans phrase*, is certainly one of the most profound and suggestive things ever said about poetry), what a "criticism of life" is this, which represents the "house of life" as the scene only of a moaning, fawning, purposeless, unmanly passion! And unfortunately this tone is only significant of a good deal more than we meet with in contemporary art and literature. In Mr. Rossetti's own paintings, in his women with staring, soulless faces and great red lips; in the sickly nymphs of the Grosvenor Gallery; in the love scenes of some of Wagner's operas, where, as in "*Tristan und Isolde*," music is tortured to the expression of the most unbridled sexual passion — in all these we see signs of a tendency which plainly speaks of social unhealthiness and the decay (temporary at least) of the best ideal of manly and womanly feeling. We think of the tone in which woman has been spoken of in other stages of English life and literature, —

I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more;

of Wordsworth's

Perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;

of the fine and elevated tone of some of the more serious poems addressed to women by Byron; of the noble figure of Adriana in "Philip van Artevelde;" of Tennyson's picture of Maud seated under a cedar-tree, "singing of death and of honor that cannot die;" and we feel that something rotten in the State is to be argued from the prevalence of a tendency in art and literature to pay to woman a species of homage which hardly deserves a higher title than æsthetic caterwauling.

From a purely literary point of view these sonnets present a curious phenomenon. They are prefaced with a fantastically expressed sonnet in praise of the

sonnet, for which it is claimed, in one good line, that it should be

Of its own arduous fulness reverent.

The expression conveys well the idea of the concentrated meaning and clearness, though terseness, of power and style which should characterize this refined and intellectual form of poetic expression. But the majority of the sonnets which follow seem characterized rather by an arduous emptiness — arduous certainly to the reader, if not to the writer. There are a few which exhibit a comparative clearness of expression and continuity of thought and metaphor, and which, if standing alone, could be accepted as the adequate poetic expression of a moment of impassioned fervor or of curiously elaborated fancy. The sonnet called in the first volume "Love's Redemption," for example, which, when taken apart from the rest, is capable of a less sensuous interpretation, struck us, in its first form, as a fine utterance of passionate rapture, based upon an unusual and effective metaphor; in the second edition it is spoiled by the excision of the very metaphor which gave to the poem its peculiar solemnity of turn and association. "The Monochord," described in the first volume as "written during music," was one which, in spite of some obscure and awkward lines, presented a fine expression of the effect of music on the mind, one remarkable line — which has been before quoted in these pages as conveying what many must have felt in listening to some of Beethoven's symphonies, and which we have never seen expressed in poetry before. By a strange perversity this sonnet also has been in the second edition deprived of its direct reference to music by an alteration of the first line, and reduced to that cloudy vagueness of meaning which it seems the object of the poet in these sonnets to attain. One vigorous and manly sonnet in the first volume, "On Refusal of Aid between Nations," is noticeable for breathing quite a different tone, and for presenting a much clearer literary style than the rest; and there is a fine thought, powerfully expressed, in the conclusion of the one entitled "Known in Vain." But, in spite of a good deal of mere musical beauty of language and verse in many of the sonnets, we turn over most of them with an increasing sense of their intellectual barrenness and weakness, of the preponderance of mere sound over meaning, the prevalence of an elaborate and cloying mannerism of words and

metaphors, which seems not so much the expression of fulness of thought as the arrangement of elaborate drapery to hide the tenuity of the meaning. The constant iteration of certain words and phrases increases the impression of affectation which these poems convey. The word "control" (as a substantive) seems to have a peculiar charm; there is some special meaning in the phrase "soul-sequestered face;" the words "fain" and "even" —

Even in my place he weeps. Even I, not he,
etc., etc., —

are repeated *ad nauseam*. These latter expressions are a well-known trick with lesser poets of the intense school, and have been the subject of some well-timed gibes in *Punch*. There are versifiers who are obviously created for nothing better than to vent this kind of pribble-prabble. Mr. Rossetti, if he did justice to the capacities which he has shown in some other poems, might well regard such *niaiserie*s as beneath him. It is only just to say that, on the other hand, we constantly meet with lines of much vivid picturesqueness and suggestiveness, such as remain in the memory: —

And see the gold air and the silver fade,
And the last bird fly into the last light.
Sleepless with cold commemorative eyes.
Visions of golden futures; or that last
Wild pageant of the accumulated past,
That clangs and flashes for a drowning man.

But fine lines and metaphors do not in themselves make fine poetry, any more than carved stones make architecture. Perhaps we ought not to forget, either, in reference to our complaint about the sensuous ideal of love expressed here, that there is just a passing recognition of something higher in a sonnet where, after a passage in which the poet puts himself in the supremely ludicrous and indelicate position of a spectator of the most sacred privacies of wedded life, he adds: —

Ah! who shall say she deems not loveliest
The hour of sisterly sweet hand in hand?

We thank the poet "even" (as he would say) for that suggestion.

As we have before hinted, comparing the tone and style of these "House of Life" sonnets with that of some of the other poems, we are disposed to regard them as the product of an affectation of mental attitude and literary style, not representing the best side of the author's mind or the best possibilities of his po-

etic utterance. Whatever chance Mr. Rossetti may have of producing poetry which will be permanently enrolled in the literature of this country appears to us to depend very much on how far he may be able to shake off this artificial and morbid phase of thought and style, and develop the higher powers of genuine pathos and sincerity of purpose, and of a robust and healthy English style, of which some portions of his poems certainly show very striking examples. At present we should very much hesitate to affirm that any of the poetry in these two volumes has sufficient innate vitality to survive the inevitable changes in taste which soon put out of date all poetry which is based on a mere temporary fashion of feeling and expression, and not on those deep-seated feelings which are common to human nature under all its varying social and intellectual phases. The two among the longer poems which deal most successfully with these more permanent subjects of human interest are nevertheless somewhat heavily weighted by defects of artistic form and consistency and literary finish, defects which always tell against the vitality of poetry sooner or later. The highest finish is realized in the works the interest of which we believe, from other causes, can only be temporary. We must except, however, from this judgment some of the smaller reflective and lyrical pieces; among the former "A Young Fir-wood" and "The Wood-spurge," among the latter such as "A New Year's Burden" and two or three of the other poems that are classed as "songs" in the first volume. By way of giving a pleasant turn to the close of our remarks, we may quote one of these, "First Love Remembered," which in purity of thought and expression seems to us nearly perfect:—

Peace in her chamber, wheresoe'er
It be, a holy place:
The thought still brings my soul such grace
As morning meadows wear.*

Whether it still be small and light,
A maid's who dreams alone,
As from her orchard gate the moon
Its ceiling showed at night:

Or whether, in a shadow dense
As nuptial hymns invoke,
Innocent maidenhood awoke
To married innocence:

There still the thanks unheard await
The unconscious gift bequeathed;
For there my soul this hour has breathed
An air inviolate.

From Nature.

THE WILD SILKS OF INDIA.*

THE laudable efforts of the Indian government to utilize the various products of which these wild silks form a class will tend, by the immediate production of wealth, and yet more by the spirit of intercommunication and enterprise thus created, to overcome the great difficulty of poverty and still greater difficulty of isolation, which so tasked its efforts in the last famine. And this work is the more desirable because, as the last census shows, the peaceful, firm rule of the British in India has removed that natural check to population which was found of old in the mutual internecine wars of its peoples, and numbers have increased to such an extent that the failure of a crop over any wide district is invariably followed now by a famine.

The principal varieties of wild silks found in India are the Tusser, or Tasar, the Eria, and the Muga, or Moonga, silks, besides several others, at present of little commercial importance.

Silk differs from all other materials used in textile fabrics in the nature of the thread as originally produced. Hemp, flax, cotton, wool, and many other threads are produced by the twisting tightly together of the short but very fine fibres of the raw material, the untwisting of which reduces the thread again to short loose fragments. The long fibre of the best sea-island cotton does not much exceed one and a half inches in length. Silk, on the other hand, is spun by the silk-worm (except that it is not a worm, and does not spin it!) in one long thread: three-quarters of a mile is quoted by Mr. Wardle as the length of the thread of a Tusser worm. There is no "spinning" in the process at all, but two fine threads come from the spinnarets of the grub as from the spinnarets of a spider, in such a glutinous, semi-liquid condition that they coalesce into one thread, which, in the best kind of silk-worms, can be wound without a break from the outside of the suspended cocoon to where the grub left off spinning and turned into a chrysalis. The silk-reeler does not, even in the coarse Tusser variety, reel off a cocoon of this singly, but from four to six together, whose gummy surfaces make them combine into a single thread still fine.

* *Handbook of the Collection Illustrative of the Wild Silks of India in the Indian Section of the South Kensington Museum*, by Thomas Wardle. Eyre and Spottiswoode, 1881.

The Eria cocoon is not found practically so available for this treatment, but, in addition to the beautiful, continuous thread of the bombyx or Tusser silkworm, the waste part of their cocoons can be treated like the vegetable fibres (cotton, etc.) of which we spoke with equally good results as a textile material, and with nearly all the beauty of the perfect silk thread. For this purpose the whole of the cocoon of the Eria is specially available, and, instead of being carefully reeled off, it is cut up or torn into shreds by the carding machine, and then treated as a long staple cotton. This is known as spun silk, or by the more recent name of *schappe*. However, the surface of such a thread examined, even with small magnifying power, it will show the loose ends of the fibres sticking out in every direction; and though they are individually too fine to attract the attention of the naked eye, in combination they are quite patent to the finger and to the ear, a soft deadness resulting instead of the sharp whistle of the natural silk, on which are no fibres except the ends left by careless throwsters.

Another inferiority of spun silk, though not a great one in the ever-changing fashionable world of England, is that it has not the durability which distinguishes the continuous silk thread. Yet in India garments made from the former are handed down from mother to daughter!

The Tusser or Tusseh larva, whose coarse, strong thread is available for brown silk, is a monster compared with the larva of the *Bombyx mori*, or common silk-worm. It measures seven inches in length and one inch in diameter; the wings of the moth — a very handsome one — are seven inches across, and the thread is three times as coarse, and three times as strong as that of the China silkworm. Here, however, comes an objection to it in the eye of the manufacturer. While the thread of the bombyx is almost round, the extra coarseness of the Tusser thread all consists in its extra width: it is, in fact, three times as broad as it is thick. Like any thread of this shape compared with a round one, it has a great tendency to split, and consequently become rough in working. Another difficulty to both weavers and dyers is caused by the substantial way in which the Tusser grub spins its cocoons. Major Coussmaker serves that, —

“As the chrysalis remains in the cocoon as long as eight months, exposed to the hottest sun and occasional thunder-storms, the cocoon had need to be made a hard,

impenetrable material; so indestructible is it, that Bheels and other tribes which live in the jungles, use the cocoon as an extinguisher to the bamboo tube in which they keep the *fulita* or cotton tinder used by them for lighting their tobacco and the slow matches of their matchlocks. The cocoon is also cut into a long, spiral band, and used for binding the barrel of matchlocks to the stocks, being, as the natives say, unaffected either by fire or water. . . . After the caterpillar has spun a layer of silk thick enough to conceal itself, it discharges some kind of gum or cement, thick like plaster of Paris, and with its muscular action it causes this secretion to thoroughly permeate the whole cocoon and solidify the wall. In this manner it goes on spinning layer after layer of loops, and cementing them all together until the whole of its silk is exhausted, and the wall of the cocoon becomes so hard that it requires a sharp penknife to cut through it” (pp. 18, 19).

Again, in a later report (February 21, 1880), Major Coussmaker writes: —

“One of the most interesting, and I think important, facts that I have this year been able to prove, is with regard to the composition of the cement with which the caterpillar hardens its cocoon. Former analyses of this agent made for me, in England by Dr. Taylor, and in Bombay by Dr. Lyon, had shown that it contained the acid urate of ammonia, that it was in fact excrementitious; and this year, by opening the cocoons at various intervals, I was able to convince myself of the fact that when the caterpillar has left off feeding and begins to spin, it voids the food remaining in the alimentary canal, first of all in a more or less solid form and of a dark color, but after it has become fully enveloped in the cocoon the excrement comes away as a light-colored liquid, the hue and consistency of which depend upon the amount of vegetable matter not previously evacuated and the amount of lime, carbon, and ammonia present. The respective proportions of these ingredients vary, I presume, with the food upon which the caterpillar has fed, and with the state of the atmosphere at the time of spinning; also the longer they remain coating the fibre the harsher and more discolored it will be. It is therefore very necessary, I think, to remove this cement at a very early date; and this chemistry has shown the manufacturers how to do. Judicious feeding too may alter its nature. Before long, fresh cocoons will be at an early stage thoroughly

cleansed from all discoloring matter, and Tasar silk will be available for manufacturing purposes as colorless as it is when first put forth by the caterpillar" (p. 21).

At any rate here is a fine field for both economic and philosophical results for both the chemist and the naturalist.

There are two crops of Tusser silk in the year, *i.e.* two generations of grubs pass from the eggs to the imago, whereas the bombyx of commerce so passes only once. The moth is considered a sacred insect, and it is interesting to read of the long series of ascetic ordinances connected with the attendance upon it, the failure to observe which will bring down the anger of the gods and destruction upon the cultivators. Yet the grubs are said to flourish better out-of-doors than under the roof and care of men, and are found feeding upon seventeen different species of trees growing wild over various parts of Hindostan. It is much more practicable and hopeful to engage the unenterprising natives in its collection under these conditions than if the elaborate art with which the Chinese cultivate the bombyx were required.

The silk of the Eria and Moonga or Muga cocoons is softer and of a clearer color than the Tusser silk, but lacks the strength of that very coarse variety. It dyes well, but is difficult to wind. In all respects therefore it is easier to work it up into spun silk.

The favorite food of the Eria is the *Palma Christi* or castor-oil plant, *Ricinus communis*. So productive is this worm that it sometimes gives twelve broods, *i.e.* generations, in a year.

The Muga worm breeds five times; the color of the silk varies with the food, some of it retaining its drabby color till the last. The moths of all these genera are large and handsome. The magnificent *Attacus atlas* moth, called in France *le géant des papillons*, measures upwards of ten inches in expanse of wing. It is a common idea that moths *eat* their way out of their cocoons, and that all permitted to do so spoil their silk; but even in the case of the solid cocoon of the Tusser moth it is observed that "after eight or nine months in the pupa state a moist spot is observed at one end of the cocoon. The moth is now about to emerge both from its pupa shell and from the cocoon. It secretes an acid fluid which softens the cement of the cocoon, and enables it to separate the fibres sufficiently to allow of its creeping out" (p. 19). Capt. Brooke also says that "in Seonee the pierced cocoons are

wound, and that no *koshtec* rejects a cocoon simply because the moth has eaten its way through it. . . . It does not eat its way out but separates the fibres with its legs and wing-spine, and so creeps out. It has neither teeth nor mouth proper" (p. 26). More remarkable still is the provision made by the larva of this *Attacus atlas*, "the upper extremity of whose cocoon forms a natural orifice for the exit of the moth, made by the conveyance of a great number of silk fibres which are left ungummed, and are thus soft and flossy; thus the exit of the imago leaves no disturbance behind" (p. 63).

The most interesting question, of course, is, how far care and industry can improve this imperfect natural wealth. The strongest proof of the value of such education is to be found in the fact that the beautiful Italian and French silks, whose fineness and regularity insure for them a price fifty per cent. higher than the best China silks, are the lineal descendants of the eggs brought from China in the reign of Justinian. The destruction caused among them by the dreadful disease, pebrine, has necessitated the import into Europe of Japanese eggs, the drabby color of the silk of which marred all the efforts of the dyer to obtain clear, delicate tints, especially in different shades of white; but careful attention and artificial selection are bringing them near to equality with the pure European silk; and Major Coussmaker in Pooneh has succeeded in obtaining perfectly white Tusser silk by causing the caterpillar to void all its excrement before spinning.

The special fitness of Tusser silk for the dark, dull colors now fashionable is most optimistically expressed by Mr. Wardle in the phrase that "Tusser silk properly dyed inherently takes shades of *artistic merit*." Is dirt then beauty? and purity and brilliancy essentially vulgar?

There can be little doubt that European skill and machinery would more than balance the cheapness of Indian labor, which could be trusted to produce only the commonest qualities of thrown silk. It is also far safer and less likely to end in failure or discouragement to make spun silk the object of Indian produce than to attempt to rival the beautiful productions of Italy and China.

One cannot help noticing with satisfaction in this concise history the working together for good of such widely separated parties as, in India, the high government official, the investigating naturalist, the active military officer in charge of a dis-

dict; then the organizing British manufacturer, who brings into willing co-operation the Italian throwster, the Leekyer, the Halifax weaver, the London artist, not to mention the taste and skill of the Lady Bountiful of her neighborhood.

W. ODELL.

From The Athenæum.

A NORMAN PRIEST.

AN enthusiastic admirer of England and the English, a rare scholar, a passionate bibliophile, a most affectionate friend, and a wise and good man has just passed away, in the person of Messire Armand Jean Nicolas Edouard Malais, curé of Martin-Eglise, near Dieppe, the learned author of the "*Calendrier Normand et nalectes*" and other works.

Many Englishmen and a host of Frenchmen of all sorts and conditions, including archbishops, bishops, priests, and others, celebrated in England and France, men of every religion, counted it an honor to call him friend. To have spent an evening in his presbytery, where he dispensed simple but most graceful hospitality; to have listened to his marvellous conversation; or to have heard him preach to the children in his church, was to have had a treasure the remembrance of which was a perennial delight.

The village of Martin-Eglise is about four miles from Dieppe, charmingly situated amongst fine trees and orchards. The presbytery, an old-fashioned one-story house, of many small rooms, is surrounded by a garden well stocked with fruit and flowers, which do not spoil in each other's company. The Englishman, armed with a letter of introduction, sent his card, and very quickly the host could present himself at the honeysuckle-covered porch. The visitor saw at once that he was in the presence of a courtly, polished gentleman. The abbé's dark eyes would rain a kindly look of welcome; then followed a hearty shake of the hand and a hope that the visitor and his introducer were well. Following your host, whose tall, powerful, lithe figure was of course clothed in the Norman priest's long gown, you were cordially ushered to the pretty dining-room of the presbytery. The abbé understood and read English well, but, having no facility in speaking our language, he always spoke French. "Sir," he would say, "pray sit down, and my housekeeper will bring

you a little lunch." "Indeed, no, I breakfasted but an hour ago." "But, cher monsieur, you have had a long walk from Dieppe; besides, an Englishman is always hungry. Flore! Flore!" to his housekeeper, "this is Mr. —, a friend of —. He is an Englishman, and therefore will at once eat a little something." Very quickly a tray would appear; bread, cheese, butter, fruit from the garden of the presbytery, would invite the visitor, and while he ate the abbé reclined in his chair and talked. In a very few minutes the visitor was entirely at home, and the abbé, perfectly frank and natural, charmed his guest with his easy and fluent discourse about the ancient close connection between Normandy and England. He would quickly discover that his visitor, by his name, must also have had a Norman descent, and he would talk of surnames of people still existing in the two countries. The visitor perhaps remarked on the many English acquaintances of his host. "Ah, monsieur," he would exclaim, "I used to hate those horrid English when I was a boy. Why? Because my mother used to tell me as I sat on her knee how the English ships shelled the town in which she lived. Sir, I used to clench my tiny fists and say, 'Oh, those English! if they come again I will give them a warm reception.'" Then, with a merry laugh, "And whenever they do come I try always to be as good as my word." Lunch over, a walk round the presbytery garden, when flowers would be picked and offered as tokens of pleasure and welcome; then in and round the library. This was the abbé's especial joy. Many rooms, looking north, south, east, west, were fitted up with shelves, and these were filled with rare books, more than five thousand in number, collected during a long life, on history sacred and secular, theology, antiquities; a splendid collection of books in any way connected with the history of his beloved Normandy, its towns, churches, and cathedrals. A long list of celebrated writers on liturgical science and ecclesiastical history could be furnished, which would stir up the envy of all bibliophiles. A collection of our English Books of Common Prayer from the first one printed attracted the attention of the English visitor. The writer of this memoir well remembers one visit to this library. The abbé had been asking after the wife of his guest; then leading him into the favorite room where were ranged the "*Monasticon Anglicanum*," Fleury, Tillemont, Béralt-Bercas-

tel, "*Les Actes de St. Thérèse*," "*Les Souvenirs de la Maison de Gournay*," and a host of others, he pointed to the shelves and said, "Sir, behold *my* wife! *my* wife, who never speaks except when I wish to hear her, who always says what I wish her to say, who always stops the moment I have heard enough. Is not that a wife out of ten thousand?"

After an examination of the choicest books, rare missals, and ancient breviaries, a walk followed. In five minutes the beautiful Forêt d'Arques was reached, and soon the abbé conducted his guest to the battle-field, and vividly described how Henry of Navarre for fourteen days, sheltered by the walls of the castle yonder, resisted the army of Guise and the League. If the day were fine, a walk to the pretty town of Arques, a visit to the exquisite church, the "Light of Normandy," and an inspection of the splendid ruins of the castle followed. Then back to the presbytery and a visit to his own church. This was plain to ugliness, but clean and carefully kept. On the walls hung a chart with references to any historical event in which the place was concerned. Our own Henry V. had halted here on his way to the memorable siege of Rouen, etc. How the abbé loved Rouen!

Then, as the sun set, the abbé would lead his visitor round the village and pay little visits to his people, returning every greeting with a most polite bow, or poking a little fun at some elderly villager.

Finally, dinner in the presbytery, and then the host, by this time warmed and inspired by the evident delight of his guest, talked as only Frenchmen of the highest culture can talk. Grave and gay, wise, witty, tender, the good man out of the treasure of his mind brought forth "things new and old." His listener hung delighted on his words, his only fear being "lest he should come to an end." He was so *human*, and men of every religion, and those who, alas! could not see their way to belong to any, all agreed in their reverence for him. The writer of these lines is informed by the brother of the deceased that when the excellent abbé was struck down suddenly in March last, in his seventieth year, his relatives were amazed at the number of people, celebrated in politics, literature, and art, as well in England as in France, who testified to their reverence for their deceased brother.

He was in truth a noble man. France loses a gifted son; the Catholic Church a noble exemplar of all that is highest and best in it; many Englishmen, high and low, a most hospitable friend; and not a single man, woman, or child in Martin-Eglise but feels bereft of a most dearly loved friend, who added to their joys and shared their sorrows, who worked and prayed for them for three-and-thirty years, and whose body now lies in their village churchyard in peaceful slumber.

H. J. GIBBS.

In a recent number of *Naturen*, Hr. Bergh has drawn attention to the powerful agency exerted by ice in severing rocks, of which he gives a striking instance occurring on the Aalesund in west Norway, where a low ledge rising out of the fjord is all that remains of a once extensive fjæld promontory, which in the year 1717 was suddenly blown up and precipitated into the water by the force of the ice within the interstices of the stone. The winter had been mild, and during a rapid thaw a considerable stream had welled up from the ice-covered summit of the fjæld, and carried its waters into every crevice of the rock, when a sudden change of wind brought about a sharp frost, which turned the descending waters of the newly-formed stream into ice, arresting their course within the interstices of the rock. The result was the explosion of the entire mass of the fjæld below the outbreak of the stream, and its projection from a height of more than fifteen hundred feet into the neighboring fjord, which engulfed the whole of the promontory,

with its cultivated fields and farmstead. Simultaneously with the disappearance of the land below the surface of the fjord, a huge mass of waters was propelled against the opposite shore, carrying with it rusty anchors, boat-rafters, and numerous other objects which had long lain at the bottom. The disturbance extended a mile beyond the point at which the land was submerged, and the waters in retreating carried with them a wooden church which had stood fifty feet above the fjord, besides sweeping away all the fishing-boats for a distance of two and a half miles. Before this occurrence, which was attended by loss of life to about a score of persons, the headland had been much resorted to on account of the halibut, which abounded in the neighborhood, but since that period the fish has never returned, a circumstance which, according to local popular belief, is due to the covering up by the infallen rock of certain submarine cavities and springs frequented by the fish.

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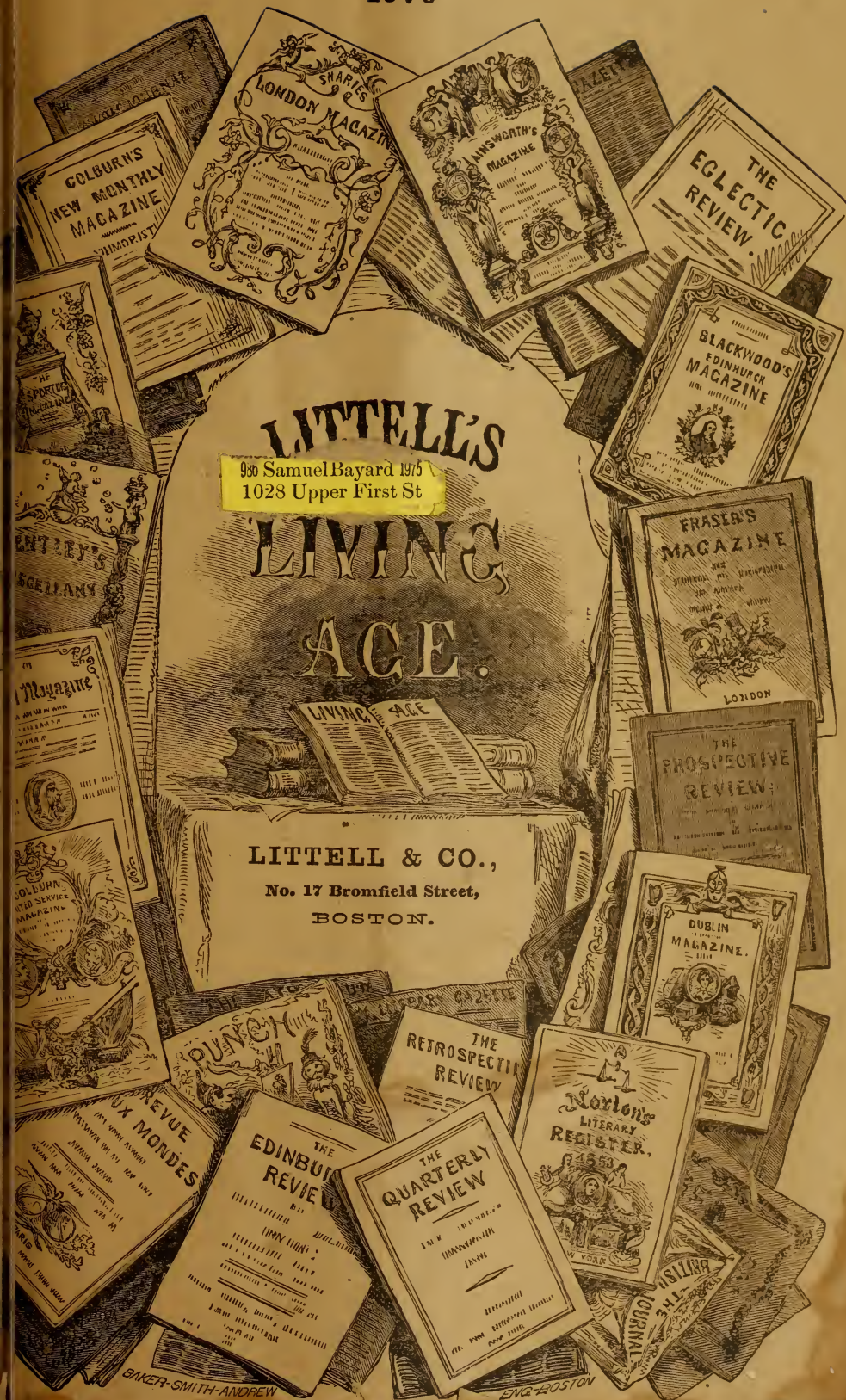
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{ From Beginning,
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CONTENTS.

I. ANTS,	<i>Westminster Review</i> ,	451
II. A LITTLE PILGRIM: IN THE UNSEEN,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> ,	472
III. ACROSS THE YELLOW SEA,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> ,	486
IV. LADY JANE. By Mrs. Oliphant. Part V.,	<i>Good Words</i> ,	495
V. MR. D. G. ROSSETTI,	<i>Athenæum</i> ,	504
VI. SLAVERY IN HONG KONG,	<i>Spectator</i> ,	510
VII. BOAR-HUNTING IN THE ARDENNES,	<i>Belgravia</i> ,	511

POETRY.

RAIN AT MIDNIGHT,	450	ADRIFT,	450
MISCELLANY,			512

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RAIN AT MIDNIGHT.

O MIDNIGHT rain,
 Heard 'mid the restlessness of weary pain !
 Thy cadence brings
 Sweet thoughts of peace on silver-tinted wings.

In this dim town,
 I hear thy thousand streamlets trickle down :
 Ere thou hast fled,
 Tell me, O rain ! the source where thou hast fed.

I see arise
 Bright pearly dewdrops from blue violets' eyes ;
 I see the mist
 Come from the wood-rill's ripples, evening-kissed.

The green fields gleam
 Before me, as to thy sweet rhyme I dream ;
 And birds and flowers
 Are with me in my restless midnight hours.

More blest than these,
 I feel the fragrance of the summer seas ;
 Along the coast
 I see the never-resting billows tost.

Lying here still,
 Thoughts of the ocean make my sad heart thrill —
 That ocean rife
 With strength and majesty and glorious life.

Each gem long-sought,
 From dewdrop or from distant waters brought,
 O bounteous rain !
 Thou scatterest for a blessing on the grain.

Spend and be spent !
 O gracious rain ! through thee I grow content :
 Thy calm-voiced spell
 Goes deeper in the heart than words can tell.

Watching through night,
 Many with me await the morning light
 In pain or care,
 Or rapt, it may be, in the trance of prayer.

To each, to all,
 Hearing thy rhythmic music softly fall,
 Sweet thoughts may come
 Of Him who by his ways doth lead us home.

For not one drop
 Falls from the cloud upon the bare hilltop —
 Falls, through dark hours,
 Upon the closed chalice of the flowers ;

Or on the sea,
 Or on the murmurous, thickly foliated tree,
 But falls to cherish
 What else would pine and, drooping, sadly perish.

And shall the tear,
 Shed by the Father's well-loved children here
 In doubt and pain,
 Fall for a less wise purpose than the rain ?
 Chambers' Journal. C. G.

ADRIFT.

EVER the water-lily rocked
 Upon the rocking stream,
 Where the little clouds, reflected, flocked
 And steered across her dream.
 And ever she sighed, " Why must I stay
 In the river's bend from day to day ?
 Oh, were I free to sail away,
 Where the seas with wonder teem !

" I know that I am fair," she said,
 " I watch it in the wave,
 At anchor here in the river-bed,
 That holds me like a grave.
 What good is the sun's gold light to me —
 Or what good a living thing to be,
 When none draws ever nigh to see
 The beauty that I have ! "

The bird in the alder farther flew,
 At the ending of his song ;
 The rat plunged in where the rushes grew,
 And paddled his way along ;
 The wind in the osiers stirred and sighed
 That the current was swift, and the world wide —
 And " Away ! and away ! " the ripples cried,
 And the river-tide ran strong.

Was she happier when the stars were born,
 And the bird sat mute in the tree ?
 When she rocked and swayed, with her cable torn,
 And felt that she was free ?
 When the banks slid backward on either hand
 For the rat had gnawed through her anchor strand,
 And the wind had kissed her away from land
 And was kissing her out to sea.

The river mouth was broad and black,
 With currents countercrossed,
 Where the foam churned white in the eddy track,
 And the scattered stars were lost.
 No glimpse she saw of either bank,
 But a waste of weed that heaved and sank,
 Where from gulf to gulf she reeled and shrank
 And from wave to wave she tossed.

The Sun uprose through a glory spread,
 And climbed by a cloudy stair,
 And " What is the thing, O Sea ! " he said,
 " Your breakers are tumbling there ? "
 " That ? " said the Sea, " with the muddied face,
 And the cup all tattered and reft of grace ?
 A flower, they say, from some inland place,
 That once on a time was fair ! "

Macmillan's Magazine. MAY PROBYN.

From The Westminster Review.
ANTS.*

THE researches of modern scientists sometimes confirm in a wonderful manner the accuracy of observations made in a less scientific age by men who took nature as they found her, and, by patient watchfulness, were enabled to unravel secrets which can now only be discovered by an appeal to all the aids of modern science. In a sceptical age like ours, it is somewhat singular that among the ancient ages thus vindicated by modern researching Solomon should find an honorable place. When the wise monarch placed ants first among the four things which he little upon the earth but which are exceeding wise, every naturalist was precluded to agree with him; but when he went on to say, "They prepare their meat in the summer," and, in the parallel passage, the ant "provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest," entomologists of a past generation declared that Solomon only recorded a popular delusion, which has been disproved by a multitude of observations. Even the accurate Huber, and the excellent naturalist Emile Blanchard, are found among the unbelievers; the latter says: "The curious idea which appears to have commenced in very remote times, and to have been carried down by tradition, and which was assisted by the results of careful observations, concerning the habits of the ants in collecting and storing up provisions, as it were, under the influence of a wise foresight, is evidently incorrect;" and in describing the architecture of an ant's nest he says, "The tiny beams are laid in stages one over the other, and in some parts of the nest the intervals between them are filled up with such substances as grains, earth, and dried leaves. It is the presence of these grains, which are used by ants as materials with which to construct their nests, that has given

rise to the idea that these insects collect provisions for the rainy day. But ants do not eat wheat or grains of any kind; their nourishment consists of more or less fluid or soft substances, and these supposed wise and economical creatures do not store up, but live from day to day, from hand to mouth, and like most other insects become stupid and hibernate when winter arrives."*

Huber is even less complimentary to the wisdom of Solomon and the industry and morality of ants; for whilst considering it as proved that they do not lay by a store of provisions for winter use, he thinks that, although Solomon might in a general sense send the sluggard to learn industry from ants, it would never do to take example from them; for not only are they themselves sluggards, sleeping away a large portion of their time, but they are also the most cruel of insects, and particularly obnoxious as slave-makers and slave-holders, conducting their wars and slave-hunting with the greatest barbarity.

But in these latter days the much maligned insect and her earliest-known admirer, have come into great repute; the one for many excellent qualities, the other for accuracy of observation. The researches of the late Mr. Moggridge first drew attention to the fact that some ants do really store grains and seeds for winter consumption; and the later observations of McCook in America, not only confirm the accuracy of Moggridge's facts, but go much farther, and seem to prove that ants are not only diligent husbandmen, gathering in a plentiful harvest, but also *cultivators* of their favorite grain, with the full knowledge that they thereby secure to themselves the store they need. Thus the ant is now credited with greater wisdom than was ever contemplated by Solomon, and placed almost on a par with the human race. Indeed, when we examine the evidence given by many indefatigable observers, we cannot fail to see that in some respects they show themselves even *superior* to mankind; for "having no guide, overseer, or ruler,"

1. *The Natural History of the Agricultural Ant of Texas*. By HENRY CHRISTOPHER MCCOOK. Philadelphia: 1880.

2. *Les Fourmis de la Suisse*. By AUGUSTE FÖREL.

3. *Journal of Proceedings of Linnean Society*. Vol. X. to XIV. Papers by SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, B. M.P., F.R.S., etc., on "Ants, Wasps, and Bees."

* Transformation of Insects. Emile Blanchard. Translated by Duncan, pp. 196-197.

they yet severally perform their self-appointed tasks, diligently, and to the best of their ability, without disputes, jealousies and heartburnings; and still more singular to relate, the work commenced independently, and apparently without plan, yet somehow gets formed into a harmonious whole, suited to the needs of the community.

In bringing before our readers a few of the wonderful facts disclosed by a study of these most interesting insects, it will be necessary to begin by a short description of ants in general, and of the differences in the habits of some of the different species, although when we point out that the catalogue of ants in the British Museum contains six hundred and ninety species, which the late Mr. Frederick Smith, the compiler, looked upon as far from complete, it will be seen that it would be quite impossible to do more than point out a few of the best-known. Thirty-three species have been enumerated as British, but it is doubtful whether that is the full sum of those which may be found here; whilst Mr. Bates, writing of the ants of the Amazons, of which four hundred species have been described, says, "There appeared to be a distinct species of *Myrmica* in every twig and stem in the woods," upon which Mr. Smith remarks, "If such be the case in so limited a district, what must be the number when those which inhabit the vast lands of Africa, India, southern Europe, and other districts of North and South America, and of Australia, become known!" But it will suffice for our purpose to say that these vast numbers of species appear divisible into families, distinguished from each other by marked characteristics, although with general points of resemblance. We have probably all noticed in our rambles that ants vary in size and color; but the form of all these is so much alike, that those not versed in natural history, might well be excused for imagining the difference in size to be the result of age, and that color alone would determine the species; but the truth is, that in every nest or community of ants, there are adult individuals varying much in size, and even in

color, and the special characteristics must be looked for with the microscope, consisting frequently of differences in the shape and number of joints of the *antennæ* and of the *palpi*, which are a kind of shorter antennæ attached to the jaw and underlip, serving, as is supposed, the purpose of tasters, or fingers, in conveying food to their own mouths, or those of their nurslings.

There are also differences in the eyes, and in the smaller eyes, called ocelli, which are found in some species and are absent in others; in the mandibles, and outer jaws, which are at once their hands, arms, teeth, and mining and agricultural implements; then, again, there are differences in the form of the head and body, in the presence or absence of a sting, and also in the mode of constructing the nests, and in the manner in which the pupal state is passed, for some larvæ spin cocoons, whilst others are naked. In all these characteristics there seem to be variations, even in individuals of the same species; but it has nevertheless been found possible to class them into three families, known as *Formicidæ*, *Poneridæ*, and *Myrmicidæ*. "In the first and second group," says Blanchard, "the segment at the base of the abdomen forms a single knot or swelling, but the females and workers of the *Ponerites* have a sting, and the *Formicites* have not. The *Myrmicites* have a sting, but their abdominal segment is formed into two knot-like divisions. Another distinction is, that the larvæ of species destitute of a sting enclose themselves ordinarily in a silken cocoon of their own spinning, of a dirty white color, with a black spot at one end, which seems to mark, not the head but the other extremity, for the workers gnaw it open at the proper time, always commencing at the end opposite the black spot. The larvæ of species possessing stings, on the contrary, do not spin cocoons, but are always naked, or encased in a pellicle so thin that the precise form of the imago can be seen through it. Although ants as a rule have modes of nest-building differing according to the species, so as to have been characterized as mining ants, timber an

ason ants, etc., yet Mr. Smith points out their "wonderful ingenuity in adapting their habits to circumstances." "The ant," he says, "*Formica fuliginosa*, is very constant in forming its habitation in decaying trees; but I have found it excavating its galleries in a sand-bank."*

Every one knows that an ant community consists usually of what may be termed three sexes, perfect males and females, and workers, which latter are usually imperfectly developed females. As a rule the males and females are winged, though in the latter the wings are temporary, being shed or deliberately broken off at an early stage of existence. There are, however, certain kinds of ants termed solitary, which consist only of males and females, and of which the males are winged, and the females apterous.

If an ant's nest be opened early in the summer it will be found full of winged individuals of different sizes, the smaller being the males, and the larger the females; among these the workers hurry hither and thither, appearing to guard them diligently which in fact they do, not suffering them to fly prematurely, although it would seem difficult for un-winged creatures to restrain those which are winged, and it is probable that the desire for flight arrives only at a certain stage of development. At all events, on a fine, warm day they simultaneously take flight, a certain number of impregnated males being detained by force by the workers, who strip them of their wings and keep them as prisoners, until they have laid their first eggs, when they are allowed more liberty, although it has been remarked that these so-called queens are never allowed to leave the nest without a body-guard, which, whilst tending and feeding them carefully, never suffers them to escape. The Rev. W. L. White, who has written some very interesting notices on these "Little People," in *Leisure Hour*, tells us he once lured nineteen of these queens with their retinues into a dropping-pan, which he had placed near the nest to attract them, and although it

is not certain that these all belonged to one community, yet Forel tells us that a formicary may consist of two hundred nests or more, and include many species, friendly or otherwise. Of those suffered to escape, often numbering myriads, and forming quite a cloud, the males, after a short matrimonial excursion, die; whilst their widows, by no means disconsolate, fly off to a suitable locality, with the object of founding a new colony. Some few perhaps find their way back to their old formicary, but the majority bore holes in some loose, sandy bank, and in favorable seasons some thus lay the foundations of new nests; but should the weather be wet or cold, they frequently die in the grave they have excavated with far other intent; and naturalists have calculated that frequently, out of the many thousand females which take flight, one or two only (and perhaps not even one) succeed in founding a new colony. The manner in which this is effected has hardly been made quite clear, but it is certain that the first act of the queen who wishes to settle down as mother of a nest, is to deprive herself of her wings. This she accomplishes by twisting them about till they break; or if this does not succeed speedily enough, she has been seen deliberately to bite them off with her mandibles. With these same mandibles she then scoops out a hollow in the bank, into which she retires, and having formed a chamber, she there lays her first batch of eggs, which invariably produce workers only, to the number of about thirty or forty. "The mother ant," says McCook, "seeks food for herself and nourishment for her young during the night-time exclusively. Her burrow is kept carefully closed during the day. When the ants of the initial brood are matured, they take up the burden of the out-door work, supply the rapidly increasing family with food, as well as their mother queen, join in the nursery duties, labor at enlarging the subterranean quarters, and, in short, become, as they continue to be, the real workers of the community. These early-born workers, Dr. Linneecum, the earliest American observer, affirms, are much smaller than those of the same species in

* Genera and Species of British Formicidæ, by Frederick Smith; Trans. Ent. Soc., vol. iii.

fully developed formicaries, a fact which for three years so misled the doctor, that he thought them to be a different but closely allied species, which he called the "concealment ant." The diminutive size was attributed, probably correctly, to the scant amount of food that had been supplied by the young and inexperienced mother.*

Although this description belongs to the agricultural ants of Texas, it would seem to be the life-history of most ants everywhere; and the small size of the first brood, and the superior growth of succeeding ones, may perhaps in some measure account for the various sizes of the workers found in the same nest. It is certainly only the later broods which develop into perfect males and females, but the reason of this development has yet to be discovered, as also that of another very singular fact. It would seem that although the workers are usually sterile, yet they sometimes lay eggs, and these eggs are fertile, but produce males only. Sir John Lubbock, in pointing out this fact, which he proved in nests under his own eye, which were destitute of queens, but in which eggs were laid, and males only produced, remarks that the same fact has been noticed with regard to bees, but no solution of this curious problem has yet been found.

The effect of a special food in producing queen bees is well known; and from the fact of the small size of the first batch of workers being attributed by Lincecum to the scanty supply of food, it seems possible, nay, probable, that a peculiarity in quality, or a more generous quantity of food, supplied to the larvæ at a later period by the zealous workers, may be the means of causing the development of perfect males and females, but the fact remains to be proved. It would be interesting to observe, in this connection, whether the few fertile workers belong to a late brood, thus showing a gradual approach to the perfect state.

The life of the workers would appear to be a round of constant labor, voluntarily undertaken; for nothing like compulsion, and nothing approaching to direction or organized government, has been detected in this orderly community; yet it seems hardly credible that works so systematic can be executed without some guidance. All entomologists are agreed that the so-called queens have no author-

ity; but after their first labor in forming the primal chamber, and bringing up the first small batch of workers, they appear to retire into private life, and become simply the mothers of future colonies, but it has been affirmed by some writer that in the wars undertaken, the army of female warriors is led and systematical marshalled, by those curious large-headed workers called soldiers; these, however, are not found in all nests, and the observers have probably been misled. For gives the following description of the war in which the red ants (*F. sanguinea*) are led to war or to pillage other nests. "I can affirm that the manner in which an army of *amazons* is self-directed, is much more complex than Huber and Eberhard imagined. That which is certain is, that every movement in whatever direction, either when the ants leave their nest, or when they are stopped by indecision in the midst of their career, always happens in consequence of the impulse given by a little knot of workers, sometimes by those at the head, sometimes by those at the rear, sometimes by those in the body of the army. Whilst the whole army searches undecidedly on all sides, we see all at once, at a certain spot, a very restricted movement among certain ants who quicken their pace, striking each other with the forehead, and, rushing in a certain direction, tightly pressed against each other, and breaking through the undecided multitude. The latter do not follow all at once, but, among those who have given the signal there are some who return back continually, and who, throwing themselves in the midst of the warriors, strike them one after the other with the forehead; as soon as an ant has received this warning, she follows the movement. The *amazons* will be followed. If the command of an army be formed as I have pointed out (and perhaps it may be a single ant who commences the movement), and if, in spite of the emissaries she sends back, she is not followed by the bulk of the army, or at least by a certain number of ants, she is seen to hesitate, slacken her pace, and then retire to the rear; thus when two leads are formed, once in different directions, the weaker generally yields and retires — this, however, is not always the case. It is chiefly in order to assure themselves that they are followed that the workers march in front, return constantly to the rear, leaving their places to those who follow them most nearly, as Huber observed."

* The Agricultural Ant of Texas. By Henry C. McCook, p. 147.

* Les Fourmis de la Suisse. By A. Forel, p. 296.

We thus see that although no commander-in-chief is chosen, yet one or more leading spirits become virtually the generals, and direct the movements of the main body; but these also are dependent upon the will of the majority, hence there is no dominant faction, but the popular will is all-powerful. Nevertheless, it seems impossible that expeditions such as are described, either for war or plunder, could be undertaken without some mutual understanding; they would seem to require at least some head to conceive and some council to decide. By what means these little people communicate with each other is not known, although doubtless the antennæ, those wonderfully complex and sensitive organs, have much to do with it. An ant deprived of her antennæ loses the power of directing her own movements, and has to be directed by her comrades as if deaf or blind. In truth, the antennæ contain certain little organs shaped like champagne corks or dumb-bells, which are supposed to be organs of hearing, but no audible sound has yet been discovered proceeding from ants, even by the aid of the microphone. One species, however, of *Mutillidæ*, or solitary ants, the *Mutilla Europæa*, which is frequently found in the nest of the humble-bee, has been heard by Mr. White to utter a cry when captured, but he believes this to be peculiar to that species.

The contagion of example, as observed in the leadership of the army above described, has been noticed by many entomologists, as influencing most of the actions of these intelligent insects. A single ant commences an excavation, and presently others follow by degrees, until many laborers suffice for the work; but many remain idle, and they work by relays. Nevertheless, in every community a certain division of labor is apparent; some workers, apparently the majority, are nurses, devoting themselves to the rearing and education of the young; some are architects, miners, and builders, and some are guards and warriors, the proportion of the latter being about one per cent. of the population in ordinary nests. But a singular fact has been observed among some species, which is, that a certain number are told off as foragers or providers for the community.

Sir John Lubbock, in his notes upon the ants he kept, remarked that sometimes one ant alone was sent out as feeder or provider for the whole nest, and that when he was imprisoned then another was sent

out. "From November 1st to January 5th," he says, "the whole of the supplies were carried in by three ants, one of whom did comparatively little. The other two are imprisoned, and then, but not till then, a fresh ant appears on the scene. She carries in food for a week, and then, she being imprisoned, two others undertake the task. On the other hand, in Nest I. where the first foragers were not imprisoned, they continued during the whole time to carry in the necessary supplies. The facts, therefore, certainly seem to indicate that certain ants are told off as foragers, and that during winter, when little food is required, two or three are sufficient to provide it."* These foragers have a singular mode of storing their provisions, among certain species of ants, for we read of a curious ant, first described by a Belgian naturalist, M. Westmael, and named *Myrmicacystus Mexicanus*, which lives in underground nests, a certain number or caste of which become so distended with the food supplied to them, that their bodies resemble transparent bubbles. Blanchard says, "When the ants are thus blown out, they cannot walk, but remain fixed or suspended to the floor of the galleries of their nests. The women and children of the country dig them up and enjoy their honey; and it is by no means unusual for these insects to be served at table, the head and thorax being removed, so that the sweet portions resemble little isolated bladders on a plate." He adds, "One would almost fancy that this syrupy secretion must collect for some purpose, and probably these very corpulent individuals are the nurses of the establishment."† It is noteworthy that a similar ant has recently been discovered in Australia, and Sir John Lubbock supposes that the honey in these "animated honey-pots" may undergo a certain change, rendering it peculiarly suited to the young brood; but we would suggest whether these bloated individuals may not rather be the gourmands of the colony, punished in this way for their gluttony, although it is of course possible that honey thus stored may be necessary for the due development of the females, or of one particular grade of the workers of this species, for the nurses certainly never spare themselves when the safety and welfare of the infant brood requires self-sacrifice.‡ The strong and

* Journal of Linnean Society, vol. xiii., p. 247.

† Transformations of Insects. Emile Blanchard.

‡ Mr. McCook has recently made some interesting observations on this honey-ant in Manitou, Colorado;

unceasing devotion of the nurses to their helpless charges is, indeed, one of the greatest marvels of ant-life. No sooner does the queen-mother lay an egg than it is eagerly seized by a watchful nurse in waiting, and borne off to a chamber already prepared, and henceforward it is the property and the care of the commonwealth; the real mother appears to take no further heed of her offspring, but the foster-mother never forsakes her charge, unless it be taken from her by force. The eggs of the ant are very minute, and are covered with a glutinous matter, which enables the worker to carry them off without injury in her mandibles. The eggs are placed in specially prepared chambers, and licked now and then, probably to give them the requisite amount of moisture, and they are carried alternately to the upper and lower stories, in order that they may be kept at the proper temperature. "When the larvæ are hatched," says Blanchard, "more care than ever is required on the part of the laborious insects, for then the ants, which we have noticed as able and industrious architects, have to take their turn in the nursing, and certainly more attentive, vigilant, and devoted servants could not be found. The little vermiform larvæ cannot move; but they have the instinct to lift their heads and open their mouth, so as to receive their subsistence from the jaws of the nurses; and they are thus fed like little birds lately hatched."* Even when the larval state is passed, and the little grub fastens itself up in its silken web, and lies inert and helpless, the care of the nurses does not cease. Should an ant's nest be disturbed, the first care of the workers is to seize these little silken balls, so often erroneously called ant's eggs, and to convey them to a place of safety; and when at last, by attentive listening, they discover the pupa moving within its silken prison, they hasten to tear it open and release the prisoner. Should the newly-born insect prove winged, the attentive nurse smooths out

the glittering wings caressingly, feeds it and cares for it, till it is time for it to take its flight from the parent nest. Should it, on the contrary, prove a worker like herself, she takes her and instructs her in household affairs, as human mothers would do; and doubtless this early education has much to do with the so-called instinct, so largely developed in this class of insects. Many instances are given of apparently immature judgment in young ants, who will frequently bring unsuitable material to the nest. Moggridge speaks of ants seen carrying a dead insect, crushed shell, corolla of a flower, etc., and he experimented by scattering beads before them; these at first were eagerly seized, but afterwards passed unconcernedly. Belt, speaking of the leaf-cutting ant, says, "Sometimes grass is carried in by young ants, but it is always rejected." The same writer gives many instances of the playfulness of ants of this species; he relates that when the main body returns home laden with leaves, the nurses and small home-workers will run out to meet them, and climbing on the leaves carried by their comrades will thus obtain a ride home. McCook also speaks of the gambols of the young of the agricultural ant. It has been remarked that the higher the class of animal the longer are the young in coming to maturity, and the more helpless are they in their infancy; and this undoubtedly applies to ants and bees, and other hymenopterous insects, the young of which are as helpless, and as long in coming to maturity in proportion to the length of life, as in the human race. The longevity of ants is at present unknown. Westwood, writing in 1839, said, "The duration of the existence of these insects never exceeds one year, there being only one generation in that period." Forel believes that they live less than a year. Sir John Lubbock, on the contrary, writing in 1878, expresses surprise at the longevity of the ants kept by him in captivity: "I have still," he says, "two queens of *Formica fusca* (the common wood ant), which have been with me since 1874. They must, therefore, now be at any rate four years old; but as they were probably a year old when I captured them, they would now be at least five years old. As regards workers, I have some specimens of *Formica sanguinea* and *Formica fusca* which Mr. Forel was so good as to send me from Munich, in the beginning of September, 1875; some *Formica cinerea*, which I brought from Castellamare in November, 1875; and a

thus extending its range, he describes the architecture of the nests, which resemble a small mound of gravel, with a single funnel-shaped aperture in the centre. The rooms are in stories, the queen-room nearly circular, four inches in diameter; the honey-rooms generally oval, from four to six inches in length, by three to four in width, with vaulted roofs an inch and a half high in the centre. The honey-ants appear to be nocturnal insects, the honey being obtained from the sugary sap of oak-galls. It is slightly acid, but very agreeable. The Mexicans press the insects to extract the honey, and it is calculated that it takes nine hundred ants to yield one pound of honey.

* Transformations of Insects. Emile Blanchard (translated by Duncan), p. 202.

great many belonging to various species, which have been with me since 1876."*

Thus it will be seen that an ant may live five or six years, perhaps even longer, which for so small and active an insect is a long time, and ample to allow of its communicating its own knowledge and experience of life to the younger members of the community, an important point in considering the civilization, as apart from instinct, displayed by these intelligent beings; and it will perhaps be well here to treat of the proofs of civilization displayed by them, before speaking of more abstract questions.

In the human race it is generally considered that the first stage in civilization commences with the keeping and rearing of domestic animals, for use and for pleasure, the latter being a far more advanced stage than the former; but ants appear to have attained to both these stages.

We have all as children been interested in hearing that ants had cows, and that these little cows were kept and milked by them, and we probably have had these cows pointed out to us, in the green aphides so common on the rose: but few of us are prepared to read that, in addition to these useful animals, they keep and rear for many minute beetles of different species, some, at least, of which appear to be useless, except as domestic pets. Moreover, Sir John Lubbock has pointed out, that all communities of ants are not equally civilized in this respect, some rearing many and some few domestic animals, others none. In other words, some species of ant are more advanced in civilization than others. The sweet syrup exuded by the aphids, is the chief food of many ants, especially during the winter, and they have found a means of inducing the aphids to yield this precious syrup by gently stroking it with the antennæ with motion resembling the fingers in producing a shake on the piano.† In order to secure a constant supply of this food, the ants keep their cows concealed from their enemies — sometimes folding a leaf over them, sometimes building a mud wall around them to keep them from being taken, saying, placing them on the pasturage

best suited to them, and then forming a tunnel from the nest to this secure farm, in order that they may visit them unobserved. This seems wonderful enough, and well nigh incredible, had it not been attested by numerous observers; but still more wonderful is the fact related by Huber, Forel, and others, and proved recently by Mr. White, that the ants absolutely breed their tiny cattle, rearing them from the egg with as much care as their own larvæ. The eggs of the aphides are like tiny black seeds, and these, it is confidently affirmed, the ants store up in the autumn, in chambers apart from their own larvæ and pupæ, moistening them as they do their own eggs, to promote the hatching, caring for the proper temperature and food, and in every way treating them as a farmer would a valuable herd of cows. It is a curious fact that the aphides, like the ants their masters, hibernate during the extreme cold, reviving at the same temperature, so that the ants, on awaking, find their milch kine ready for them; but they would not be thus available had they not, with prudent foresight, been stored away in underground chambers secure from frost. It is to this care of aphides that Sir John Lubbock looks as an explanation of the fact that British ants do not store grain as some species certainly do in other countries, where the winters are not so long and cold, and the ants do not hibernate. In addition to aphides of various kinds, certain scale-insects yield a sweet juice eagerly sought for by ants; but we are not told whether these are known to be farmed in the same manner. As regards the beetles found residing in ants' nests, some few may be useful, although the use is undetermined; some may act as scavengers, which also appears to be the vocation of the blind woodlouse (*Platyarthus Hoffmanseggii*), which is frequently found in formicaries, although, apparently, taken no notice of by the ants, being left behind when they migrate. But some of the beetles would seem to be of no absolute use to the ants; and yet they are taken great care of by them, and Sir John Lubbock suggests that they may perhaps be domestic pets, or, he hints, even objects of worship. It is at least singular, that as many as forty different species of beetles have been found in ants' nests, some of which have never been found elsewhere.

We do not know whether we must credit ants with a love and appreciation of the beautiful, and whether their fondness for their little domesticated animals

* Journal of Proceedings of Linnean Society, vol. 2, p. 290. Sir John Lubbock, in his latest lecture on ants, wasps, and bees, speaks of these ants as still living, November 16, 1881, and therefore seven or eight years old.

† Mr. White says, "The yellow ants lap up this syrup with their tongues, the red, it has been confidently affirmed, with the antennæ, the last joint being enlarged and may be for this very purpose." (*Leisure Hour*, 1881.)

is in any way to be attributed to that feeling; but Mr. White, finding *Formica rufa* (the hill ant) frequently on Scotch pines, believes that they collect the resin to convey to their nest for ornament, adding, "In India, I have learnt that the ants' nests erected near the coast are ornamented with garnets, which glitter in the sand that forms the bounds of the sea. I have discovered just ninety-four pieces of hardened resinous substance, some of which are very similar to amber, both in consistency and color, in a nest of the wood ant, at Weybridge."* With regard to the garnets, it is possible that ants, like many insects and other animals, are attracted by glittering objects, which seems to be shewn by an instance, mentioned by Mr. McCook, of an ant which worked hard for a long time in the vain endeavor to convey a small white pebble to the nest, the wisdom of which proceeding seemed to be questioned by ants meeting her, the pebble being finally abandoned. With regard to the resinous substances, ants are known to be fond of gum of different kinds, and perhaps the formic acid with which they are provided, enables them to soften that which would seem too hard for use, although this is of course conjecture only, and the amber-like resin may really be used for ornament.

Among the habits and customs of some species of ants is one which we dare not set down as a mark of civilization lest we should incur the censure of the Anti-Slavery Society; it is, however, certain that several species of ants make systematic raids upon their neighbors, in order to rob them of the helpless larvæ and pupæ, which they convey to their own nest, and bring up with care as their own children, in order that they may become their slaves, and it is at least a curious coincidence that the slaves the most frequently selected are black ants, *Formica nigra*, although the slave-makers are not very particular, and Mr. Frederick Smith found workers of *F. fusca*, *F. flava*, and a few individuals of *Myrmica rubra*, living in community, all of which had probably been stolen as slaves in their tender infancy. There is happily only one species of slave-maker in Britain, *Formica sanguinea*, so named on account of its color, and not because of any sanguinary propensities; for, as a rule, in their slave-making expeditions, they do not kill many of the ants whose nests they ravage, for

these latter generally make but a feeble resistance, although they barricade the entrances, and try to escape with the precious pupæ, in which endeavor they have been seen to climb up blades of grass holding the pupa in their mouth until the ravagers had departed. *Formica sanguinea* is not, however, so dependent upon its slaves as another species found in Switzerland and in North America. This species, *Polyergus rufescens*, is simply a warrior, its mandibles are not adapted for work, but are excellent as weapons, and it has become so dependent upon its slaves, that it can neither attend to its own larvæ, nor even feed and clean itself so that to deprive these slave-makers of their slaves is to condemn them to death, although Sir John Lubbock found that he could keep these ants in health, by allowing them a slave for two or three hours a day. A most singular fact with regard to the slave-making raids of these ants is recorded by Huber, which is, that should the army return without any pupæ, the slaves receive them with threatening gestures, and seem inclined to forbid their entrance; but if they return loaded with captives, they hasten to caress them, and relieve them of their loads, which they tend with great care. It would seem, although these intelligent insects knowing that without fresh importations of their own species they would in time become extinct, whilst the masters and their progeny would die for want of due attention insisted upon frequent renewals of the servant class, and resented any apparent lack of energy or success on the part of the masters in this respect, although so kind and indulgent to them at other times. The slaves generally far outnumber the masters,* and the nest being constructed by them entirely, resembles in architecture that commonly constructed by the species of slave employed, but modified to suit the needs of the masters. Before the slave-makers undertake a raid, they are supposed to send out spies to find out where the prey is to be found, and they appear to know the exact season when the pupæ of workers may be abstracted as they do not generally carry off those of males and females, which come out at a different time. Forel relates that once he saw an army of *Polyergus*, carrying off the large male and female cocoons of *F. fusca*, which he says do not always

* *Leisure Hour*, 1830.

* Forel says there are from 500 to 2,000 workers of *Polyergus* in a nest, and about four times as many slaves.

come out at regular times; but when they found they had seized the wrong pupæ, they set to work to eat them.

We now come to that mark of civilization with which we commenced this article, and which has been so well described, first by Moggridge in the south of France, and more recently by McCook in America. The latter myrmecologist, in the endeavor to substantiate the accounts given long ago by Dr. Lincecum, and which have never been published in full, has literally lived among his pets, has studied them by day and by night in their natural state, has not scrupled to subject himself to their formidable stings, and has deemed no pains too great to make the world acquainted with insects upon which he looks with a species of respectful veneration. He is, in truth, a veritable enthusiast, and it would indeed seem as though ants, bees, and wasps, all belonging to the same order of insects, possessed a fascination for the true naturalist, far greater than that excited by larger animals. The number of books written respecting these insects is truly wonderful; and yet Sir John Lubbock, Mr. McCook, and others, are constantly bringing out new facts respecting them, and, thanks to the latter, the habits of the agricultural ants of Texas have been most minutely described.

Mr. McCook devotes a chapter to the changes of opinion respecting the habit observed by Solomon, and a list of the ancient writers quoted by Bochart gives the curious reader some idea of the interest excited by these wonderful insects in naturalists of all ages. The list includes Pliny, Lucian, Ælian, Zoroaster, Aristotle, Origen, Basil, Epiphanius, Eustathius, Isidias, Rabbi Levi, Alkazuinius, Alkazar, Plutarch, Chrysostom, Ambrosius, Virgil, Horace, Hesiod, Ovid, and others; these all believed in the storage of grain for winter use by these industrious insects, and a very singular proof of the reality of the disputed custom is found in a precept of the Talmud, which Mr. McCook quotes at length. It is to the effect that the cores of grain found in ants' nests should belong either to the owner of the field or the gleaner, according to the time it was found. If in a standing crop, it was to be the property of the owner of the field, but if found behind the reapers, the upper part was to belong to the poor, and the lower to the proprietor. This precept has led to many comments by learned rabbis; and it seems strange that the whole should have escaped the attention of those cele-

brated naturalists who first raised a doubt on the subject. These were Gould and Kirby, both clergymen, who were followed in France by Latrielle, Huber, and others; nevertheless, Gould appears to have had an idea of the true state of the case, for he thinks that the habits of the insect may differ in different countries and under various climates. That this is in fact the true explanation, may be seen from the observations above recorded, but it is also a question of race. Of all the numerous European species of ant, two only are known as harvesters, *Aphenogaster (atta) structor*, and *Aph. (atta) barbara*, which are also found in Palestine, and were those upon which Solomon founded his description; and as they have been traced along the whole Mediterranean coast they evidently came also under the observation of those classical writers who have written respecting them, and whose names are given above. One species certainly is known in India, having been described by Colonel Sykes in 1834; and now Mr. McCook brings before us, in his book on "The Agricultural Ant of Texas," two American species, having the same habit of those as Europe and Asia, although he does not make it clear that they are identical, or, indeed, in any way related to them.* The Texan harvester, *Pogonomyrmex barbatus*, is described as a large, dark claret brown ant, and the Florida harvester, *Pogonomyrmex crudelis*, is said to resemble it in many respects; but it is the first-named which is so minutely described in the book before us. It derives its name from its peculiar beard, but has also another formidable cognomen, being commonly known as the *stinging ant*. It belongs to the family *Formicariæ*, sub-family *Myrmicidæ*, and is known to exist in Texas, Mexico, and probably in Arkansas and Indian Territory. From the reiteration of the characteristic name (*Pogonomyrmex barbatus*, which is translated as the "bearded beard-ant"), we are not surprised to find that the head is covered underneath with a beard of strong, dark hairs, and, in fact, the whole body and even the legs are covered with hair. The sting which renders them formidable be-

* Mr. Moggridge, in his most interesting book, "Harvesting Ants and Trap-door Spiders," p. 59, says: "As far as I have been able to learn only nineteen true harvesting ants have been found in the whole world, and all are closely related, all being of the tribe *Myrmicinae*, and with one exception all would have been placed by Fabricius in one genus, *Atta*, and the one exception (*Pseudomyrma rufa-nigra*) is not far removed from it.

longs only to the females and workers, of which two kinds are found in the nest; one the worker-major, being larger and with a much larger head than the worker-minor, whilst the males are larger than the workers, but smaller than the females, and with a smaller head. Mr. McCook gives the size of each: "The female is five-eighths of an inch long, the male four-eighths; the worker-major seven-sixteenths, the worker-minor five-sixteenths of an inch. The history of this interesting ant seems to be that of most other species. The males and females are winged, leave the nest at a certain period, the males die, and the females set about forming new colonies, in the manner already described." But one curious particular is given by Mr. McCook, confirmatory of the manner in which new formicaries are commenced by the queen alone. It seems that ants are found having the teeth of the mandibles worn away and destroyed by hard work, and among these several toothless queens have been noticed; these, as Mr. McCook pointed out, are doubtless those who have worn out their mandibles in the formation of the first chamber of the formicarium. This fact is doubted by Forel, who says that no one has ever witnessed the process, and he imagines that a wingless female is found accidentally by a few workers of her own species, who attach themselves to her, and commence a new nest. Huber, however, made experiments upon this point, and saw the female dig out a retreat, lay her eggs in it, and commence the work of rearing her young, and he also found a female ant living alone with only four larvæ, which she nourished.

With regard to the architecture employed by these ants, there seems to be no invariable style; some nests are quite level with the soil, and are called flat disks, this being looked upon as the typical form; but, besides these, there are mound disks, gravel disks, cone disks, mound nests, and cone nests, described by Mr. McCook. Of these the mound and gravel disks appear the most curious, the mound in the centre represents the displaced soil and gravel thrown up in the excavations, and in them are found fragments of stone carried sometimes to the very top, any one of which would weigh more than twenty-five ants. Around this central mound a space is cleared of weeds, made perfectly flat and level, and from it roads branch off in every direction. These roads are broad and well-defined at first, but gradually become narrower and more

branching, until they can no longer be traced. Moggridge does not describe the Mediterranean harvesters as having these well-defined plateaux and roads, although he says: "Sometimes an ant's nest may be found from plants growing near, dropped by the ants, as fumitory, oats, nettles, four species of veronica, chick-weed, goosefoot, wild marigold, *Antirrhinum*, *Orontium*, *Linaria simplex*, and *Cardamum hirsuta*, all strangers to the garrigua or wild cistus and lavender-covered hillside." He however mentions, in his supplement, a nest of Indian harvesters, observed by Dr. Jerdon, who says: "Around the nest, forming a circle of perhaps eighteen inches in diameter, was a space beaten flat and kept clear, from which radiated thirteen roads about four inches wide for thirty or forty yards, when they branched off and became narrower, fairly straight; they did not cut through elevations, but went round them." This would seem to be the exact counterpart of the American nests; but it belonged to the species *Pseudomyrma rufa-nigra*, which, although a harvester, is not classed in the genus *Atta*. Moggridge, Dr. Jerdon, and McCook, all speak of the refuse mounds formed by these ants, veritable kitchen middens, consisting of all kinds of refuse, waste soil from the underground workings mingled with the husks, etc., of the stored grain, and attaining sometimes to a considerable size, the husks thus cast out, we are told, are used by the Hindoos in times of famine; as well as the grain found in the nests of these industrious creatures, which has even received a distinct name, being called *jurroon*, which signifies sweepings.*

The interior arrangement of all harvesters' nests would appear to be very much alike, consisting of numerous passages, some horizontal, some vertical, leading to rooms of various forms and sizes, some adapted for the storage of grain, some for the larvæ, etc. These galleries communicate with each other, and lead to the outer world by a circular opening or openings, called by McCook gates, within which is a vestibule, shelving downwards. Sometimes there are as many as eighty granaries in one nest, the roof being supported by pillars; and that which is very interesting is, that both Moggridge and McCook describe the walls as being plastered over with a sort of cement, although the latter found this only in light soil, and Mr. Moggridge only

* Harvesting Ants. Moggridge, pp. 20, 64.

in some tunnels and chambers, the floors even of which were carefully laid with pieces of mica in cement, as were also the walls of one chamber. Both these entomologists also remark upon the curious fact that the grain found in these granaries appears to undergo some sort of preparation to prevent it from germinating, although they are not gnawed and destroyed, as *Ælian* affirmed, for experiments show that they will grow when brought to the surface and sown as ordinary seeds. Mr. Moggridge, at the suggestion of Darwin, made experiments as to the effect of the vapor of formic acid upon seeds, but found that although it did not prevent germination, it always injured the seed; it is not that, therefore, which is employed. Mr. McCook found the seeds in some formicaries piled up almost to the roof, green and dry intermixed, most of the heaps being covered with a glutinous material, which gave them a glossy appearance, and caused them to adhere to the floor. The greatest depth at which these granaries are found is two and a half feet; but some of them are within an inch or two of the surface, and are frequently wetted. Yet Mr. Moggridge relates that in twenty-one nests examined, he only found twenty-seven seeds partially sprouted, and that as in November to February—months not favorable to germination. In October, March, April, and May, he found none. If the seeds begin to sprout, the radicle or fibril is at once destroyed. In America the seeds are brought out to dry after rain, and those which sprout are not again taken into the nest; but in India, strange to relate, large quantities of grain are brought out of the nests just *before* the rains, and are left to be devoured by the birds. Moggridge suggests that this is done in order that they may not germinate in the nest and choke up the passage, or possibly with the idea of sowing for a future harvest.

When we consider the numerous passages and galleries, all communicating by one or more openings with the surface, it is certainly strange that ants' nests should ever survive a rainy season. McCook describes the precautions taken to close the door in a sudden storm, many ants being drowned in the attempt; and it is probable that their safety is mainly due to the cement employed in the construction of the rooms and passages, which is of wonderful strength and tenacity, so much so that the earth of ant-hills is eagerly sought at the Cape of Good Hope,

both by natives and colonists, to form a firm and solid floor to their houses.

The mode of mining is minutely described by McCook. The operation is commenced by scratching out the earth with the fore feet—like a dog or rabbit burrowing; but when the tunnel is thus fairly commenced, the mandibles are brought into play, and pellets of earth are formed, which may be said to resemble bricks, being pressed and kneaded together, and employed in the construction of pillars, etc. Sometimes the little worker will lie on her back, and scrape away the earth from the roof, in the position familiar to human miners, sometimes on the side, to widen the gallery, and sometimes she will, as it were, stand on tiptoe to reach a projection on the roof, and to smooth and plaster it. In this act of mining, Mr. McCook remarks the same fact which has been before noticed, in the advance of an ant army, that there seems to be no director, but that the work begins, and is carried out, by the contagion of example. One ant begins an excavation, and her example is soon followed by others, who seem to divine her intention, the originator meanwhile retiring to cleanse herself and rest; for they do not appear to work long at a time, and their love of cleanliness is so great, that every speck of dust and dirt must be frequently brushed off. Ants constantly perform the friendly office of cleaning and shampooing each other, passing each limb separately through the mandibles, to the evident satisfaction of the one operated upon.

A curious fact is recorded by Moggridge with regard to the harvesting ants of the south of France, which is, that ants which collect seeds and grain, do not keep aphides, and apparently do not care for the sweet secretion afforded by them, and as Mr. McCook does not mention any insects of the kind in connection with the American agriculturals, we must conclude that they also reject or despise the honeyed sweetness upon which so many tribes depend for sustenance. Their food, indeed, seems to consist almost entirely of the seeds and grain collected and stored, with the addition of a few insects, and, in America, especially of the winged termites or white ants, when beaten down by the rain; but a question arises as to how the hard seeds and nuts are cracked and eaten. It was believed by all entomologists, that ants were unable to eat anything hard, and this was one of the reasons assigned for the disbelief in the

harvesting habits of ants. Even now, when this interesting custom in some species of ants has been fully established, it is still supposed that they are quite incapable of masticating and assimilating particles of grain. Moggridge believed that the grain stored is allowed to germinate before it is consumed. Mrs. Treat, an American observer, formed the same opinion from watching the Florida harvesters; she thinks "they eat the grains only after or during sprouting, and that their appetite especially affects the saccharine substance, which is only manifest at fermentation."* Mr. McCook was unable to discover how the ants managed to divest the seeds which he gave them of their outer covering, especially those of crotons, and apple-kernels, and grass-seeds, which are very hard. "Is this cracking," he says, "done by simple pressure of the mandibles? Is the seed permitted so far to swell, as to partly open the shell? . . . Twice ants were seen carrying the entire kernels of apple-seeds which had in some way been released from the shell. The impression was left upon my mind by the appearance of these seeds, that they had been separated after exposure to moisture; but this impression has no weight as evidence."† Many observers have spoken of sprouted seeds with the radicle gnawed off and then dried, but others (and among them McCook) have failed to find any trace of this practice, and many witnesses affirm that the seeds found in the nests are all perfect; and that those which do germinate, are carried out of the nests and rejected; we must therefore for the present consider the assertion, that ants have learned the process of malting grain, as *not proven*. The manner of eating has been described very minutely by Mr. McCook. The seed or kernel is held fast by the fore feet, assisted by the antennæ, and then the juices, oils, and minute starchy particles are slowly pressed out by the tongue, used like that of a dog or cat in lapping or licking, all large particles being rejected, and carefully cleaned from the mouth and antennæ. This process Sir John Lubbock and Mr. McCook believe to be assisted by a secretion from the salivary glands, which are six in number, differing, as Sir John Lubbock thinks, in the nature of the secretion they supply, some probably serving to assimilate food, being brought into play by the action

of the tongue, whilst others are used in the plastering and smoothing their nurseries and storerooms. There seems, at all events, no room for doubt that the starchy, oily and saccharine matters, contained in grains and seeds of various kinds, form the chief food of those species of ant called harvesting or agricultural, and that they collect and store these seeds for this purpose. The quantity of seeds thus stored would hardly seem to warrant the legislative enactment of the Mishna of which we have spoken, for none of the entomologists who have measured the hoards, describe them as exceeding a quart; nevertheless some travellers speak of a *bushel* of grain as quickly disappearing, and we are told, as before mentioned, that in India the natives rifle the ants' nests in times of famine, grinding up the seeds, which go by the name of *jurroon*, with the husks of the kitchen middens outside the nests; whilst Bates, in "The Naturalist on the Amazon," tells of ants who carry off whole bags of mandioca, as much as two bushels in a night, proving that they are far from despicable robbers.

The next question to be considered is, whether those ants styled agricultural, do really in any way *cultivate* grain. There seems to be no proof that the European species do so. With regard to those of India we have already spoken of the curious practice which prevails of bringing out the grain prior to the monsoon; but the reason of the practice is not quite clear. In the American ants, the case appears plainer. Lincecum, indeed, affirmed that they planted, cultivated, and harvested a certain grass, which was named ant-rice in consequence of this selection. The researches of McCook prove that if they do not absolutely plant the seed, they certainly control and encourage its growth, suffering that, and that only, to grow upon the enclosure reserved for their nests. This ant-rice resembles oats, the taste of the kernel being not unlike rice. "This biennial grass according to Lincecum is sown in time for the autumnal rains to bring it up. About the first of November, if the fall has favored, a green row of the ant-rice about four inches wide, is seen springing up on the pavement, in a circle of fourteen to fifteen feet in circumference. In the vicinity of this circular row, the ants do not permit a single spire of any other grass or weed to remain a day; but they leave the *Aristida* untouched until it ripens, which occurs in June of the next

* The Agricultural Ant of Texas. McCook, p. 116.

† Ibid., p. 115.

ear. After the manuring and harvesting of the seed, the dry stubble is cut away and removed from the pavement, which is thus left unencumbered until the ensuing autumn, when the same species of grass, and in the same circle, appears again, and receives the same agricultural care as did the previous crop."* But we find that it is not round all formicaries that this crop is grown; on the contrary, Mr. McCook finds adjoining nests, one covered with rice, and the other quite bare. This curious fact Mr. McCook does not explain, but gives it as his opinion, after many observations, that the ants do not deliberately sow a crop, "but that they have for some reason, found it to their advantage to permit the *Aristida* to grow upon their disk, while they clear off all other herbage; that the crop is seeded early in a natural way by droppings from the plant, or by seeds cast out by the ants, and dropped by them; that the probable reason for protecting the *Aristida* is the greater convenience of harvesting the seed; but finally, that there is nothing unreasonable, nor beyond the probable capacity of the emmet intellect, in the supposition that the crop is actually sown."†

Among agricultural ants, we must probably class the leaf-cutters, whose depredations are so much dreaded, for if they do not store seeds they certainly steal them; but their agriculture is of a different kind—they do not cultivate corn, but mushrooms. This, at least, is what Belt, in his *Naturalist in Nicaragua*,[‡] believes to be the use of the leaves so industriously cut from the trees by them, which, he says, are not eaten, but torn up and converted into manure, upon which is grown a minute fungus used by them for food, the refuse being devoured by the larvæ of various beetles kept by them.§ Of these leaf-cutting ants Belt relates much that is most interesting, a little of which we must reproduce here, in order to show the intelligence and memory displayed by them. He destroyed a nest of these ants by means of carbolic acid and water; they then began a new formicary at a little distance off; and in the process of removal, there being a little hollow between the old nest and the new, they were seen to take

their bundles of food, etc., to the top of the rising ground, and roll them down the hill, where they were seized by others, and carried to the new nest. Some months afterwards, being again disturbed, they remembered the old formicary, and again took possession of it.* This same naturalist gives a graphic account of the *Eciton*, or army ants, which are regarded by him as the highest of all species intellectually, resembling the driver ants of Africa, and which, singular to relate, like them, are often quite blind; yet they march in the most perfect order, hunting as they go, destroying every insect in their path, seeking under stones and mounting trees in search of their prey, building tunnels and making bridges to facilitate their march, yet never building nests for themselves, but being perpetually on the march, their movements apparently guided by larger individuals placed at intervals in their ranks. The loss of sight Belt looks upon as an advantage to these ants, causing them to keep close together, and he believes that they follow each other entirely by scent, communicating intelligence by the different intensity or qualities of the odors given off.

All these facts, and many others too numerous to be recapitulated, render the study of these little people one of the most interesting in the whole range of natural history. "Between ants and the lower forms of insects," says Belt, "there is a greater difference in reasoning powers than there is between man and the lowest mammalian." It is, indeed, impossible to assign to instinct alone all the acts of a creature so intelligent and of so complicated an organism. A comparison has been drawn by Belt between man and ants, as the two grades of being on the earth who have through a long series of ages, attained to the highest degree of development in their respective order. He says: "The *hymenoptera* standing at the head of the *articulata*, and the *mammalia* at the head of the *vertebrata*, it is curious to mark how, in zoological history, the appearance and development of these two orders (culminating the one in the ants, and the other in the primates) run parallel. The *hymenoptera* and the *mammalia* both make their first appearance early in the secondary period; and it is not until the commencement of the tertiary epoch that ants and monkeys appear upon the scene. There the parallel ends; no one species

* The Agricultural Ant of Texas. McCook, p. 34.

† Ibid., p. 39.

‡ Mr. G. T. Bettany in *Nature*, October 16, 1879, gives a report of Mr. McCook's observations on these ants. He finds that the leaf fibre is made into paper, which hexagonal cells are formed, in which the larvæ are placed. One chamber was found as large as a barrel.

* *Naturalist in Nicaragua*, p. 67.

of ant has attained any great superiority above all its fellows, whilst man is very far in advance of all the other primates."* The concluding paragraph is hardly just to the ants, since they do undoubtedly excel in a marked degree the other hymenopterous insects, all of which are exceptionally intelligent; and even among the various species of ants we find grades of intelligence and civilization fairly comparable to that existing among the lower races of man, and far exceeding anything which has been observed in any mammalian below man. For when we consider their well-ordered and highly organized societies, the division of labor existing among them, their armies employed for attack as well as defence, and carrying on wars of long duration,† their forays not only for plunder, but for the purpose of obtaining slaves, their perfection in the arts of mining, architecture, and engineering, their agricultural skill, and last, but not least, their keeping and rearing of domestic animals, both for use and pleasure, we are constrained to admit that their intelligence is not only of a high order, but certainly superior to that of any of the higher mammalia, and in some respects superior even to the lowest races of mankind, who have not yet attained to the pastoral and agricultural stage of civilization, and whose architecture, mining, and engineering, cannot be compared to that of the ants. The question to be answered is, How much of all this social perfection, this harmonious self-government, this advance in the arts of civilization, can be assigned to inherited instinct, and how much to acquired knowledge based upon reason, aided by memory and experience? It is an extremely difficult matter to separate instinct from reason, if, indeed it is possible to do so. Naturalists are too apt to assign that to instinct in the lower animals, which in man would be attributed to reason. For instance, if a

savage should build his hut in a certain position to protect himself from floods or from wild beasts, it is an act of reason should a bird for the same cause build her nest in a particular position, it is instinct. Who, then, shall define the subtle difference between the two words, as applied to man or to inferior animals, all having alike brains to think, and skill to execute although the lower animal must depend upon natural tools, while there is no savage so low in the social scale as to be unable to supplement natural with artificial tools and weapons. Instinct is supposed to be the outcome of acquired experience accumulated through many generations until it has become fixed and invariable. Hence, birds are said to build their nests by instinct,* but even in that, reason comes to their aid, and teaches them *where* to build, aiding them also in the choice of materials which are not invariable. Ants, as we have seen, are guided by circumstances, both in the form, position, and material of their nests; therefore in their case instinct would seem to be fairly subordinated to reason, as in man. Darwin supposes that the slave-making instinct may have originated owing to some pupæ, taken for food, having been allowed to come to maturity; that they then began to do what work they could, and their presence thus proved useful to the species which had originally seized them. "If," he adds, "it were more advantageous to this species to capture workers than to procreate them, the habit of collecting pupæ originally for food, might by natural selection be strengthened and rendered permanent for the very different purpose of raising slaves."† But even allowing the custom to have become an instinct, it must have been in its origin a distinct act of reason which induced the ants to feed and tend the larvæ they had captured for food, in order that they might become servants. The

* Naturalist in Nicaragua, p. 28.

† The wars undertaken by ants are not simply fortuitous conflicts, occasioned by the accidental meeting of bodies of antagonistic species; but are veritable campaigns, carried on with skill and caution, with a main army and reserve forces well organized; and campaigns often last a long time. Moggridge mentions having observed a war among harvesting ants, undertaken for the possession of seeds, which lasted for forty-six days, and another which endured thirty-one days. We have ourselves seen a conflict at Bordighera, in which the leaders, two giants among the workers, appeared to engage in single combat, which we watched for a long time, but at last resumed our walk. Returning about an hour later, we found the army dispersed, but the interlocked heads of the combatants, severed from their bodies, were rolling about, still apparently struggling for the mastery, showing tenacity of life as well as of purpose.

* Mr. A. R. Wallace asserts that no one has proved that birds and bees build by instinct, believing that they are instructed in the art by the example of older individuals. See "Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection," p. 204. Mr. Moggridge quotes *Æliar* as to the mode in which the worker ants climb the stalks and cut the seeds with their mandibles, whilst the young ones stand below to receive the grain and free it from the husks, and says he can substantiate many of these details from personal observations. Here then we have certainly a proof not only of division of labor, but of instruction by example. The same author would seem to credit the ants with keeping the larva of an *elater* beetle as a *miner*, for he says, "I throw them out of a nest, the ants will cluster round the *elater* larva and direct it to a small opening where it will quickly disappear." (See *Harvesting Ants*, p. 35.)

† Origin of Species, sixth edition, p. 218.

same indubitable faculty of reasoning seems traceable in every act of these remarkable insects. Although certain acts, such as the making of slaves, the keeping and rearing of aphides, the storage and even cultivation of grain, may have become instinctive in certain species, these instincts are in every case subordinate to reason, and altered by circumstances. Thus Sir John Lubbock finds that the harvesting ants will not store grain unless there be many of them; and the researches of McCook go to prove that even among the same species, and in adjoining formicaries, a difference of custom may be observed; for whilst on one formicary the rice grows, carefully weeded and cared for, the next, erected within a few feet, and in every other respect similar, will be quite bare. So also with the keeping of aphides; some keep them and feed them under-ground,* some make shelters for them on trees, and covered ways by which to approach them; but these erections are not the work of instinct, they are only employed when necessary for protection. We have seen a covered way of this kind erected across a gravel walk in a single night, built with the greatest care, and even with openings at intervals in the roof for light or air; and when partially destroyed by the gardener, it was reconstructed immediately, but abandoned in a day or two, evidently because the purpose for which it had been erected had been accomplished, and not because the ants had removed, or they still passed backwards and forwards in a continuous stream; but the covering was no longer necessary, and so was allowed to fall into ruin. Nevertheless, that the primary impulse to certain acts is inherent in certain species is evident, as also that this instinct is derived from some very remote ancestry, otherwise the same act would not reappear in the same or kindred species in different parts of the world; thus it is only the termites of America, and the driver ants of Africa, which march in such formidable armies, having no settled habitation. It is only the *Myrmicidæ* which are harvesters; but all the *Myrmicidæ* have not the stomach; for, as we have seen, only nine-

teen species in the whole world are known to practise agriculture or the storage of grain, the same may be said of the keepers of aphides and other domestic animals, and of the still more curious storage of honey in the bodies of individuals. The singular part of these instincts, if instincts they must be called, being their wide but very partial distribution, the harvesting propensity being found in France, Palestine, Algeria, India, America, and probably in South Africa, where ants have been seen carrying grain, although their habits have not been minutely observed. The keeping of aphides seems more general, but apparently does not exist among the harvesting species; whilst the honey-storing process is at present only known to exist in two species—one in Mexico and one in Australia. The slave-making propensity seems to be confined to two species in Europe, and one is mentioned in Palestine, which makes slaves of the harvesting ant. We do not remember to have seen notices of the same fact in other parts of the world, although there are doubtless slave-making species elsewhere. There is another curious custom existing among ants, observed long ago by Pliny, which we must not fail to notice, because, as far as we are aware, it is unique in the animal world, which is that they constantly bury their dead, having usually a special part set aside as a cemetery, although sometimes they will cast the dead into water, perhaps, as Mr. Moggridge says, in order to revive them, as they are sometimes just dipped in and out again.

Mr. McCook made many observations on this point, and he says: "All species whose manners I have closely observed are quite alike in their mode of caring for their own dead, and for the dry carcasses of aliens. The former they appear to treat with some degree of reverence, at least to the extent of giving them a sort of sepulture without feeding upon them. The latter, after having exhausted the juices of the body, they usually deposit together in some spot removed from the nest." He then goes on to describe the actions of the ants kept by him in captivity, how they invariably carried their dead comrades about, sometimes for three or four days, to find a suitable burial-ground, and at last deposited them in a spot as far removed as possible from the nest; but even after they had established this cemetery they never buried a body in it without a long peregrination, probably from the old habit of carrying their dead to a dis-

* A lady informs us that she once amused herself by feeding some ants with sugar; they came up for it through a crack in the pavement in great numbers, and hand-by some of the aphides came up also, when there was immediately a great commotion among the ants, who surrounded the intruders, driving them towards the crack, and never resting till the last of the ants had again been consigned to their underground abode.

tance from the formicary. He adds: "Mrs. Treat informed me that the red slave-makers never deposited their dead with those of their black servitors, but always laid them by themselves, not in groups but separately, and were careful to take them a considerable distance from the nest." Mr. McCook says he once or twice observed what appeared to be acts of cannibalism among his ants, but thinks that may be attributed to the fact that he had been keeping them entirely upon grain.* In any case burial would seem to be the rule in ant communities, and they feed rarely upon comrades, even after their death. This is the more remarkable, as they do not scruple to eat their ant enemies as well as other insects. A curious instance of their burial customs is given in the proceedings of the Linnean Society for 1861, as reported by Mrs. Hutton, of Sydney, who, having killed some of the Australian soldier ants, saw their fellows come in procession to carry them away and bury them in a sand-heap, whilst six or seven, who refused to help, were killed and buried in one grave on the spot. This narrative must perhaps be taken *cum grano*; but many observers have noted the undoubted fact of their burial of the dead.

As regards the moral, intellectual, and individual character of ants, the testimony appears conflicting; some entomologists crediting them with all virtue and all knowledge, and others giving a far less flattering account of them. Huber and the earlier observers gave them the character of extreme kindness towards each other, even to anointing the wounded with saliva or formic acid, and digging them out carefully when accidentally buried; and Mr. McCook confirms this latter observation in his American ants; but Sir John Lubbock has tried many experiments on this point, and finds that usually ants wounded or buried within sight of their comrades are left to their fate and passed by indifferently; but ants intoxicated are carried into the nest if friends, those chloroformed being usually left for dead.† Mr. McCook notices their invariable good-humor towards each other, whilst their unceasing kindness to the helpless larvæ and pupæ of the nest, whether of their own or of other formicaries, is universally acknowledged. But this kindness is not extended to full-grown strangers, who are invariably

attacked, and generally killed. In this however, there exists a great difference in the various species. Sir John Lubbock says: "*Lasius flavus* will always receive one of their own species, even if from a great distance; *Formica fusca* will not; *Lasius niger* invariably attacks and kills a stranger, even if of the same species." There certainly seems strong individuality observable in ants, for one will immediately inform the community of any store of food discovered; whilst another will go to the hoard again and again and satisfy her own wants, without bringing friends to share in the feast. As regards intellect also, observers differ. A writer in the *Leisure Hour* describes a bridge of straw made by small red ants, from a wall to a safe containing provisions, the ends being fastened by mortar. Sir John Lubbock finds that they will not even move a straw an eighth of an inch to form a bridge, and cannot be persuaded to let themselves drop the smallest distance to save themselves a long journey heavily laden; but the driver ants of Africa form suspension bridges of their own bodies across streams, whilst the umbrella ant of Brazil will excavate tunnels under rivers as wide as the Thames at London Bridge; and Mr. McCook states that he has often seen his ants, apparently for exercise climb to the roof of the artificial formicary hang by their hind legs and drop to the ground a distance of six or eight inches. It is, however, possible that, in these particulars also, there may be a difference both in species and individuals. Fore says the *Myrmicidæ* appear to have the finest sense of touch, and the *Tapienormæ* the best smelling organs; whilst in sight they must vary enormously, as some are quite blind, whilst others possess not only eyes with facets varying from twelve hundred to six in number, but also three ocelli; and Sir John Lubbock's experiments go to prove that they have a color sense unknown to us, being able to distinguish the ultra-violet rays of the spectrum.‡ Their mode of communicating

* Journal of Linnean Society, vol. xiii.

† A most singular account is given by McCook of the avoidance of poison, as related to him by his assistant which would apparently denote the possession of perception more acute than ours. "Mr. R. tried to poison them by putting in their way bread covered with arsenic. That killed the ants as soon as they touched it; but they soon abandoned the bread. The arsenic was the mixed with meal, and put to the nests. The ants separated the meal from the poison, though I couldn't tell one from the other, and packed the meal away without touching the poison! Next the arsenic was mixed with molasses and given to the ants, but after a few were killed, the others wouldn't touch the molasses at all." (Agricultural Ant of Texas, p. 110.)

* Agricultural Ant of Texas, pp. 137, 138.

† Huber tells us he has seen a dead queen carefully watched, cleaned and cared for, some days after death, as though with the hope of restoring her to life.

leas is at present unknown; that it exists is undoubted, and generally the antennæ seem to be employed in the process, but this is not always the case. Sir John Lubbock thinks that in their search for food they are chiefly guided by *scent*, though they certainly have some mode of communicating ideas, as he proved by placing larvæ in a certain spot and then moving them to a marked ant, who, in a short time brought to the spot twenty-one comrades; thus, he says, "It would seem though they must have been told, because (which is also curious in itself) he did not in either case bring any larvæ, and consequently it cannot have been the mere sight of a larva which had induced them to follow her." We have pointed out that Sir John Lubbock fails to hear any sound made by them even with the crophone; but a correspondence recently published in *Nature* seems to prove that some species do make certain sounds. At all events, in cases of difficulty, they have every appearance of consulting together, and acting in concert as the result of their deliberations. A case of this point was recently related to us. A gentleman in Algeria observed some ants, evidently harvesters, carrying seeds of *Clematis*: so in order to see how they would act, he placed a clod of earth with the feathery portion of a seed which was being carried by a certain ant, treading it into the earth. The little creature stopped in her career, tried vainly to move the obstacle; and after many attempts communicated with two or three others, who came to assist, but all their efforts were vain. They then retired to a little distance, seemed to consult, and immediately came back to the seed, sawed off the feathery portion with their mandibles, and bore off the released seed in triumph. As regards memory, Sir John Lubbock has found that they will recognize their friends even after a year's separation.

It may here, perhaps, be well to give Sir John Lubbock's idea as to the use of the antennæ; he says: "That they serve as organs of touch all are agreed, but it is almost equally certain that this is not in most cases their only function. Some regard them as auditory, some as olfactory organs. There is, however, a third alternative which I would venture to suggest—namely, that in those insects in which the sense of hearing is highly developed they may serve as ears, while in those which have a very delicate sense of smell, they may act as olfactory organs."

He then goes on to describe organs supposed to be of different senses in various parts of the bodies of insects, one being found even in the tail of a crustacean, and adds, "It is not then as improbable as might at first sight appear that the antennæ should in some species act as ears and in others serve for the perception of odors."*

It seems, indeed, to have been proved by various experiments, that ants deprived of their antennæ lose most of their senses and quickly die. Forel says: "They no longer recognize each other, and do not even attend to their larvæ or eat, unless their mouth touches food accidentally." As the antennæ of ants appear to occupy different positions and to vary greatly in size and shape according to the species, it may, perhaps, eventually be possible to determine their nature and use; they are intimately connected with the brain, having special lobes, to which they are attached by special nerves. Leydig, who has described the ant's brain with great minuteness, lays much stress upon the great development of certain peduncular bodies, which he says are rudimentary in most insects. These appear to attain their maximum development among the workers of the genus *Formica*, which includes the most intelligent ants, and he adds: "What is very remarkable, they are less among the females and much less among the males; although these are much larger than the workers and have (especially the males) the ocelli and ocellar nerves much more developed."†

Space forbids our extending our notice of these most interesting insects, but we must devote a little time to point out the difficulties presented by the life-history of ants in relation to the Darwinian theory. Sir John Lubbock says, "The metamorphoses of insects have always seemed to me to be one of the greatest difficulties of the Darwinian theory."‡ In the case of ants and bees this difficulty is enhanced by the fact that the metamorphoses undergone, produce not only perfect male and female forms, but also one or more imperfect forms, differing in form and color from the perfect insect, yet all developed from eggs, extruded by the same female at different periods.§ Re-

* Journal of Linnean Society, vol. xii.

† Les Fourmis de la Suisse, Forel, p. 129.

‡ On the Origin and Metamorphoses of Insects.

§ The most curious assemblage of these forms are perhaps those described by Bates (Naturalist on the Amazon) as existing in nests of *Ecodoma cephalotis*, a leaf-cutter of Brazil, consisting of three kinds of workers; 1, workers with small heads; 2, workers-major,

garding this, Darwin has written of this as of a difficulty "which at first appeared to me insuperable, and actually fatal to the whole theory" (that is, of acquisition by natural selection); and he goes on to say: "If a working ant or other neuter insect had been an ordinary animal, I should have unhesitatingly assumed that all its characters had been slowly acquired through natural selection — namely, by individuals having been born with slight profitable modifications which were inherited by the offspring, and that these again varied, and again were selected, and so onwards. But with the working ant we have an insect differing greatly from its parents, yet absolutely sterile, so that it could never have transmitted successively acquired modifications of structure or instinct to its progeny. It may well be asked how is it possible to reconcile this case with the theory of natural selection?"* He then points out the difference observable in inherited structure in other animals at certain ages and in either sex, adding, "Hence I can see no great difficulty in any character becoming correlated with the sterile condition of certain members of insect communities; the difficulty lies in understanding how such correlated modifications of structure could have been slowly accumulated by natural selection. This difficulty, though appearing insuperable, is lessened, or, as I believe, disappears, when it is remembered that selection may be applied to the family as well as to the individual, and may thus gain the desired end."†

As instances of these family modifications by natural selection, he gives breeds of oxen, and a case more to the point, in the vegetable world, of stocks, in which from the same seed are produced large, double, sterile flowers, and a few single, fertile plants. Thus, he says, "As with the varieties of stock, so with social insects, selection has been applied to the family, and not to the individual, for the sake of gaining a serviceable end;" and these slight modifications "correlated with the sterile condition of certain members of the community, having proved advantageous to the community, have been transmitted to the fertile males and females, with a tendency to produce sterile members with the same modifications."

with large heads, apparently soldiers; 3, colossal fellows, never coming out of the nest except in case of extreme danger, with large hairy heads, and twin ocelli in the middle of the forehead, unknown in any other species.

* *Origin of Species*, sixth edition, p. 29 et seq.

† *Ibid.*

But he points out that this process must have been repeated many times to produce the amount of difference seen in many social insects, and even then a still greater difficulty has to be met, in the existence of neuters of different form and sizes in the same nest. This he supposes to arise from the various modifications having at first affected only a few neuters, and that "by the survival of the communities with females which produce most neuters having the advantageous modification, all the neuters came to be thus characterized." It is impossible here to give the whole masterly argument by which Darwin turns the difficulty which he at first supposed to be fatal to his theory of natural selection, into a corroboration of it. To this same cause he also attributes the instincts of ants of allied species, which in different parts of the world act in the same manner as we have seen above in the case of slave-makers, harvesters, honey-storers, etc.*

We can hardly say that Mr. Darwin's explanations do away with all the difficulties of the apparently insoluble problem presented by these wonderful communities; at the same time it seems impossible to suggest any more plausible explanation. The various forms found in the same nest are usually connected by intermediate forms, and there are also to be found there true hermaphrodites as well as fertile workers, and how all these forms originated, if we reject the theory of natural selection, who shall say? Darwin himself says: "I must confess that with all my faith in natural selection, I should never have anticipated that this principle could have been efficient to so high a degree, had not the case of these neuter insects led me to this conclusion." The only alternative suggestion possible is that the workers have the power at will or by blind instinct, to produce these several forms by regulating the food supplied to the larvæ, or by a peculiar mode of treatment; and in this connection it would be of special interest to note whether the large-headed, strong-jawed worker feed habitually upon different substance than those which are eaten by the smaller workers. Sir John Lubbock has specially remarked upon the change of mouth-form observable in the larvæ and perfect insects of many kinds, in accordance with the food requisite to their several states, and it seems to us that in that fact may lie one key to the mystery.

* See *Origin of Species*, sixth edition, p. 232 et seq.

The same naturalist, in his paper read before the Linnean Society in June, 1881, brought forward facts which go to prove that ants, like bees, have the power by selection of food to produce either a queen or a worker from a given egg, and if they can do this there would not appear to be either impossibility or improbability in their producing various kinds of workers in the same manner, according to the needs of the community; for it must be remembered that the numbers of each form are generally found to be in proportion to the size of the nest. The point to be determined is, whether this is done by an act of will, guided by reason and an accurate foreknowledge of results, at the instigation of some ruling intellect, able to secure the necessary co-operation between the nursing and foraging parts of the community; or whether it results entirely from the fact of a particular kind of food necessary for the development of different parts of the larvæ, being only obtainable at certain seasons. Even in the latter case the ants must be credited with much rescience and great prudence in withholding this food from such of the larvæ as they may desire to retain as workers. In neither case errors in diet, which must sometimes occur, would go far to account for the various abnormal forms frequently found in formicaries, many of which are described by Forel. But if they have, indeed, the power of producing the ordinary forms at will, and deliberately select and administer food for that purpose, what a marvellous idea we gain of the intelligence of creatures so small in the scale of animated beings, and yet able to do more with the limited material at command than can be accomplished by man with all the aid of science accumulated during many centuries! It must, of course, be very difficult to prove facts which can only be observed accurately in the wild state, for not only are habits modified by confinement, but in artificial formicaries would not be possible to anticipate the needs of the captives, and provide them with the requisite food at the particular time needed; nevertheless, with the attention of so many able naturalists directed to a point so interesting and important, we may reasonably hope that what is now shadowy and uncertain, will soon be definitely proved.

With regard to other so-called instincts, highly developed in ants, if we accept Wallace's definition of instinct as "the performance by an animal of complex acts absolutely without instruction or previ-

ously acquired knowledge,"* we believe it may be proved that very few of the acts of ants are instinctive, since the young ants are constantly taught their work by the elders; † such, at least, is the unvarying report of all observers, and it is undoubted that their acts are varied in accordance with varying circumstances. Even in the building of nests, as we have pointed out, the size, shape, and material appear to vary in accordance with locality, rather than with species. Forel, indeed, asserts that nests are often occupied by a succession of species, who alter the architecture to suit their own convenience, and points out that nests are even sometimes inhabited by two species, natural enemies; but in that case, the apartments are always separated by partition walls, thus suggesting that the stronger intruders, having found a domicile to suit them, have conquered a *portion* only, and made a truce with the former possessors. Neither can the well-attested fact of the opening and shutting of the gates of the formicary night and morning, and during rain, be looked upon as an instinctive act; whilst the way in which they get rid of troublesome neighbors, according to McCook, has in it a semblance of grim humor thoroughly human. It would seem that the gravelled disks of the Texas agricultural ant are sometimes intruded upon by a small species, who are endured patiently for a time, but after a while the agriculturals think it necessary to raise their platform, taking care to pile their little earth pellets, or *bricks*, just where the pigmies dwell, until they are forced to emigrate. The care of the young would seem to be the most instinctive act among ants, but even in this they may be said to be guided by reason, since, as we pointed out earlier, male and female cocoons having been seized inadvertently in a slave-making raid, were immediately eaten, instead of being conveyed to the nest and tenderly nurtured; and another instance given by Forel tells of adaptation to circumstances hardly compatible with the common idea of instinct: he says

* Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection. A. R. Wallace, p. 204.

† Forel says young ants cannot at first distinguish friends from foes, but attain the knowledge when from four to six days old, when they have arrived at maturity and their proper color. Sir John Lubbock looks upon the fact of every member of a formicary having a knowledge of every other member, as a great and inexplicable mystery, since recognition exists after long separation, and is extended to comrades purposely painted and disguised, and even to those of their own nest born in other formicaries, and therefore cannot be explained either by scent or by a certain pass or sign.

that sometimes in autumn when the eggs are not all hatched, *F. fusca* and *F. sanguinea* will cover a grass mound with mason-work to draw the heat of the sun, adding: "I have once seen a dome of this kind three inches high raised in a single night by them." The same writer describes the different manner in which various species of ants act when they have lost their way, which certainly denotes a reasoning faculty. *F. fusca* wanders about till she finds it, but never tells her companions. *F. rufa*, *F. sanguinea*, and *F. fusca* have a difficulty in finding their way when loaded; they then put down their burdens, turn themselves about (*s'orienter*) till they find the right direction, return, take up their loads, and march off with them in the right track.

Darwin writes: "Those insects which possess the most wonderful instincts are certainly the most intelligent; . . . yet the more complex instincts seem to have originated independently of intelligence. I am, however, far from wishing to deny that instinctive actions may lose their fixed and untaught character, and be replaced by others performed by the aid of the free will." This would appear applicable to the actions of the sterile worker ants. "On the other hand," he adds, "some intelligent actions after being performed during many generations become converted into instinct, and are inherited;"* and this may fairly represent the acts of the less intelligent males and females in their nuptial flight, in the breaking off of their wings, and commencement of a new colony, which acts appear invariable in all species.

Mr. Darwin has also drawn attention to the wonderful brain-power of ants when compared with their size. After showing that the *Hymenoptera*, with ants at the head of the list, although not possessed of a true brain, yet have the cerebral ganglia of extraordinary dimensions, he goes on to say:—

It is certain that there may be extraordinary mental activity with an extremely small absolute mass of nervous matter. Thus the wonderfully diversified instincts, mental powers, and affections of ants, are generally known; yet their cerebral ganglia are not so large as the quarter of a small pin's head. Under this latter point of view, the brain of an ant is one of the most marvellous atoms of matter in the world, perhaps more marvellous than the brain of man.

We feel convinced that no one can read

* Descent of Man, p. 690, et seq.

the history of these wonderful insects, history which, thanks to the unwearied labors of Lubbock in England, Forel in France, and McCook in America, is daily becoming more clear and definite, without feeling the truth of the above quotation as well as allowing to them the possession of that wondrous wisdom attributed to them by Solomon. The question to be solved is, how they became possessed of a wisdom so far in advance of other insects, and of a brain so much more highly organized? Has it been through a process of development in accordance with the Darwinian theory, or were they from the first as finely constituted, as full of intellect or instinct, as perfect in social condition, and as varied in form, as now? There is no record to tell. Judging from the larval form, Sir John Lubbock traces them, in common with other insects, to an ancestor resembling the *Campodea*, but far back in geological time they have yet assumed their present form, and eighty-three species of ants have been found among fossils of the tertiary period. They are also frequently found imbedded in amber, a fact which probably shows that, then as now, they had a fondness for vegetable gums; but whether these ancient ants kept slaves and domestic animals, indulged in hunting, mushroom-growing, and agriculture, the geological record cannot tell us.

More, perhaps, will yet be learnt of the past, and much more of the present condition of these curious little people. Meanwhile it only remains for us to point out their use in the economy of nature, and that in truth would seem small in comparison with their numbers and extensive distribution. They act as scavengers, and destroy a few noxious insects; but as regards mankind, they seem to be generally hurtful, destroying vegetation and harboring and encouraging aphids and scale-insects, which blight and destroy plants prized by the human race, whilst the ravages committed by them in dwellings are well known. Yet even in dwellings their presence is not always regarded with disfavor, for in the "Journal of the Linnean Society," vol. ix., we are told of an invasion of ants in South America which is rather looked upon as a boon, since they kill and devour snakes, mice, cockroaches, etc., and the having done their work may be dismissed by a little cold water sprinkled upon them. The driver ants of Africa are said to kill even the great python, but we fear they would not be so readily dispersed as the

American cousins. In truth, how to get rid of such troublesome guests, is the problem which dwellers in tropical countries would be most anxious to solve; carbolic acid and water seems to be the most efficacious remedy, but rags dipped in creosote will sometimes ward off an invasion.

Formic acid was formerly obtained from some species; but that is now produced chemically. A curious use is made of ants by the Indians of Brazil, who employ them to close wounds, causing them to bite the edges together, and then cutting off the head; the jaws will not relax, but hold the wound together till healed. They were formerly employed as a cruel instrument of torture by South African tribes, who tied their victim to a tree, smeared his body with grease, and placed an ants' nest at his feet.* The Arabs, according to Mr. Moggridge, place an ant in the hand of a newly-born child, but the virtues of the insect may pass to the infant. Naturalists also sometimes make use of these industrious scavengers. When they require a perfect specimen of the smaller vertebrates, they place the body in a box, bore a few holes in it, and bury it near an ants' nest; in a few days a perfect and most delicately whitened skeleton will be found in the box.

Of all ants, the leaf-cutters would seem to be the most destructive, whole plantations being cleared and destroyed by them; the trees are suitable, upon which Belt marks:—

None of the indigenous trees seem so suitable to them as the introduced ones. Through long ages the trees and the ants of tropical America have been modified together. Varieties of plants that arose unsuitable for the ants have had an immense advantage over others that were more suitable, and thus through the every indigenous tree that has survived in the great struggle, has done so because it had originally, or has acquired, some protection against the great destroyer. Among introduced trees some species of even the same genus are more acceptable than others. Thus, the orange tribe, the lime is less liked than other species.†

Some trees, as the bull's-horn thorn, are seriously protected from these destroyers. The honey glands with which they are furnished, attract a small species of honey-feeding ant, which make their nest

This was the stinging ant, which builds the curious nests in trees called negro-heads, so named from their shape and size.

Naturalist in Nicaragua, Belt, p. 74.

in the thorns, and keep off the larger species. The balance of good or evil in regard to these insects seems certainly to turn sadly towards the latter; but we believe that some day their beneficent uses will be discovered.

The geographical distribution of ants is of great interest, but cannot be treated of at length in this article. They are found in all the continents, in the islands of the oriental archipelago, and in Australia, but some species may be regarded as truly cosmopolitan, whilst the range of others seems restricted. It is not easy to understand how they have become so widely distributed, especially when we find species strongly resembling each other, or even identical, and with similar habits, in such widely separated countries as Australia and Mexico; others, as the harvesters, in India, Africa, southern Europe, and America, and others in Africa, Australia, and Brazil, but not in Europe. We cannot, however, pursue this subject farther; it requires much greater knowledge than we at present possess, not only of ants, but of the modes of distribution, and of the facilities existing for that distribution, in far distant ages; and therefore offers a wide and most interesting field of research for the naturalist.

It will be observed that we have not spoken of the white ants, or *termites*, whose terribly destructive powers are so well known. They have been purposely omitted, as not being true ants, although strongly resembling them in form and mode of life; but they belong to a different order, the *Neuroptera*, the points of difference between which and the *Hymenoptera*, to which order belong ants, bees, and other most intelligent insects, are to be looked for in the wings, mouth, and other parts of the perfect insect; but the great difference is to be found in the larvæ, which in the *Hymenoptera* are apod and vermiform, whilst in the *Neuroptera*, although sometimes quiescent, they are usually active creatures with six legs, resembling more or less the perfect insect.

The *termites* or white ants are chiefly remarkable for the great strength and size of their conical dwellings, which are often twelve feet high, built of mud cemented together so firmly that men and cattle often make them a post of observation. In the interior of these huge nests are numerous galleries and chambers, one of which contains a queen, an ugly monstrosity, the body being distended to an enormous size with eggs of which she is

computed to lay eighty thousand in twenty-four hours. She is usually enclosed by the workers in a chamber just large enough for her, with passages whereby they pass backwards and forwards to convey her food, and remove the eggs, as they are laid, to the nurseries. There is also a single male called a king, and workers of various kinds. One species found in the south of France has been studied by M. Lespes, who describes besides the perfect male and female, some smaller winged males and females, which he calls little kings and queens; large-headed individuals employed only in guarding the nest, and therefore called soldiers, which some believe to be the pupæ; individuals somewhat resembling the winged ones, but wingless and eyeless, with larger and rounder heads, which are the workers of the community, also some other less defined forms. Much, however, has yet to be learnt of these curious insects, at present known chiefly as objects of dread in the tropics, where they devour everything which comes in their way, and are peculiarly destructive of woodwork, eating away the interior of beams, legs of tables, and other furniture, and leaving only a shell ready to fall to pieces at a touch. With the exception of the one species in the south of France, these pests are at present unknown in Europe, but they are found as fossils in many countries and in the coal-measures of Great Britain, so that they are an older race than the true ants, and had in early geological times a much wider range than at present.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
A LITTLE PILGRIM:

IN THE UNSEEN.

(FOR EASTER.)

SHE had been talking of dying only the evening before, with a friend, and had described her own sensations after a long illness when she had been at the point of death. "I suppose," she said, "that I was as nearly gone as any one ever was to come back again. There was no pain in it, only a sense of sinking down, down — through the bed as if nothing could hold me or give me support enough — but no pain." And then they had spoken of another friend in the same circumstances, who also had come back from the very verge, and who described her sensations as those of one floating upon a summer

sea without pain or suffering, in a lovely nook of the Mediterranean, blue as the sky. These soft and soothing images of the passage which all men dread had been talked over with low voices, yet with smiles and a grateful sense that "the warm precincts of the cheerful day" were once more familiar to both. And very cheerfully she went to rest that night, talking of what was to be done on the morrow, and fell asleep sweetly in her little room, with its shaded light and curtained window, and little pictures on the dim walls. All was quiet in the house: soft breathing of the sleepers, soft murmuring of the spring wind outside, a wintry moon very clear and full in the skies, a little town all hushed and quiet, everything lying defenceless, unconscious, in the safe keeping of God.

How soon she woke no one can tell. She woke and lay quite still, half-roused, half-hushed, in that soft languor that attends a happy waking. She was happy always in the peace of a heart that was humble and faithful and pure, but yet had been used to wake to a consciousness of little pains and troubles, such as even to her meekness were sometimes hard to bear. But on this morning there were none of these. She lay in a kind of bliss of happiness and ease, not caring to make any further movement, lingering over the sweet sensation of that waking. She had no desire to move nor to break the spell of the silence and peace. It was still very early she supposed, and probably might be hours yet before any one came to call her. It might even be that she should sleep again. She had no wish to move, she lay at such luxurious ease and calm. But by-and-by, as she came to full possession of her waking senses, it appeared to her that there was some change in the atmosphere, in the scene. There began to steal into the air about her the soft dawn as of a summer morning, the lovely blueness of the first opening daylight before the sun. It could not be the light of the moon which she had seen before she went to bed: and all was still that it could not be the bustling, busy day which comes at that time of the year late, to find the world awake before it. This was different; it was like the summer dawn, a soft suffusion of light growing every moment. And by-and-by it occurred to her that she was not in the little room where she had lain down. There were no dim walls or roof, her little pictures were all gone, the curtains at the window. The discovery gave her no

easiness in that delightful calm. She lay still to think of it all, to wonder, yet undisturbed. It half amused her that these things should be changed, but did not rouse her yet with any shock of alteration. The light grew fuller and fuller round, growing into day, clearing her eyes from the sweet mist of the first waking. Then she raised herself upon her arm. She was not in her room, she was in no scene she knew. Indeed it was scarcely a scene at all, nothing but light, so soft and lovely that it soothed and caressed her eyes. She thought all at once of a summer morning when she was a child, when she had woken in the deep night which yet was day, early, so early that the birds were scarcely astir, and had risen up with a delicious sense of daring and of being all alone in the mystery of the sunrise, in the unawakened world which lay at her feet to be explored, as if she were Eve just entering upon Eden. It was curious how all those childish sensations, long forgotten, came back to her as she found herself so unexpectedly out of her sleep in the open air and light. In the recollection of that lovely hour, with a smile at herself, so different as she now knew herself to be, she was moved to rise and look a little more closely about her and see where she was.

When I call her a little Pilgrim, I do not mean that she was a child; on the contrary, she was not even young. She was little by nature, with as little flesh and blood as was consistent with mortal life; and she was one of those who are always little for love. The tongue found diminutives for her, the heart kept her in a perpetual youth. She was so modest and so gentle that she always came last so long as there was any one whom she could put before her. But this little body and the soul which was not little, and the heart which was big and great, had known all the round of sorrows that fill a woman's life, without knowing any of its warmer blessings. She had nursed the sick, she had entertained the weary, she had consoled the dying. She had gone about the world, which had no prize or recompense for her, with a smile. Her little presence had been always bright. She was not clever; you might have said she had no mind at all; but so wise and right and tender a heart that it was as good as genius. This is to let you know what this little Pilgrim had been.

She rose up, and it was strange how like she felt to the child she remembered in that still summer morning so many

years ago. Her little body, which had been worn and racked with pain, felt as light and unconscious of itself as then. She took her first step forward with the same sense of pleasure, yet of awe, suppressed delight and daring and wild adventure, yet perfect safety. But then the recollection of the little room in which she had fallen asleep came quickly, strangely over her, confusing her mind. "I must be dreaming, I suppose," she said to herself, regretfully; for it was all so sweet that she wished it to be true. Her movement called her attention to herself, and she found that she was dressed, not in her night-dress as she had lain down, but in a dress she did not know. She paused for a moment to look at it, and wonder. She had never seen it before; she did not make out how it was made, or what stuff it was, but it fell so pleasantly about her, it was so soft and light, that in her confused state she abandoned that subject with only an additional sense of pleasure. And now the atmosphere became more distinct to her. She saw that under her feet was a greenness as of close velvet turf, both cool and warm, cool and soft to touch, but with no damp in it, as might have been at that early hour, and with flowers showing here and there. She stood looking round her, not able to identify the landscape because she was still confused a little, and then walked softly on, all the time afraid lest she should awake and lose the sweetness of it all, and the sense of rest and happiness. She felt so light, so airy, as if she could skim across the field like any child. It was bliss enough to breathe and move with every organ so free. After more than fifty years of hard service in the world to feel like this, even in a dream! She smiled to herself at her own pleasure; and then once more, yet more potently, there came back upon her the appearance of her room in which she had fallen asleep. How had she got from there to here? Had she been carried away in her sleep, or was it only a dream, and would she by-and-by find herself between the four dim walls again? Then this shadow of recollection faded away once more, and she moved forward, walking in a soft rapture over the delicious turf. Presently she came to a little mound upon which she paused to look about her. Every moment she saw a little further: blue hills far away, extending in long, sweet distance, an indefinite landscape, but fair and vast, so that there could be seen no end to it, not even the line of the horizon — save at

one side where there seemed to be a great shadowy gateway, and something dim beyond. She turned from the brightness to look at this, and when she had looked for some time she saw what pleased her still more, though she had been so happy before, people coming in. They were too far off for her to see clearly, but many came, each apart, one figure only at a time. To watch them amused her in the delightful leisure of her mind. Who were they? she wondered; but no doubt soon some of them would come this way, and she would see. Then suddenly she seemed to hear, as if in answer to her question, some one say, "Those who are coming in are the people who have died on earth." "Died!" she said to herself aloud, with a wondering sense of the inappropriateness of the word, which almost came the length of laughter. In this sweet air, with such a sense of life about, to suggest such an idea was almost ludicrous. She was so occupied with this that she did not look round to see who the speaker might be. She thought it over, amused, but with some new confusion of the mind. Then she said, "Perhaps I have died too," with a laugh to herself at the absurdity of the thought.

"Yes," said the other voice, echoing that gentle laugh of hers, "you have died too."

She turned round and saw another standing by her, a woman, younger and fairer and more stately than herself, but of so sweet a countenance that our little Pilgrim felt no shyness, but recognized a friend at once. She was more occupied looking at this new face, and feeling herself at once so much happier (though she had been so happy before) in finding a companion who would tell her what everything was, than in considering what these words might mean. But just then once more the recollection of the four walls, with their little pictures hanging, and the window with its curtains drawn, seemed to come round her for a moment, so that her whole soul was in a confusion. And as this vision slowly faded away (though she could not tell which was the vision, the darkened room or this lovely light), her attention came back to the words at which she had laughed, and at which the other had laughed as she repeated them. Died? — was it possible that this could be the meaning of it all.

"Died?" she said, looking with wonder in her companion's face, which smiled back to her. "But do you mean — You cannot mean — I have never

been so well. I am so strong. I have no trouble — anywhere. I am full of life.

The other nodded her beautiful head with a more beautiful smile, and the little Pilgrim burst out in a great cry of joy and said, —

"Is this all? Is it over? — is it all over? Is it possible that this can be all?"

"Were you afraid of it?" the other said.

There was a little agitation for the moment in her heart. She was so glad, so relieved and thankful, that it took away her breath. She could not get over the wonder of it.

"To think one should look forward to it so long, and wonder and be even unhappy trying to divine what it will be — and this all!"

"Ah, but the angel was very gentle with you," said the young woman. "You were so tender and worn that he only smiled and took you sleeping. There are other ways: but it is always wonderful to think it is over, as you say."

The little Pilgrim could do nothing but talk of it as one does after a very great event. "Are you sure, quite sure, it is so?" she said. "It would be dreadful to find it only a dream, to go to sleep again, and wake up — there —" This thought troubled her for a moment. The vision of the bedchamber came back, but this time she felt it was only a vision. "Were you afraid too?" she said, in a low voice.

"I never thought of it at all," the beautiful stranger said. "I did not think it would come to me: but I was very sorry for the others to whom it came, and grudged that they should lose the beautiful earth and life, and all that was so sweet."

"My dear!" cried the Pilgrim, as if she had never died, "oh, but this is far sweeter! and the heart is so light, and it is happiness only to breathe. Is it heaven here? It must be heaven."

"I do not know if it is heaven. We have so many things to learn. They cannot tell you everything at once," said the beautiful lady. "I have seen some of the people I was sorry for, and when I told them we laughed — as you and I laughed just now — for pleasure."

"That makes me think," said the little Pilgrim; "if I have died as you say — which is so strange and me so living — if I have died, they will have found it out. The house will be all dark, and they will be breaking their hearts. Oh, how could I forget them in my selfishness,

and be happy! I so lighthearted, while they ——”

She sat down hastily and covered her face with her hands and wept. The other looked at her for a moment, then kissed her for comfort and cried too. The two happy creatures sat there weeping together, thinking of those they had left behind, with an exquisite grief which was not unhappiness, which was sweet with love and pity. “And oh,” said the little Pilgrim, “what can we do to tell them not to grieve? Cannot you send, cannot you speak — cannot one go to tell them?”

The heavenly stranger shook her head.

“It is not well they all say. Sometimes one has been permitted; but they do not know you,” she said with a pitiful look in her sweet eyes. “My mother told me that her heart was so sick for me, she was allowed to go; and she went and stood by me, and spoke to me, and I did not know her. She came back so sad and sorry that they took her at once to our Father — and there you know she found that it was all well. All is well when you are here.”

“Ah,” said the little Pilgrim, “I have been thinking of other things. Of how happy I was, and of *them* — but never of the Father — just as if I had not died.”

The other smiled upon her with a wonderful smile.

“Do you think he will be offended? Our Father? as if he were one of us?” she said.

And then the little Pilgrim in her sudden grief to have forgotten him became conscious of a new rapture unexplainable in words. She felt his understanding to envelop her little spirit with a soft and clear penetration, and that nothing she did or said could ever be misconceived more. “Will you take me to him?” she said, trembling yet glad, clasping her hands. And once again the other shook her head.

“They will take us both when it is time,” she said. “We do not go at our own will. But I have seen our Brother —”

“Oh, take me to him!” the little Pilgrim cried. “Let me see his face! I have so many things to say to him. I want to ask him —— Oh, take me to where I can see his face!”

And then once again the heavenly lady smiled.

“I have seen him,” she said. “He is always about — now here, now there. He will come and see you perhaps when you are not thinking. But when he pleases. We do not think here of what we will ——”

The little Pilgrim sat very still wondering at all this. She had thought when a soul left the earth that it went at once to God, and thought of nothing more except worship and singing of praises. But this was different from her thoughts. She sat and pondered and wondered. She was baffled at many points. She was not changed as she expected, but so much like herself still — still perplexed, and feeling herself foolish, not understanding, toiling after a something which she could not grasp. The only difference was that it was no trouble to her now. She smiled at herself, and at her dulness, feeling sure that by-and-by she would understand.

“And don’t you wonder too?” she said to her companion, which was a speech such as she used to make upon the earth when people thought her little remarks disjointed, and did not always see the connection of them. But her friend of heaven knew what she meant.

“I do nothing but wonder,” she said, “for it is all so natural — not what we thought.”

“Is it long since you have been here?” the Pilgrim said.

“I came before you — but how long or how short I cannot tell, for that is not how we count. We count only by what happens to us. And nothing yet has happened to me except that I have seen our Brother. My mother sees him always. That means she has lived here a long time and well ——”

“Is it possible to live ill — in heaven?” The little Pilgrim’s eyes grew large as if they were going to have tears in them, and a little shadow seemed to come over her. But the other laughed softly and restored all her confidence.

“I have told you I do not know if it is heaven or not. No one does ill, but some do little and some do much, just as it used to be. Do you remember in Dante there was a lazy spirit that stayed about the gates and never got farther? but perhaps you never read that.”

“I was not clever,” said the little Pilgrim wistfully; “no, I never read it. I wish I had known more.”

Upon which the beautiful lady kissed her again to give her courage, and said, —

“It does not matter at all. It all comes to you whether you have known it or not.”

“Then your mother came here long ago?” said the Pilgrim. “Ah, then I shall see my mother too.”

“Oh, very soon, as soon as she can

come; but there are so many things to do. Sometimes we can go and meet those who are coming, but it is not always so. I remember that she had a message. She could not leave her business you may be sure, or she would have been here."

"Then you know my mother? Oh, and my dearest father too?"

"We all know each other," the lady said with a smile.

"And you? did you come to meet me — only out of kindness, though I do not know you?" the little Pilgrim said.

"I am nothing but an idler," said the beautiful lady, "making acquaintance. I am of little use as yet. I was very hard worked before I came here, and they think it well that we should sit in the sun and take a little rest and find things out."

Then the little Pilgrim sat still and mused, and felt in her heart that she had found many things out. What she had heard had been wonderful, and it was more wonderful still to be sitting here all alone save for this lady, yet so happy and at ease. She wanted to sing, she was so happy, but remembered that she was old and had lost her voice, and then remembered again that she was no longer old, and perhaps had found it again. And then it occurred to her to remember how she had learned to sing, and how beautiful her sister's voice was, and how heavenly to hear her: which made her remember that this dear sister would be weeping, not singing, down where she had come from — and immediately the tears stood in her eyes.

"Oh," she said, "I never thought we should cry when we came here. I thought there were no tears in heaven."

"Did you think, then, that we were all turned into stone?" cried the beautiful lady. "It says God shall wipe away all tears from our faces, which is not like saying there are to be no tears."

Upon which the little Pilgrim, glad that it was permitted to be sorry, though she was so happy, allowed herself to think upon the place she had so lately left. And she seemed to see her little room again with all the pictures hanging as she had left them, and the house darkened, and the dear faces she knew all sad and troubled; and to hear them saying over to each other all the little careless words she had said as if they were out of the Scriptures, and crying if any one but mentioned her name, and putting on crape and black dresses, and lamenting as if that which had happened was something very terrible. She cried at this and yet felt half inclined to laugh, but would not

because it would be disrespectful to those she loved. One thing did not occur to her, and that was that they would be carrying her body which she had left behind her away to the grave. She did not think of this because she was not aware of the loss, and felt far too much herself to think that there was another part of her being buried in the ground. From this she was aroused by her companion asking her a question.

"Have you left many there?" she said.

"No one," said the little Pilgrim, "to whom I was the first on earth: but they loved me all the same — and if I could only, only let them know —"

"But I left one to whom I was the first on earth," said the other, with tears in her beautiful eyes, "and oh, how glad I should be to be less happy if he might be less sad."

"And you cannot go? you cannot go to him and tell him? Oh, I wish!" — cried the little Pilgrim, but then she paused for the wish died all away in her heart into a tender love for this poor, sorrowful man whom she did not know; this gave her the sweetest pang she had ever felt for she knew that all was well, and yet was so sorry and would have willingly given up her happiness for his. All this the lady read in her eyes or her heart, and loved her for it, and they took hands and were silent together, thinking of those they had left, as we upon earth think of those who have gone from us, but only with far more understanding, and far greater love. "And have you never been able to do anything for him?" our Pilgrim said.

Then the beautiful lady's face flushed all over with the most heavenly warmth and light. Her smile ran over like the bursting out of the sun. "Oh, I will tell you," she said. "There was a moment when he was very sad and perplexed, not knowing what to think. There was something he could not understand; nor could I understand, nor did I know what it was until it was said to me you may go and tell him. And I went in the early morning before he was awake, and kissed him, and said it in his ear. He woke up in a moment and understood, and everything was clear to him. Afterwards I heard him say, 'It is true that the night brings counsel. I had been troubled and distressed all day long, but in the morning it was quite clear to me.' And the other answered, 'Your brain was refreshed and that made your judgment clear.' But they never knew it was I! That was a

great delight. The dear souls! they are so foolish," she cried with the sweetest laughter that ran into tears. "One cries because one is so happy; it is just a silly old habit," she said.

"And you were not grieved, it did not hurt you — that he did not know —"

"Oh, not then; not then! I did not do to him for that. When you have been here a little longer you will see the difference. When you go for yourself, out of impatience because it still seems to you that you must know best, and they don't know you, then it strikes to your heart; and when you go to help them — ah," he cried, "when he comes how much I shall have to tell him! You thought it was sleep when it was I — when you awoke so fresh and clear it was I that missed you; you thought it your duty to me to be sad afterwards and were angry with yourself because you had wronged one of the first thoughts of your waking — when it was all me, all through!"

"I begin to understand," said the little pilgrim; "but why should they not see, and why should not we tell them? It would seem so natural. If they saw us it would make them so happy, and so sure."

Upon this the lady shook her head.

"The worst of it is not that they are not sure — it is the parting. If this makes me sorry here, how can they escape the sorrow of it even if they saw us? — for we must be parted. We cannot go back to live with them, or why should we have died? And then we must all live our lives, they in their way, we in ours. We must not weigh them down, but only help them when it is seen that there is need for it. All this we shall know better by-and-by."

"You make it so clear, and your face is so bright," said our little Pilgrim gratefully, "you must have known a great deal, and understood even when you were in the world."

"I was as foolish as I could be," said the other, with her laugh that was as sweet as music; "yet thought I knew, and they thought I knew; but all that does not matter now."

"I think it matters — for look how much you have showed me; but tell me one thing more — how was it said to you that you must go and tell him? Was it some one who spoke — was it —"

Her face grew so bright that all the soft brightness was as a dull sky to this. It gave out such a light of happiness, that the little Pilgrim was dazzled.

"I was wandering about," she said, "to see this new place. My mother had come back between two errands she had, and had come to see me and tell me everything; and I was straying about wondering what I was to do, when suddenly I saw some one coming along, as it might be now —"

She paused and looked up, and the little Pilgrim looked up too with her heart beating, but there was no one. Then she gave a little sigh, and turned and listened again.

"I had not been looking for him, or thinking. You know my mind is too light. I am pleased with whatever is before me: and I was so curious, for my mother had told me many things; when suddenly I caught sight of Him passing by. He was going on, and when I saw this a panic seized me, lest he should pass and say nothing. I do not know what I did. I flung myself upon his robe, and got hold of it, or at least I think so. I was in such an agony lest he should pass and never notice me. But that was my folly. He pass! As if that could be!"

"And what did he say to you?" cried the little Pilgrim, her heart almost aching, it beat so high with sympathy and expectation.

The lady looked at her for a little without saying anything.

"I cannot tell you," she said, "any more than I can tell if this is heaven. It is a mystery. When you see him you will know. It will be all you have ever hoped for and more besides, for he understands everything. He knows what is in our hearts about those we have left, and why he sent for us before them. There is no need to tell him anything; he knows. He will come when it is time; and after you have seen him you will know what to do."

Then the beautiful lady turned her eyes towards the gate, and while the little Pilgrim was still gazing, disappeared from her, and went to comfort some other stranger. They were dear friends always, and met often, but not again in the same way.

When she was thus left alone again, the little Pilgrim sat still upon the grassy mound, quite tranquil and happy, without wishing to move. There was such a sense of well-being in her that she liked to sit there and look about her, and breathe the delightful air, like the air of a summer morning, without wishing for anything.

"How idle I am!" she said to herself, in the very words she had often used before she died; but then she was idle from weakness, and now from happiness. She wanted for nothing. To be alive was so sweet. There was a great deal to think about in what she had heard, but she did not even think about that, only resigned herself to the delight of sitting there in the sweet air and being happy. Many people were coming and going, and they all knew her, and smiled upon her, and those who were at a distance would wave their hands. This did not surprise her at all, for though she was a stranger, she too felt that she knew them all; but that they should be so kind was a delight to her which words could not tell. She sat and mused very sweetly about all that had been told her, and wondered whether she too might go sometimes, and with a kiss and a whisper clear up something that was dark in the mind of some one who loved her. "I that never was clever!" she said to herself, with a smile. And chiefly she thought of a friend whom she loved, who was often in great perplexity, and did not know how to guide herself amid the difficulties of the world.

The little Pilgrim half laughed with delight, and then half cried with longing to go as the beautiful lady had done, and make something clear that had been dark before, to this friend. As she was thinking what a pleasure it would be, some one came up to her, crossing over the flowery greenness, leaving the path on purpose. This was a being younger than the lady who had spoken to her before, with flowing hair all crisped with touches of sunshine, and a dress all white and soft, like the feathers of a white dove. There was something in her face different from that of the other, by which the little Pilgrim knew somehow, without knowing how, that she had come here as a child, and grown up in this celestial place. She was tall and fair, and came along with so musical a motion, as if her foot scarcely touched the ground, that she might have had wings: and the little Pilgrim indeed was not sure as she watched, whether it might not perhaps be an angel; for she knew that there were angels among the blessed people who were coming and going about, but had not been able yet to find one out. She knew that this new comer was coming to her, and turned towards her with a smile and a throb at her heart of expectation. But when the heavenly maiden drew nearer, her face, though it was so fair, looked to the Pilgrim

like another face, which she had known very well — indeed, like the homely and troubled face of the friend of whom she had been thinking. And so she smiled all the more, and held out her hands and said, "I am sure I know you," upon which the other kissed her and said, "We all know each other; but I have seen you often before you came here," and knelt down by her, among the flowers that were growing, just in front of some tall lilies that grew over her, and made a lovely canopy over her head. There was something in her face that was like a child — her mouth so soft as it had never spoken anything but heavenly words, her eyes brown and golden as if they were filled with light. She took the little Pilgrim's hands in hers, and held them and smoothed them between her own. These hands had been very thin and worn before, but now, when the Pilgrim looked at them, she saw that they became softer and whiter every moment with the touch of this immortal youth.

"I knew you were coming," said the maiden. "When my mother has wanted me I have seen you there. And you were thinking of her now — that was how I found you."

"Do you know then what one thinks?" said the little Pilgrim, with wondering eyes.

"It is in the air; and when it concerns us it comes to us like the breeze. But we who are the children here, we feel it more quickly than you."

"Are you a child?" said the little Pilgrim, "or are you an angel? Sometimes you are like a child; but then your face shines and you are like — You must have some name for it here; there is nothing among the words I know." And then she paused a little, still looking at her, and cried, "Oh, if she could but see you, little Margaret! That would do her most good of all."

Then the maiden Margaret shook her lovely head. "What does her most good is the will of the Father," she said.

At this the little Pilgrim felt once more that thrill of expectation and awe. "Oh, child, you have seen him?" she cried.

And the other smiled. "Have you forgotten who they are that always behold his face? We have never had any fear or trembling. We are not angels, and there is no other name; we are the children. There is something given to us beyond the others. We have had no other home."

"Oh, tell me, tell me!" the little Pilgrim cried.

Upon this Margaret kissed her, putting her soft cheek against hers, and said, "It is a mystery; it cannot be put into words; your time you will know."

"When you touch me you change me, and I grow like you," the Pilgrim said. Ah, if she could see us together, you would see me! And will you go to her soon again? And do you see them always when they are doing? and take care of them?"

"It is our Father who takes care of them, and our Lord who is our Brother. He sends him on his errands when I am able. Sometimes he will let me go, sometimes answer for me, according as it is best. Who am I that I should take care of them? I serve them when I may."

"But you do not forget them?" the Pilgrim said, with wistful eyes.

"We love them always," said Margaret. He was more still than the lady who had just spoken with the Pilgrim. Her countenance was full of a heavenly calm. It told never known passion nor anguish. Sometimes there was in it a far-seeing look of vision, sometimes the simplicity of a child. "But what are we in comparison? For he loves them more than we do. When he keeps us from them it is for love. We must each live our own life."

"But it is hard for them sometimes," said the little Pilgrim, who could not withhold her thoughts from those she had just seen.

"They are never forsaken," said the angel maiden.

"But oh! there are worse things than sorrow," the little Pilgrim said; "there is wrong, there is evil, Margaret. Will not you send you to step in before them, to save them from wrong?"

"It is not for us to judge," said the young Margaret, with eyes full of heavenly wisdom; "our Brother has it all in his hand. We do not read their hearts, like him. Sometimes you are permitted to see the battle —"

The little Pilgrim covered her eyes with her hands. "I could not — I could not! Unless I knew they were to win the day."

"They will win the day in the end. But sometimes, when it was being lost, I have seen in his face a something — I cannot tell — more love than before. A something that seemed to say, 'My child, my child, would that I could do it for thee, my child!'"

"Oh! that is what I have always felt,"

cried the Pilgrim, clasping her hands; her eyes were dim, her heart for a moment almost forgot its blessedness. "But he could — oh, little Margaret! he could! You have forgotten — Lord, if thou wilt thou canst —"

The child of heaven looked at her mutely, with sweet, grave eyes, in which there was much that confused her who was a stranger here; and once more softly shook her head.

"Is it that he will not then?" said the other with a low voice of awe. "Our Lord, who died — he —"

"Listen," said the other, "I hear his step on the way."

The little Pilgrim rose up from the mound on which she was sitting. Her soul was confused with wonder and fear. She had thought that an angel might step between a soul on earth and sin, and that if one but prayed and prayed, the dear Lord would stand between, and deliver the tempted. She had meant when she saw his face to ask him — to save. Was not he born, did not he live, and die to save? The angel maiden looked at her all the while with eyes that understood all her perplexity and her doubt, but spoke not. Thus it was that before the Lord came to her the sweetness of her first blessedness was obscured, and she found that here too, even here, though in a moment she should see him, there was need for faith. Young Margaret, who had been kneeling by her, rose up too and stood among the lilies, waiting, her soft countenance shining, her eyes turned towards him who was coming. Upon her there was no cloud nor doubt. She was one of the children of that land familiar with his presence. And in the air there was a sound such as those who hear it alone can describe — a sound as of help coming and safety, like the sound of a deliverer when one is in deadly danger, like the sound of a conqueror, like the step of the dearest-beloved coming home. As it came nearer the fear melted away out of the beating heart of the Pilgrim. Who could fear so near him? her breath went away from her, her heart out of her bosom to meet his coming. Oh, never fear could live where he was! Her soul was all confused, but it was with hope and joy. She held out her hands in that amaze, and dropped upon her knees not knowing what she did.

He was going about his Father's business, not lingering, yet neither making haste; and the calm and peace which the little Pilgrim had seen in the faces of the

blessed, were but reflections from the majestic gentleness of the countenance to which, all quivering with happiness and wonder, she lifted up her eyes. Many things there had been in her mind to say to him. She wanted to ask for those she loved some things which perhaps he had overlooked. She wanted to say, "Send me." It seemed to her that here was the occasion she had longed for all her life. Oh, how many times had she wished to be able to go to him, to fall at his feet, to show him something which had been left undone, something which perhaps for her asking he would remember to do. But when this dream of her life was fulfilled, and the little Pilgrim kneeling, and all shaken and trembling with devotion and joy, was at his feet, lifting her face to him, seeing him, hearing him — then she said nothing to him at all. She no longer wanted to say anything, or wanted anything except what he chose, or had power to think of anything except that all was well, and everything — everything, as it should be in his hand. It seemed to her that all that she had ever hoped for was fulfilled when she met the look in his eyes. At first it seemed too bright for her to meet, but next moment she knew it was all that was needed to light up the world, and in it everything was clear. Her trembling ceased, her little frame grew inspired; though she still knelt, her head rose erect, drawn to him like the flower to the sun. She could not tell how long it was, nor what was said, nor if it was in words. All that she knew was that she told him all that ever she had thought, or wished, or intended in all her life, although she said nothing at all; and that he opened all things to her, and shewed her that everything was well, and no one forgotten; and that the things she would have told him of were more near his heart than hers, and those to whom she wanted to be sent were in his own hand. But whether this passed with words or without words she could not tell. Her soul expanded under his eyes like a flower. It opened out, it comprehended and felt and knew. She smote her hands together in her wonder that she could have missed seeing what was so clear, and laughed with a sweet scorn at her folly as two people who love each other laugh at the little misunderstanding that has parted them. She was bold with him, though she was so timid by nature, and ventured to laugh at herself, not to reproach herself — for his divine eyes spoke no blame, but smiled upon her folly too. And then

he laid a hand upon her head, which seemed to fill her with currents of strength and joy running through all her veins. And then she seemed to come to herself saying loud out, "And that I will! and that I will!" and lo, she was kneeling on the warm, soft sod alone, and hearing the sound of his footsteps as he went about his Father's business, filling all the air with echoes of blessing. And all the people who were coming and going smiled upon her, and she knew they were all glad for her that she had seen him, and got the desire of her heart. Some of them waved their hands as they passed, and some paused a moment and spoke to her with tender congratulations. They seemed to have the tears in their eyes for joy, remembering every one the first time they had themselves seen him, and the joy of it: so that all about there sounded a concord of happy thoughts all echoing to each other, "She has seen the Lord!"

Why did she say, "And that I will! and that I will!" with such fervor and delight? She could not have told, but yet she knew. The first thing was that she had yet to wait and believe until all things should be accomplished, neither doubting nor fearing, but knowing that all should be well; and the second was that she must delay no longer, but rise up and serve the Father according to what was given her as her reward. When she had recovered a little of her rapture she rose from her knees, and stood still for a little to be sure which way she was to go. And she was not aware what guided her, but yet turned her face in the appointed way without any doubt. For doubt was now gone away forever, and that fear that once gave her so much trouble lest she might not be doing what was best. As she moved along she wondered at herself more and more. She felt no longer, as at first, like the child she remembered to have been, venturing out in the awful lovely stillness of the morning before any one was awake: but she felt that to move along was a delight, and that her foot scarcely touched the grass, and her whole being was instinct with such lightness of strength and life that it did not matter to her how far she went, nor what she carried, nor if the way was easy or hard. The way she chose was one of those which led to the great gate, and many met her coming from thence, with looks that were somewhat bewildered, as if they did not yet know whither they were going or what had happened to them. Upon whom she smiled as she passed

em with soft looks of tenderness and sympathy, knowing what they were feeling, but did not stop to explain to them, because she had something else that had been given her to do. For this is what ways follows in that country when you meet the Lord, that you instantly know that it is that he would have you do.

The little Pilgrim thus went on and on towards the gate, which she had not seen when she herself came through it, having been lifted in his arms by the great Death angel, and set down softly inside, so that she did not know it, or even the shadow of it. As she drew nearer the light became less bright, though very sweet, like lovely dawn, and she wondered to herself to think that she had been here but a moment ago, and yet so much had passed since then. And still she was not aware what was her errand, but wondered she was to go back by these same gates, and perhaps return where she had been. She went up to them very closely, for she was curious to see the place through which she had come in her sleep, as a traveller goes back to see the city gate, with its bridge and portcullis, through which he has passed by night. The gate was very great, of a wonderful, curious architecture, and strange, delicate arches and canopies above. Some parts of them seemed cut very clean and clear; but the outlines were all softened with a sort of mist and shadow, so that it looked greater and higher than it was. The lower part was not one great doorway as the Pilgrim had supposed, but innumerable doors, all separate, and very narrow, so that but one could pass at a time, though the arch inclosed all, and seemed filled with great sliding gates in which the smaller doors were set, so that if need arose a vast opening might be made for many to enter. The little doors many were shut as the Pilgrim approached; but from moment to moment, one after another would be pushed softly open from without, and the one would come in. The little Pilgrim looked at it all with great interest, wondering which of the doors she had herself come by; but while she stood absorbed by this, a door was suddenly pushed open close by her, and some one flung forward into the blessed country, falling upon the ground, and stretched out wild as though to clutch the very soil. This sight gave the Pilgrim a great surprise, for it was the first time she had heard any sound of pain, or seen any sign of trouble, since she entered here. At that moment she knew what it was

that the dear Lord had given her to do. She had no need to pause to think, for her heart told her; and she did not hesitate as she might have done in the other life, not knowing what to say. She went forward, and gathered this poor creature into her arms, as if it had been a child, and drew her quite within the land of peace—for she had fallen across the threshold, so as to hinder any one entering who might be coming after her. It was a woman, and she had flung herself upon her face, so that it was difficult for the little Pilgrim to see what manner of person it was, for though she felt herself strong enough to take up this new comer in her arms and carry her away, yet she forebore, seeing the will of the stranger was not so. For some time this woman lay moaning, with now and then a great sob shaking her as she lay. The little Pilgrim had taken her by both her arms, and drawn her head to rest upon her own lap, and was still holding the hands, which the poor creature had thrown out as if to clutch the ground. Thus she lay for a little while, as the little Pilgrim remembered she herself had lain, not wishing to move, wondering what had happened to her; then she clutched the hands which grasped her, and said, muttering,—

"You are some one new. Have you come to save me? Oh, save me! Oh, save me! Don't let me die!"

This was very strange to the little Pilgrim, and went to her heart. She soothed the stranger, holding her hands warm and light, and stooping over her.

"Dear," she said, "you must try and not be afraid."

"You say so," said the woman, "because you are well and strong. You don't know what it is to be seized in the middle of your life, and told that you've got to die. Oh, I have been a sinful creature! I am not fit to die. Can't you give me something that will cure me? What is the good of doctors and nurses if they cannot save a poor soul that is not fit to die?"

At this the little Pilgrim smiled upon her, always holding her fast, and said,—

"Why are you so afraid to die?"

The woman raised her head to look who it was who put such a strange question to her.

"You are some one new," she said. "I have never seen you before. Is there any one that is not afraid to die? Would *you* like to have to give your account all in a moment, without any time to prepare?"

"But you have had time to prepare," said the Pilgrim.

"Oh, only a very very little time; and I never thought it was true. I am not an old woman, and I am not fit to die; and I'm poor. Oh, if I were rich, I would bribe you to give me something to keep me alive. Won't you do it for pity? — won't you do it for pity? When you are as bad as I am, oh, you will perhaps call for some one to help you, and find nobody, like me."

"I will help you for love," said the little Pilgrim. "Some one who loves you has sent me."

The woman lifted herself up a little and shook her head. "There is nobody that loves me." Then she cast her eyes round her and began to tremble again (for the touch of the little Pilgrim had stilled her). "Oh, where am I?" she said. "They have taken me away; they have brought me to a strange place; and you are new. Oh, where have they taken me? — where am I? — where am I?" she cried. "Have they brought me here to die?"

Then the little Pilgrim bent over her and soothed her. "You must not be so much afraid of dying; that is all over. You need not fear that any more," she said softly; "for here where you now are we have all died."

The woman started up out of her arms, and then she gave a great shriek that made the air ring, and cried out, "Dead! am I dead?" with a shudder and convulsion, throwing herself again wildly with outstretched hands upon the ground.

This was a great and terrible work for the little Pilgrim — the first she had ever had to do — and her heart failed her for a moment; but afterwards she remembered our Brother who sent her, and knew what was best. She drew closer to the new comer and took her hand again.

"Try," she said, in a soft voice, "and think a little. Do you feel now so ill as you were? Do not be frightened, but think a little. I will hold your hand; and look at me; you are not afraid of me."

The poor creature shuddered again, and then she turned her face and looked doubtfully with great dark eyes dilated, and the brow and cheek so curved and puckered round them that they seemed to glow out of deep caverns. Her face was full of anguish and fear. But as she looked at the little Pilgrim her troubled gaze softened. Of her own accord she clasped her other hand upon the one that held hers, and then she said with a gasp, —

"I am not afraid of you; that was not

true that you said? You are one of the sisters, and you want to frighten me and make me repent?"

"You do repent," the Pilgrim said.

"Oh," cried the poor woman, "what has the like of you to do with me? No! I look at you I never saw any one that was like you before. Don't you hate me — don't you loathe me? I do myself. It's so ugly to go wrong. I think now I would almost rather die and be done with it. You will say that is because I am going to get better. I feel a great deal better now. Do you think I am going to get over it? Oh, I am better! I could get up out of bed and walk about. Yes, but I am not in bed; where have you brought me? Never mind, it is a fine air; I shall soon get well here."

The Pilgrim was silent for a little, holding her hands. And then she said, —

"Tell me how you feel now," in her soft voice.

The woman had sat up and was gazing round her. "It is very strange," she said. "It is all confused. I think upon my mother and the old prayers I used to say. For a long, long time I always said my prayers; but now I've got hardened, they say. Oh, I was once as fresh as any one. It all comes over me now. I feel as if I were young again — just come out of the country. I am sure that I could walk."

The little Pilgrim raised her up, holding her by her hands; and she stood and gazed round about her, making one or two doubtful steps. She was very pale, and the light was dim; her eyes peered into it with a scared yet eager look. She made another step, then stopped again.

"I am quite well," she said. "I could walk a mile. I could walk any distance. What was that you said? Oh, I tell you I am better! I am not going to die."

"You will never, never die," said the little Pilgrim; "are you not glad it is all over? Oh, I was so glad! And all the more you should be glad if you were so much afraid."

But this woman was not glad. She shrank away from her companion, then came close to her again, and gripped her with her hands.

"It is your — fun," she said, "or just to frighten me; perhaps you think it will do me no harm as I am getting so well — you want to frighten me to make me good. But I mean to be good without that — I do! — I do! when one is so near dying as I have been and yet gets better — for I am going to get better? Yes! you know it as well as I."

The little Pilgrim made no reply, but stood by looking at her charge, not feeling that anything was given her to say: and she was so new to this work that there was a little trembling in her lest she should not do everything as she ought. And the woman looked round with those anxious eyes gazing all about. The light did not brighten as it had done when the Pilgrim herself first came to this place. For one thing they had remained quite close to the gate, which no doubt threw a shadow. The woman looked at that, and then turned and looked into the dim morning, and did not know where she was, and her heart was confused and troubled.

"Where are we?" she said. "I do not know where it is; they must have brought me here in my sleep—where are we? How strange to bring a sick woman away out of her room in her sleep! I suppose it was the new doctor," she went on, looking very closely in the little Pilgrim's face, then paused, and drawing a long breath, said softly, "It has done me good. It is better air—it is—a new kind of cure?"

But though she spoke like this she did not convince herself: her eyes were wild with wondering and fear. She gripped the Pilgrim's arm more and more closely, and trembled, leaning upon her.

"Why don't you speak to me?" she said; "why don't you tell me? Oh I don't know how to live in this place! What do you do?—how do you speak? I am not fit for it. And what are you? I never saw you before nor any one like you. What do you want with me? Why are you so kind to me? Why—why—"

And here she went off into a murmur of questions. Why? why? always holding fast by the little Pilgrim, always gazing round her, groping as it were in the dimness with her great eyes.

"I have come because our dear Lord who is our Brother sent me to meet you, and because I love you," the little Pilgrim said.

"Love me!" the woman cried, throwing up her hands, "but no one loves me. I have not deserved it." Here she grasped her close again with a sudden clutch, and cried out, "If this is what you say, where is God?"

"Are you afraid of him?" the little Pilgrim said.

Upon which the woman trembled so that the Pilgrim trembled too with the quivering of her frame—then loosed her hold and fell upon her face, and cried, —

"Hide me! Hide me! I have been a great sinner. Hide me that he may not see me," and with one hand tried to draw the Pilgrim's dress as a veil between her and something she feared.

"How should I hide you from him who is everywhere? and why should I hide you from your Father?" the little Pilgrim said. This she said almost with indignation, wondering that any one could put more trust in her, who was no better than a child, than in the Father of all. But then she said, "Look in your heart and you will see you are not so much afraid as you think. This is how you have been accustomed to frighten yourself. But look now into your heart. You thought you were very ill at first, but not now: and you think you are afraid: but look in your heart —"

There was a silence, and then the woman raised her head with a wonderful look in which there was amazement and doubt, as if she had heard some joyful thing but dared not yet believe that it was true. Once more she hid her face in her hands, and once more raised it again. Her eyes softened, a long sigh or gasp, like one taking breath after drowning, shook her breast. Then she said, "I think—that is true. But if I am not afraid it is because I am—bad. It is because I am hardened. Oh, should not I fear him who can send me away into—the lake that burns—into the pit—" And here she gave a great cry, but held the little Pilgrim all the while with her eyes, which seemed to plead and ask for better news.

Then there came into the Pilgrim's heart what to say, and she took the woman's hand again and held it between her own. "That is the change," she said, "that comes when we come here. We are not afraid any more of our Father. We are not all happy. Perhaps you will not be happy at first. But if he says to you, go—even to that place you speak of—you will know that it is well, and you will not be afraid. You are not afraid now—oh, I can see it in your eyes. You are not happy, but you are not afraid. You know it is the Father. Do not say God, that is far off—Father!" said the little Pilgrim, holding up the woman's hand clasped in her own. And there came into her soul an ecstasy, and tears that were tears of blessedness fell from her eyes, and all about her there seemed to shine a light. When she came to herself, the woman who was her charge had come quite close to her, and had added her other hand to that the Pilgrim held, and was weeping,

and saying, "I am not afraid," with now and then a gasp and sob, like a child who after a passion of tears has been consoled, yet goes on sobbing and cannot quite forget, and is afraid to own that all is well again. Then the Pilgrim kissed her, and bade her rest a little, for even she herself felt shaken, and longed for a little quiet and to feel the true sense of the peace that was in her heart. She sat down beside her upon the ground and made her lean her head against her shoulder, and thus they remained very still for a little time, saying no more. It seemed to the little Pilgrim that her companion had fallen asleep, and perhaps it was so, after so much agitation. All this time there had been people passing, entering by the many doors. And most of them paused a little to see where they were, and looked round them, then went on; and it seemed to the little Pilgrim that according to the doors by which they entered each took a different way. While she watched, another came in by the same door as that at which the woman who was her charge had come in. And he too stumbled and looked about him with an air of great wonder and doubt. When he saw her seated on the ground, he came up to her hesitating as one in a strange place who does not want to betray that he is bewildered and has lost his way. He came with a little pretence of smiling, though his countenance was pale and scared, and said, drawing his breath quick, "I ought to know where I am, but I have lost my head, I think. Will you tell me which is — the way?"

"What way?" cried the little Pilgrim, for her strength was gone from her, and she had no word to say to him. He looked at her with that bewilderment on his face, and said, "I find myself strange, strange. I ought to know where I am; but it is scarcely daylight yet. It is perhaps foolish to come out so early in the morning." This he said in his confusion, not knowing where he was, nor what he said.

"I think all the ways lead to our Father," said the little Pilgrim (though she had not known this till now). "And the dear Lord walks about them all. Here you never go astray."

Upon this the stranger looked at her, and asked in a faltering voice, "Are you an angel?" still not knowing what he said.

"Oh, no, no. I am only a Pilgrim," she replied.

"May I sit by you a little?" said the

man. He sat down drawing long breaths as though he had gone through great fatigue; and looked about with wondering eyes. "You will wonder, but I do not know where I am," he said. "I feel as if I must be dreaming. This is not where I expected to come. I looked for something very different; do you think there can have been any — mistake?"

"Oh, never that," she said; "there are no mistakes here."

Then he looked at her again, and said, —

"I perceive that you belong to this country, though you say you are a pilgrim. I should be grateful if you would tell me. Does one live — here? And is this all? Is there no — no — but I don't know what word to use. All is so strange, different from what I expected."

"Do you know that you have died?"

"Yes — yes, I am quite acquainted with that," he said, hurriedly, as if it had been an idea he disliked to dwell upon. "But then I expected — Is there no one to tell you where to go, or what you are to be? or to take any notice of you?"

The little Pilgrim was startled by this tone. She did not understand its meaning, and she had not any word to say to him. She looked at him with as much bewilderment as he had shown when he approached her, and replied, faltering, —

"There are a great many people here; but I have never heard if there is anyone to tell you —"

"What does it matter how many people there are if you know none of them?" he said.

"We all know each other," she answered him: but then paused and hesitated a little, because this was what had been said to her, and of herself she was not assured of it, neither did she know at all how to deal with this stranger, to whom she had not any commission. It seemed that he had no one to care for him, and the little Pilgrim had a sense of compassion, yet of trouble in her heart; for what could she say? And it was very strange to her to see one who was not content here.

"Ah, but there should be some one to point out the way, and tell us which is our circle, and where we ought to go," he said. And then he too was silent for a while, looking about him as all were fain to do on their first arrival, finding everything so strange. There were people coming in at every moment, and some were met at the very threshold, and some went away alone with peaceful faces, and

there were many groups about talking together in soft voices; but no one interrupted the other, and though so many were there, each voice was as clear as if it had spoken alone, and there was no tumult of sound as when many people assemble together in the lower world.

The little Pilgrim wondered to find herself with the woman resting upon her on one side, and the man seated silent on the other, neither having, it appeared, any guide but only herself who knew so little. How was she to lead them in the paths which she did not know?—and she was exhausted by the agitation of her struggle with the woman whom she felt to be her charge. But in this moment of silence she had time to remember the face of the Lord, when he gave her this commission, and her heart was strengthened. The man all this time sat and watched, looking eagerly all about him, examining the faces of those who went and came: and sometimes he made a little start as if to go and speak to some one he knew; but always drew back again and looked at the little Pilgrim, as if he had said, "This is the one who will serve me best." He spoke to her again after a while and said, "I suppose you are one of the guides that show the way."

"No," said the little Pilgrim anxiously, "I know so little! It is not long since I came here. I came in the early morning—"

"Why, it is morning now. You could not come earlier than it is now. You mean yesterday."

"I think," said the Pilgrim, "that yesterday is the other side; there is no yesterday here."

He looked at her with the keen look he had, to understand her the better; and then he said,—

"No division of time! I think that must be monotonous. It will be strange to have no night; but I suppose one gets used to everything. I hope though there is something to do. I have always lived a very busy life. Perhaps this is just a little pause before we go—to be—to have—to get our—appointed place."

He had an uneasy look as he said this, and looked at her with an anxious curiosity, which the little Pilgrim did not understand.

"I do not know," she said softly, shaking her head. "I have so little experience. I have not been told of an appointed place."

The man looked at her very strangely.

"I did not think," he said, "that I

should have found such ignorance here. Is it not well known that we must all appear before the judgment-seat of God?"

These words seemed to cause a trembling on the still air, and the woman on the other side raised herself suddenly up, clasping her hands: and some of those who had just entered heard the words, and came and crowded about the little Pilgrim, some standing, some falling down upon their knees, all with their faces turned towards her. She who had always been so simple and small, so little used to teach; she was frightened with the sight of all these strangers crowding, hanging upon her lips, looking to her for knowledge. She knew not what to do or what to say. The tears came into her eyes.

"Oh," she said, "I do not know anything about a judgment-seat. I know that our Father is here, and that when we are in trouble we are taken to him to be comforted, and that our dear Lord our Brother is among us every day, and every one may see him. Listen," she said, standing up suddenly among them, feeling strong as an angel. "I have seen him! though I am nothing, so little as you see, and often silly, never clever as some of you are, I have seen him! and so will all of you. There is no more that I know of," she said softly, clasping her hands. "When you see him it comes into your heart what you must do."

And then there was a murmur of voices about her, some saying that was best, and some wondering if that were all, and some crying if he would but come now—while the little Pilgrim stood among them with her face shining, and they all looked at her, asking her to tell them more, to show them how to find him. But this was far above what she could do, for she too was not much more than a stranger, and had little strength. She would not go back a step, nor desert those who were so anxious to know, though her heart fluttered almost as it had used to do before she died, what with her longing to tell them, and knowing that she had no more to say.

But in that land it is never permitted that one who stands bravely and fails not shall be left without succor; for it is no longer needful there to stand even to death, since all dying is over, and all souls are tested. When it was seen that the little Pilgrim was thus surrounded by so many that questioned her, there suddenly came about her many others from the brightness out of which she had come, who, one going to one hand, and one to another, safely led them into the ways in

which their course lay: so that the Pilgrim was free to lead forth the woman who had been given her in charge, and whose path lay in a dim, but pleasant country, outside of that light and gladness in which the Pilgrim's home was.

"But," she said, "you are not to fear or be cast down, because he goes likewise by these ways, and there is not a corner in all this land but he is to be seen passing by; and he will come and speak to you, and lay his hand upon you; and afterwards everything will be clear, and you will know what you are to do."

"Stay with me till he comes — oh, stay with me," the woman cried, clinging to her arm.

"Unless another is sent," the little Pilgrim said. And it was nothing to her that the air was less bright there, for her mind was full of light, so that, though her heart still fluttered a little with all that had passed, she had no longing to return, nor to shorten the way, but went by the lower road sweetly, with the stranger hanging upon her, who was stronger and taller than she. Thus they went on, and the Pilgrim told her all she knew, and everything that came into her heart. And so full was she of the great things she had to say, that it was a surprise to her, and left her trembling, when suddenly the woman took away her clinging hand, and flew forward with arms outspread and a cry of joy. The little Pilgrim stood still to see, and on the path before them was a child, coming towards them singing, with a look such as is never seen but upon the faces of children who have come here early, and who behold the face of the Father, and have never known fear nor sorrow. The woman flew and fell at the child's feet, and he put his hand upon her, and raised her up, and called her "mother." Then he smiled upon the little Pilgrim, and led her away.

"Now she needs me no longer," said the Pilgrim; and it was a surprise to her, and for a moment she wondered in herself if it was known that this child should come so suddenly and her work be over; and also how she was to return again to the sweet place among the flowers from which she had come. But when she turned to look if there was any way, she found one standing by such as she had not yet seen. This was a youth, with a face just touched with manhood, as at the moment when the boy ends, when all is still fresh and pure in the heart; but he was taller and greater than a man.

"I am sent," he said, "little sister, to

take you to the Father; because you have been very faithful, and gone beyond your strength."

And he took the little Pilgrim by the hand, and she knew he was an angel; and immediately the sweet air melted about them into light, and a hush came upon her of all thought and all sense, attending till she should receive the blessing, and her new name, and see what is beyond telling, and hear and understand.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
ACROSS THE YELLOW SEA.

"MAIR haste, less speed," says the good old Scotch proverb. "The shortest cut may prove the longest way home," says the English. I proved the truth of both sayings when returning from Peking to Japan, and longing exceedingly to reach Nagasaki, where I hoped to find a large accumulation of home letters. I determined to strike out a course for myself, and, instead of returning by mail-steamer all the way to Shanghai, thence taking another mail-steamer across to Nagasaki, I resolved if possible to cross direct, and took passage in one of the small trading-vessels which ply between that port and Cheefoo. Many kind friends endeavored to dissuade me from what seemed to them so great a risk; but as the magnificent steamer "Shun Lee," in which I had arrived from Shanghai only a month previously, was then lying a total wreck on a rocky headland at no great distance, I had good reason to maintain that it is not always the Goliaths of the ocean that are most to be relied on.

So, hearing that a small Danish brig, the "Thorkild," was to sail the next day, and being especially attracted by her name, which savored of old Norse mythology and adventure, I applied for a berth, which was at first refused, on the ground that she did not carry passengers; but on hearing that the applicant was a lady who had sailed in many waters and knew how to make light of difficulties, the kind-hearted captain, a fair-haired, blue-eyed Dane, offered to give up his own cabin to secure my greater comfort, and to do all in his power to make my journey pleasant. So that when, in the sunshine of early morning, I embarked in this little vessel of one hundred and fifty-five tons, I almost fancied myself on my own yacht starting for a summer day's cruise.

Slowly we passed the rocky isles which guard the harbor, and the picturesque headland of fine cliffs known as Cheefoo Bluff, concerning which I had heard sad tales of the hardships there endured, in the bitter cold of the previous winter, by a shipwrecked crew. Then a light, fresh breeze sprang up and we sped on our way, expecting that a week at the very longest would find us at our destination. The week passed quietly and peacefully, but light head-winds made our progress slow indeed, and sometimes cold, wet mists blotted out all the wondrous ultramarine blue of the sea which we call "yellow," doubtless from the mud washed down by the great rivers, which discolors the ocean for miles.

Not one sail did we sight in these seven days; but when the mist was most dense, and a brooding silence which we could almost feel seemed to rest upon the waters, a large skeleton junk floated noiselessly close past us, its great, black ribs looking weird and spirit-like, like one of Gustave Doré's strange fancies. There could be little doubt that all her crew had perished,—at all events, no living thing remained on her. Had we struck her in the night we should inevitably have foundered, so we inferred that our good angels had been faithful watchers.

I found my companions chivalrously courteous, as beseemed the family of the Thorkild. They consisted of the captain, a crew of half-a-dozen Danish lads brought from his own home in Sonderburg, a German-Californian mate, and Janssen the boatswain, a gentle, fair-haired Dane, wearing earrings after the manner of sailors. The steward and cook were Chinese, and the food was abundant and good of its kind,—though I confess that the sweet soups, in which preserved fruits and plums figured so largely, and which found such favor with my companions, were to me somewhat trying.

The weather was so calm that I was able to work quietly at my painting; and my good captain gave me most useful lessons in the Danish method of darning stockings, as practised by his grandmother and all the women of Sonderburg. From him I learnt much concerning the home life of German and Danish villages. Also many tales of adventure by sea and land, including some facts confirming what others have told me of the real practical use of casting oil upon troubled waters, which, it seems, is no merely figurative expression, but a fact, and one which could be very generally applied were it

not for ill-timed parsimony. It seems, however, that it is often made use of by fishermen to prevent waves from forming into heads, and breaking over the boat,—a large wicker basket being carried astern, from which coarse fish-oil is allowed to drip continually. One drop of oil instantly covers a large expanse of water, and renders it smooth and safe.

Several days passed, marked only by such incidents as catching a large albacore, a great fish of about fifty pounds weight, and of a bright golden-green color. Its flesh proved firm and good, and gave all on board a good dinner of fresh fish; but I think its dying cry must have given warning to all the finny tribes, for we never had another bite from great fish or small, though we anxiously set our baited lines each morning. The sea-gulls must have been more expert fishers, for they never forsook us, hovering around on swift wing, or floating on the smooth waters, wherever a school of whales were disporting themselves, doubtless sharing in the feast which had attracted these mighty monsters of the deep.

At the end of a week we sighted the Isle Modeste, the most northerly (so far as is known) of the Coreans; and a day later we coasted the north shore of Quelpart, the most southerly of the group. It is apparently a great volcanic cone, richly wooded round the broken edges of the crater, thence descending to the sea in very smooth slopes, and all under most careful cultivation. Not a valley, or gorge, or watercourse, could we discern, but many small, very green, conical hillocks, like fairy knolls. As soon as we got under lee of the isle, the breeze failed us, and we were becalmed for the night. We could distinguish many villages, but were nowise tempted to land, knowing the marked unfriendliness of all the Coreans to strangers.

The "Thorkild" had, however, been able to do her part in mitigating this antipathy, having on her previous voyage picked up a party of fourteen shipwrecked Coreans floating helplessly on their poor, little, battered junk at a distance of twenty-five miles from land. As she neared them, they all knelt, as if craving the assistance of which they stood so seriously in need; for here they had been floating for many days, with no food but a little uncooked rice. One of them was evidently an official of some importance. Of course they were treated with all possible kindness, and carried on to Nagasaki, where an interpreter was found who

could speak Korean; and thence they were sent home with all honor by the Japanese government, who never lose a chance of endeavoring to conciliate these unfriendly neighbors.

Two days after leaving Quelpart we sighted the Goto Isles, an outlying group of Japan. Here the Yellow Sea became bluer than ever. I can only compare it to liquid ultramarine, clear as crystal. I sat on deck till midnight and watched the golden moon slowly sink in the Korean Straits. Then came a downpour of rain, just to remind us that we were nearing the green shores of Japan.

For two whole days we were beating to and fro off the Goto Isles, making long tacks but little progress. It seemed as if the wind always headed us whichever way we turned, so that after running fully two hundred miles, we found we had barely advanced twenty. For about twelve hours we were running very slowly along the shore of Fukuye, the largest southern isle. It is a beautiful coast, with high, volcanic mountains, very green, covered with rich cultivation of the careful sort so peculiar to Japan, and intermingled with scattered woods. All along the coast, lie groups of very varied rocky isles, some low and flat, with grassy shores, others precipitous, crowned with the picturesque fir-trees which form so striking a feature in all parts of Japan. In the morning we had passed a richly wooded headland with a lighthouse perched on the verge of a sheer precipice. In the evening it was still in sight, and we were stealing along with a very light breeze, hoping to pass out before sunset between Aka and Ki, two groups of rocky isles.

Suddenly the wind failed us altogether, and we lay helpless. The sea, though calm in one sense, was running inshore in mighty rollers, which dashed with resistless fury on the outlying rocks; and we were at the mercy of these, for the water was so deep as to be unfathomable. So we could not anchor; and even if our crew had taken to their one boat and tried to row us seaward, their puny strength could have availed nothing against the might of the rollers, and the powerful attraction of the land.

The sun sank in living glory, and the rocks and mountains were bathed in hues of lilac and green and gold; a faint breath of air just stirred our sails in the most tantalizing way. Then the full moon shone gloriously, and the white sails gleamed, as if inviting the breeze that would not come, and all the time we were

drifting ever nearer and nearer to inevitable destruction. By 10 P.M. we were close on Kuro, a high, green isle with rock-bound shore, on which the rollers dashed in heavy breakers, the spray flashing white in the clear moonlight.

It was a lovely night; I cannot say "clear as day," for moonlight makes it impossible to judge of distances. But we were apparently within a few minutes of certain wreck, each moment drifting nearer and nearer to the cruel rocks, while the thunderous roar of the breakers became more deafening, and their gleaming white light more vivid. It was evident that a mere question of minutes, so the captain decided that the moment had come when he must abandon his ship, as there was nothing to be gained by waiting till she struck — on the contrary, it would be incurring very unnecessary danger.

So he gave orders for the one little boat to be made ready, while we rapidly stowed our most precious goods into the smallest possible space, the captain and his Chinese boy cramming ship's papers, clothes, and dollars into a canvas bag while I routed the chief treasures from the depths of my carefully packed boxes and thought with dire regret of the many pleasant associations of far-distant lands interwoven with the heterogeneous pile of every conceivable article which lay scattered around, — so soon to become the sport of the waves.

This done, we were ready to face the worst, and returned on deck, all the better for this little exertion. For it must have been trying indeed to those "hardy Norsemen," who would have been in their element battling with a storm, to have to sit still on this beautiful, calm, midsummer evening, utterly helpless, watching their good ship drift, in perfect order and with every sail set, to her inevitable doom. In the few moments we had been in the cabin we had sensibly approached the land, which now loomed high before us and the dull roar of the breakers sounded more ominous than ever.

The order to lower the little boat was given, and in another minute we should have been on board of her. But, as the old saying goes, "Man's extremity is God's opportunity," and at the very last moment, when we had drifted so close to the white crests of the huge, curling green waves, that it seemed as if nothing could save the vessel from being dashed on the rampart of pitiless, black rocks and when the awful tumult and crash of falling, breaking billows sounded full in

our deafened ears (not a continuous sound, like the raging of a tempest, but an intermittent booming like thunder-claps, with momentary intervals of almost stillness, which seemed to accentuate the roar and echo that followed), suddenly, when all possibility of salvation appeared to be over, a fresh breeze sprang up, wafted us away from the beautiful, treacherous shore, and in less than an hour we were clear of the group, and thankfully watched the receding isles as we sat on deck enjoying our hot coffee, and rejoicing that we had not been compelled to throw ourselves on the hospitality of the kindly inhabitants of Fukuye. For though we knew how cordially they would have welcomed us, and how much of beauty and interest we should have found on their isle, so rarely visited by any European, we were content, under the circumstances, to resign these privileges.

After a while I turned in, as the sailors say; but the roar of the breakers so haunted my waking dreams, that I stole on deck once more, and sat in the soft, velvety moonlight watching the beautiful outgroup till their outline became pale and dim on the far horizon. I was much gratified by the hearty and honest manner in which my comrades expressed their satisfaction at the coolness with which I had faced our prospects. I believe they imagined that women under such circumstances must necessarily be helpless and uncomplaining; so it was pleasant to have helped to dispel that illusion.

The following day was one of calm and tranquillity. The beautiful isles of southern Japan lay all around us, and we hoped to be safely anchored in our desired haven. But suddenly a white squall came on and hid all the land. Nothing could we see but a stormy, gray sky, and a weary expanse of gray waves. I rose to the dignity of a severe gale, and all night our good little ship rolled and tossed like a nutshell, sometimes hanging over at such an angle that it seemed possible she could right again. Towards morning the storm abated; but heavy sheets of rain poured pitilessly, and we could not tell how far we might have drifted in the night.

Suddenly there came a break in the mist, revealing the island of Tagoshima, and the smoke and shafts of its coal-smoke, while to the left lay the lighthouse, which marks the entrance to Nagasaki harbor, a long, narrow bay with most remarkably headlands and inlets, and isles displaying every shade of exquisite green-

terraced fields in richest cultivation of millet, maize, and the vivid green of the young rice; dark clumps of most picturesque old fir-trees, or groves of delicate airy bamboo with feathery foliage, and tidy little Japanese villages and graves, dotted about in every direction. Then we passed the memorable isle of Pappenberg, and a few minutes later came in sight of the pretty town of Nagasaki, fraught with so many memories in the story of the early intercourse between Japan and the outer barbarians — Portuguese, Dutch, English, French, and Americans appearing successively in her annals.

Our brave little vessel flew to her anchorage in such gallant style as to win special commendation from the captain of an English man-of-war which lay hard by; and an hour later I found myself comfortably at home, with the kindest of friends, in the pleasant English consulate, whence we looked down through a frame of greenest bamboos and gay garden blossoms to the blue harbor below, than which, I believe, earth holds none lovelier, always excepting that of Rio Janeiro, on which I must reserve judgment, not having seen it. Great religious boat-races were going on between long, narrow boats, each manned by about fifty naked rowers working short paddles and all sitting — a circumstance which is noteworthy, because the Japanese boatmen generally stand and scull with long oars. There was much beating of tom-toms and drums, but we failed to discover the special meaning of the feast.

The various consulates and other homes of foreigners lie picturesquely scattered over the hills on one side of the harbor, and from among cool foliage rise the spires of the English and Roman Catholic churches, the latter attended by a very large native congregation, almost without exception descendants of those who were martyred for their faith in the last century. That pretty island of Pappenberg, which had attracted our admiration as we entered the harbor, had been the scene of a terrible massacre of Christians, who having been brought to this spot, were compelled to ascend the steep flight of rude stone steps leading to the summit, where a wooden platform had been erected overhanging the sea. Here they were once more allowed the option of abjuring the faith, but not one would do so; so they were all thrown into the sea, or dashed to pieces on the rocks.

The authorities hoped they had thus

stamped out the evil creed; but, as usual, the blood of the martyrs proved to be the seed of the Church; for so soon as comparative freedom from persecution made it possible for Christian teachers to return to the land, many came to them secretly by night and declared that they were the children of the martyrs, and steadfast adherents to the faith for which they had dared to die.

The history of the spread of Christianity in Japan, the courage and fortitude of the converts throughout years of relentless persecution, the calmness with which they faced death in forms most abhorrent to all their traditions of honor, and the intense and persistent determination of the rulers utterly to exterminate all professors of the new creed, and to wipe out every vestige of his presence, — form one of the most thrilling chapters in the story of Christian zeal and endurance.

Of course I here speak of the Roman Catholic missions carried on by the Portuguese. It is only to be lamented that they should always have been so much mixed up with a struggle for temporal power — that, in point of fact, the terrible persecutions were almost invariably provoked by the political interference of the priests.

The Portuguese first visited Japan in the year 1541. Not long afterwards, a Japanese named Hansiro was brought to Malacca by a Portuguese ship. There he was converted by St. Francis Xavier, that most devoted of missionaries, whose longings to carry the Christian faith to Japan became so ardent that, in 1549, he took passage in a Chinese junk, accompanied by Hansiro and two companions, and sailing for Japan landed at Kagosima, the birthplace of Hansiro. Here the strangers were well received by the governor and magistrates, and straightway applied themselves to the difficult study of the language. The great apostle had, unhappily, not inherited the gift of tongues ascribed to him by his biographers, for he himself writes: "We stand like statues. They speak to us, and make signs to us, and we remain mute. All our present occupation is to learn the elements of the Japanese grammar."

A year later he had made about a hundred converts, the prince of Satsuma having published an edict permitting his subjects to embrace Christianity. But when the prince found that the Portuguese traders, who had at first come only to Kagosima, now passed on to other cities, carrying their wealth with them, he

issued a new decree pronouncing sentence of death against any who should receive baptism.

So Xavier and his comrades were forced to pass on to other cities, chiefly to Kioto (then called Miako), and to Amanguc, whose ruler assigned for their use an unoccupied Buddhist monastery. Here many flocked to hear them, — not the common people only, but nobles and priests, many of whom were favorable disposed to the new creed. In November, 1551, Xavier decided that he must in person to China to attack the root of the mighty superstition, instead of merely lopping off its branches. He failed, however, to effect an entrance to that jealously guarded land; and in December, 1552, he fevered and died on an island near Canton.

But the seed which he had planted in Japan had struck a deep root. The two Jesuit priests whom he had left there were shortly joined by three others. Having thoroughly mastered the language they lived with the people as brethren while the power of the confessional gave them an insight into secrets which the governors themselves failed to master.

They guided the course of Portuguese trade so effectually, that the prince of Kiusiu pretended to be open to conversion, in order to secure for their own dominions this lucrative traffic.

Foremost of these was the prince of Bungo, who proved a staunch friend of the Jesuits, and who, after twenty-seven years of hesitation, followed the example of his queen, and was baptized, selecting as his new name that of his first Christian friend, St. Francis. No efforts were spared by the teachers to attract the people. They had controversial writing and public discussions for the learned teaching for the young, and for the poor and ignorant large alms-giving, mystery plays, and even such miracles as casting out devils. So the proselytes increased in number, and the enmity between the Japanese priests and the Jesuits became daily more bitter.

Unhappily the first act of violence was perpetrated by the Christian party, who, attributing to the *bonzes* the overthrow of a cross, revenged the insult by burning their houses and some of their idols and by casting others into the sea. The *bonzes*, of course, retaliated, and succeeded in stirring up so much ill-feeling against the Christians, that even the king of Omura, in the island of Kiusiu (the first chief who had publicly professed the

v faith), was compelled thrice to fly from his palace.

The Jesuits, however, found a strong ally in Nobunanga, the strong-handed and terrible military ruler of Japan. He ordered the bonzes with a bitter hatred — destroyed their temples and monasteries, casting the images of Buddha to be torn in their shrines, and dragged through the streets of Miako with ropes round their necks. As part of the same policy, he granted the Jesuits many privileges, including exemption from taxes, permission to preach throughout his dominions, and to rebuild the church which they had been allowed to erect at Miako in 1559, which had been destroyed in recent years.

He did not, however, pretend to be influenced by their teaching. On the contrary, he built a magnificent new temple, in which he collected all the most venerated of the idols, and above them all he placed his own tablet, desiring that all should worship it as that of a deified ruler. Becoming jealous of the Jesuits, he next issued an edict commanding them to leave Japan; but ere it was enforced, a conspiracy was formed against him, and his eldest son (who had been the first to worship his idol) were burnt in their own palace.

He was succeeded in the shogunate by Iyeyasu, who by his skill and valor in war had raised himself from a woodworker to the rank of generalissimo. He, too, began by favoring the Jesuits, but afterwards had occasion to dread their power; for the Christian party was rapidly gaining strength. The princes of Owara, Arima, and Bungo had banished the bonzes from their dominions, destroyed their temples and seizing their revenues. The prince of the Goto Isles, and the prince of Tosa, had professed Christianity; and though the province of Kiushiu was the hotbed of the faith, it had already many converts in Nippon also, including men of mark, powerful nobles, and generals.

Unhappily the faith was too often spread mechanically by force and persecution. Rulers were compelled by their feudal lords to adopt the new creed professed by their masters, the temples so long revered were ruthlessly destroyed, and the priests of Buddha exiled or put to death. Even where the Spanish and Portuguese priests were not directly implicated in the persecutions, they applauded them, as, for instance, when the prince of Bungo had burned three thousand Bud-

dhist monasteries and razed the temples to the ground, including one famous for its splendor and its colossal image of Dai Butsu, the Christian priests declared that such ardent zeal was an evident token of faith and charity! As a natural consequence the promulgators of the foreign faith had many bitter foes; and soon after the jealousy of Taiko Sama had been awakened, nine Franciscan and Jesuit missionaries were arrested in Osaka and Kioto — *i.e.*, Miako. They were taken to Nagasaki and there impaled, A.D. 1598 — a death of appalling, slow agony, which they endured with heroic constancy. Nevertheless, nine hundred priests contrived to gain a footing in these three cities, and numbered their converts at one million eight hundred thousand. Of the priests one hundred and twenty-four were Jesuits, the remainder Dominicans, Franciscans, Augustines, and native Japanese. They had churches in all parts of the southern isles, and colleges in which secular knowledge was imparted to willing scholars. In the isle of Amakusa the Jesuits established a college where they instructed the young nobles of Japan in music, Latin, and European science; and the college at Miako numbered seven thousand students.

Supported by many princes of the highest rank and power, their position seemed well established; when, in an evil hour, the mighty shogun Iyeyasu, having reason to believe that they had greatly encouraged the civil wars of the empire, and that they were further plotting to betray the country into the hands of the Portuguese, issued an edict (A.D. 1614) which resulted in a persecution more appalling than any hitherto dreamt of in the annals of Japan. It is said that many of the worst forms of torture by which these Christian martyrs perished were now for the first time practised in Japan, and were apparently suggested by the hints gathered from foreigners of the dealings of the Inquisition with unbelievers.

Japanese officers were employed in a detective service, called the Christian inquiry, which was instituted for the express purpose of arresting and punishing all adherents of the proscribed faith. Imprisonment was followed by tortures from which death was a merciful release. Those who were simply drowned or strangled were fortunate. Some were thrown into the boiling springs on Mount Unzen, some were buried alive, others torn asunder by oxen. Many were imprisoned in cages, and left to starve and die of raging

thirst, while food and drink were spread temptingly beyond their reach. Some were tied up in rice-bags and heaped together in a great pile, and formed the fuel for a vast bonfire. The emblem of the faith was upreared on every side, and the land was filled with crosses on which the martyrs were left to writhe in slow agony.

The persecutions became more and more virulent; but the constancy of the converts is almost incredible. Their faith was bravely sustained by the priests, who proved themselves ready to sacrifice their own lives in aid of their people. Many of those who had been banished contrived to return in various disguises, and remained in hiding where they might best encourage their flocks. The majority perished at the stake or on the cross. The restrictions on Portuguese trade were made more stringent. No foreigners were allowed to live anywhere in Japan save at Nagasaki; and all Japanese-Portuguese, half-castes were banished from the isles.

In the year 1635 the Dutch had the good fortune to capture a Portuguese ship carrying letters from the native Christians craving assistance from Portugal. Here was a prize indeed! They of course forwarded the letters to the shogun, whose wrath very naturally was unbounded. The fate of Portuguese trade was sealed, and thenceforward the Dutch enjoyed a monopoly of commercial relations with Japan, but purchased by their compliance with most humiliating conditions.

In 1640 the Portuguese merchants at Macao made one more effort to establish a neutral trade between China and Japan, and ventured to send a ship to Nagasaki. It was seized and burnt. A few of the crew were sent back in a junk to bear the sorrowful tidings that sixty of their number had been beheaded on the island of Dessima, and that the gibbet bore this inscription: "So long as the sun shines in the world, let no one have the boldness to land in Japan, even in quality of ambassador, except those who are allowed by the laws to come for the sake of commerce;" which meant the Dutch.

The discovery of the treasonable letter was, of course, a sufficient reason for persecuting the Christians with renewed vigor. Thirty-seven thousand of the people of Arima, finding their lives intolerable, took refuge on the neighboring isle of Shimabarra, and fortified themselves in the ruins of an old castle which stood on a rocky headland jutting into the sea,

having perpendicular cliffs of a hundred feet in depth on three sides, and a steep descent to the valley on the fourth. Here they bravely defended themselves some time against an army of eight thousand men, assisted by the Dutch artillery; but being finally overpowered by numbers, and their provisions and ammunition alike failing, they were slaughtered wholesale, and multitudes of men, women, and children were pushed from the cliffs into the sea.

This old castle lies about twenty miles to the south of the modern town of Shimabarra, which is situated at the foot of a great volcanic mountain, visible from the hill above Nagasaki. The volcano still gives proof of its activity by clouds of smoke, frequent earthquakes, and hot sulphur springs.

About twenty miles from Shimabarra lies the village of Tomioka in Amakusa, where an unhewn sea-stone, about seven feet high, placed on a grassy mound, bears a lengthy inscription, which has been translated for us by the Rev. H. Stout, of the American Mission, Nagasaki, telling how, in the year 1636, a young rebel, Marada Shirô, made known the false doctrine of Christianity everywhere; how his followers destroyed Shinto and Buddhist temples, burned villages, farms, and prepared for siege at Shimabarra, in numbers upwards of thirty-one thousand; how the *daimios* and their forces assembled, and in the following spring captured the castle and slew the evil company; how he and elsewhere the many ten thousand of their heads were collected, and, being divided into three lots, were buried at Nagasaki, Shimabarra, and Amakusa; how three thousand three hundred and thirty-three belonging to the locality of Tomioka, being captured were brought back there to be decapitated, and the heads collected and buried in one grave over which the governor Suzuki Shigenari, pitying the many thousand evil spirits wandering in pain, performed this meritorious act of setting up this stone. To which the Buddhist priest Chinkasô charitably adds: "I earnestly pray that by his good works, every one of those spirits may forthwith become a saint, and prove the benefit of being purified in Hades."

It is said that many of the ancient graves in the neighborhood of Nagasaki which are marked only with a circle, are those of Christians.

Mr. Satow, of H.B.M. Legation at Tokio, has translated a manuscript journal

by some one during the siege of Shimabarra, in which it is stated, that in the month of February the garrison offered to surrender if the lives of the men and children might be spared, but the answer was that not one should be allowed to escape. The writer states that the thirty-seven thousand people in the castle, only thirteen thousand were fighting-men. Hence it must be inferred that twenty-four thousand women and children were here massacred. A Dutch baron, writing in A.D. 1778, quotes the journals of a Dutch factory at Hirado to prove that some of their vessels actually assisted the besiegers, landed guns, armed batteries, and opened fire from these and from the vessel.

So thoroughly was the policy of extermination now carried out, that there was every reason to suppose that Christianity was literally stamped out in Japan. Its very name was whispered in terror. It was linked with such other crimes as murder, arson, sorcery and sedition, and was denounced in company with these, on public notice boards, which were posted in the most conspicuous spots in every city and hamlet throughout the empire, beside public roads and ferries, and in all places where men who run may read. It was a crime even to give shelter to one of the evil sect; and rewards were offered to those who should discover them.

One test to be applied to suspected persons was to compel them to trample on a pictured image of the Saviour, which had been cast in copper at Nagasaki, and disseminated for this purpose. It was further enacted, that should any missionary reach the shores of Japan, the whole crew of the vessel which brought him should be put to death; reward was, however, offered to any one turning informer. Not even a letter might be carried for a Christian. For years the search for members of the hated Kirishtan sect was continued with such vigilance that at last no one could be discovered. If any still remained, they had learned to conceal their faith as effectually as an average foreigner would do.

In 1642 the Roman Catholic missionaries made one more effort to penetrate into Japan. Eight priests effected a landing in the district of Satsuma, but they were forthwith arrested and put to death. Since that time there have been no descendants of those early Christians who have refused to worship at the shrines. Thus in the year 1829 one woman and six men were crucified at

Osaka, because they were known to be obstinate Christians. Now that religious toleration is apparently the order of the day, the Catholic Mission is carried on by French and Italian priests, under the direction of Monseigneur Marie Joseph Laucaigne, a courteous Frenchman, who (according to the custom of the Church of Rome, which bestows the titles of ancient and extinct bishoprics on those whom she sends to labor in heathen lands) is known, not as the Bishop of Nagasaki, but of Apollonie.

The English and American missions are of course plants of very recent growth; and, having no strange resemblances to Buddhism in their teaching and ceremonies, their plain, undecorated churches offer little attraction to the native mind, and their progress is necessarily exceedingly slow, being further most seriously retarded by both the example and openly expressed cavillings of the majority of foreigners.

As to the highly educated Japanese, who eagerly study all the writings of modern free thought, they are still in that early stage of emancipation which fails to recognize the need of embracing any definite creed. Most especially is this true of those who have been educated in so-called Christian countries.

With regard to the question of liberty of conscience, all that can be said is, that the penal laws against the Christians have been suffered to fall into abeyance. Even at the present day, the Japanese who openly embraces Christianity does so with the full consciousness that his path is by no means a secure one; for though the edict of death to all professing that creed, which formerly was inscribed on a public place in every village, has now been removed thence, in obedience to a stipulation in the treaty with foreign powers, it has never been repealed, and may at any moment be put in force.

Instead, therefore, of cavilling at the comparatively small number of converts made by the English and American missions, we have rather reason to admire the courage displayed by those who face the danger, — though, at the present time, the authorities do not interfere with the living, but occasionally place some difficulties in the way of Christian funerals. However, in this as in every other aspect of Japanese progress, one can but marvel at the great changes wrought in so short a period. To-day the ships of many nations fly their colors peacefully as they lie anchored in the quiet harbor, and Chris-

tian schools and churches are established on the historic isle of Dessima, where for so many years the Dutch consented, in order to secure a monopoly of trade, to live in most dishonorable imprisonment, only allowed to leave the island once a year, for a few hours, by crossing a bridge whereon was engraved the sign of the cross, on which they must of necessity trample as they passed.

Interesting as are these details of the struggles to secure religious toleration, I need hardly say it is by no means a subject which forces itself upon the casual observer. Rather is his attention arrested and captivated by the picturesque aspect of heathendom rampant. Most fascinating to me were the rambles which we took through the old native city, especially when, turning aside from the busy streets of ordinary life (quaint enough, it may be well believed), we found ourselves in one which, like the neighborhood of Père la Chaise in Paris, is wholly occupied by shops for the sale of flowers, and similar suitable offerings, for the adornment of the multitudinous graves which literally cover the whole hill at the back of the town. On certain festivals each grave in this vast cemetery is adorned by loving hands; pink lotus-blossoms are placed in simple vases and incense-sticks burnt on the little altar before the grave. Some offerings of food are also laid there, in little china cups; and a paper lantern is hung over each tombstone, which is generally an effective piece of stone-carving, and often surrounded by little gardens and shrubs, and enclosed with stone railings and a handsome stone portal, — stone gates, revolving on stone hinges, — suggestive of those discovered by Porter in the giant cities of Bashan, though on a small scale.

At the base of the hill, and at the other side of the town, is a perfect network of temples — Buddhist and Shinto merging one into the other in the most tolerant manner, and producing inextricable confusion in the mind of the spectator, and, I should imagine, of the worshipper also, by the promiscuous use of the emblems sacred to each — such as mirrors of polished metal, paper *goheis*, and straw ropes; images of saints, all manner of idols, lotus-blossoms, etc., etc. Each temple is an artistic study; and its surroundings of handsome stone lanterns, fine old trees, curious braziers and fountains, combined with the charming groups of Japanese figures, always coming and going, make up an endless succession of pleasant pic-

tures. Long flights of steep stone steps lead up to the temple, and thence to innumerable groups of graves, which half hidden by tall grasses and briar-wood. And looking back hence, you have lovely glimpses of the town, and of the blue harbor and fine hills beyond, framed by most picturesquely gnarled fir-trees.

Close to one temple we found the studio of a native artist who was painting scrolls on silk, flowers and figures; his family all seemed highly intelligent and artistic. One was an entomologist, who, having visited England, had sent back many cases of insects to a museum there. Others paint lanterns in the form of parasols, which, when closed, is apparent only a bamboo. In their garden are large tanks, where they raise immense numbers of gold-fish for sale. Passing on then we visited the studio of another artist, a real genius, but a type of that too rapid adaptation of foreign ideas which is so fair to quickly wipe out all purely native art. In this man's studio were admirable studies from nature, with all the essentially Japanese characteristics; but lately he had been devoting his attention to English studies of shipping and rigging, and was producing very foreign-looking pictures in *guache*. He also showed several volumes of a Japanese "Guide to Art," all full of English illustrations. Returning from his house we explored most picturesque canals with old bridges, and bought all manner of quaint things at the odd little shops.

Each day offered some new scene of interest. One day we rode across the harbor to explore the old Dutch and Russian cemeteries, which occupy a lovely site on a ferny hill crowned by noble cypresses. Several graves are marked by the Greek cross, and in one, which forms a small shrine, is placed a very artistic painting of the Crucifixion. The Japanese graves close by were marked by the buds of the pink lotus, sacred to Buddha.

But the favorite afternoon "ploy" was a boating expedition down the harbor, where ladies and children bathed in the pleasant bay, and gentlemen in another after which they combined forces for an open-air tea-party; and those who cared for the treasures of the deep ransacked the shores and rocks for fresh wonders. One gentleman — Mr. Paul of H. B. Consulate — had devoted his attention exclusively to collecting crabs from the one coast; and the beauty and variety of his specimens were really past belief.

very conceivable kind was there : smooth and hairy, sombre and gaudy ; so tiny as to be almost microscopic, so large as to measure about three feet across the claws. The Japanese fishermen soon discovered at a pecuniary value attached to the fuse of their dredging-nets, and they came careful to preserve all new specimens. And gradually as the collection increased in size and in beauty, their interest and wonder were excited ; and when, in 1879, it was lent to the great Nagasaki Exhibition, the native naturalists gazed at it in utter amazement, marvelling to see how great a variety of crustacea could be found on their own shores.

Thus boating, riding, or climbing the steep hill-paths in search of new beauties, the pleasant days slipped away ; and now, more prosaic lands, the memory of the keen loveliness of Nagasaki often comes back to me as a haunting vision of delight.

From Good Words.

LADY JANE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE WEDDING DAY.

It was not a pleasant day in Grosvenor Square. When the duke arrived in his carriage the door was opened to him by the humble person who had care of the house while the family were out of town, an old servant to whom this charge was a sort of pensioning off. She was very much flustered, and informed him in an undertone that Lady Jane had arrived a few minutes before "with a gentleman." "Her ladyship is in the library, your Grace, and the gentleman with her," the old woman said, curtseying and trembling—for though Lady Jane's garb was very simple for a bride, still it was a white dress, and in the middle of winter it is well known that brides do not go about their ordinary business in such garments. The duke considered a moment, and then decided that he would not see his daughter till her companion was gone. He was tremulous with rage and discomfiture, yet with the sense that vengeance was in his hands. His feeling made him conclude that it was more wise not to see Winton, not to run the risk of losing his temper or betraying his intentions, but to remain on the watch till he withdrew, and in the mean time to arrange his own plans. He

told the old housekeeper to let him know when the gentleman was gone, and in the mean time hurried up-stairs to his daughter's room, and examined it carefully. Lady Jane had two rooms appropriated to her use, with a third communicating with them in which her maid slept. This was a large area to put under lock and key, which was her father's determination ; but in the ferment of his excited mind and temper he felt no derogation in the half-stealthy examination he made of the shut-up rooms, their windows and means of communication, the locks on the doors, and all the arrangements that would be necessary to shut them off entirely from the rest of the house. With his own hands he removed the keys, locking all the doors but one, and leaving the key on the outside of that to shut off all entrance to the prison.

While he was thus occupied the pair so strangely severed stood together in the library waiting for his appearance, and getting a certain bitter sweetness out of the last hour they were to spend together. They were not aware that it was, in any serious sense of the words, their last hour. "Till to-morrow" was the limit they gave themselves. To-morrow no further interruption would be possible, the incomplete service would be resumed, and all would be well. Even the duke, unreasonable as he might be, would not think it practicable, when in his sober senses, to endeavor to sunder those who had been almost put together in the presence of God. They believed, notwithstanding the tantalizing misery of this interruption, that it could not be but for a few hours, and though Winton's impatience and indignation were at first almost frenzy, Lady Jane recovered her courage before they reached the house, and did her best to soothe him. She drew good even out of the evil. To-morrow all would be completed in her father's presence. When once convinced that matters had gone too far to be arrested, how could he refuse to lend his sanction to what must be, whether with his sanction or not ? She pleased herself with this solution of all their difficulties. "My mother will come, I am sure," she said, "as soon as the train can bring her ; I shall have her with me, which will be far, far better than Lady Germaine, and there will be no further need of concealment, which is odious, is it not, Reginald ? There is a soul of goodness in things evil," she said. As for Winton he was past speaking : the disappointment, and those passions that

rage in the male bosom, were too much for him — fury and indignation, and pride in arms, and the sense of defeat which was intolerable. But he permitted himself to be subdued, to yield to her who had put so much force upon herself, and conquered so many natural repugnances and womanly traditions for him. Lady Jane would not even let it appear that she felt the shame of being thus dragged back to her father's house. "To-morrow," she said, "to-morrow," with a thousand tender smiles. When it became apparent that the duke did not mean to make an appearance she turned that to their advantage with soothing sophistry. "He has nothing to say now," she cried, "don't you see, Reginald? You cannot expect him to come and offer us his consent: if he withdraws his opposition that is all we can desire. Had he meant to persevere he would have come to us at once, and ordered you away, and made another struggle. That is what I have been fearing. And now in return for his forbearance you must go. Oh, do you think I wish you to go? but it is best, it will be most honorable. What could be done in the circumstances but that you should bring me home? Yes, till your house is mine this is still home — till to-morrow," she cried, smiling upon him. Winton paced up and down the gloomy, closed-up room in an agony of uncertainty, bewilderment, and dismay.

"My home *is* yours," he cried; "and what sort of place is this to bring you to, my darling, without a soul to take care of you or look after your comfort, without a fire even, or a servant: on this day! It is intolerable! And how, how can I go and leave you on our wedding day? It is more than flesh and blood can bear. Jane, I have a foreboding; I can't be hopeful like you. If you submitted to the force of circumstances in that wretched church, there is no force of any kind here. Don't send me away; come with me, my love, my dearest. The way is clear, there is nothing but that old woman —"

"There is our honor," said Lady Jane. "I pledged it to my father. And if I went with you it would only be to separate again. Surely I am better at home than at Lady Germaine's: till to-morrow — till to-morrow," she repeated softly. The library was next the door, it was close to the open street, the free air out-of-doors. The temptation, though she rejected it, was great upon Lady Jane too. There was a moment in which, though she did not allow it, she wavered.

The next moment, with more fortitude than ever, she recovered the mastery of herself. It was she at last who, tenderly persuading and beseeching, induced him to go away. She went to the door with him, and almost put him out with loving force. "You will come back for me to-morrow — to-morrow! it is not long to-morrow," she said, waving her hand, her distracted bridegroom as he hurried away. It was well that there was nobody in town — nobody in Grosvenor Square — except a passing milk-boy, to see the duke's daughter standing in the doorway like the simplest maiden, in her white dress, a wonderful vision for a murder London day, taking farewell of her lover. She closed the door after him with her own hand, while poor old Mrs. Brown, with such a flutter as she had never before experienced in her life, came hobbling out from the corner in which she had been keeping watch. "Oh, my lady! my lady!" the old woman said. She had scarcely been high enough up in the hierarchy of service below stairs to have come to speech of Lady Jane at all, and now to think that she was all the attention possible for that princess royal! Lady Jane, it may be supposed, was in a light-hearted mood, but she stopped with a smile to reassure the old servant.

"Nurse Mordaunt is with me," she said; "she will no doubt be here directly Mrs. Brown. You must not vex yourself about me. It will only be till to-morrow. If you will have a fire lighted in my room I will go there."

"Yes, my lady; oh, my lady! but I'm afraid there's some sad trouble," said the old housekeeper.

Lady Jane was far too high-bred to reject this sympathy, but it was almost more than in her valor she could bear. Her eyes filled in spite of herself. "This is only an extraordinary accident," she said. "But Mordaunt will tell you where she comes." She was glad to escape into the library that she might not break down. Turning round to re-enter that huge, cold, uninhabited place, her mind was seized with a spasm of terror. The blinds were drawn down, the fireplace was cold, it was like a room out of which the dead had been newly carried, not a place to receive a woman in the most living moment of life — on her wedding day! She had borne herself very bravely as long as her lover was there — almost too bravely, trying to make him believe that it was nothing, that she had scarcely any feeling on the subject. But

When she saw him go, the clouds and darkness closed in upon Lady Jane, her lips quivered sadly as she spoke to Mrs. Brown. When she was alone her swelling heart and throbbing forehead were relieved by a sudden passion of tears. Would it be nothing as she had made believe? or was it a parting, an ending, a severance from Reginald and hope? A black moment passed over her — blacker than anything that Winton felt as, disaffected and furious, burning with intentions of vengeance, and a sense of injury which there was some relief from the misery of the situation, he hurried along towards the Germaines' house. There at last he could plan and arrange, and talk at his fury and wretchedness. But Lady Jane had no such solace. When she had yielded to that bitter *accès* of tears, and let herself pass under the cloud, she had gathered herself together again all unaided, and recover her composure as best she could. That sensation of overwhelming cold which so often accompanies a mental crisis made her shiver. She drew her cloak closely round her, and went slowly up-stairs through the hollow silence of the great house, pausing now and then to take breath in her nervous exhaustion, and looking anxiously for the appearance of her father. Did he not mean to come to her at all? Lady Jane had no idea that she was going with all those hesitations and pauses straight into a prison. Such a thought had never occurred to her. She believed still in reason and loving-kindness and truth. Her father, when he saw it impossible, would after all yield, she thought. Her mother would come to succor her in this extraordinary emergency. There is a soul of goodness in things ill," she murmured again to herself, but not so bravely as she had said it to her lover. The house was so cold, such echoing solitude, no living thing visible, and she alone in it, left to wear through the weary hours as she could — her wedding day!

Thus with tired and lingering steps, and despondency taking possession of her soul, Lady Jane went softly up-stairs, beginning to divest herself of her wedding gown and hide her humiliation, looking only for her father, whose appearance in this wilderness, even if it were only to censure and denounce her, would still have had a certain consolation in it. The duke, unseen, watched her progress with a vindictive pleasure in the downcast air and slow, languid step. He watched her enter the very door with an eagerness not to

be described. At the last moment she might turn round, she might still leave the house, she might escape. In no case could he have used violence to his daughter. To level thunderbolts of speech was one thing, to use force was quite another. To lift his hand was impossible. If she turned round and fled down the stairs and out at the door she must do so; there was no way in which he could stop her; if any third person were present, even Mrs. Brown, he would be obliged to keep a watch upon himself, to demand no more obedience than she would give, to treat her as a reasonable being. All this the duke felt, spying upon her steps as she went slowly up, following her, his footsteps falling noiselessly on the thick carpets. He heard her sigh, but this made no difference. To any one else this sigh of the widowed bride alone in this dismal, empty house on the day that was to have been, that almost was, her wedding day, would have contained something touching. But it did not touch the duke. He followed at a distance, keeping out of sight, determined to give her no opportunity to appeal to him. When he heard her door close, a certain glow of satisfaction came over his face. He went forward quickly, and turned the key in the lock and put it in his pocket. He heard her moving about in the room, and he could hear that she stopped short at the noise and stood listening to know what it was. But all was quiet again, and Lady Jane suspected nothing. She had begun to look in her wardrobe for something to put on instead of her white dress. She thought it was some jar of one of the doors as she opened them. And he stole down-stairs again unnoticed and unobserved. Who was there to notice him? no one in the house, except his daughter locked into the room, and Mrs. Brown with her little niece down-stairs. The duke withdrew into the library, where he had sat and pondered for many a day, but never as now. The old housekeeper had bestirred herself and had lighted a fire and set out a table with two places for luncheon. She at least could do her duty if no one else did. Mrs. Brown, indeed, felt as a neglected general has often done when the moment arrived in which he could distinguish himself. She had never had this opportunity. Now, at last, in the end of her life it had come to her. His Grace, who was so particular, should for once in his life know what it was to eat a chop, an English chop, in its perfection. She had sent out her handmaiden to fetch

them and lit the fire herself in her devotion. This is an extent of enthusiasm to which few people would go. And Lady Jane, sweet creature, who was evidently in trouble somehow with her papa, who had sent that nice young gentleman off as fast as ever she could that the duke and he might not meet, poor thing! what would be so good for her as a chop? The old housekeeper betook herself to her work with the warmest sense at once of benevolence and of power — power to ameliorate and soften the hardness of destiny, and to win fame and honor to herself. What enterprise could have a finer motive? Of the three people in the house, she was the happy one, as happens not unfrequently among all the twists and entanglements of fate.

Before, however, Mrs. Brown had begun to cook her chops, Nurse Mordaunt, Lady Jane's devoted attendant since her childhood, arrived in much anxiety and distress. Nurse had been detained by various matters, by Lady Germaine and by the delay in getting her ladyship's things, which had been left that morning at Lady Germaine's house. With a heavy heart nurse had effaced the direction of Lady Jane Winton from the box. She had never herself approved of such a marriage any more than the duke did. It injured her pride sadly to think of "my lady" marrying a commoner at all, and marrying him secretly at a poky little church in the City! But that she should be married and not married, half a wife, "dragged from the altar," was something which no one could contemplate with calmness. Nurse was more shamed, distracted, broken-hearted than any of the party. "Oh, don't ask me," she answered, shaking her head, when Mrs. Brown humbly, with every respect, begged to know what had happened. "It is as bad as a revolution — it's worse than the Chartists; even Radicals respect the marriage vow," nurse cried in her dismay. "I don't approve of it, and never did and never will. Up to the church door I'd have done anything to stop it. But bless us, if you don't keep the altar sacred what have you got to trust to?" She caused the boxes to be brought into the hall with their erased addresses. There was nobody to carry them anywhere, none of the attendance about to which Mrs. Mordaunt was accustomed. "Fetch one of the men," she had said at first, and then she remembered there was no man in Grosvenor Square at this time of the year. "Drat it, as if things were not bad enough

already; no servants, no comfort, nobody but Mrs. Brown to look to everything! Mrs. Mordaunt was too much broken down to go to her young lady at once. She condescended to go into the kitchen where it was at least warm, to eat one of the chops and to rest a little before she went up-stairs. And her arrival was scarcely over before it was followed by another more urgent and important. The old housekeeper almost fainted when opening the door in answer to the impatient summons of another arrival, she saw the duchess herself get out of a hackney cab. "Bless us!" the old woman cried; if the queen had come next she could not have been more surprised.

The duchess, it need not be said, was in the secret of all those arrangements which were to make Lady Jane into Reginald Winton's wife. She had a cold that day, partly real, partly no doubt emotional, but enough to make her keep her room in the morning, leaving her guests to the care of her sister, who was at Billings on a visit. She got up, as may be supposed, with a great deal of agitation from her broken rest, thinking of her Jane, how she would be preparing for her marriage, with nobody but Lady Germaine to comfort and support her. Lady Germaine was very kind; she had taken charge of the whole business; she and her husband had gone to town on purpose to facilitate everything; but still it was dreadful to the duchess to think that her child should have no one but Lady Germaine to lean upon at such a moment of her life. In her own room in the stillness of the morning the thoughts of the mother were bent upon this subject, which she went over and over, thinking of everything. She figured to herself how her child would wake, and realize what a fateful morning it was, and wish for her mother. How she would say her prayers with all the fervor of such a crisis, and linger upon the contemplation of the past, and the sweet but awful thought of the future. Though her husband and his reign were so near, Jane would think of her home, of the parents who loved her, and shed some tears to think that the most momentous act of her life was taking place away from them, in opposition to one of them. The duchess, who was very much overcome at once by what she knew and what she did not know, by imagination and by fact, shed more tears herself at this point, and she had to dry them hastily to look up with an unconcerned face when her maid came into the room bringing a piece of

news which in a moment startled her into activity and alarm. The duke had gone suddenly off to town by the early train. After he had read his letters he had seemed agitated, but said nothing to Bowles (who was his Grace's valet) except that business called him to town. And he had been gone an hour when the news was brought to his wife. The reader may suppose how short a time elapsed before the anxious mother followed him. She went out quietly in a close carriage, nobody knowing, and got the next train, arriving in London two hours later than that by which her husband had travelled. He was sitting down with a little shrug of his shoulders, but not without appetite, to Mrs. Brown's chops, when she drove up to the door, and suddenly came in upon him, pale and full of anguish. Her eye ran round the room questioning before he said a word: then she loosened her cloak and sat down upon the nearest seat with a sigh of relief.

"What have you done with Jane?" she asked about to say: but then it appeared to her that Jane must have escaped, that everything was accomplished. She could have wept or laughed in the extreme excitedness of this relief, but she dared not do either. She looked at him instead, and he sat looking suspiciously at her. "It made me very anxious to hear of your going," she said. "I feared something might be wrong. I am going back directly and nobody knows I am out of my room; but I felt that I must hear——"

"What?" he asked with watchful suspicion; it was a terrible ordeal to go through. The duchess did all a woman could to take the meaning out of her own case and put upon it an aspect of affectionate concern alone. "I did not know what to think," she said; "I was very anxious: but it cannot be anything very odd, I hope, since I find you——" How hard it is to say what is not the truth! While she uttered these commonplace words her eyes were watching him, keenly questioning everything about him. At last her heart seemed to stand still. She received the two covers laid on the table. "You have some one with you," she said, with a catching of her breath.

He looked at her still more keenly. "I love Jane with me," he said.

"Jane!" It was all her mother could do not to break down altogether and show her anguish and disappointment in passionate tears; but her heart was leaping in her throat, and she could not speak.

"That is to say," he added slowly, with

unspeakable enjoyment in the sense of having got the better of the women altogether and holding them in his hand, "she is in the house. I arrived in time to save her from becoming the victim—— of a villain. I shall keep her safe now I have got her," the duke said, with an ineffable flourish of his hand.

"The victim—— of a villain? What do you mean by such words? They sound as if you had got them out of a novel," the duchess said; but her heart was beating so that she could scarcely hear herself speak.

"Then you knew nothing about it?" said her husband calmly.

The duchess got up from her seat. She was too much agitated to be able to keep still. "I knew, if that is what you mean, that she was to marry—— the man she loved—— to-day. What have you done? Have you parted your own child from her happiness and her life?"

He rose too. He had kept up his calm demeanor as long as he could. Now his rage got the better of him. "So you were in the plot," he cried, "you! I felt it, and yet I could not believe it. You who ought to have been the first to carry out my will and respect my decision."

"Augustus," said his wife, very pale, standing up before him, her hand upon the back of a tall chair, her head erect, "this must not go too far. Jane has not one but two parents, and she has always had her mother's sanction. You are aware of that."

"Her mother's sanction!" cried the duke, with a tremulous laugh of passion. "That is a mighty advantage, truly. Her mother! what has her mother to do with it? Nothing! These are pretty heroics, and do very nicely to say to the ignorant; but you know very well that, save as my agent, you have no more to do with Jane or her marriage—— no more——"

"It may be so in law," said the duchess, recovering her composure; "but it is certainly not so in nature; nor have I ever considered myself your agent in respect to my child. I have yielded to you in a hundred ways—— and so much the worse for you that I have done so; but as regards Jane, I have never thought it my duty to yield—— and never will; such a suggestion is intolerable," she said, with a touch of feminine passion. "My right and my authority are the same as yours—— neither of them absolute—— for she is old enough to judge for herself."

"Ah, poor girl!" he said, with a knowledge that it was the most irritating thing

he could say, and at the same time a coarse sort of pleasure in insulting the women though they were so near to him; "that is at the bottom of everything. You made her believe it was her last chance. She was determined any how to have a husband."

The duchess grew scarlet, but she was sufficiently enlightened by experience to restrain the angry reply that almost forced its way from her lips. She looked at him with a silent indignation not unmingled with pity, then turned her head away. Poor Mrs. Brown! Her chops that had been so good, so hot, stood neglected on the table. Her opportunity was over. It was no fault of hers that she had not distinguished herself. So many another disappointed genius has done its best, and some accident has stepped in and balked its highest effort. Had the duchess delayed but half an hour, his Grace, after so much French cookery, would have experienced the wholesome pleasure of at least one British chop, and probably in consequence would have promoted Mrs. Brown to a post near his person. But it was not to be. There was no luncheon eaten that day in Grosvenor Square. The discussion was prolonged for some time, and then the duchess was heard to go hastily up-stairs. She went to her daughter's room with tears of hot passion in her eyes and an intolerable pang in her heart, and knocking softly, called to Jane with a voice which she could scarcely keep from breaking. "My darling," she cried, "my sweet, my own girl!" with something heartrending in her accents. All had been still before; but now there was a stir in reply.

"Oh, mother dear, come in, come in! How I have longed for you!" Lady Jane cried; and then there was a little pause of expectation, breathless with a strange suspicion on one side, and such miserable humiliation and anguish on the other, as can scarcely be put into words.

"I cannot come in, my dear love. Oh, my darling, you must be patient. I must go back directly to all those people in the house. You know it would never do"—here the duchess, unable to keep up the farce, began all at once to cry and sob piteously outside the door.

Lady Jane, fully roused, hurried to it and turned the handle vainly, and shook the heavy door. "I cannot open it," she cried wildly. "Mother, mother, what does this mean? Cannot you come in? What can take you away from me when I want you—the people in the house? Oh,

mother, I want you, I want you!" she cried, as she had never done in her life before. And then there was such a scene as might be put into a comedy and made very ridiculous, and which yet was very heartrending as it happened, and overpowered these two women with a consternation, a sense of helplessness, a bitter perception of the small account they were of, which paralyzed their very souls—not only that he had the power to do it but also the heart: he with whom she had lived in the closest ties, whom she had loved and served, for whom they had been ready to do all that he pleased, on for the greater part of her life, the other since ever she had been born. What did it matter, any one would have said, the power such a man had over his wife and his daughter? He would never use it to make them unhappy. But there are capabilities of human misery in families which no one can fathom, which may seem to make it doubtful by moments how far the family relation is so blessed as it is thought to be. The duke felt that now, for the first time, he had these women under his thumb, so to speak. He had them so bound that they could not resist, could not move, could not even call for help from any one without betraying the secrets of the family. He kept possession of his library, and, with the key in his pocket, had a moment of triumph. They had united against him; but now they should feel his power.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN PRISON.

SPACE does not permit us to linger over the exciting scenes that followed. If there had been anything wanted to confirm the determination of the duke to hold to the position he had taken up, it would have been the arrival of the duchess and the prodigious step he took in refusing her admittance to her daughter. After that there was nothing too much for him. He had burnt his ships. When Lord and Lady Germaine arrived next morning to bring away the bride, with some trembling on the part of the lady, but a contemptuous certainty on that of the gentleman, that "the old duffer," though he had let his temper out, was not such a fool as all that—they were refused admittance peremptorily. After they had parleyed for some time with the man at the door, a personage whom the duke, roused into energy by the position in which he found himself, had engaged

on the previous day, and who was invulnerable to all assaults and persuasions, the duchess herself came to them, extremely pale and with difficulty preserving her composure. She had remained all night notwithstanding the misery of the circumstances altogether, and though she did not admit it in words, her quick-witted visitors easily perceived that she herself had not been permitted to see her daughter. "You will think it is mediæval," she said with a faint smile. "The duke is very determined when he thinks it worth while."

"I suppose," said Lady Germaine, touched by the aspect of the suffering woman, "that one does not have the blood of Merlin in one's veins for nothing."

"Merlin," said Lord Germaine, who was very slangy, "was the old swell who was seduced by Miss Vivien. I don't think it would have been hard work to get over him."

The duchess stood in the doorway pale, supporting with difficulty any levity on her subject, yet ready to put as brave a face upon it as possible. "Give Reginald my love, and tell him it is impossible his can last forever," she said. "I am sorry for him to the bottom of my heart, and sorry for my child, but at present I cannot help even her."

Lady Germaine stepped within the guarded door to take the duchess's hand and kiss her. "And we are so sorry for you, so indignant——"

"Hush," the duchess said. "It is my fault, I should have had the courage of my convictions. I should have gone with my child myself; the error was mine."

Lady Germaine was half disposed to reply, "Oh, if you think we neglected any precaution——" But she had not the heart to be offended.

The pair drove away after a while considerably discomfited. "I did not think the old duffer had so much spirit," Lord Germaine said with secret admiration. "I say, Nell—if you tried to marry folly against my will I wonder if I should be up to that?"

"If there was any chance of it I should ask you up first," said his dutiful wife.

"And on the edge of a smash, the greatest smash that has been since——millings will have to be sold up, and all that is in it," Lord Germaine said thoughtfully.

Lady Germaine showed neither surprise or pain at this piece of news. "What a chance for Reginald!" she said. "He

can buy in all their best things, and do up Jane's rooms at Winton like her old ones at home." And then she laughed and added, "He wouldn't have those old things in his house. Taste had not been invented when their Graces were married."

It was in this mood of partial hilarity that they reached their own door, where poor Winton was waiting. However sympathetic friends may be, the way in which they take our troubles is very different from the way in which we ourselves take them. The Germaines, though they threw themselves so warmly into his affairs, and had given themselves so much trouble, had to change their aspect suddenly, to put up shutters and draw down blinds metaphorically, as they approached the actual sufferer. But into his misery and rage it is unnecessary to enter. He said as was natural a great many things that it would have been better not to say, and for some time after he besieged the house. He went in person, he wrote, he communicated by means of his solicitors with the solicitors of the duke, whose mouths watered over the settlements he had made, which the authorities on his own side thought ridiculous, and professed their eagerness to do their best but would not flatter him with any hopes of success. "No man in his senses would reject a son-in-law like you, Mr. Winton, especially in the circumstances," the senior partner said; "but the duke is the duke, and there is nothing more to be said. We have found him very impracticable, extremely impracticable in his own affairs; things are looking bad for the family altogether. There is Lord Hungerford now has some sense. He made a capital marriage himself—you should get him on your side."

Winton found no great difficulty in getting Hungerford on his side. That young nobleman was so much excited on the subject that he even took it upon him to speak to his father and show him how ridiculous it was.

"You can't make a house in Grosvenor Square like a castle in the Apennines," Hungerford cried; "for Heaven's sake, sir, don't make us ridiculous." Lady Hungerford on her side enjoyed the whole affair immensely. "I never realized before that I had really married into a great house," she said. "It's like the *Family Herald*. It's like the sort of nobility we understand among the lower classes, don't you know? not your easy-going, like-other-people kind." And she offered to take

lessons of a locksmith so that she might be able to break open Jane's prison.

To tell the truth, even suggestions of this kind, which were partially comic and wholly theatrical, came to be entertained by Winton before his trial was over. One of his friends seriously advised him to get an Italian servant, used to conspiracies, smuggled into the house, in order to deliver the captive. Another thought that rope-ladders and a midnight descent from the window might be practicable; but a rope-ladder from a second-floor window in Grosvenor Square would not be easy to manage, and a wag intervened and suggested a fire-escape, which turned the whole into ridicule. This was one of the aspects of the case, indeed, which aggravated everything else. The whole situation, being so serious and painful to two or three people, was, to the rest of the world, irresistible from the comic side. People drove through Grosvenor Square on purpose to look up at the second-floor windows: and as the instruments began to tune up, and the feast to be set in order for the first arrivals of society, the importance of the strange event grew greater and greater. A new home secretary, and all the consequent changes in the Cabinet, faded into nothing in comparison. "Have you heard that Jane Altamont was half-married to Regy Winton some time in the winter, and that odious old duke dragged her from the very altar, and has kept her ever since under lock and key?" Very likely it was Lady Germaine who first put the story about, but it was taken up by everybody with all the interest and excitement which such a tale warranted. Further details were given that were almost incredible; to wit that the duchess herself, though living in the same house, was not allowed to see her daughter, and that Lady Jane for two months had only breathed the fresh air through her window, and had never left the suite of rooms in which she was confined; worse than if she had been in jail, everybody said. But not even this was the point which most roused the popular indignation (if we may call the indignation of the drawing-rooms popular). Half-married! that was the terrible thought.

The duke paid one or two visits before the opening of Parliament. It may be supposed that to none but very great houses indeed would his Grace pay such an honor: and though he was not very quick to observe in general matters, yet his sense of his own importance was so keen that it answered for intelligence, so

far as he himself was concerned. He saw that the ladies regarded him with sort of alarm, that even the gentlemen after dinner showed a curiosity which was not certainly the awed and respectful interest which he thought it natural should excite. And it was not long before his hostess, who was, he could not deny his equal, of his own rank and of unquestionable antecedents, made the matter clear to him. "Duke," she said, "of course you know I wouldn't for the world meddle in any one's private affairs. But there is such a strange story going about Dear Jane! We had hoped to see her with you as well as Margaret" (Margaret was the duchess, and a very intimate friend of this other great great lady "and now neither of them has come. But it is not possible — don't think for a moment that I believe it! — that this story can be true."

"If your Grace will kindly explain what the story is?" Our duke, liking to respect himself, always gave their titles to other people, according to the Golden Rule.

"I don't like even to put it into words that you stopped her marriage — at the altar itself; that the dear girl is neither married nor single; that — But I give you pain."

"The statement is calculated to give me pain; but the facts, as of course you Grace knows very well, are true. I arrived in time to prevent my daughter from making a marriage which I disapproved."

"Oh, we are all liable to that," said the great lady, letting her eyes dwell regretfully, yet with maternal pride, upon a daughter who had been so abandoned as to marry a clergyman, but who had produced a baby for whose sake the parents had forgiven its father. "Who can guard against such a misfortune? But Beatrice poor thing, is very happy," she added with a sigh.

The duke made her a little bow. He said a great deal. It said, if you are so lost to every sense of what is becoming as to take it in that way — but I should never have allowed it! He to utter sentences of this kind, who had made himself the talk of society! "But, duke," she said with spirit, taking up Nurse Mordaunt's argument, "if the altar is not held sacred, what will become of us? They say you stopped her when she was saying the very words —"

"The subject is not a very agreeable one," said the duke; "I cannot take

upon me to recollect at what point they were in the service—but at all events, your Grace may be assured it was not too late.”

“Oh, but it must have been too late,” cried the indignant matron. “I heard he had said ‘I will.’ I heard he had put the ring on her finger. I could not have believed it was true had not you said so. But you cannot let it rest like that. Half-married! it’s wicked, you know,” her Grace cried.

And the other duke, the gracious host, permitted himself, in a moment of expansion, to say something of the same sort. ‘I wouldn’t interfere with your affairs for the world,’ he said; “but I hope, Billingsgate, you don’t mean to let that sweet girl of yours lie under such a stigma—”

“A stigma! My daughter! There is no stigma,” cried the head of the Altamonts, growing scarlet.

“Well, I don’t want to be a meddler: but the women say so. They are all in a fuss about it; one hears of nothing else wherever one goes. You will have to give in sooner or later,” said the other duke.

“Never!” said his Grace of Billingsgate, and he hastened his departure from his friend’s abode. But the next house he went to the same result was produced. There was a putting together of feminine heads, a whispering, a direction of glances towards him, from eyes which once had looked upon him only with awe; and after a little hesitation and beating about the bush, the same outburst of remark. Half-married! The most important lady in the company took him to task very seriously. “What is to become of her? you should think of that. At present she has no one to protect her reputation. But suppose anything were to happen to you? We are all mortal; and think of dear Jane with such a scandal against her. People will say it is the man who has been run back: they will say all sorts of things; for it is inconceivable that a girl’s father, her own father, should play with her reputation like that.”

“Her reputation!” the duke cried, almost with a shriek of indignation. “My child’s reputation! Who would dare—”

“Oh, nobody would dare,” said his assistant, “but everybody would understand. People would make sure that there were reasons. Half-married! There is not one of us that doesn’t feel it. Such a thing was never heard of. Oh, you must not think you will escape it by going away. Wherever you go you will hear

the same thing. The news has gone everywhere. Didn’t you see it in the *Universal* at full length? Of course, nobody could mistake the duke of B—— G——. Oh, I hope you will think it over seriously, before it is too late.”

The duke, more angry than ever, went back to Grosvenor Square. He was determined to face it out. Country houses are proverbially glad of a piece of gossip to give their dull life an interest. He began to go out into society, as much as there was at that early season, and present a bold front to the world. His home was dull enough, with Lady Jane locked into her room and watched, lest by craft or force she should make her escape; her mother obstinately refusing to go out, or accompany him anywhere; his very servants looking at him reproachfully. The butler, who had been with him for about thirty years, and whose knowledge of wine and of the cellars at Billings was inexhaustible, threw up his situation; and so did the housekeeper, who was Jarvis’s wife. “I don’t hold with no such goings on,” Mrs. Jarvis said. And when he dined with the leader of his party (which was in opposition) Mrs. Coningsby did not wait till the conclusion of the dinner, but cried, “Duke, it cannot be true about Lady Jane!” before he had eaten his soup. This lady treated the subject lightly, which was more odious to him than the other way. “Oh, no, it can’t be true,” she said; “we all know that. They say you dragged her from church by the hair of her head, and snatched her hand away when the bridegroom was putting on the ring. Mr. Coningsby was in a dreadful way about it. He said it would be such a cry at the elections; but I told him, nonsense, the duke is far too fine a gentleman, I said.” This was more difficult to answer than the other mode of assault. The duke became all manner of colors as he listened. “And the elections are so near,” the lady said. “Of course the government will not care how false it is, they will placard it on all the walls with a picture as large as life. They will turn all the clergy against us. Of course, dear duke, of course, to people who know you so well as I do—you need not tell *me* that it is not true.” The duke sat grim, and heard all this, and did not say a word. There was a flutter in the drawing-room as he came in: everybody looked at him as if he had been a wild beast. “Dragged her out by the hair of her head!” he heard whispered on every side of him, and though Mrs. Coningsby still affected not

to believe, the bishop's wife contemplated him with terrible gravity. "Oh, I hope you will talk it over with the bishop," she said. "He is so anxious about it. Lady Jane was always such a favorite. I do hope you will take the bishop's advice. After a certain part of the service I have always understood it was a sin to interfere." Later in the evening he was mobbed by half-a-dozen ladies — there is no other word for it — mobbed and overwhelmed with one universal cry, "Half-married! Poor Lady Jane! Dear Lady Jane!" They pressed round him, each with her protestation, a soft, yet urgent babel of voices. The poor duke escaped at last, not knowing how he got away. It seemed to his Grace that he had escaped out of a mob, and that his coat must be torn and his linen frayed with the conflict. He was astonished beyond all description; but he was likewise appalled by the discovery that even he was not above the reach of public opinion. It affected him against his will. He felt ashamed, uneasy, confused even on the points where he was most sure.

And when he came home, he went to his wife's boudoir where she sat alone, to bid her good-night, which was a form he always observed, though this event had separated them entirely. She was permitted now to see Jane once a day, but as she would give no promise that she would not help her daughter to leave the house, this was the utmost that he had granted her. She was seated alone reading, pale and weary. She scarcely raised her eyes when he came in, though she put down her book. The fire was low and there was no light in the room except the reading-lamp. The duke could not help feeling the difference from former times. A temptation came upon him to throw himself upon her sympathy and tell her how he had been persecuted. He would have done so had it been on any other subject, but he remembered in time that on this he had no sympathy to expect from his wife. So he stood for a minute or two before the fire, feeling chilled, silenced, an injured man. "No, I have not had a pleasant evening," he said shortly; "how should my evening be pleasant when every one remarks your absence? I am asked if you are ill; I am asked —"

"Other questions, I imagine, that are still more difficult to answer."

"And whose fault is it?" he cried, with vehemence. "If you had taken the steps you ought to have taken, and supported my authority, as was your duty, there

would have been no such questions to ask."

The duchess turned away with some impatience; she made no reply; the question had been often enough discussed in all its bearings. If she had now thrown herself at his feet and begged his pardon and forbearance, what a relief it would have been to him! He would have yielded and saved his position, and recovered the pose of a magnanimous superior. But the duchess had no intention of the kind. After a while, during which she did not look at each other, she sat gazing into the fire, he standing staring into the vacant air, he took up his candle stick with an air of impatience. "Good night, then," he said, with in his turn an air of impatience.

"Good-night," she said.

From *The Athenæum*.

MR. D. G. ROSSETTI.

AT Birchington-on-Sea one of the most rarely gifted men of our time has just died after a lingering illness. During the time that his "Ballads and Sonnets" was passing through the press last autumn his health began to give way, and he left London for Cumberland. A stay of a few weeks in the Vale of St. John, however, did nothing to improve his health, and he returned much shattered. After a time of numbness in the left arm excited fear of paralysis, and he became dangerously ill. It is probable, indeed, that nothing but the skill and unwearied attention of Mr. John Marshall saved his life then, as it had done upon several previous occasions. Such of his friends as were then in London — Mr. W. B. Scott, Mr. Burne Jones, Mr. Leyland, Mr. F. Shields, Mr. Dunn and others — feeling the greatest alarm, showed him every affectionate attention and spared no effort to preserve a life so precious and so beloved. Mr. Seddor having placed at his disposal West Cliff Bungalow, Birchington-on-Sea, he went thither, accompanied by his mother and sister and Mr. Hall Caine, about nine weeks since, but received no benefit from the change, and, gradually sinking from a complication of disorders, he died on Sunday, April 9, at 10 P.M.

Were I even competent to enter upon the discussion of Rossetti's gifts as a poet and as a painter, it would not be possible to do so here and at this moment. That the quality of romantic imagination in

forms with more vitality his work than it can be said to inform the work of any of his contemporaries was recognized at first by the few, and is now (judging from the great popularity of his last volume of poetry) being recognized by the many. And the same, I think, may be said of his painting. Those who had the privilege of a personal acquaintance with him knew how "of imagination all compact" he was. Imagination, indeed, was at once his blessing and his bane. To see too vividly — to love too intensely — to suffer and enjoy too acutely — is the doom, no doubt, of all those "lost wanderers from garden" who, according to the Rosicrucian story, sing the world's songs; and to Rossetti this applies more, perhaps, than to most poets. And when we consider that the one quality in all poetry which really gives it an endurance outlasting the generation of its birth is neither music or color, nor even intellectual substance, but the clearness of the seeing; the living reach of imagination — the very qualities, in short, for which such poems as "Sister Helen" and "Rose Mary" are so conspicuous — we are driven to the conclusion that Rossetti's poetry has a long and enduring future before it.

A life more devoted to literature and art than his it is impossible to imagine. Gabriel Charles Dante Rossetti was born at 38 Charlotte Street, Portland Place, London, on the 12th of May, 1828. He was the first son and second child of Gabriele Rossetti, the patriotic poet, who, born at Vasto in the Abruzzi, settled in Naples, and took an active part in extorting from the Neapolitan king Ferdinand the constitution granted in 1820, which constitution being traitorously cancelled by the king in 1821, Rossetti had to escape for his life to Malta with various other persecuted constitutionalists. From Malta Gabriele Rossetti went to England about 1823, where he married in 1826 Frances Polidori, daughter of Alfieri's secretary and sister of Byron's Dr. Polidori. He became professor of Italian in King's College, London, became also prominent as a commentator on Dante, and died in April, 1854. His children, four in number — Maria Francesca, Dante Gabriel, William Michael, and Christina Georgina — all turned to literature or to art, or to both, and all became famous. There can, indeed, be no doubt that the Rossetti family will hold a position quite unique in the literary and artistic annals of our time.

Young Rossetti was first sent to the

private school of the Rev. Mr. Paul in Foley Street, Portland Place, where he remained, however, for only three quarters of a year, from the autumn of 1835 to the summer of 1836. He next went to King's College School in the autumn of 1836, where he remained till the summer of 1843, having reached the fourth class, then conducted by the Rev. Mr. Framley.

Having from early childhood shown a strong propensity for drawing and painting, which had thus been always regarded as his future profession, he now left school forever and received no more school learning. In Latin he was already fairly proficient for his age; French he knew well; he had spoken Italian from childhood, and had some German lessons about 1844-5. On leaving school he went at once to the Art Academy of Cary (previously called Sass's) near Bedford Square, and thence obtained admission to the Royal Academy Antique School in 1844 or 1845. To the Royal Academy Life School he never went, and he was a somewhat negligent art student, but always regarded as one who had a future before him.

In 1849 Rossetti exhibited "The Girlhood of the Virgin" in the so-called Free Exhibition or Portland Gallery. The artist who had perhaps the strongest influence upon Rossetti's early tastes was Mr. F. Madox Brown, who, however, refused from the first to join the P.R.B. on the ground that coteries had in modern art no proper function. Rossetti was deeply impressed with the power and designing faculty displayed by Mr. Brown's cartoons exhibited in Westminster Hall. When Rossetti began serious work as a painter he thought of Brown as the one man from whom he would willingly receive practical guidance, and wrote to him at random. From this time Brown became his intimate friend and artistic monitor.

In painting, however, Rossetti was during this time exercising only half his genius. From his childhood it became evident that he was a poet. At the age of five he wrote a sort of play called "The Slave," which, as may be imagined, showed no noteworthy characteristic save precocity. This was followed by the poem called "Sir Hugh Heron," which was written about 1844, and some translations of German poetry. "The Blessed Damozel" and "Sister Helen" were produced in their original form so early as 1846 or 1847. The latter of these has undergone more modifications than any

other first-class poem of our time. To take even the new edition of the "Poems" which appeared last year, the stanzas introducing the wife of the luckless hero appealing to the sorceress for mercy are so important in the glamor they shed back over the stanzas that have gone before, that their introduction may almost be characterized as a rewriting of every previous line.

The translations from the early Italian poets also began as far back as 1845 or 1846, and may have been mainly completed by 1849. Rossetti's gifts as a translator were, no doubt, of the highest. And this arose from his deep sympathy with literature as a medium of human expression: he could enter into the temperaments of other writers, and by sympathy criticise the literary form from the author's own inner standpoint, supposing always that there was a certain racial kinship with the author. Many who write well themselves have less sympathy with the expressional forms adopted by other writers than is displayed by men who have neither the impulse nor the power to write themselves. But this sympathy betrayed him sometimes into a free rendering of locutions such as a translator should be chary of indulging in. Materials for a volume accumulated slowly, but all the important portions of the "Poems" published in 1870 had been in existence some years before that date. The prose story of "Hand and Soul" was also written as early as 1848 or 1849.

In the spring of 1860 he married Elizabeth Eleanor Siddall, who being very beautiful was constantly painted and drawn by him. She had one still-born child in 1861, and died in February, 1862. He felt her death very acutely, and for a time ceased to write or to take any interest in his own poetry. Like Prospero, indeed, he literally burned his wand, but for a time only. From this time to his death he continued to produce pictures, all of them showing, as far as technical skill goes, an unflinching advance in his art.

Yet wonderful as was Rossetti as an artist and poet, he was still more wonderful, I think, as a man. The chief characteristic of his conversation was an incisiveness so perfect and clear as to have often the pleasurable surprise of wit. It is so well known that Rossetti has been for a long time the most retired man of genius of our day, and so many absurd causes for this retirement have been spoken of, that there is nothing indecorous in the true cause of it being made

public by one who of late years has known more of him, perhaps, than has any other person. About 1868 the curse of the artistic and poetic temperament — insomnia — attacked him, and one of the most distressing effects of insomnia is a nervous shrinking from personal contact with all save a few intimate friends. This peculiar kind of nervousness may be aggravated by the use of sleeping-draughts, and in his case was thus aggravated.

But although Rossetti lived thus secluded, he did not lose the affectionate regard of the illustrious men with whom he started in his artistic life. Nor, assuredly, did he deserve to lose it, for no man ever lived, I think, who was so generous as he in sympathizing with other men's work, save only when the cruel fumes of chloral turned him against everything. And his sympathy was as wide as generous. It was only necessary to mention the name of Sir F. Leighton or Mr. Millais or Mr. Madox Brown or Mr. Burn Jones or Mr. G. F. Watts, or, indeed, of any contemporary painter, to get from him a glowing disquisition upon the merits of each — a disquisition full of the subtlest distinctions, and illuminated by the brilliant lights of his matchless fancy. And it was the same in poetry.

But those who loved Rossetti (that is to say, those who knew him) can realize how difficult it is for me, a friend, to pursue just now such reminiscences as these. In a week's time it may be possible to write about him.

THEODORE WATTS.

As a supplement to Mr. Watts's striking memoir we may add the following remarks, which deal mainly with Rossetti's career as a painter.

Writing in 1873 (*Athen.* No. 2396), we said: "Exuberance in power, exuberance in poetry of a rich order, noble technical gifts, vigor of conception, and a marvellously extensive range of thought and invention appear in nearly everything Mr. Rossetti produces." By exuberance we meant, as the context showed, not the mere luxury or over-fertility of any of the painter's gifts — for such excess is no noble — but unflinching fertility in design, ordered power, and mastery of everything art deals with. Gifts unparalleled by those of any other English painter, and of a kind similar to Tintoret's, formed Rossetti's technical endowment. Had he been trained in the severe school which produced Sebastiano, our countryman might have proved the noblest heir of the

great Venetians, and he would have combined the fine culture, wide views, and lofty standpoint of the nineteenth century with the sumptuousness of the Italian Renaissance. As it is, it is impossible to find a fairly representative prototype of the artist who, in his very prime, passed from among us on Sunday.

Rossetti was an artist whose transcendent abilities enabled him to shine both as a painter and as a poet. If his several gifts must needs be compared the one with the other, we may say that in technical respects, and in these alone, his pictorial gifts yielded to his literary, but only because, slight as the difference may be, Rossetti devoted rather more of his energies to poetry than to painting, and cultivated more persistently that part of himself which appeared in verse. Much of this characteristic activity might have been due to the example of his learned father, for Rossetti's literary culture began in his earliest days, and was probably due to himself, if not less exacting, at least less difficult than the many-sided culture of painting, complex as this is and more dependent on extrinsic influences and circumstances. At any rate, he covered himself with glory in both ways, and became at once one of the greatest poets who have used the English language and the one painter who, using the universal language, produced works that go far, very far, to adjust the balance which is said to be heavily against us in all matters of design. This dual aspect of Rossetti makes him to stand alone, a genius unique and unparalleled.

Rossetti was still a young man when the *Athenæum*, in this respect without a companion in the press, recognized his powers as a painter. More than twenty years ago we described and analyzed several works of his youth. Year by year we have borne witness to his abilities while describing his masterpieces. We have regretted more than once that, distrustful of his public, the painter withheld from the world those pictures which in more ways than one, have revolutionized the higher aims of English design. To men such artists as Mr. Burne Jones hadly owned their obligations. A host of weaker painters have done their best to reflect the influence of his genius, and yet a few have travestied it. It is expected that a full collection of his works will be shortly shown to the public.

We have described so many of Rossetti's pictures that it becomes difficult to avoid repetition. The best method of

treating the subject will probably be to study his artistic career as a whole, and select a few brilliant specimens representative of his genius. The first thing to be said is that his art owed absolutely nothing to foreign travel, next to nothing to schools, and not much, if anything, to the influence of companions. Self-taught in the best sense of that much-abused term, he acquired for himself from the masterpieces of ancient art which are in London—drawing from sculpture, but not copying pictures—whatever he owed to artistic types. His work was so thoroughly his own that it is hard to find his prototype; and one recognizes more of a likeness than a pattern in the productions of Tintoret. Born in London, Rossetti was more than twenty years old before, having sold a picture, he made a short tour in Belgium, where he studied deeply the works of Van Eyck at Ghent and Memlinc at Bruges. But he was a designer and, in some respects, a painter before this, and among fellow-students much admired on account of his brilliant invention, the outcome of a poetical and fervid spirit of the rarest order and highest promise. Such technical training as he cared to obtain in the regular way—it was not much—was obtained in the school of the late Mr. Sass at Bloomsbury, and at the Royal Academy, where he was admitted a student about 1846, and continued a fitful attendant in the Antique School—he never passed into “the Life”—for a year or two later. In the spring of 1848 the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood was formed, half in sport, but with a very serious purpose. It comprised five painters, a sculptor, and also Mr. W. M. Rossetti, who has since distinguished himself as a critic. The leading, or rather the most brilliant, member was Dante Rossetti, at that time the only artist of any considerable literary culture in the body. The energy and artistic insight of Rossetti showed themselves in 1848 and 1849 in his first oil picture, a small “upright” example, called “The Girlhood of the Virgin.” All who had witnessed the course of Rossetti's studies, divided and desultory, if earnest, as they had till then been, were astonished by the completeness, delicacy, finish, and solidity of this work. The spiritual dignity, chastity, and loveliness might have been expected from the already recognized character of his genius. This painting had an interest of its own in being till quite lately the sole work of Rossetti's publicly exhibited. It appeared at the

Free Exhibition held in the Portland Gallery, since named the German Bazaar, in Regent Street — a forlorn display which, after many struggles, failed. We believe a drawing or two of Rossetti's were sent to a collection in Russell Place, now Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, and charitable exhibitions and quasi-private collections, such as those of the first Hogarth Club, to say nothing of Christie's auction rooms, have seen a few works of his; but with the exception of "Dante's Dream," which is now at Liverpool, "The Girlhood of the Virgin," his first oil painting, was the last he exhibited. In 1849-1850 was published the "Germ," which was intended to contain an etching of his, but never did so, the plate remaining unfinished, like another by Mr. Millais, which was begun for the same purpose.

At this time every artist member of the P.R.B. was accustomed to prepare designs in pen and ink for chosen subjects. Rossetti and Mr. Millais, whose invention was superabundant, produced more such works than their fellows; and thus were made many designs of surpassing merit, few of which were carried out in oil or water; they remain to attest not only the genius of the inventors, but their technical skill and industry. They are thoroughly considered compositions, perfect in every respect but color. As examples of light and shade they equal fine etchings, which, indeed, in many respects they resemble. Rossetti was accustomed to choose at this time not only Scriptural incidents, but especially Dantesque, legendary, and romantic episodes, which permitted him to exercise his wonderful power of dramatic conception. At no time of his life was he content to produce mere illustrations of what he read; to the hints and half-hints of poets and historians he would give complete development, adding new imaginings, complex imagery, and intensity of expression. The thought that lay at the bottom of his text he evolved and made his own. At other times, when his intellect had fully developed itself, he created his own subjects, and, even when Dante was in question, remade the motives of the story and worked them out again in noble pictures as well as in verse hardly less noble. No modern artist, not even Decamps himself, rejected more emphatically the foolish notion of British critics, that design must needs be the handmaid or illustrator of literature. The early compositions to which we now refer proved his recognition of the dignity of art as completely as the large pictures we

described a twelvemonth ago. The great painting which adorns the gallery at Liverpool is truly an illustration of the death of Beatrice, but it projects, so to speak, Rossetti even more than Dante on to the canvas. When he borrowed a verse from "Philip van Artevelde," or chose a text from Shakespeare or Shelley, the verse and the text alike were but mottoes used to bring the spectator face to face with the artist's motive, and make his association subserve the painter's will.

The next development of our painting was in the direction of color. Of course each step in his career was connected with that which preceded and that which followed. But one phase after the other was dominant. His progress was constant. His attention was occupied for several years after 1850 by the production of a number of designs referring to Dante to mediæval legends, especially those of the Arthurian cycle, and to ancient ballad poetry. In these designs he used brilliant hues, such as made his works glow with green, purple, and gold, and tints as vivid as those of fourteenth century illuminations, and harmonized high notes of red and blue, as in "The Blue Closet" — an example which, like "The Tune of Seven Towers," refers to poetry of Mr. William Morris's — "Fazio's Mistress," "The Damsel of the Sancte Graal," and "The Last Meeting of Lancelot and Guinevere." These and other productions of the same class we described fully in "The Private Collections of England, No. IV., which deals with the gallery of Mr. Stevenson, of Tynemouth, and Nos. XVII. and XVIII., which criticise the collection of Rossetti's works belonging to Mr. George Rae, of Birkenhead. The vaguer, indeed, the more nebulous, the subject, the more solidity Rossetti gave to it.

Nearly ten years, 1850-1860, were devoted to these drawings and to similar studies, and at this time one or more pictures in oil, which, so far as we know were never completed, were begun and in part executed. The legend of Lilith, the first wife of Adam, had a fascination for Rossetti at this period and ever afterwards. The fable of that luxurious and cruel witch, the tale of her haughtiness and transcendent beauty, suited his pencil and the mysteriousness of the tradition charmed his imagination. While making studies larger than life for this and similar designs of singularly original character, he, not long after 1860, produced the earliest of a new class of his works, such a

“Sibylla Palmifera,” “Monna Vanda,” and the magnificient “Venus Verticordia,” all of which belong to Mr. Rae. This class comprises stately figures, larger than life, instinct with fateful passion or tragic languors, and personifying life in all its phases and degrees of desire or satiety. Among them are witch-like Astarte; Circe, at once cunning and cruel; “cool-fingered” Diana; the pure, youthful “Blessed Damozel,” his own creation, who looked from heaven and, with ineffable tenderness, waited through centuries for the coming of her lover (it is a study of green and cerulean blue); Dante’s *Ammetta*, dying in a purple twilight; the beautiful “La Bella Mano,” and the nameless “Lady of the Day-Dream,” reclining under

the thronged boughs of the shadowy sycamore,

 within the branching shade of Reverie.

There may be added to “La Pia,” whom Dante met in Purgatory; “Dis Manibus,” a Roman widow seated in the funeral cult of her family, a study of warm white and a silvery hue; “La Ghirlandata,” a study of the richest, purest, and deepest green combined with intense rose color; “Venus Astarte,” the gracious “Lady at the Window,” her face full of sympathy for the lover she could not love; and the “Venus Verticordia” before mentioned. The greatest works of Rossetti are two. The first is “The Bride,” or “The Beloved,” an illustration of the Song of Solomon, which belongs to Mr. Rae, and comprises five life-size, three-quarters-length female figures and a negro girl. A marriage procession appears to have halted, and the women press closely on one another, so that their brilliant carnations and the splendor of their dresses are brought together to form a glowing mass. The bride is clad in apple-green silk, subtly embroidered with flowers and leaves, and she wears a veil of tissue of a dawning green; on her head is an aigrette of scarlet enamel and gold, resembling an Egyptian royal jewel. Half thoughtfully, half in the conscious pride of supreme loneliness, she has removed the tissue from before her face and throat, thus revealing the softened dignity of her love-lorn eyes and the exquisitely fair carnations of her cheeks. There is the least hint of a blush within the skin, as though the heart of the lady quickened. There is tenderness in her look, but there is no voluptuous ardor. The lips are deep in

color as blush roses. The other damsels of this noble picture are only less beautiful than their mistress. The second picture is called “Proserpina,” and the figure of the bride of “gloomy Dis” epitomizes the highest qualities of Rossetti’s art and poetry. It is the property of Mr. F. Leyland. Holding the pomegranate in her hand, Proserpina is passing along a corridor in her palace. She is enshrouded by the shadow of the place, while behind the goddess, and sharply defined, cold, bluish, earthly light has penetrated the subterranean gloom, flashing down for a moment on the wall, revealing the ivy tendrils that languish in the rarely broken shade, displaying the form of the queen, her pallid features, and her hair, which seems to have become darker than it ever was on the earth. The pale smoke of an incense-burner circles upwards in the still air of the gallery, and, spreading slowly, vanishes. Her moody eyes are instinct with anger, yet she is outwardly still, if not serene, and very sad with all her stateliness — too grand for complaint. Without seeing or heeding, these eyes seem to look beyond the gloom before her. The lustre cast on the wall throws the head into strong relief; she turns her eyes towards its distant source above; and her fully formed lips, purplish now but ruddy formerly, are compressed, moulded by potentialities of passion, the symbols of a soul yearning for freedom, and, with all their pride, suffering rather than enjoying goddess-ship. Although the picture is in this instance the greater work of art, we cannot better conclude this notice of Rossetti as a poet and as a painter than by repeating the sonnet he wrote to expound the passionate motive of “Proserpina.” He will thus appear in his dual capacity:

Afar away the light that brings cold cheer

Unto this wall, — one instant and no more

Admitted at my distant palace-door.

Afar the flowers of Enna from this drear

Dire fruit, which, tasted once, must thrall me here.

Afar those skies from this Tartarean grey

That chills me: and afar, how far away,

The nights that shall be from the days that were.

Afar from mine own self I seem, and wing

Strange ways of thought, and listen for a sign:

And still some heart unto some soul doth pine,

(Whose sounds mine inner sense is fain to bring,

Continually together murmuring.) —

“Woe’s me for thee, unhappy Proserpine!”

From The Spectator.

SLAVERY IN HONG KONG.

THE social questions which come up before the Colonial Office, as the ultimate referee from forty States in all degrees of civilization, are naturally endless; but few can be more perplexing than the one now coming up from Hong Kong. A system of slavery exists in that colony of the most disgusting character; it has been denounced both by the governor and the chief justice, and the Colonial Office must, therefore, under pain of Parliamentary opprobrium, put it down. They are not unwilling, and do not deny, though they extenuate, the facts; but to do it, evidently taxes all their experience in tentative legislation. About the facts, there is practically no dispute. Those who advise reform assert, and those who deprecate reform admit, that Chinese fathers and guardians do constantly sell their children, for money and by formal deed, into bondage, — the boys to be hereditary domestic servants, and the girls to be prostitutes, in houses so poor and low that their inmates cannot be recruited from among women really free. The lads and girls thus sold are, as is natural, frequently ill-used, always robbed of their wages, and sometimes, there is the gravest reason to believe, seriously assaulted by their purchasers, who are supported in retaining their slaves by the public opinion, not only of their own class, but of respectable Chinese. The native traders of Hong Kong, for example, are alarmed to the utmost by the prospect of a local statute making the purchase of human beings an offence; and in their petition declare that the practice is in accordance with Chinese law, is indispensable to society, and is most useful in checking infanticide, which otherwise would attain even larger proportions than at present. In many cases, the girls sold profess the utmost unwillingness to enter on such a life, and in all there is reason to believe that they submit most unwillingly to some of the conditions of their slavery, as for example, the absorption of their wages by their employers. The chief justice, Sir John Smale, believes that their position is substantially that of slaves; and no one who reads the blue-book on the subject can doubt that he is in the right, though the word "slavery" is concealed under that of "adoption," and that an abuse exists which it is essential to the credit of Great Britain to suppress.

So far all is clear; but when we come

to the method of suppression, the perplexities are endless. That slavery exists in Hong Kong — true slavery, the sale from hand to hand of unwilling British subjects, intended to labor for life without wages — is past question, but it is also past question that the only sanction of the system is Chinese opinion. There is no law in the colony justifying slavery. Not only will no court take cognizance of it, but the chief justice is a determined and even enthusiastic opponent of the system, and will, whenever he gets the chance, even strain the law to punish avowed or convicted purchasers of slaves. The lads in service and the girls in the brothels are as absolutely by law free to depart or to complain as in England, and moreover, it is specially admitted on all hands that they know this, and are quite aware of their own legal freedom. They are in bondage not to law, but to Chinese opinion, which holds, first, that the *paterfamilias* is divine and absolute, and *transferable by money*; secondly, that a person so transferred may lawfully be compelled to obedience by pain; and thirdly, that it is infamous for a slave to enfranchise himself or herself, without repaying the whole purchase-money. No one who reads the most able summary by the American consul-general, Mr. Bailey, of the slave laws of China — laws almost as horrible as those formerly existing in the Southern States — can doubt that these are fixed principles; and as the Chinese of Hong Kong take all their ideas from the Chinese within the empire, the whole weight of opinion, an opinion which is effective within their own minds also, operates to crush down the ten thousand slaves of Hong Kong. It is impossible to convince the purchasers that they are wrong in obeying an immemorial system strongly sanctioned by their own code — which makes it death by the slow torture of gradual slicing into little pieces, to strike a master or his relations — nearly impossible to convince the bought that they are right in declaring themselves free, an action, moreover, which would bring on them the terrorism by which the Chinese everywhere support their domestic system.

The non-recognition of slavery by the law is therefore of no use, and the question before the colony and the Colonial Office is what further step to take. The sales are already invalid; the persons sold are already free; and yet so powerful is opinion, so rigid are Chinese ideas, and so effective, as we believe, is the secret

rorism, that slavery in a bad form un-
nably exists. The difficulty is to
vise some form of pressure which shall
ake freedom as real as slavery now is;
d it is so great that, as Lord Kimberley
mplains, Sir J. Pope Hennessy, while
nouncing the system, has no remedy to
ggest; that Sir J. Smale, though en-
suiastic to indiscretion on the right
le, only proposes to extend inspection,
hich would be useless, and lead, proba-
y, to gross abuses, such as are described
the horrible Report on the Contagious
seases Ordinance presented to Sir J.
ope Hennessy in 1879; and that the
lice magistrate, Mr. Elliott, describes
e power of punishment for the forcible
ntention of slaves as practically useless,
cept for purposes of extortion. He
nts to punish, but can get no evidence.
d finally, it is so great that Lord Kim-
rley, though assisted by his whole office,
obviously at his wit's end, and in a des-
atch of March 18th, for which the colony
s been waiting for months, after recapit-
ating the facts with a clearness which
ows him fully informed, calls for more
ormation still. He says: "Still I can-
ot avoid the conviction that the position
the children now under consideration
one of peril which may require safe-
ards. It would be possible to provide
t entering into any agreement, written
oral, by which the right of possession
a child purported to pass for a valuable
onsideration, should be a misdemeanor;
t this would probably brand and punish
offences many transactions, advanta-
ous to the child, both immediately and
after life, and it would not reach such
nsactions when effected, as appears
quently to be the case, in the empire
China, the child being subsequently
ought into the colony. Another course
uld be to make all such transactions
demeanors, unless they conformed to
tain specified conditions, prescribed so
at secure, as far as possible, that they
ould be for the welfare of the child. A
rd course would be to require all the
ldren taken into adoption to be regis-
ted, and thereafter subject to visitation,
sh as is voluntarily undertaken in the
ce of what has been called the "gutter
ldren" of this city, who have been con-
ved by charitable agencies to the Do-
nion of Canada and there apprenticed.
It I am checked in the consideration of
ese and other propositions by my uncer-
tainty as to the facts of the system." In
er words, he postpones the whole
atter almost indefinitely. The question

cannot be left in that position, if only be-
cause the moment this blue-book is read,
the anti-slavery leaders will be in arms;
and we strongly recommend the Colonial
Office to issue a supplementary despatch,
ordering the adoption of further remedies.
One, the very first, we should have said,
is to pass an act making the payment of
money for any child highly penal, — thus
distinguishing finally between purchase
and adoption, and destroying, so far as
possible, the interest of the parents in
such sales; and the other, and probably
much more efficacious one, is to authorize
suits for a fixed rate of wages, to be in-
stituted by any person held in bondage
against the purchasers. Slavery has been
defended on a hundred grounds, but in
Hong Kong, as in the Carolinas, it has
but one motive, — that it pays the owners.
Make it certain that, whatever else hap-
pens, slave labor shall be unprofitable
labor, or labor involving great pecuniary
risk, and slavery will cease. Slavery may
be sanctioned by Chinese opinion to any
extent, but if it were unprofitable, the
purchase of slaves would very soon be
regarded as a counsel of perfection, only
to be obeyed in lands where the British
flag did not fly. Insist that a slave shall
be paid like a free man, and the able
arguments for slavery are found to be
either false, or too inapplicable to circum-
stances to be repeated. The "patri-
archal" system is only divine while it fills
the pocket. Slavery, first of all, is theft
dignified by another name.

From Belgravia.

BOAR-HUNTING IN THE ARDENNES.

A LOW whistle — the appointed signal
of the coming of our friends, lest any
flurried sportsman should fire at a mere
sound — and tranquillity returns, with
something of disappointment. Then the
stalwart form of the justice of the peace
heaves in sight. "*Est-ce que vous n'avez
rien vu ?*" he cried. "*Ri —*" began
the Parisian, but the last syllable died
upon his tongue, and he threw his gun to
his shoulder, and fired. There rose such
a squeal as haunted the dreams of the
butcher's daughter in Holmes's touching
verse, and out from the undergrowth into
the open dashed a great brown mass
within ten yards of us, heading straight
for the musical Frenchman. The brown
mass was almost on him when he leaped
nimble on one side, and swinging round

discharged the second barrel without effect. Piggy's rush, for he was here at last, had carried him twenty paces beyond his object when he turned again. Just as he turned, the judge and I fired together, and the great brute staggered and dashed on once more. Then came another shot, and the boar spun clean round like a teetotum and dropped. The gay Parisian ran forward, but the *garde's* voice cried, "*Au large!*" and the warning was not misplaced. The life was not out of our quarry yet. He rose and made another rush, but this time three shots met him, and when he fell again he was still enough in all conscience. We left him there, and marched forth from the wood and struck the road, along which we continued until we came to a little *auberge*, where we told our news, and secured bearers for the dead. A very sprightly old lady keeps this auberge, and while we sat sipping at Dinant beer and pulling at our pipes with a quite heroic air upon us all, the sprightly old lady told a story. Yesterday, said the sprightly old lady, she was cleaning her doorstep at about 5.30 in the morning, when she suddenly espied a *sanglier* walking leisurely up the road. He had evidently been out for a night's ramble in the cultivated fields, possibly in hope of a discovery of turnips or potatoes. Anyhow, there he was; and the old lady calling her husband and her son, the three armed themselves with pitchforks and intercepted his passage. And between them they slew him, and there was his body lying in a hut outside to prove the story, a body pierced with many wounds.

"*Mais, madame,*" said the garde, "*c'est du braconnage.*" But what, asked the sprightly old lady, were poor folks to do? If the nasty things were ringed in the nose like the domestic porker, there might be a chance for poor folks' gardens but as it was — there an appealing shrug of the shoulders and a still more appealing extension of the hands ended the address. "*Eh bien,*" said the justice of the peace, "*n'en dis rien.*" The garde shook his head with great gravity, and talked about the divine right of kings. The particular forests hereabout belong to Leopold II. The sprightly old lady urged that the sanglier had been found on the high road, and not in the forest; surely he was anybody's property there! "*Eh bien,*" said the justice of the peace again, "*n'en dis rien;*" and eventually his advice was taken. Then a cart being brought up and the bearers of our slain one arriving the body of the boar was hoisted in and we set out in triumph. The scene at the hotel was one to be remembered. A crowd of at least a score of people surrounded the vehicle; the gendarme was under arms, and came out to look on. The cook brandished a rolling-pin about the prostrate giant of the forest, and prophesied rare dishes out of him, and the sportsmen's wives received the sportsmen as if they had just returned from the successful storming of a Malakoff. I thought of the sprightly old lady at the auberge, and her son and husband armed with pitchforks, but that was a thing to be silent over.

THE Chinese authorities of Shanghai recently issued a quaint decree respecting the neglect of physicians to attend at once on their patients, and the high fees which they charge. They give notice that it is the duty of all physicians to use their knowledge for the benefit of the people; when people are sick they must be ready to attend upon them whenever they are sent for, without regarding the hour of the night or day, or the state of the weather. When people are ill, they long for the presence of the doctor as the grain of seed longs for the rains. Instead of doing this, however, the physicians now think that they possess great skill, and not only charge high fees, but insist on being paid full hire for their chair-coolies, and they do not care what becomes of the patient so that they get their fees. If these were only charged to the wealthy it would not so much matter; but the

poor have to pay them also. An evil practice (the decree goes on) also exists by which doctors will not visit their patients before one o'clock in the afternoon; some will even smoke opium and drink tea until late in the evening. These are abuses, the magistrate says, which they will on no account permit. Doctors must attend their patients at all times; they must, if necessary, visit them several times daily; they must think more of them and less of their fees. Notice, therefore, is given to all officials and people that a physician who does not attend when he is called must only receive half his fees and half his chair-hire. "If you physicians delay you visits you show your wickedness, and sin against yourselves." The decree is a model one for a paternal government; argument, entreaty, oburgation, exposition, threats, are all mingled in due proportions.

COMPOUND OXYGEN.

For the Cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Headache, Ozæna, Debility, and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders, by a Natural Process of Revitalization.

"BELIEVE THAT IT SAVED MY LIFE."

A lady in Passaic, N. J., wrote to us in October last, saying:

"Please send me one bottle of Compound Oxygen without delay. You sent me a two months' supply nearly two years ago, and *I believe that it saved my life.*"

Turning to the record of her case, we find that it was submitted to us in March, 1880. The abstract made from her letters is as follows:

"Age 34—married. Severe cold in 1877, and bronchial trouble. After unusual excitement, have sudden paroxysms of coughing and raising blood. In 1878 entered on musical studies. October of that year old cough returned, completely unfitting me for work. In May, 1879, confined to bed. July 5th, prostrated with nervous exhaustion. July 27th, had slight hemorrhage—between that date and Aug. 11th had them frequently. Sept. 1st, attacked with chills and fever, cough never ceased. In three days chills left me and cough loosened. Overtaxed myself again, and in Oct. had eleven hemorrhages. Dr. D—said upper middle lobe right lung seriously diseased—pain there frequently. Sleepless, nervous, and mentally depressed—sometimes desperate. Not strong for twelve years. Martyr to neuralgia, especially around heart. Sinking spells and oppressed for breath."

This is the record of a very distressing, complicated, and difficult case. A treatment was sent as ordered, and what is accomplished for our patient is told in the brief extract, "I believe that it saved my life." She writes further as:

"I find it a great preventative and regulator; and have helped to spread its fame."

CATARRHAL HEADACHE.

A lady in Elmira, N. Y., in ordering a Treatment, says:

"I shall be glad to receive it as soon as possible since the Fall season has at last brought its usual accompaniments of cold and influenza, and nothing else quite new for the winter campaign in the place of Oxygen." Owing to its benefits last year, I have passed an entire spring and summer free from my old life-long enemy, catarrhal headache, which I should have hardly believed possible without the experience."

I have also been entirely free from rheumatism, from which I have suffered so much. Hence you will not wonder that this severe and painful cold sends me to you at once. I trust the remedy will come speedily to my relief. . . . I have been much better in every way than last year, though I still have considerable nervous trouble, and now and then some pain and palpitation of the heart."

"JUST ANOTHER PERSON; THAT IS ALL!"

These are the words with which a lady-patient in Bridgeport, Ind., closes her report at the end of six months' use of Compound Oxygen. When she began the treatment she had been confined to her room for three months. Was a great sufferer in many ways; and from neuralgia for some three years. Had no appetite; suffered from palpitation of the heart, backache, ulcerated sore-throat and pain in the lungs.

After using the Oxygen for six months, she says:

"I am now able to help about the work, and how thankful I am to you, I am not able to tell—have a splendid appetite—neuralgia all gone, and I am just another person; that is all."

Below we tell the story of this case in condensed extracts from the patient's letters. In the first extract her case, before treatment, is stated:

March 29, 1881. Age 22; "Catarrh for ten years. Throat in terrible condition. No appetite, and do not taste bread; but live on raw eggs and cream. For three years had neuralgia and congestion of lungs. Not been able to leave room since December. Have palpitation of the heart and backache. Constipation—cold hands; pain all through my lungs; smother a great deal. Have sores in my throat, size of half a pea." (Great sufferer from female troubles.)

Report after receiving Home Treatment:

April 27. "Once more free from congestion and neuralgia; also palpitation. Sleep better and can lie on left side, which I have not been able to do for years. Eyes brighter, and gaining strength. No appetite; constipation no better. Right side, back and below my lungs, hurt me very much, and left side hurts me below lungs."

May 23. "For first four days after commencing treatment I gained very fast, especially as to lung and heart troubles. Female troubles seem to grow worse, and hurt me all the time." (Suffering very severely.)

June 13. "Still suffering greatly at times. Appetite largely increased. Throat sore."

We did not hear again until more than three months had elapsed, when we received the following gratifying report:

"It is now almost three months since I reported to you; but, since I received my last treatment, I have improved too fast to be believed, could I tell. I am now able to help about the work, and how thankful I am to you, I am not able to tell you. My lungs are better than for three years. Heart trouble almost gone. A splendid appetite, and constipation, oh! so much better. My head scarcely ever troubles me; but my throat about the same. Neuralgia all gone, and I am just another person; that is all."

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Also sent free, "Health and Life," a quarterly record of cases and cures under the Compound Oxygen Treatment.

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{ From Beginning,
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CONTENTS.

I. JOURNALS OF CAROLINE FOX,	<i>Quarterly Review,</i>	515
II. PRUDENCE HART. By Georgiana M. Craik,	<i>Argosy,</i>	527.
III. LIFE IN OLD FLORENCE,	<i>Fraser's Magazine,</i>	538
IV. A WORD ABOUT AMERICA. By Matthew Arnold,	<i>Nineteenth Century,</i>	546
V. THE LADIES LINDORES,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i>	556
VI. RALPH WALDO EMERSON,	<i>Spectator,</i>	567
VII. MR. EMERSON,	<i>Saturday Review,</i>	570
VIII. THE LITERATURE OF TIFLIS,	<i>Public Opinion,</i>	572
IX. SUNRISE,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i>	573
X. MOON-RISE,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i>	575

POETRY.

EASTER GREETING,	514	SUNRISE,	573
A TRANSLATION,	514	MOON-RISE,	575

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EASTER GREETING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KARL VON GEROK.

"Why weepest thou?" How soft the words
come stealing!

What greeting, blessed Magdalene, is this?
Fraught are its accents with a wondrous heal-
ing;

They still thine anguish like a mother's kiss!
Methinks I hear that voice as thou didst now —
"Why weepest thou?"

"Why weepest thou?" So breathes the balmy
air

After the winter frosts, this sweet spring day;
The blooming fields, the flow'rets rich and fair,
The golden sunshine drive thy cares away;
All nature sings in cadence sweet and low —
"Why weepest thou?"

"Why weepest thou?" Dost thou thy Lord
bemoan?

His precious body has the false world ta'en;
O see! not death could keep him from his own;
Victorious o'er the grave he comes again,
And tenderly his dear voice asks thee now —
"Why weepest thou?"

"Why weepest thou?" The world afflicts
thee sore!

O see! him, too, they thrust the cold grave
under,
And placed their watchers on the gate before,
And yet with mighty strength he brake
asunder.

Dost thou then think that now God's wonders
sleep?

Why dost thou weep?

"Why dost thou weep?" Dost thou thy sins
bemoan?

Is *that* the stone at which thy soul doth
quiver?

O see! in his dear eyes is love alone;
Our sins lie hidden in his grave forever!
O dread him not, and lull thy fears to sleep;
Why shouldst thou weep?

"Why shouldst thou weep?" Is it that thou
dost mourn

That over thee the cloud of grief is seen?
O see! how bright the glorious Easter dawn
Is rising on the fatal Easter e'en.

Trust, pray, and hope, nor 'neath thy burden
bow —
Why weepest thou?

"Why weepest thou?" Dost thou bewail the
dead?

Here is but earth that back to earth was
given;
Seek not the immortal in this narrow bed,
The spirit soared on angels' wings to heaven;
One day, and he will break the grave's charmed
sleep —
Why dost thou weep?

"Why dost thou weep?" Poor pilgrim, bur-
dened sore,

After these weary years, wouldst thou b
home?

O see! thy gentle Lord is gone before,
And waiteth till his little child shall come;
Then thou, too, surely thy reward shalt reap —
Why dost thou weep?

"Why dost thou weep?" Ay, Lord, on
drop of peace

Thou canst in every cup of sorrow pour;
And though on earth my grief shall never cease
Soon shalt thou dry these tears forevermore
Then shall the angels sing: "O mortal, now —
Why weepest thou?"

Chambers' Journal. ANTONIA DICKSON.

A TRANSLATION.

THREE TUSCAN "RISPETTI."

I.

THE lily gave her tint to you,
The rose on you bestowed her blushes,
The pink hath lent its waxen hue,
The jasmine-bloom its fragrance luscious.
So I, to give my heart am fain
To that sweet face where love doth reign;
So I my heart must fain surrender
In homage to that face so tender.

2.

Now would to Heav'n that love were judge
by weight,
And who were short of love should pain e
dure,
For that such sentence ne'er should be n
fate —
Unless the scales were false: I then we
sure —
Unless the scales were false, and gave no sig
Unto which side the balance did incline.
Unless the scales were false and crooked quit
And none should know how love to weig
aright.

3.

Did I but think my love could list to me,
With lusty voice then would I shout and sing
But sundered by hills, vales, and mounts a
we,
Nor can my voice to such far distance ring;
We're sundered by the leaves of cornfiel
green,
He cannot hear me with such space between
We're sundered by the leaves of trailing vin
He cannot hear me from his house to mine;
We're sundered by the leaves of poplars tal
He cannot hear me, he is out of call.

Academy.

E. M. CLERKE

From The Quarterly Review.

JOURNALS OF CAROLINE FOX.*

It is not surprising that this book, though only published at the commencement of this year, and that first of all in an expensive form, should already have reached a third edition; for it is a peculiarly charming example of one of the most attractive classes of books. Few subjects command so wide an interest as the personal characteristics of men and women who have played a distinguished part in life. When skilfully noticed and described, such particulars of habits, conversation, manners, and features, have at all times fascinated public attention. It is by details of this kind that we are best enabled to individualize the persons, by whose actions or writings we are attracted; and to most people, and especially to English people, individuals in all the distinctness of such peculiarities are much more interesting than the work they have done, or the imperfect ideas they have developed. In one of the many conversations with the late Mr. Mill recorded in these volumes, he makes the curious and characteristic mistake of saying that "the French care most for persons, the English for things." It is just the reverse. The French, for instance, will at any time desert their leaders for the sake of an idea; but English history is made up of the history of individuals, and of the attachment of the followers who have gathered around them. Boswell's "Life of Johnson" is a typically English book, and the best literature of our country is animated by personal feeling, and breathes in a personal atmosphere. It is this characteristic which is the real source of our practical capacity; for the chief work of life consists in dealing with persons, not with things, and those who are most for persons know them best. It is no wonder, therefore, that a book so proved fascinating which brings us in every page into vivid and pleasant intercourse with a variety of the most brilliant

and interesting personalities of the last half-century. One or two sections, indeed, of society predominate over the rest — those of science, of literature, and of the liberal school of theology of our time. But the writer comes into contact more or less with most classes at some point or other, and the index to the book, which enumerates the persons referred to, includes a surprising number of the familiar names of our century. In the journals of a single year, for instance, we pass rapidly from Thomas Carlyle to Mr. J. A. Froude, Frederick Maurice, Chevalier Bunsen, Lady Franklin, Guizot, Sir Robert Peel, Cobden and Palmerston in the House of Commons, Mr. Forster, Elihu Burritt, Derwent Coleridge, Professor Owen, Francis Newman, Hallam the historian, Louis Blanc, and Wordsworth, besides minor celebrities; and of each some vivid and characteristic touch is recorded. We move with the author from one scene to another, and see with her eyes and hear with her ears. Sometimes, indeed, it is only gossip she relates: but it is always thoughtful gossip, and carries the interest of real experience and observation. More generally she records the cream of her conversations with such people as we have named, and we have the pleasure of being silent listeners in some charming and instructive circle.

The idea of such a book is delightful in itself; but the peculiar capacity of the author gives these volumes a rare and singular charm. It would have been interesting enough if a person of ordinary intelligence, with her opportunities, had simply recorded, day by day, reminiscences of the people she had met, and the conversations she had heard. But Miss Fox, had evidently, in a remarkable degree, the gift of eliciting the best thoughts of those with whom she conversed, and was gifted also with an unusual power of easy narration and vivid description. It is rare, in the present day, to meet a book so beautifully written. The style is perfectly simple and direct; the language is the easy talk of cultured English life; there is never the least sign of effort, strain, or affectation; and yet every character and every scene is depicted with lifelike vivid-

Memories of Old Friends; being Extracts from Journals and Letters of Caroline Fox, of Penrick, Cornwall; from 1835 to 1871. Edited by Grace M. Pym. Third Edition, with Fourteen Original Letters from J. S. Mill. London, 1882.

ness. Carlyle, in one of his letters to her, speaks of her "swift, neat pen," and desires her "to draw up, on half a sheet of paper, an exact narrative" of a certain miner's act of heroism, "authentic, exact in every detail of it;" and the book is like a collection of these swift, neat outlines, on half-sheets of paper. They are not labored descriptions, but sudden sketches, as easily taken as photographs. Every characteristic of interest in the people whom Miss Fox met seemed to print itself instantaneously on her sympathetic mind, and to be as rapidly and correctly reproduced. From a pathetic entry after her brother's death, in which she exclaims, "For whom should I now record these entries of my life?" it appears that, though she had no idea of the publication of her journals, she wrote them in the hope of their being of interest to her family; and they are thus marked by a happy combination of the frankness of confidential intercourse and of the care bestowed on writings which are intended for perusal by others. We do not think there is an artificial remark throughout the book. All is transparently fresh, natural, and true. We see the exact reflection which all these people and scenes produced in the mind and heart of Caroline Fox; and if the brightness and beauty of the mirror throws sometimes a more graceful light over them than we should ourselves have seen, yet it never distorts them or disguises their real characters. The portrait prefixed to the book corresponds closely to the impression which the journals convey. Large, quiet, and kindly eyes, are combined with a delicate and expressive mouth; and the whole countenance bespeaks a sweet union of seriousness, humor, and kindness of disposition. A few hours can hardly be passed more pleasantly and more instructively than with such a companion in such society.

A brief—a too brief—memoir, prefixed to the book, gives the main facts of Caroline Fox's life. She was born on the 24th of May, 1819, and was one of the three children of parents who were distinguished "not only by their fine old Quaker lineage," but by great qualities of

mind and character. Her father, Robert Fox, held a considerable place among the men of science of his day. After his death in 1877, Sir Joseph Hooker, in his annual address to the Royal Society, said that they had sustained a severe loss in Mr. Fox, "eminent for his researches on the temperature at the magnetic and electrical condition of the interior of the earth, especially in connection with the formation of mineral veins, and who was further the inventor of some, and the improver of other instruments, now everywhere employed in ascertaining the properties of terrestrial magnetism." Both he and his wife were earnest members of the Society of Friends; and Caroline Fox, notwithstanding her sympathy with other forms of Christian belief and practice, remained firmly attached to the same community. Her quick and receptive nature seized the numerous opportunities for instruction which were afforded by her father's large and interesting circle of friends; and, as the editor says, "it makes a tender and striking picture—this young girl, with her deep reverence and vivid appreciation of all the magic world of thought in which she was permitted to roam, listening with delight to the utterances of wise men, and storing up their words in her heart." She possessed, however, plenty of originality and capacity for amusement; and to the last, there is a good deal of fun in her nature. Every two years the family visited London, and the journey, in the early part of her life, consumed three days, for her home was at Falmouth, and in a country residence in its neighborhood called Penjerrick. It was, of course, mostly in London that she met the numerous men of distinction of whom we have spoken; but her father frequently took her to meetings of the British Association; and Falmouth itself, and its neighborhood, were very fortunate in the visitors who were attracted there. Though always delicate, she seems to have enjoyed fair health till about forty-four years old; but in 1863 she had frequent attacks of illness and weakness, and she was carried off by a sharp attack of bronchitis on the 12th of January, 1871, when only fifty-two years of

age. Though her life was, on the whole, a very bright one, she suffered some sharp sorrows. Her only brother, Robert Barclay Fox, to whom Mill's letters are addressed, died of consumption in 1834, and her mother in 1858; and the editor speaks of another period of severe sorrow and suffering, during which her journals are comparatively destitute of matters of general interest. But personal feelings and experiences are very sparingly revealed in the extracts from these journals which have been given to the public; and though the motive which has prompted this reserve commands all respect, we cannot but indulge sometimes a feeling which she herself expresses towards another writer: "One has a vicious desire to know Miss Martineau's private history." We own to a very vicious desire indeed to know more of Miss Fox's private history. Unless we are much mistaken, it would not only be very interesting in itself, but would throw an interesting light upon some other private history. But we can well believe that the time has not come, if it ever can come, for such revelations.

As is natural with the daughter of such a father, we start amidst scientific associations. The journals begin with a few entries for the year 1835; but in 1836 the eminent geologist, Sir Henry de la Beche, was vividly introduced to us, and we have an amusing account of the meeting of the British Association at Bristol that year. It seems to have been as popular a gathering then as now, for it was doubtful at first whether the party would not have to go back disappointed. However, says Miss Fox, "the ladies, dear creatures, would not hear of that, so the most extraordinary muscular exertions, succeeded in gaining admittance." That there was a similar mixture of social and scientific attractions to that which still prevails at these meetings is amusingly illustrated by the presence of Tom Moore, and his enthusiastic reception. We saw him," Miss Fox writes, "in all his glory, looking, as Barclay" (her brother) "said, 'like a little Cupid, with a fizzing-glass in constant motion.' He seemed as gay and happy as a lark, and it was pleasant to spend a whole evening in

his immediate presence." At the concluding meeting his appearance was struck off with one of the writer's happy touches:

When Tom Moore arose with a little paper in his little hand, the theatre was almost knocked down with reverberations of applause. . . . He proceeded to wonder why such a person as he was, a humble representative of literature, was chosen to address them on this scientific occasion. He supposed that in this intellectual banquet he was called for as one of the light dishes to succeed the *gros morceaux* of which we had been partaking, and he declared Science to be the handmaid, or rather the torchbearer, of Religion.

"Little Tom Moore," with metaphors drawn from his experience of good living, celebrating the harmony of science and religion, forms an amusing and dainty picture. It is curious to go back with our author to the infancy of discoveries which have now grown to manhood; and, in her own phrase, she gives us "a very interesting insight into the birth of many ideas which have now got into jackets and trousers." Geology at that date is in the stage when Dr. Buckland was its boldest representative among the clergy, and was concerning himself with its reconciliation with the Book of Genesis. In a lecture at Exeter after the meeting of the Association, he "gave very clear details of the gradual formation of our earth, which, he is thoroughly convinced, took its rise ages before the Mosaic record. He says that Luther must have taken a similar view, as in his translation of the Bible he puts '1st' at the third verse of the first chapter of Genesis, which showed his belief that the two first verses relate to something anterior. He explains the formation of hills with valleys between them by eruptions under ground." How startled even Dr. Buckland would have been could he have been told of the millions of years which modern geologists demand, or of Mr. Darwin's hypothesis of the formation of valleys by denudation with the aid of earthworms! Mr. Darwin, at this date, is only described as the "fly-catcher" and "stone-pounder," who has decided that "the coral insects do not work up from the bottom of the sea against wind and tide, but that the reef is first thrown up by

a volcano, and they then surmount it, after which it gradually sinks." This mention of the great naturalist is occasioned by a visit from Captain FitzRoy, the commander of the "Beagle," who had landed at Falmouth the day before from his five years' voyage round the world, and who is astonished at the wonderful strides everything had made during those five years. Distinguished naval officers were frequent visitors at Mr. Fox's house, being interested in his valuable magnetic inventions, and highly appreciating his dipping-needle deflector. Captain Belcher, afterwards Sir Edward Belcher, dined there in November of the same year, and Miss Fox preserves a good story from his conversation.

In 1827, when among the Esquimaux with Captain James Ross, they were treated in a very unfriendly manner; he and five men were wrecked and their boat sunk, and they were obliged to betake themselves to the land of their enemies, twenty-four of whom, well armed with clubs, came down to dispute their proceedings. They had only one brace of percussion pistols amongst them and one load of powder and ball. The natives were aware of the terrible effect of these instruments but not of their scarcity, so Captain Belcher went out of his tent just before their faces, as if looking for something, put his hand in his pocket, and drew out a pistol as if by accident and hurried it back again. The other sailors, by slightly varying the ruse, led the natives to imagine the presence of six pairs of pistols, and so they did not venture on an attack. Shortly after this, having been repeatedly harassed, they were thankful to see their ship approaching; the Esquimaux now prepared for a final assault, and came in great numbers demanding their flag. Seeing the helplessness of his party, Captain Belcher said, "Well, you shall have the flag, but you must immediately erect it on the top of that hill." They gladly consented, and Captain Belcher fastened it for them on a flagstaff, but put it Union downwards. The consequence was that the ship's boats immediately put off and pulled with all their might, the natives scampered off, the flag was rescued, and the little party safely restored to their beloved ship. I should like to hear the Esquimaux's history of the same period. Captain Belcher has invented a very ingenious instrument for measuring the temperature of the water down to "bottom soundings." He is a great disciplinarian, and certainly not popular in the navy, but very clever and intensely methodical.

At the next meeting of the British Association, at Liverpool, in 1837, we find ourselves at the birth of the electric telegraph. They meet Wheatstone, and he tells them "of his electric conversations,

which are conducted by subterranean wires between here and London in a second or two;" and he then takes them to the physical section, where Sir David Brewster and Whewell were discussing some questions about spectrum light. In June of the next year they visit Wheatstone at King's College, where they see his electric telegraph, and learn that it is really being brought into active service. As the last week they began laying down between London and Bristol, to cost 250*l.* a mile. They see another invention which, as the editor suggests, looks very like an anticipation of the telephone in another shape. Wheatstone exhibited "a harp, or rather sounding-board, with additaments, which communicates with piano two stories higher, and receives the sound from it quite perfectly through conductive wire." A strange instance recorded of the dread with which these scientific discoveries were viewed at the day. Wheatstone was in the middle of a course of lectures, but, to Miss Fox's disappointment, no ladies were admitted. "The Bishop of London forbade it, seeing how they congregated to Lyell" which prohibition so offended that gentleman that he resigned his professorship. Ladies attend much more startling lectures nowadays at the Royal Institution and King's College, which was thus prohibited in 1838 from admitting them to the dangers of a little scientific knowledge, has lately set on foot a scheme for establishing a branch institution at Kensington, at which young ladies will enjoy all the opportunities for study which the original college in the Strand affords to young men. However, the controversy on the subject of women's education was opened at an early period of Caroline Fox's experiences. In 1840 she records John Sterling as saying that he would always trust to the practical judgment of women, and thought it the greatest mistake and perversion to educate them in the same manner as men. "They have a duty equally clear and equally important to perform, but quite distinct."

Nine years afterwards, she gives a summary of some lectures by Clara Balfour which contain excellent sense on the same subject. She says:—

We attended a very good lecture on Female Influence, by Clara Balfour, at the Polytechnic Hall. There was nothing to annoy by its assumptions for our sex; and even in the perilous art of lecturing the lady did not unspeakably herself. She started with a critique on the Idea of Education, as applied to women—

culture of the surface rather than a sowing and flourishing of principles. Women especially not having such imperative calls into the outward world, and having more leisure than men, should be taught to use that leisure well and wisely, and should be stored with subjects of interest for their many lonely hours. A really good and solid education does but enable a woman to perform the most trifling duties of domestic life more thoroughly well, and why should it make her more vain and pedantic than an equally educated man? If it be because it is so much rarer, surely that is but a strong argument for making it as general as possible. It is curious that men expect from women a higher standard of morals and manners than they think necessary for themselves, and yet almost deny them the faculty of taking cognizance of moral questions.

She spoke well on the responsibility women have, of giving the tone of the morals and manners of the circles they live in, and remarked that almost as much harm resulted from the uprightness of the virtuous, as from the downright wickedness of the vicious. She showed how women had influenced national character. In the times of Charles II., for instance, the very literature of the age is corrupt; that in Turkey and the East, men are the dreary, indolent creatures which one might expect from the condition of their wives and mothers; how, in fact, whenever woman is made either the Mol or the Slave, instead of the Helpmeet of man, the sin and the shame react abundantly on himself. . . . She dwelt, of course, on the laws of Nature having ordained that woman should be the early educator of man; should be not, therefore, be by all means assisted and encouraged to do her work as well and wisely as possible? What constitutes national prosperity? Not wealth or commerce simply, or military achievements, but the greatest possible number of happy, noble, and graceful homes, where the purest flame burns brightest on the altar of Family Love, and Woman, with her pity, forbearance, and kindness of soul, is permitted to officiate as High Priestess. She concluded with Wordsworth's beautiful little epitome of woman, and was immensely applauded by her audience, from which she had a good sense to escape at once by disappearing from the platform.

This is one of the ideas which were in their infancy, but have now grown beyond jackets and trousers. If the course of women's education had been always advocated with similar good sense and moderation, it would probably have reached its present maturity much sooner. Clara Balfour's lectures, as here reported, are singularly good. Take for instance the following excellent piece of criticism on the difference between Shakespeare and Scott in their representation of female characters: "She observed that Shakespeare the character is every-

thing, often the circumstances in the different plays being very similar, but all turning, for instance, on the difference of character between Desdemona, Imogen, and Helena, though all alike suffering under their husbands' unjust suspicions. In Scott the characters are generally similar, but the circumstances everything." She gave Scott, however, credit for four really original characters; Flora Mac-Ivor, Rebecca, Diana Vernon, and Jeanie Deans.

But to return to the regular course of the journals and their changing topics of interest. Science and scientific men continue for a few years to hold the foremost place, though Mr. Derwent Coleridge at Helston, and Hartley Coleridge during a visit at Grasmere, make a partial diversion. Mr. Derwent Coleridge is a strong contrast to the practical character of Miss Fox's father, and in one conversation he anticipates an idea which has since become familiar. Like all the philosophical spirits whom we come across in these pages, he finds the world in a somewhat retrograding state, as no such master spirits as Bacon's are to be found for the seeking, and "he has not recognized the supreme importance of the invention of a new gas, or the best mode of using an old one." From this they pass on to discuss popular representation, and Mr. Derwent Coleridge defines the "people" as "the remainder, when the noblemen, gentlemen, clergy, and men of superior minds, had been taken out of the mass. What remains is the people, who are to be represented, and who are to select and elect." "Very characteristic," says Miss Fox. Was it equally characteristic when Mr. Bright designated a certain portion of our present electoral body "the residuum"?

Of course, from her Quaker connections, Miss Fox was interested in the anti-slavery movement of those days, and among the most amusing sketches in the book is the following account of a meeting in 1838 under Lord Brougham's presidency at Exeter Hall, in which his characteristic temper was called out. O'Connell, too, is capitally hit off:—

London, May 25.—Went to Exeter Hall, and, thanks to my dear brother's platform-ticket and the good-nature of the police, we got a place on the platform close to the speakers. Lord Brougham was in the chair, and the subject of the meeting was Anti-Slavery. We came in near the conclusion of Lord Brougham's speech, which was received with immense applause, so much so that very little could we hear, but I mean to get a printed

paper. Sir G. Strickland succeeded him, then G. Thompson, who was followed by a Lincolnshire M.P., a Mr. Eardley, who entreated the meeting's attention for a few minutes while he avowed himself a warm supporter of the Anti-Slavery cause, but opposed Lord Brougham's speech, which was evidently against ministers, particularly Lord John Russell, and was dictated by private pique and disappointed ambition. Here he was burst upon by a thunder of abuse: "Hiss, hiss, hiss!" "Down with him!" "Take him off!" "Stop him!" "Hiss, 'iss, 'ss!" he standing calm and erect till Thompson rose and begged for a little peace and quietness, assuring them that they need not be anxious about their chairman, as he was perfectly able to defend himself. This caused great clapping, and at Thompson's request the speaker was permitted to proceed. He went on to say that he expected opposition, but not that the avalanche would so quickly descend and overwhelm the expression of his sentiments. He believed that he rose with a conscientious motive (hear! hear!), it was to vindicate in some degree the character of a really upright man (hear!) who had fallen under the Brougham-stick, Lord John Russell (agonies of abusive manifestations!), with whose vote he could by no means agree (hear! hear!), but he viewed him as one on whom the Light had not yet shined, but who would embrace it as soon as he was fortunate enough to perceive it. Lord Brougham arose to declare, from what he could gather of the honorable gentleman—"Mr. What is the gentleman's name? really it is one with which I am quite unacquainted"—he supposed that he wished to supplant him in the chair, which he thought a little unfair, as he had come in at the eleventh hour, whereas his (Lord Brougham's) opinions and efforts had been acknowledged ever since the first agitation of the subject. He dwelt eloquently for some time upon this point, and seated himself amidst deafening applause. Mr. Eardley arose and replied in the teeth of the multitude, and then Lord Brougham, with his usual nasal contortions, was very witty for some time, and proposed the election of another chairman that he might legitimately engage in self-defence. This was seconded and loudly applauded, till some one assured them that a personal quarrel between Lord Brougham and Mr. Eardley was not at all relevant to the business of the meeting. The cheerful audience cheered still louder, and hissed the idea of Lord Brougham quitting his imperial seat for an instant. After much more discussion, Lord Brougham just rose to declare that so personal a dispute should trespass no longer on the time of the meeting, and therefore he would sum up and give a verdict in favor of the "counsel for the attack," and the people laughed very heartily. Sir George Murray then spoke in an agreeable, sensible, modest manner, his statements of the supineness of the legislature being very striking. But I must get a paper, particularly for a report of the speech of the "Member for Ireland" (O'Connell),

which we could not distinctly hear from him turning his head the other way and emphatically dropping his voice. He began with a burst: "I was one of the ninety-six who voted for the motion the other night, and this I desire may be set forth on my tombstone!" He spoke with energy, pathos, and eloquence. His mouth is beautifully chiselled and his nose *retroussé*; he is an uncommonly strong-looking stout-built man, who looks as if he could easily bear the weight of the whole House upon his shoulders. He gave a grievous account of the Coolie importation—but I absolutely must have a paper.

But from the year 1840 the main interest of Miss Fox's journals is found in another direction. In February of that year, John Sterling was at Falmouth and made the acquaintance of Miss Fox through her brother Barclay; and henceforth for several years her daily records are full of conversations with him and his friends. Few men of our time have had such a singular fate, during life and after it, as this clergyman. Though he died in 1844, at the early age of thirty-eight, he has been the subject of two biographies, one of them a book of great power and influence; and now he is again depicted in these journals with a vividness and a sympathy which will effectually contribute to preserve his memory. He was the prize for which, after his death, two schools of thought contended. He embodied in himself a vivid type of the unsettled movement of theological and philosophical thought which prevailed in this country after the time of the Reform Bill. The new departure in politics at that date corresponded to an equally new departure in religion and philosophy. The old orthodoxy of the Church of England in both its forms, High and Low, was being broken up by the Tractarian movement at Oxford, while at Cambridge the influence of Coleridge, and of the German speculations to which he gave currency, was producing a similar effect by an opposite method. German thought and German criticism were breaking upon the ordinary English mind for the first time, and were regarded with all the dread which new and strange influences on such subjects always produce. John Sterling was familiar, as few men were in those days, with the writings of the chief leaders of German theology and philosophy, and his mind was certainly unsettled. He had entered the ministry as curate to Archdeacon Hare, a generous and devout spirit, who was a master of all German learning. But while he ever maintained

an intimate friendship with Sterling, he was not strong enough to control and guide him; and although Sterling's health was the immediate occasion of his resigning his curacy after the first few months, it is evident that mental unrest had much to do with his practical withdrawal at that time from all work in the ministry. On Sterling's death, a few years after, Archdeacon Hare wrote his life — too much, as was said, from a clergyman's point of view. Carlyle, who had been Sterling's other most intimate friend, was dissatisfied with it as a one-sided representation, and wrote his famous "Life of Sterling" to exhibit him in the character, which is with some felicity attributed to Carlyle himself in these pages, of a man who has large capital of faith uninvested. As to the comparative truth of these two representations, we are disposed to consider Miss Fox's verdict decisive, and it appears clearly given at least against Carlyle. In sending the "Life of Sterling" to her aunt, she says, "It is painful enough to see the memorial of his friend made the text for utterances and innuendoes from which one *knows* that he would now shrink even more than ever." In another place, on receipt of Archdeacon Hare's life, she observes that "Julius Hare has, I believe, done his part admirably well." It is evident that she was in sympathy with Sterling himself, if not with all his views, that his conversation had a great charm for her, and that she was deeply influenced by him. Her picture of the man must henceforth be taken into account as much as that by Archdeacon Hare or by Carlyle. She says, indeed, that the letters of F. D. Maurice, who was Sterling's brother-in-law, had spoiled her and her friends for any other handling of such a subject; and it is probable, therefore, that when the life and letters of Mr. Maurice are published — and we suppose that Mr. Maurice's relations intend some day or other to do that justice to his memory* — we shall possess another source of valuable information on the theological movement which Sterling represented. Judging from Miss Fox's records of Sterling's conversations, we should

gather that Carlyle has greatly underrated the Christian faith of his friend. Schleiermacher seems to have been his favorite among German theologians, and the earnest though vague piety of that author seems to have marked him in his latter days. At the last, to judge from the letters which Carlyle published as addressed to himself, he seems to have drifted still further from the anchorage of Christian faith; but of this there is no definite sign in these pages. Had this, indeed, been a distinct characteristic of his thought, he would not have been so welcome a friend to the devout spirit of Caroline Fox. As it is, his friendship with her and her family is a strange illustration of that mingling of principles and ideas, which was perhaps the chief characteristic of the generation to which these journals belong. The hard lines which had divided schools of thought were passing away, notwithstanding their apparent sharpening in passing struggles, and all but a few extreme spirits were learning to understand each other better, and approximating to one another more and more.

On the 4th of January, 1846, when the Sterling episode is over, Miss Fox says she has that day assumed a name for her religious principles — Quaker Catholicism — "having direct spiritual teachings for its distinctive dogma, yet recognizing the high worth of all other forms of Faith; a system, in the sense of inclusion, not exclusion; an appreciation of the universal and various teachings of the Spirit, through the faculties given us, or independent of them." But what a strange combination is this "Quaker Catholicism"! The old Quakerism is best exemplified in the following description of a representative character among them: —

Old Samuel Rundall has ended his weary pilgrimage, with his old wife sitting by his side: "he departed as one who was glad of the opportunity." He, far more than any I have seen, carries one back centuries in the history of opinion and feeling. He was a perfect Quaker of the old George Fox stamp, ponderous, uncompromising, slow, uninfluenced by the views of others, intensely one-sided, with all the strength and weakness of that characteristic; a man to excite universal esteem, but no enthusiasm: simple and childlike in his daily habits, solemn and massive in his ministry; that large voice seemed retained to cry with ceaseless iteration, "The Kingdom of God is within you." Last of the Puritans, fare thee well! There was a certain Johnsonian grandeur about him, and one would have lost much insight into a bygone time and an obsolete generation by not having known him.

* We cannot refrain from taking this opportunity to press an indignant remonstrance against the neglect and mismanagement which has for ten years withheld a life of Mr. Maurice from the public. He was among the most eminent names in the theological and social history of a generation which is now passing away, but it could seem as if his friends had no care to publish a record of him while his memory and his influence are still fresh among us. We do not know what is the tensible cause of such a delay, and we do not care. It is inexcusable under any circumstances.

Yet this stern and one-sided character is thus celebrated by a member of the same community, who is an ardent admirer of Schleiermacher, and exclaims in enthusiasm over the "thrice-noble Fichte." Sterling would seem to have done much to produce this generous and genuine sympathy with other forms of religious thought; and, though there is something very unsatisfactory in the tentativeness of many of his views, it may have been this very tentativeness, this effort to find truth everywhere, amidst all the confusions of his time, which rendered him so attractive, and perhaps to many minds so useful. A similar mediating function was exerted, with a far deeper force and originality, by Mr. Maurice, and to him, as years went on, Caroline Fox's confidence seems to have been chiefly attached. He delighted in persuading opponents that they were really agreed even when they seemed to be most divided; and though he exaggerated the principle, and sometimes seemed to go counter to it in his own vehemence in defence of particular views, it exerted in his hands a far-reaching and beneficial influence.

Another eminent character, who was also closely associated with Sterling, appears in a very interesting light in these pages. John Stuart Mill had a warm friendship with Mr. Barclay Fox, and his conversations, or rather his lectures, are recorded with an admiration only second to those of Sterling. We must venture, indeed, to say in passing that we think it is much more agreeable to read these conversations as condensed by Miss Fox than it must have been to listen to them. It would be very exhausting if clever people in general inflicted upon their friends such incessant disquisitions on all things divine and human, as Sterling and Mill are described as doing. For instance, five days after Miss Fox's first meeting with Sterling they visit a neighboring foundry to see fourteen tons of iron cast for the beam of a steam-engine. Miss Fox expresses the very sensible regret that the party had no chestnuts on which to employ all the heat which was running to waste; but this remark, she says, "induced a very interesting discourse from Sterling, first on the difference between utilitarianism and utility, then on the sympathy of great minds with each other, however different may be the tracks they select." Young people, and especially young women, will forgive anything to a man from whom they learn something; but to most persons a man who cannot

witness a casting, or respond to a pleasurable triviality, without starting off to philosophy, to Plato and to Pythagoras, would be very much of a bore. The first account brought her of Sterling is that "when his friends were around him, however conversation arose, he would easily bring it to a serious point, and launch off into theological disquisitions." A most unwelcome capacity, for the purposes of ordinary social intercourse, could hardly be conceived. Mr. Mill was equally terrible in his earnestness in season and out of season. Thus one day, after a visit to him at the India House, they find they have some time at their disposal and go off to the Pantheon. "John Mill," she says, "very luminous all the way, spite of the noise; and amidst the noise he discourses on the differences in national character in the French, English, and Germans, the advantages and disadvantages of a sectarian spirit, and the selfish-love has in our appreciation of the talents of others, and two or three other small topics. The macaws and gold-fish of the Pantheon," she adds, "prevented further settled conversation, but I think I had my share for one day." We should think she had. Then the next day the Mills and Mr. Forster, the present chaplain-secretary for Ireland, came to breakfast. They have "a snug time till eleven," and take advantage of it by discussing the influence of the love of approbation, the value of good actions done from mixed motives; the truth in things false; the Grecian character, etc., etc. And all this after breakfast! We are inclined to hope there may be one great advantage in the development of ladies' education. When they have discussed and studied subjects like these, as men do in schools and colleges, they will understand, like most men, that society was meant for something pleasanter than such academic disquisitions. Connected with this tendency is a morbid self-inspection and an overstrained sense of self-importance which is curiously illustrated by a criticism of Mill's upon Luther. He thought the Reformer was a fine fellow, but that moral is to be drawn from the perplexity and unhappiness of his latter days. Though so triumphant in his reform, he shuddered at the commotion he had made instead of viewing it as the natural and necessary result of the emancipation of thought from the trammels of authority which he himself had introduced. "None," Mill is said to have observed with deep feeling, "should attempt anything

tended to benefit his age, without at first making a stern resolution to take up his cross and to bear it. If he does not begin by counting the cost, all his schemes must end in disappointment; either he will sink under it as Chatterton, or yield to the counter-current like Erasmus, or pass his life in disappointment and vexation as Luther did." "This," observes Miss Fox, "is evidently a process through which Mill himself had passed, as is sufficiently attested by his careworn and anxious, though most beautiful and refined, countenance." This conception of Luther as deficient in the philosophical prescience of a Mill is not a little amusing. The reformer was much too simple and sensible to aim at anything so magnificent as benefiting his age." He began the reformation in the simple course of his duty as a Christian teacher; and with his hearty frankness, he declared it rather hard he should be condemned to all the trouble this brought upon him. The idea of Mill and Sterling, on the other hand, which Carlyle was ever fostering with the orbid exaggerations of vanity, is that a man's duty is to be contemplating himself until he finds some work for which his precious faculties are peculiarly adapted, and then to devote himself to it in magnificent self-sacrifice. Thus, in a letter Mr. Barclay Fox soon after the death of a brother, Mill lays down that there is only one plain rule of life eternally binding, and it is this: "Try thyself unwearyingly till thou findest the highest thing thou art capable of doing, faculties and outward circumstances being both duly considered, and then DO IT." This may sound very fine; but we fear such a process would be dreadful waste of time, and far simpler and more universal rule is to do your duty just as it happens to come your way. By Mill's account, Sterling wasted much of his energies in these idle, not conceited, day-dreams; and, to be plain, there is a great deal of pure prigshness and vanity about this kind of talk.

But much may be forgiven to Mill for no reasons. In the first place, he was educated by his father with something of barbarity. He was made to study ecclesiastical history, he tells Miss Fox, before he was ten! He mildly says that is method of early intense application would not recommend to others; but there is something very pathetic in his lament: "I never was a boy, never played cricket; it is better to let nature have her own way." Anything may be excused

to a man who was made to study ecclesiastical history before he was ten. But there is another touch of him recorded in these pages which adds to the pathos of his ecclesiastical boyhood, as it shows he had capacities for being more natural; and this is the second of the two pleas we admit in his behalf. It casts a new light on his character to find him drawing up the following "Calendar of Odors" for Miss Fox:—

J. S. Mill gave me the Calendar of Odors which he has written for the first time:—

A Calendar of Odors, being in imitation of the various Calendars of Flora in Linnæus and others.

The brilliant coloring of Nature is prolonged, with incessant changes, from March till October; but the fragrance of her breath is spent before the summer is half ended. From March to July an uninterrupted succession of sweet odors fills the air by day and still more by night, but the gentler perfumes of autumn, like many of the earlier ones here for that reason omitted, must be sought ere they can be found. The Calendar of Odors, therefore, begins with the laurel, and ends with the lime.

March.—Common laurel.

April.—Violets, furze, wall-flower, common broad-leaved willow, apple blossom.

May.—Lilac, night-flowering stocks and rockets, laburnums, hawthorn, seringa, sweet-briar.

June.—Mignonette, bean-fields, the whole tribe of summer roses, hay, Portugal laurel, various species of pinks.

July.—Common acacia, meadow-sweet, honeysuckle, sweet-gale or double myrtle, Spanish broom, lime.

In latest autumn, one stray odor, forgotten by its companions, follows at a modest distance—the creeping clematis, which adorns cottage walls; but the thread of continuity being broken, this solitary straggler is not included in the Calendar of Odors.

To Miss Caroline Fox, from her grateful friend, J. S. MILL.

In a word, he often appears here in a much more genial capacity than has hitherto been recognized in him, and his faults may be in a large measure traced to his radically vicious education. It is curious how some of his most positive opinions have been contradicted by events. Thus in 1840 we hear of his observing, that he is thankful the experiment of a republic has been tried in America. "It has failed, and ever must fail, for want of the two contending powers which are always requisite to keep things in proper order—government and public opinion." But in truth, if comparatively young men like Sterling and Mill go on pronouncing

judgments day by day upon all people and things in the universe, they are sure to have a great number of their sentences reversed, and it seems hardly worth while to have taken the trouble of forming them. The person we like best in the circle at Falmouth at this time is Sterling's friend, Dr. Calvert. He is unassuming, frank, and humorous; and the story of his illness and premature death is very touching. As to Carlyle, who was a member of the same circle, it is of course unnecessary to give any account of Miss Fox's relations with him. He is always the same — always affected, always grumbling, always wondering whether there is any one doing any good work in the world but himself. He cannot help a poor miner who had performed some heroic act, without writing a fantastical letter in which he says: "At all events let me know whether there is one other such true, brave workman living and working with me at this time on this earth; there is help and profit in being sure of that." As though there were not millions of them, and as though Carlyle did not know there were. After one of his conversations, Miss Fox says she begins to wonder whether anybody ever did anything good in the world at all. The world has had too much of Carlyle lately, and we will not trouble our readers with any more of him.

But it is time to pass from this society of discontented philosophers and divines to healthier and more natural people. Among these, Wordsworth appears, on the whole, in a very favorable light in Miss Fox's reminiscences. In spite of some peculiarities of temperament and manner, there is a simplicity and sound sense about him which is very welcome. For instance, he objects to Hartley Coleridge that, besides being so fond of quaintness and contrariety, which is quite out of keeping with true poetry,

"He is of that class of extreme Radicals who can never mention a bishop or a king, from King David downwards, without some atrabilious prefix or other. Surely this is excessively narrow and excessively vain, to put yourself into opposition to opinions and institutions which have so long existed with such acknowledged benefit; there must be something in them to have attracted the sympathy of ages and generations. . . . I object," he proceeded, "to the perpetual ill-humor with things around them, and ill-humor is no spiritual condition which can turn to poetry. Shakespeare never declaimed against kings or bishops, but took the world as he found it."

Miss Fox visits Wordsworth soon after Sterling's death, and he is pleased with few really fine lines on him, which Sterling had sent to her in his last note.

Regent of poetic mountains,
Drawing from their deepest fountains
Freshness pure and everlasting,
Wordsworth, dear and honored name,
O'er thee pause the stars forecasting
Thine imperishable fame.

But best of all are the following observations on German literature — observations which apply in no inconsiderable degree to the whole range of German thought: —

Talked of the effect of German literature on the English mind; "We must wait to find out what it is; my hope is, that the good will assimilate itself with all the good in the English character, and the mischievous element will pass away like so much else." The only special criticism which he offered on German literature was "that they often sacrifice Truth to Originality, and, in their hurry to produce new and startling ideas, do not wait to weigh their worth. When they have exhausted themselves and are obliged to sit down and think, they just go back to the former thinkers, and thus there is a constant revolution without their being quite conscious of it. Kant, Schelling, Fichte; Fichte, Schelling, Kant: all this is dreary work and does no denote progress. However, they have much of Plato in them, and for this I respect them the English, with their devotion to Aristotle have but half the truth; a sound philosophy must contain both Plato and Aristotle." He talked on the national character of the French and their equalizing methods of education "It is all formal, military, conventional, leveling, encouraging in all a certain amount of talent, but cramping the finer natures, and obliging Guizot and the few other men of real genius, whom God Almighty is too good to leave them entirely destitute of, to stoop to the common limits, and teach their mouths to flatter and conciliate the headstrong, ardent, unthinking multitude of ordinary men, who dictate to France through the journals which they edit. There is little of large, stirring life in politics now, all is conducted for some small immediate ends; this is the case in Germany as well as France. Goethe was amusing himself with fine fancies when his country was invaded; how unlike Milton, who only asked himself whether he could best serve his country as a soldier or a statesman, and decided that he could fight no better than others, but he might govern them better. Schiller had far more heart and ardor than Goethe, and would not, like him, have professed indifference to Theology and Politics, which are the two deepest things in man — indeed, all a man is worth, involving duty to God and to man."

There is a vigorous common sense about observations of this kind, which are in refreshing contrast to the theories of Mill and the affectations of Carlyle. The last notice of the old poet is touching. Miss Fox's aunt, after visiting him at Rydal Mount, says that "the gentle, softened evening light of his spirit is very lovely, and there is a quiet sublimity about him as he waits on the shores of that eternal World which seems already to hasten over him some sense of its beauty and its peace."

Among the most interesting of the author's descriptions and reminiscences are those of Guizot and Bunsen. In June, 1849, she describes Guizot as looking about sixty, "a face of many furrows, quiet, deep-set, gray eyes, full of quiet sagacity, though very animated in conversation, hands and all taking their share." The next day they meet him and Bunsen at an out-of-doors party, and see the two politicians walking up and down the lawn in a long and earnest discourse, "the character of their faces as unlike as that of two men whose objects have been in many respects so similar, can well be. The Frenchman, sagacious, circumspect, and plain; the German's ample, genial countenance spoke of trust in God, trust in man, and trust in himself." At the same time she had a most interesting drive home with Guizot and his eldest daughter. They had no patience with Lamartine, thinking him "an altogether would-be-great man, attempting impossibilities and failing utterly, yet still considering himself the greatest of his age." She proceeds:—

He talked of Michelet and his brilliant powers, but considers him rather mad now, as, otherwise, he must be a bad man—this not so much to be deduced from his writings as from his conduct. He, too, is possessed with the idea of being called to be immensely great—something quite unlike his fellows—a sort of Mahomet, and because France did not see quite so much in him as he saw in himself, he thought the Government must be all wrong and concentrating its powers to prevent his being duly recognized.

About this time her friend Sir Charles Lemon had just returned from Paris, where he had found the French making finite fun of their pet republic. "What shall we try next?" asked De Tocqueville one evening when Sir Charles was taking a drive there. "Oh! try a queen, to be sure; we find it answer famously, and the Duchess d'Orléans would do it to perfec-

tion." Young Henry Hallam gave her an account of his breakfast with Louis Blanc, "who for two hours talked incessantly and almost always about himself. He is a very little man, and though eloquent on his one idea, gives you no feeling of power or trustworthiness. There is so much showy declamation instead." Bunsen's views are happily sketched in the following account of a conversation with him at dinner:—

I asked Bunsen's opinion of the Papal Aggression stir, which has been raging in England. He said "that the Roman scheme is such an one as would not be submitted to for a moment in other countries, but simply on the ground of politics, not of religion. . . . You are excellent people, but very material. You are afraid to give yourselves up to any teaching but what has existed on parchment for hundreds of years; if an angel brought you a new truth direct from heaven, you would not believe it till it was successfully copied on the parchment; no, you are excellent people, but you terribly want faith. You are afraid of Reason and oppose it to Faith, and accordingly miss them both." I pleaded that they had given us such a fright in Germany by their speculative vagaries, that we had fallen back in despair on our practical existence. "Ah, yes," he answered, "we gave you a great fright in the time of Henry VIII., didn't we? No! the fact is that Religion is not a subject which deeply interests you; you are thoroughly practical, and practical politics are what engage your thought. Now, in Germany, when thoughtful men meet casually, they soon get to talking on Religion and Theology: we talk of it because we think it the most interesting of subjects; you at once fall upon politics because *they* are the deepest interests to you. Sometimes we get into extravagant views of religion, but your extravagance turns to Jacobinism—a very characteristic national difference. You in England so little recognize an overruling Providence as directing the thoughts as well as the acts of men." I asserted our absolute belief in a Providence legible in all history. "Oh, yes," he said, "you believe in a Providence which prevents your catching colds, but not in one continuous luminous guide. You condemn research in religious affairs, and are accordingly to be congratulated on a most irrational faith. Your Society of Friends has done much good, and its founders have said many admirable things, but it wants vitality. I am very fond of them, but I must speak the truth as I find it. Your great peril is an idolatry of the form of formlessness, instead of trusting the Living Spirit. But you are of vast practical importance, and will still do much if you will but keep clear of the traditional spirit of the age."

This conversation is eminently characteristic. But Bunsen might have learned

from his great countryman, Luther, that the difference between ourselves and the Germans is not whether or no we have a "continuous luminous guide," but respecting the means by which He guides us. Are we to trust our individual intuitions, or are we to pay respect to parchments, traditional beliefs, recognized facts, and general convictions? Bunsen's imaginary German believes in a "continuous luminous guide" to himself. An Englishman believes in a similar guide to other men and other ages, and is accordingly not quite so confident in differing from them and trusting his own supposed discoveries.

Besides these longer conversations with distinguished men, there are many stray reminiscences and good sayings, which are vivid and characteristic. Some of her friends, for instance, go over to Paris to present a declaration from the merchants of London expressing amity to the emperor and respect to the French people. They dine at the Tuileries, and the emperor makes an observation which we hope our present ministry will not falsify. "In France," he said, "revolutions are easy, but reforms slow, almost impossible; in England reforms are steady and certain, but revolutions can never be accomplished." Some characters now living are vividly sketched, and, as a statesman is public property, we need not hesitate to quote an entry that "John Bright was there at dinner, fighting his Parliamentary battles over again like a bull-dog. It was quite curious to watch his talk with his quiet father-in-law." This was in 1851. Ten years afterwards, she writes that "the Brights are staying here, so we consider ourselves a very pleasant party. John Bright is great fun, always ready for a chat and a fulmination, and filling up the intervals of business with 'Paradise Regained.' . . . One likes to have his opinion on men and things, as it is strong, clear, and honest, however one-sided. But he flies off provokingly into pounds, shillings, and pence, when one wants him to abide for a little amongst deeper and less tangible motives, powers, and arguments." There are again vivid descriptions of Tennyson; but poets are creatures who do not always like to be lionized, so we will leave them alone. Livingstone at the Dublin British Association meeting is capitally described in few words. Dr. Livingstone, she says, is "tall, thin, earnest-looking, and business-like; far more given, I should say, to do his work than to talk about it." She

would have liked everybody to hear his lecture.

People say it was signally lacking in arrangement, but I have no nose for logic. I thought one just mounted his ox and went on behind him among those loving, trusting, honest, generous natives of his, first to the Eastern Coast then to the Western. . . . There is a great deal of quiet fun about Dr. Livingstone. He would pair off some African barbarism with some English civilization with great point. For instance, some of his Africans wear hoops on their heads, with their wool drawn out to it, like the spokes of a wheel; "but, poor people, they are not at all civilized; they put their hoops in the wrong place; they'll know better by-and-by."

So we might quote story after story, and sketch after sketch, from this genial and entertaining book. We have said enough, we hope, to show that it is fitter to be a welcome companion to every reader who feels an interest in the characters, peculiarities, and habits, of the distinguished men and women of the last half century. But it will not be less welcome as exhibiting, though with too much reserve, one of the most beautiful minds which has of late been revealed to the public eye. The sympathy which could enter into so many and such different types of character, and find points of contact with so many modes of thought, the delicacy of touch which could depict them so clearly, and the kindness which could record them with such geniality, bespeak both a mind and heart of rare quality. The entry in her journal for one day is: "Plenty to do, and plenty to love and plenty to pity. No one need die of ennui;" and this earnest feeling marks all we read of herself in these pages. Her character visibly deepens. Her heart opens, and her intellect is less fascinated by such brilliancy as that which attracts her so strongly during her association with Sterling, Mill, and Carlyle. She visibly breaks away from Mill and Carlyle towards the close of the volume. "I am reading," she says in 1859, "that terrible book of John Mill's on Liberty, so clear and calm and cold. He lays it on one as a tremendous duty to get oneself well contradicted, and admit always a devil advocate into the presence of your dearest, most sacred truths. . . . He looks you through like a basilisk, relentless as fate. We knew him well at one time and owe him very much. He is in many senses isolated, and must sometime shiver with the cold." There is a fine passage in a memorandum where she r

ords a struggle she passed through at the age of twenty-one, which is a healthy and invigorating contrast to this cold scepticism of Mill's later years. "Why," said to myself "should I thus help to veil the triumph of the infernal powers by tampering with their miserable suggestions of unbelief, and neglecting the amazing gift which Christ has so long been offering me? I know that he is the redeemer of all such as believe in him; and I *will* believe, and look for his support in the contest with unbelief." How deep and humble this faith became is perfectly depicted in the following memorandum which was found after her death:—

My precious father and mother must keep whatever of mine they may like to have. It is vain to attempt to thank them for all they have done for me. I have often, very often, been most provoking and irresponsible to their ring-kindness, but in the bottom-of my heart, I trust, ungrateful. Farewell, darlings. If you can forgive and love me, remember with comfort that our God and Saviour is even more loving, more forgiving than you are, and think of me with peace and trustfulness and thanksgiving, as one whom He has graciously taught, mainly through sorrows, to trust and to love Him utterly, and to grieve over the ingratitude of my sins, the sense of which is but deepened by His free forgiveness."

It is little to say that none will read these journals without being instructed or entertained. None ought to be able to read them without being the better for intercourse with so gentle and gracious a spirit, or without being encouraged by her truth and patience.

From *The Argosy*.

PRUDENCE HART.

BY GEORGINA M. CRAIK.

"WELL, she is a demure little soul," said Keith Verner, "and not much of a beauty certainly."

Upon which Mrs. Verner replied with decision: "She is quite as much of a beauty, my dear, as there is any need for her to be." And the young man, at that response, laughed.

They were speaking of some one who had just left the room—Miss Prudence Hart, a young person who had entered the Verners' family only two days before, still the post of companion to Mrs. Verner's only daughter, Mabel. Mabel Ver-

ner was nineteen, and was in not very robust health. She was a little fanciful too, and had of late developed a certain fretfulness, with which her mother, who was an active and cheerful woman, had not much sympathy.

"The child tries me exceedingly," she had often said to her husband. "She has everything to make her happy, and yet she is not happy. I wonder," she had suggested one day, lately, "how it would answer to give her some companion of her own age?"

"What, another girl?" asked Mr. Verner. "Well, that is not a bad idea."

"I have had it in my mind for some time," continued Mrs. Verner thoughtfully. "The only objection is that there might be some difficulty with the boys."

"Oh, not the least fear of that!" exclaimed her husband in a tone of amazement. "The boys, you may be sure, would like it."

"I have little doubt that they would like it," Mrs. Verner answered shortly. "What I fear is that they might like it too well. If it were not that they are so little here——"

"Ah, yes, that makes all the difference," he assented.

"If they were living at home I should not think of such an arrangement for a moment, but seeing how much they are away, I am disposed to think that the plan might be tried; especially if we could find some nice, quiet girl, not very good-looking," said Mrs. Verner.

And then something of the nature of a protest rose to her husband's lips; but, on reflection, he did not utter it.

Soon after this, Mrs. Verner, having consulted with her daughter, and received Mabel's assent to her scheme, began to make known amongst her acquaintances that she wished to receive into her house some young person of a modest and staid demeanor, in consequence of which numerous young persons were proposed to her, and from amongst these various candidates she finally selected one who seemed in a happy degree to combine the several qualifications that she most desired to secure. For, by the lady who recommended her, Prudence Hart was certified to be cheerful, clever, domestic, of a sweet temper, and with regard to propriety and modesty of deportment, all that the most anxious mother could demand.

And then, to sum up all, she was not handsome. Mrs. Verner saw her with her own eyes, and could testify to the

fact. "A pleasant face: yes, I should call it decidedly pleasant, healthy and fresh, but with no pretensions to good looks," she stated with decision to her husband, speaking of Miss Hart before the young lady took up her abode with them. "A nice, plain, retiring, lady-like looking girl — just the sort of person I had in my mind. Mrs. Prescott speaks of her in the warmest way. She says we shall find she will be a comfort to us all."

"Well, that is, I suppose, assuming we shall be in need of comfort?" suggested Mr. Verner: but his wife did not respond to this uncalled-for remark.

It was turning dark on a spring evening when the fly, that had brought Miss Hart and her luggage from the station, drew up before Mrs. Verner's hall door.

"Will you take my two portmanteaus in, if you please? The fare is three-and-sixpence," said the young lady, and paid the money and entered the house.

The next moment she saw Mabel coming across the hall to meet her, and she put out her hand with a little smile.

"How do you do?" Mabel said. "I am afraid you are cold. We had hoped you would come by an earlier train, you know."

"This has been a very nice train," answered Prudence, "and I like arriving at places in the evening."

And then Mabel took her to her mother, who was waiting to receive her in the drawing-room.

Miss Hart was a young woman of apparently two or three and twenty, with a placid, rounded face, and glossy hair, divided in the middle, and put smoothly back from a broad, low forehead. The forehead and head were good, and the eyes fairly handsome, but the rest of the features were homely enough.

"I call her plain, decidedly," Mabel said, after she had been in her company for an hour.

"Yes, my dear," replied her mother, "I told you she was plain; but I don't consider that that is any drawback."

And then Mabel said, "Perhaps not," but thought at the same time in her heart that it *was* a drawback, for Mabel was pretty herself, and cared enough for her beauty to fancy that life would not be worth much without it.

The day after Miss Hart's arrival the girls spent a good deal of time together, and Mabel found her new companion pleasant enough. "She talks a good deal when she is alone with me," she told her mother, "and she can be amusing too. I

rather like her. I dare say, you know she feels less shy with me than she does with papa and you."

"Very probably," answered Mrs. Verner suavely. "That is only natural. And she went presently to her desk, and wrote a grateful note to Mrs. Prescott, telling her that Miss Hart had arrived, and that so far she gave entire satisfaction."

"And certainly I have every reason yet to be pleased with the result of our experiment," she said complacently to her husband at night.

To which Mr. Verner replied, "H'm, she is an odd little person. She would contribute very much, I suspect, to the general liveliness of the house."

"She will contribute probably quite as much to it as it is at all desirable she should do," replied Mrs. Verner with emphasis. "A prominent, showy sort of girl would not, I consider, have been at all the kind of person to suit us."

"Well no — no, I dare say not," answered Mr. Verner. "I only meant to say that she was not particularly attractive."

"And is there any necessity," inquired his wife, "why she *should* be particularly attractive? It seems to me that there is every reason, on the contrary, why she should be rather the reverse. There is Keith, remember, coming out to-morrow night —"

"Well, my dear, you need give yourself no concern about Keith. He won't be smitten with her," replied Mr. Verner, and went his way laughing.

And in fact, when Keith Verner came out the following evening, he was certainly *not* smitten with her.

Keith was the eldest of Mr. Verner's two sons; the other was named Godfrey, and they were both at this time walking the hospitals in London. But though they lived in London, they came down nearly always once a week to their father's house at Tunbridge Wells, and sometimes even more frequently.

On this occasion Keith had come down by himself, and before he took his leave next morning he said to his sister Mabel, "I don't think much of your new friend."

"I believe she returns the compliment," replied Mabel, "for, to judge by what she has said, I should not imagine that she thought much of you."

"What do you mean that she said?" inquired Keith, pricking up his ears at this, and rather taken aback, the young man set some store on him-

And then Mabel laughed, and informed him by degrees that Miss Hart had asked him he was not conceited, and rather idle, and had also implied a suspicion in regard to the depth of his acquirements — which, with sisterly frankness, Mabel remarked that she did not consider ill-founded by any means.

"Well, upon my word!" exclaimed Keith, with what was perhaps, in the circumstances, not unnatural warmth.

"Oh, she is very acute," said Mabel. "You would not think it, but she notices a good many things."

"And apparently she imagines a good many more," retorted Keith: and then, having no more time to spare, he curtly bade good-bye to his sister, and hurried to his train. But as he walked hastily down the road he did not forget Miss Hart. "The impertinent little minx!" he said to himself. "That is the worst of these half-bred people; they mistake flippancy for wit; and, now that Mabel has put it into her head that this girl is clever, to foresee there will be no end to the way in which she will encourage her. But it till I see her again!" And with this vague menace, which conveyed a certain sense of satisfaction to him, Keith bent his steps back to town.

A couple of days afterwards, at the end of the week, the two brothers came down Tunbridge Wells together.

"I don't think much of that girl my mother has brought into the house," Keith had already said to Godfrey. "I don't know how others may feel, but to me she seems no lady."

"Well, half the governesses going are ladies, you know," returned Godfrey. "This girl is not a governess exactly, I suppose; but it's all one."

"I think they should have been more particular in their choice," said Keith. "There are plenty of nice girls they might have got. Miss Hart, to begin with, is as good as sin."

"That is a bad business anyway," replied Godfrey.

And, impressed by this fact, when Saturday came he went down to his father's, expecting to experience much delight in his introduction to his sister's friend.

But Keith, on his part, felt a decided hostility to see the young lady again. It became quite clear to his mind that the girl who was capable of speaking about Miss Hart in the way in which Mabel asserted she had spoken, was a girl who required to be taken down, and he

was eager, with the natural eagerness of a virtuous mind, to set himself about this necessary work. So he began by greeting her when they met in the most chilling way, and then kept his attention on the alert, that he might be ready, whenever the first opportunity offered, to put her down as she deserved.

But the hours passed, and Miss Hart was so quiet that the opportunity for which he watched was slow to come. She sat at the dinner table, and in the drawing-room, the most unobtrusive of women, hardly speaking unless she was addressed, and speaking then only in the most modest way. She was bright and alert, but her alertness showed itself in acts, not words; she was quick to perform little services, to bring a footstool to his mother's feet, to place his father's newspaper beside him, to play Mabel's accompaniments when she sang, and set in order the things Mabel left awry; but all this was done in the quietest way, and accompanied for the most part only by little deprecating, inquiring, grateful, or kindly smiles, that it would have been next to impossible for any one to take offence at.

"She seems to get on very well with them all, certainly," Keith thought to himself, "and to be very amiable and well-meaning. If it were not that Mabel is a girl who tells the truth —"

But then Mabel essentially was a girl who told the truth, and so Keith was perplexed.

Late in the evening he came suddenly on Miss Hart standing alone out of doors by the verandah, looking at the stars. This seemed to him odd, for he was not romantic, and never went star-gazing himself; in fact, her occupation appeared to him so queer a one that he peeped at her inquiringly when he came upon her in the dark, and said, "Hallo!" He had come out to smoke a cigar, and was not thinking of the stars.

"Why — I say, aren't you cold here?" he exclaimed next moment.

"Cold in this sweet air?" she asked. She looked at him and laughed. "I have been fainting indoors with your closed windows all night."

"Well, you have not looked like it then," he replied bluntly.

"You are saying that at hazard. You don't know how I have looked," the young lady rejoined.

"Why should I not know? Do you think I have not eyes?" he asked.

And then she laughed again, very softly

and with a peculiar tone, and made no other response.

She was rather a small woman, with a firm rounded figure, not sylph-like, but pretty in its way, and she dressed well. She had been standing in the shadow when he first spoke to her, but she came out a step or two beyond the verandah after his last question, and, as the night was not a dark one, he could see something of her face then.

He waited for a few moments after she had laughed, looking at her as he waited with some attention, and then, —

"I don't see the fun," he abruptly said.

"Very likely not," she answered. "I did not expect that you would."

"Well, upon my word!" said Keith.

Perhaps, as Prudence Hart had chosen to say, Keith Verner was conceited, but there were enough good qualities in him, in spite of his conceit, to make him likable. He was tall and well-looking; he was in general kindly and pleasant. It was, to tell the truth, something rather new to him to find himself snubbed, and, above all, it was new to find himself snubbed by a girl whose natural attitude towards him ought, as he considered, to be one of deference and respect. He looked at her for a moment, and then he made up his mind that the thing must be put a stop to. She mistook her place. He was a gentleman, as he was abundantly aware, and she was — not quite a lady: he must therefore give a lesson to her.

So he let the better part of a minute pass, and then, having taken that time to arrange his words, he delivered himself of a grave and, as he flattered himself, a rather dignified speech.

"I don't know from what you draw your conclusions, Miss Hart," he said, "but, seeing that you have only been acquainted with me for a very short time, will you allow me to say that I think you assume in yourself a power of judging me that I am obliged to request the liberty to dispute?"

"What makes you suppose that I assume any power of judging you?" she replied to this address, composedly, but bringing her eyes as she spoke with rather a sudden movement down to his face from the stars.

"You did it just now," he said quickly; and then he added, not perhaps quite wisely, "and you have done it before."

"Indeed?" she returned inquiringly.

"I think you can hardly deny it?" he said.

"If you will tell me to what you refer — she spoke quite pleasantly — "the perhaps I shall be able to understand you."

"I refer to the opinion which you did me the honor to express about me to my sister a few days ago."

"And which she has repeated to you?"

"Yes, she has repeated it to me."

"As she has also to me repeated your about myself. Mr. Keith, I am very happy to be able to meet your charge with a counter-charge." And then Miss Hart softly chafed her hands, and laughed in his face.

Keith, who did not relish being made ridiculous, felt very hot while Miss Hart's mocking little laugh rang on the air, and if he could have said something to silence her he would unquestionably have said with a will; but sharp-edged words, unhappily, will not always come at need, and so in the sudden pause while he remained discomfited, Miss Hart first amused herself with her mocking laughter, and then, being for her own part quite cool and mistress of herself, proceeded quietly to make another speech.

"I always find that it is wisest to have very clean hands before I indulge in accusations," she said. "But perhaps, Mr. Keith, you are too young to have learnt that lesson yet? If so, you ought to be grateful to me for teaching it to you. And now I will go in, and leave you to smoke your cigar in peace."

And she went accordingly, quite unmoved by the clumsy, "Oh come! I say!" which were the only ejaculations that the exigency of the moment had power to force from Keith's unready lips.

He said to himself presently. "I'll be even with her yet!" But for the remainder of this evening, at any rate, she gave him no chance of being even with her. When he saw her next, she was kneeling at his mother's feet, picking up a stitch that Mrs. Verner had dropped from her knitting, with such an expression of sweet absorption in her face that she looked an incarnation of all the domestic virtues, and never until she bade him good-night, either purposely or by accident, did she allow herself to come within speaking distance of him again.

He, on his part, however, was pursuing a good deal by the thought of her, and found himself watching her almost against his will. Also, which was curious, when Mabel spoke to him next about Miss Hart, as she did upon the following morning, expatiating on her character with

much frankness as she walked by his side to church, he made no return of confidences, and Mabel remained in complete ignorance of the little passage at arms that he and Prudence had had together the previous night. In fact, he made no mention at all of that encounter in the garden.

"You have seen so little of her yet," Mabel said to him; "but in spite of her plainness, I do really think you will like her in time, for I am sure she is clever. You have no idea how observant she is! I am afraid to tell mamma, for I am not sure if she would like it; but she is such a mimic that she sometimes makes me die of laughing. It is a pity that she is not prettier, is it not? I think sometimes that if she were nice-looking she might be very effective." You consider her quite plain, I suppose?" said Mabel, looking up inquiringly to Keith's face, and perhaps not longing very ardently to hear her suggestion disallowed.

But Keith hesitated a little.

"Oh, well, I don't know. I thought her plain at first," he said. "But she has got good points, you know."

"She has good eyes," said Mabel dubiously.

"Yes, and she knows it," exclaimed Keith, with enough fervor to make Mabel peer over her own fine orbs.

"What makes you think that?" she asked rather quickly.

"Oh, I meant nothing. I thought she played them off a little — that is all," he said.

"You don't mean in a coquettish way?" asked Mabel severely. "If you think that, you are wrong altogether. Oh no," and she shook her head with decision; "she is no coquette. She does not care about men a bit."

"Has she told you so?" asked Keith untily.

"Yes, of course she has," said Mabel. But I should know it even without her saying anything. She is always laughing at them. She does not care in the least about getting married. Perhaps, to be sure," added Miss Verner reflectively, "that may be partly because she does not think she is likely to have any lovers."

Keith did not have any talk with Miss Hart during the morning of this day, but later late in the afternoon, as he happened at one time to be crossing the hall, he heard a sound of singing coming from the drawing-room, and, putting his head cautiously in at the half-open door, he

perceived Prudence's small figure seated on the music-stool. On which he debated with himself for two or three moments, and at the end of that time entered, and listened till the song ceased.

He had come in, as he thought, in the most noiseless way, but yet the young lady, by the time her performance ended, seemed to be quite conscious of his presence, for, without turning her head, she said, as she struck the final chord, —

"That is Handel. But I don't sing well. You ought not to listen to me."

"Then you should not sing in a room with the door open," he replied.

"I left the door open in order to keep people away," she said.

"Well, you see," he answered, "it has had the opposite effect." And then, as he moved a little nearer to her, he laughed, and added, "Which perhaps does not surprise you very much."

But if he had had any hope that this retort would embarrass her, he was disappointed. She merely looked at him for a moment with, apparently, an entire want of comprehension in her eyes, and then, vouchsafing no reply, rose up and began to survey her hands.

"I shall never play well. I can't, you see," she said. "They are too small."

"They are very small, certainly," he answered. And then he looked at them too. "Very small, and — very pretty."

"They are like my mother's," she said pensively.

"Have you got a mother?" he asked.

She shook her head and sighed.

"Oh, no; I was unhappy enough to lose her long ago," she replied. "She died when I was quite a child. And I have lost my father too. I am both fatherless and motherless."

"Oh dear," exclaimed Keith sympathetically.

He did really for the moment feel sorry for her. It was so clear that she needed somebody to look after her, he thought.

She had folded her hands and was standing gazing thoughtfully on the ground. They were both silent for a few moments, during which he occupied himself in regarding her, and then, beginning to find the silence a little awkward, —

"Well, I hope you will be comfortable here," he said, abruptly and good-naturedly. "It won't be my mother's fault, I think, if you don't soon feel at home."

"Oh, no, I don't think it will; I believe that thoroughly," she replied with earnestness. "Your family have been very kind to me, Mr. Keith. Your mother, and

your father, and Mabel have all been kindness itself. Even your brother Godfrey was good enough to talk to me for a quarter of an hour last night quite affably."

Poor Keith's blood mounted to his face. If the soft little fingers had slapped his cheek he could hardly have felt more hot.

"Now—I say!" he broke out, stammering, "upon my word that's too bad! And so you mean to say that I am the only one—that I treat you differently from all the rest?"

"Oh no—I am saying nothing about you at all," she replied, lifting up her eyes suddenly with a smile in them that seemed to him as cold as a steel blade. "That would be a piece of presumption, after your rebuke last night, that I should be sorry to be guilty of."

"Miss Hart, you are an awfully sarcastic woman!" he exclaimed. "How is one ever to know how to have you? To say such a thing as that to a fellow is enough to knock him down."

"There is not the least fear of your being knocked down," she replied, with a little sudden, scornful laugh. "Some people's words, I dare say, might have an effect of that kind upon you, but not mine."

But all at once, as she made this answer, she smiled, and the smile had a curious, unexpected sweetness in it that struck the young man with surprise. For a moment, the face that he had been calling plain looked, to his eyes, almost beautiful. And then, before he had more than half recovered from this first change in her, there came a second, which completed his amazement.

"You seem to look upon me as a very designing person," she said abruptly, with her eyes, full of their new expression, fixed on his face, "and instead of that I am only a lonely girl, who has been left to herself a great deal, and who has no home except what your people give me, and no friends except—" And then she stopped, and the pause and the unfinished sentence were very eloquent. But before he could reply she had suddenly passed by him, and slipped through the open French window, and was lost to view.

After this Keith spent a quiet evening. The girls went to church again, but he did not go any more to church. They did not, however, lack an attendant on their way back, for Godfrey, when service was over, appeared at the church door,

and escorted them home. "I thought you were going over to Mr. Marshall's Godfrey?" Mabel said to him, when he met them, but the young man only laughed and answered that he had changed his mind. And then he set himself at Prudence's side, and talked to her, and Mabel took her walk home, listening, and perhaps in some surprise.

The next morning, as the two young men went back to town, Godfrey said abruptly to his brother, with a laugh, —

"Well, I think my mother has caught a Tartar. Of all the uncompromising flirts I ever came across, I have never known one to beat that girl!"

"Oh — what — *you* think that too, do you?" said Keith. "Why? has she been talking to you?"

"Talking to me! I should just think she had," answered Godfrey.

"But I don't know when you were together," said Keith quickly. "I never saw you with her."

"What does that prove? I never saw *you* with her," retorted Godfrey.

And then Keith, knowing that undoubtedly, as far as he was concerned, that fact proved nothing, held his peace.

"I think certainly she is a flirt," he agreed, after a few moments' silence "and it is a pity, for the others don't seem to have a notion of it."

"Well, it will do them no harm not to know. Don't you say anything to them," exclaimed Godfrey, "for she is splendid fun. What a pretty little minx she is too! I thought with you at first that she was plain, but, by Jove, she knows how to make the most of herself."

"She is a very odd girl," said Keith gravely. "I am afraid she is not a very good companion for Mabel."

"Oh, Mabel can take care of herself," answered the younger brother carelessly. "Besides, she wants shaking up, and Miss Hart is just the sort of person to give her a filip. There is no real harm in her — at least, I don't think there is. She is a thorough-paced flirt, that's all."

"Well, but that is bad enough, I suppose," said Keith.

Keith was a little uneasy as he went to his work that day. He had a strong suspicion that he ought to give his mother some hint of the special proclivities that he and Godfrey had discovered in Miss Hart, and yet he could not bear to hurt the girl by doing it. Mrs. Verner would have her out of the house at once if she knew, he thought. And then he remembered how Prudence had said to him that

she had no other home than this one, and now she had looked when she had said that she was lonely and friendless, and he felt that he could not do it.

So he made up his mind that he would say nothing, and that till the end of the week, at any rate, he would put the matter out of his thoughts; and accordingly, to the best of his power, he did this; but yet before the week ended he found himself becoming very curious to learn how he would conduct herself to him when he saw her next.

With a certain undeniable interest he waited for Saturday to come, and to tell the truth, when it arrived, and when, as he entered in at the gate of his father's house, he recognized at some fifty paces from him a small grey figure flitting amongst the trees, the first impulse unquestionably was to bend his steps in its direction, for the small grey figure was Miss Prudence Hart taking solitary exercise in the sunny afternoon. But, after a little pause, he continued his straight walk to the house. Godfrey, in his place, could have done differently; but Keith had scruples that were ignored by his younger brother.

Though he had scruples, however, about showing ardor in seeking Miss Hart's society, it was by no means his intention to exclude himself from any future intercourse with that young lady. On the contrary, he had by this time assured himself that it was his duty, in a quiet way, to learn what more of her he could, in order to place himself in a position to give such advice concerning her (supposing that advice were necessary) as ought to be looked for from an elder son and other. Without further loss of time, therefore, he set himself about this virtuous work, and continued it with laudable perseverance through week after week of the advancing spring and early summer, for it proved to be an undertaking of arduous sort, requiring (or, at least, so he thought) much time for its due carrying out.

As these weeks went on, Prudence showed herself to him in various moods. He saw a good deal of her, and she was sometimes (though not often) silent and demure; she was generally irritating and more or less mocking; she was occasionally gentle and womanly; and in all her moods, except perhaps the first, she got the better of him. They had many encounters together, and she beat him in every one of them. She was ten times over than he was — ten times readier

— ten times more daring. And he said to himself again and again: "She is not the kind of woman they think she is; she is not such a girl as it can do Mabel any good to be intimate with; if my mother knew her as I do she would not let her stay in the house;" and yet, though he knew all this, he presently lost the power of opening his lips to make the others know it; for before he had been acquainted with Miss Prudence for a couple of months, the poor young fellow was in love with her.

She had got him in the toils before he had even begun to suspect his danger. Pretty soon indeed he began to be conscious that she was acquiring a certain power over him. He knew that she was flirting with him, but he could not help offering himself to be flirted with; she drew him to her by an attraction that he did not understand, but which he hardly tried to resist; he thought he was studying her, not suspecting that while he was at his clumsy labors she had learnt him out and out, and could see through him as through a glass window.

After a very short time had passed, he began to take advantage of every opportunity he could find for being with her, and he was uncomfortably conscious that he seized these opportunities as secretly as he could, and almost conscious (uncomfortably too) that she perfectly understood his method of procedure, and entirely sympathized with it.

"You never talk to me before other people," he said to her once, only half displeased at the demure manner that she always adopted towards him in public, and yet, for conscience' sake, half troubled at it: but, when he made this accusation, she gave a little laugh, and —

"Well — shall we have our next conversation before them all?" she answered instantly. "I am quite willing, on my side. Suppose we come to the drawing-room now, and let your mother have the pleasure of hearing you reproach me for my silence — and my other faults."

"You always get the better of me," he replied. "If I ever venture to blame you for anything you always turn the tables on me."

"And what else would you have me do?" she asked. "Do you think I am fond of being found fault with? — and what are you to me that I should take fault-finding from you?"

And then the color came to his face, and that last question of hers touched him enough to make his speech fail him.

For he had begun by this time (or perhaps had more than begun) to feel a certain secret consciousness that he should like to be something to her: he believed indeed still that there could be nothing serious between them, but he had thought often that he should like to move her to at least a spark of feeling, to awake something different from this mocking and challenging spirit in her. And the young man, who was rapidly growing more in earnest than he yet well knew, was beginning to find that her mocking words had acquired a keen power to sting and wound him.

In addition to these pains, too, that she made him suffer, there was another matter that troubled him not a little. He was afraid of Godfrey. It was true that his brother always spoke of Prudence in a slighting way, which she on her side returned, and that their intercourse, as far as appeared, was a very easy and indifferent one; but Keith had deep experience in his own case that appearances, where Miss Hart was concerned, were by no means to be received with implicit trust, and once or twice at least, if not oftener, it seemed to his eyes (which were perhaps, however, too jealous to see straight) that there was more between them than either of them was disposed to confess.

Once he thought this so strongly, that he even charged her with trying to make his brother care for her; a bold thing to do, and a very unwise one as well, for, as may be supposed, she rose to the occasion, and routed him with humiliation.

"I trouble myself about your brother!" she exclaimed, drawing herself up to her utmost height (she was not a tall woman, but many a day she made him feel, for all his six feet, as if she towered far above him). "Do you think I should be likely to try to get a boy like that to care for me, when I would not move hand or foot to entice any man alive?"

And her scorn was so superb that, carried away by it entirely for the moment, he almost humbled himself in the dust before her to entreat her pardon. So, growing always more and more tender over her, and more enthralled by her, Keith came and went during these spring and summer months — not a very happy man, for neither Prudence nor his conscience gave him an easy time of it, but yet loving the chains he had bound himself with too well even to wish to break them.

It was not until August had come that,

in plain words, he disclosed the state of his feelings to Miss Hart. Long before that time she had, of course, been perfectly aware of how matters stood with him, for both her natural gifts and her large experiences made any want of comprehension on such a subject quite impossible to her; but it was only on this August day that the words, which a score of times had been very near the young man's lips, finally crossed them and got spoken.

It was a Sunday, and they had met early in the morning in the garden — as, to tell the truth, by a sort of tacit arrangement, they had done more than once or twice before — he coming out an hour or so before breakfast intentionally to find her, and she demurely permitting herself to be found. On this special day he came in search of her while the heads of most of the rest of the household were still at peace upon their pillows, and discovered her soon in a distant part of the garden, pacing up and down one of the grave paths, in apparently a very thoughtful mood.

"I hope you have not been here long," he said cheerfully, when he lighted on her.

"I have been here for some time," she answered coldly.

"Oh, by Jove! — am I late then?" exclaimed the young man in a grieved tone, and he looked at his watch; but as he read it his face brightened again. "No, it is not half past seven yet. It is you who are too early," he said.

"Too early for what?" she inquired, and then she looked at him with a look that made him ready to sink into his boots, and "If you think I only come out here to enjoy the pleasure of *your* company, Mr. Keith, you are under a curious delusion," she haughtily said.

Upon which he felt so confounded that he held his peace, for (as he had taken it hitherto) he had not had a doubt that it was for that reason that Miss Hart, on these Sunday mornings, had been in the habit of shortening her repose.

However, when she rebuked his presumptuous assumption with such severity, he submitted to the rebuke for a few moments in silence, and then merely answered, —

"Well, it is for *your* company that I come, any way."

"That is a very different thing," she said.

"I suppose it is," he assented, a little ruefully. "But, I say," he remonstrated

after another little pause, "I think you're awfully hard upon a fellow. If you don't consider that you may give one a little encouragement after all this time — by 'love!' — and then his eloquence failed him.

"I don't see why I need give you any encouragement," she said deliberately. "I don't see why any man needs encouragement. You are all alike, every one of you. You think a woman ought to be grateful, and to make a curtsy to you for every civil word you speak to her; but I think differently. From me, I beg to tell you, Mr. Keith, you will get neither curseys nor gratitude."

"Well, I am sure I don't expect them," replied Keith, rather indignantly; and when he walked on with his heart pretty hot within him.

She had a light summer mantle over her shoulders, and she folded her arms and wrapped it round her, as if it had been a martial cloak. The movement almost seemed as if it were made to show her lover how self-contained and independent of him she was. And so he interpreted it, as he watched her askance, with his heart full of honest love for her, and yet torn with a good many conflicting thoughts.

"Did she not care at all for him? the poor lad was asking himself. She was far more than a match for him — he knew that; but yet he remembered words and looks that she had given to him, he remembered (they were rarely enough, indeed, out of his thoughts) two or three tender passages that had passed between them, and he could not believe that her indifference was not assumed. He let a minute pass in silence, and then he spoke to her again.

"I don't know why you come down upon me so this morning," he said. "What have I done? I am sure you ought to be friends with me. If you knew how I felt to you, you would see quickly enough how little I, at any rate, deserved to have you say such things."

"And why *you* less than anybody else? You are like other people, I suppose," she answered indifferently.

"But all people are not alike," he rejoined. "Why, it is absurd to talk to that. Do you think all women are like yourself?"

"If they had my spirit they would be like me in one respect," she said.

"That is, in scorning me and all my sex, I suppose?" he suggested after a moment's silence.

"In holding their proper place, and not letting you or any of your sex trample upon them," she retorted.

Upon which Keith said nothing. The implied suggestion that *he* was trampling upon *her* struck him as something so wildly wide of the truth, that no ejaculation appeared adequate to express his amazement.

They walked again in silence for another minute or so after this. She puzzled him very much: she troubled him and gave him many pangs. But yet he felt unutterably tender to her, and he longed intensely to give some expression to his tenderness. More than once before now he had been very near declaring his love for her, but some lingering sense of prudence, some lingering sense of doubt, had kept him silent. But now the moment had come when it seemed to him that he could not bear to be silent any more.

"Well, I ought almost to be afraid, I suppose, to say anything more to you," he abruptly began, with his heart beating fast, after the pause had lasted for a little while; "and I should be, I fancy, if my conscience were not as clear towards you as it is. But you know pretty well how things are with me, Prudence — I never wanted you or any other woman to knock under to me, but you know I love you with all my heart, and if you can only like me enough to wait for me till I have got a home to offer you, I — I think I shall be the happiest fellow living," said the poor boy, with rather a break in his voice at the last words.

It was an honest declaration, and no woman need have been ashamed to be touched by it; but Miss Prudence Hart had proved her right to the name she bore on a good many occasions already in her life, and though Keith was trembling as he finished speaking, the healthy color in her cheeks hardly either deepened or declined, and she paced on steadily for a dozen steps or more after he had ended his speech, thoughtfully, to all appearance, revolving the proposal he had made. She was as cool as a melon, too, when, after that pause, she opened her lips.

"And what would all your people say to you, do you think, supposing I agreed to this arrangement?" she composedly asked, and she turned to him and looked him straight in the face. "As things stand at this moment, they are not — exactly prepared to hear of it, perhaps?"

The poor young man was gifted with only so small and ordinary an amount of

self-control that, at this inquiry, he colored to the roots of his hair.

"They may not be prepared for it, but -- but I should tell them at once, of course," he said.

"And they would no doubt be highly gratified by the intelligence?" replied Miss Hart suavely.

And then she looked at him again as she might have looked at a beetle through which she had just stuck a pin, and the next moment gave a curious and, perhaps, not a very pleasant laugh.

He was trying to find some answer to make to her sarcasm, and had uttered two or three words, when she interrupted him, not without a good deal of dignity: she was so entirely mistress of herself that it was quite easy for her to be dignified, whereas even self-possession for him was clearly, for the moment, a thing not to be attained.

"Mr. Keith, I am not quite so simple as not to know how the matter stands," she said. "Before you compromise yourself any further, take back your proposal. You have meant it kindly, perhaps, but you have forgotten, I think, to take into account that I am likely to be a little too proud to accept it. If you want me to thank you, I thank you, and -- decline your offer. And now," she said composedly, "let us never speak about this again."

But, of course, he began to speak about it again instantly: he might have hesitated before he opened his lips at all, knowing how much reason there was for hesitation; but, after he had once parted from his discretion, it was not likely that an admonition from her would keep him silent. So he pleaded his cause with all the ardor and the earnestness he could call to his aid, and she walked placidly by his side and listened to him, finding the occupation, perhaps, not unpleasant.

"If it is only that you mind what the rest may say, you ought not to give me up for that," the young man eagerly argued. "And you are not going to tell me, Prudence, that you don't care at all for me? You have as good as said you liked me before now. I don't think that you would have let things go as far as they have -- that you would have let me get so fond of you as you know I have been getting -- if you had not meant to give something back to me at last."

"You forget, Mr. Keith, that people are sometimes a little weak," replied Miss Hart to this appeal; and then, at last, she cast her eyes modestly to the ground.

"I was *very* weak if I ever said I liked you."

"But unless it had been true you would not have said it at all!" exclaimed Keith triumphantly; "and the truth of it is all I want you to allow. If you let me know that you like me, you can't imagine," cried the young man, "that I am going to give you up. Prudence, *do* you like me?" And with the last words, which came from his lips with a tremulous tenderness, he ventured to touch her hand, and after a moment, even to take it in his own.

She submitted to this movement for a few seconds, but after that space of time she gave a little, just audible sigh, and drew herself away from him.

"This is very foolish," she said abruptly.

"Foolish, do you call it!" ejaculated Keith, with all his face on fire. "It seems to me like -- like standing on the threshold of some new world."

"Well, and may not the threshold of new world be a very risky place to stand on?" inquired Miss Hart. "I am a coward, you see, Mr. Keith, and I am afraid of the unknown. Come, I repeat it is all foolish. Let us forget this last half hour."

"How can you tell me to do that, as if you believed that it was possible?" the young man broke out passionately.

"You have been very unwise," said Miss Hart reprovingly.

"I have to learn that yet," he replied. "Surely, Prudence, I have told you nothing this morning that you did not know before! You allow that, do you not? And, dear," he went on ardently, after a moment's silence, "if you have known that indeed, and if you have still gone on meeting me, how can I believe that at this time you have meant to say no to me at last? You cannot have meant it; there is so much between no and yes. Give me one word of hope, and I will wait -- you do not know how patiently I will wait -- for the rest."

And then she made no immediate answer to him; but, after a little pause, she finally did give him one word of hope.

It was a very cool and cautious word, but, such as it was, it raised him to the seventh heaven. But, as time went on, he was afraid the poor lad found that he had entered into rather a stormy paradise, and that if Miss Hart had disturbed his repose in the days before he declared himself to be her lover, she racked him with almost unbearable torments in these other days that came after them. For he so

discovered that his expectation of receiving any extended favors from her hands after his elevation was a delusion of the most absolute kind. She gave him not more than she had given him before, but less. She treated him with brusquerie, with coldness, sometimes even with contempt: she made him jealous by parading her apparent preference of other people to himself; and when he reproached her with these cruelties she told him coolly that she practised them for his own good, that he might learn prudence, and wean his affections from her.

"For you know you are very foolish to be about me," she often told him deviously. "There are a great many other girls that it would be far better for you to be." And she would enumerate these maidens sometimes, till she drove him wild with impatience.

"I will marry you, or no other woman in this world!" he told her one day, with vehemence. And then she laughed, and suddenly stopped her teasing talk, and looking in his face with a softer look in her eyes than she often let him see, —

"Well, I don't think you will ever marry me," she said abruptly; "but, if such an unlikely thing should by chance happen, I will try not to make you unhappy — you good old Keith."

And on this — for she gave him few such tender speeches — the foolish fellow was so moved that, feeling an entire inability to express his gratitude in words, he fairly went down on his knees before her, and kissed the little hands she gave up to him, with all kinds of incoherent blessings stumbling over one another on his lips.

And so, with little visible change, things went on till the summer had passed its eight. Long before this, Prudence had made herself much at home in the Verner family, and had won a high opinion for her virtues from Mr. and Mrs. Verner like. From Mabel she had, perhaps, not quite won so high an opinion, for Mabel's acquaintance with her being more intimate, led now and then to certain suspicions that made that young lady doubtful about the innermost character of her new friend: yet even Mabel was attracted by her too much to be disposed readily to sink ill of her. "It seems to me that he is not quite straightforward," she had said, hesitatingly, once or twice to Keith, who, having his own thoughts, too, on that point, had not, perhaps, been able to do much to allay his sister's perplexity); but to her mother she had not said even

so much as this. She was a kind-hearted girl, and hardly liked to hint at suspicions that she could not prove; "for if mamma thought there was anything odd about her she would never let her stay," she argued, "and it would seem so hard to send her away. Besides, I may be wrong, and she is so nice in many ways, and I don't believe she means any harm. It is only that — I think — she does not tell the truth," she would say, a little troubled, and yet unable to resolve that, if other people's eyes were shut, it was her business to open them. So she kept silent; and Prudence went on her way rejoicing.

But on a certain morning, when autumn had begun, and the beech-trees were growing red and dropping their leaves upon the lawn, the postman brought a letter to Miss Hart, from which unexpected results ensued. It was a letter addressed in a man's hand, and when she received it at the breakfast table, Prudence blushed a little, and slipped it into her apron pocket unopened, and when the meal was ended took her departure from the apartment rather hastily: after which for a good while nobody saw her any more.

After an hour or two had passed, however, Mrs. Verner was seated by herself in the dining-room with her desk and her account-books before her, when Miss Hart's gentle fingers opened the door, and her soft step having brought her to Mrs. Verner's side, down she unexpectedly plumped there on the floor, giving the elder lady, who was busy with her bills, rather a turn.

"What's the matter, my dear?" she said quickly, looking round.

"Oh, dearest Mrs. Verner, nothing is the matter," answered Prudence sweetly. She had a pretty color in her cheeks, and in her eyes the softest look of modest confusion. "Nothing is the matter — unless you should be angry; but you won't be that, I think, because I am so happy. I have come to tell you first of all. Dear Mrs. Verner, I am — I am going to be married."

"Married, Prudence!" cried Mrs. Verner, quite taken aback, for she had thought she knew all the girl's concerns, and had calmly come to the conclusion long ago that she had never had a lover in her life.

"Yes. I knew I should surprise you," answered Prudence, softly laughing, "for I never told you, did I? But it has been such a long attachment — oh, such a long attachment! and — and there were difficulties; but he can do what he likes now,

and my only trouble, dear Mrs. Verner, is that I must leave you all at once. Yes, at once, for he is going with his regiment to Canada almost immediately, and — and there will be so many things to do, you know."

"But, Prudence, where do you propose to go to?" exclaimed the matron, feeling almost scandalized at the rapidity with which Miss Hart was preparing to transact the whole affair. "You can't be married in a moment, my dear child."

"Oh, no; but he asks me to go and stay in London with his brother," explained Prudence, with another sweet and modest smile. "His brother is married. I don't know his wife, but that doesn't matter, does it? And they have sent an invitation to me to go to them, and they want to have our wedding from their house. Are they not kind? But I think everybody is kind. Wherever I go people are so good to me," said grateful Prudence.

The news was startling; but of course the only thing to do was to facilitate Miss Hart's departure. The gentleman who was to be her husband had just come into a very good fortune, she informed them. "I am sure you will be glad to know that I shall not be poor," she told them meekly; and they were very glad, of course. They rejoiced in her happiness altogether very heartily. "The only thing we have to regret is that we must lose you," they said to her.

"But you will not lose me forever, I hope," Prudence answered very sweetly to this. "My George hopes only to be abroad for a very few years, and then we shall settle in England, and I hope I shall see a *great* deal of you."

It had been on a Tuesday morning that she had received her letter, and so soon as Thursday she took her leave of them.

"Why, you won't see the boys again!" Mrs. Verner said once to her with a sudden thought: "unless, indeed, they could call on you in London to say good-bye?"

But Miss Hart did not receive this proposition very warmly.

"Perhaps, as I do not know Mrs. Gardner yet, it might look like taking rather a liberty to ask visitors to her house — don't you think so?" she asked anxiously. "And they would hardly care to come either, I dare say. Oh no, I think you had better say good-bye to them for me. Please say good-bye, with my *very* kind remembrances."

And so when Thursday came she took her departure with smiles and tears. It

was quite an affecting parting. Mr. and Mrs. Verner almost felt as if they were separating from a daughter. They gave her a handsome present to help her with her trousseau; they told her to let them have frequent news of her. "The boy will be so surprised," Mrs. Verner repeated, an hour before the end came. "I shall write to Keith this afternoon and tell him. They will both be so sorry when they hear you are gone."

And accordingly, when Prudence was fairly launched on her new life, Mrs. Verner wrote her note, and Keith got it the next morning. He found it on his table when he came in to breakfast, and he read it in Godfrey's presence, and as he read it he gave a gasp and turned deadly pale.

"I say, what's up?" cried his brother in surprise; and then without a word Keith dashed the letter on the ground and the other picked it up and read it.

The next moment Godfrey had struck his clenched hand on the table with a blow that made the cups and saucers ring.

"Confound her!" he cried furiously.

But Keith only looked at him for a moment, and then walked blindly out of the room. His brother might curse her, but he had loved her too well for that. He felt as if his life was ended. Through the closed doors he heard Godfrey swearing, and he sat down alone, like a man who was stunned.

From Fraser's Magazine.

LIFE IN OLD FLORENCE.

FLORENCE was always a gay city, always extravagantly fond of the beautiful, patronizing the arts as no other city has done before or since. Yet the Florentines in their private life were frugal and cautious, essentially mercantile. Their private banquets, their marriage feasts had nothing of that display about them which we see elsewhere in mediæval Italy. They could lavish thousands of florins on a procession, or on a public banquet to guest, or on a building to be handed down to posterity; they were ambitious for lasting fame, and few cities of the world have achieved their object more fully.

Their writers despised and scoffed at dress, their rulers curtailed dress by stringent sumptuary laws, and when anything extravagant in the way of costume did creep in, it was sure to undergo bitter sarcasm; witness Velluti's opinion on a

extensive headgear the ladies had then started: "Monna Diana passed by the Rossi palace one day, she was struck on the head by a falling stone, but so large was her headdress that she scarce felt it, and took it for nought but gravel."* Sachetti the novelist, Boccaccio's precursor, who strung together endless silly little tales, loved to have a laugh at any eccentricity in dress: "Sleeves!" he says, "they should rather be called sacks. Can any lady take up a glass or reach a morsel from the table without dirtying herself or the cloth?"

The merchant of Florence was very economical in his costume. His daily garb was a black robe of serge, the *lucco*, which we recognize in pictures of Dante; it was thrown loosely over the body, open in front, and had apertures to let out the arms, and was fastened round the neck by a brooch. The family *loggia* was his club. The merchant prince there held his throne, marriages were ratified there between the heads of families, visits were paid and returned in them, chess and draughts were played in them, and each family piqued itself on the special virtue which was attached to its own *loggia* — the *Uffizi* haughtily affirmed that no *mésalliance* had ever been made in theirs, the *Strozzi* could not be arrested for debt without theirs. This *loggia* was a great outlet for the tightly-packed families which lived under the same roof. Every man when he married lived in his father's house, and "some," says Villani, "had only a single chamber and a small kitchen for themselves, with a common kitchen and a common hall for the family, where round the blazing fire they assembled during winter evenings."†

Outside the *loggia* would often be an open space for *pallone* and games of a more active nature. Then there was the continued walking up and down outside the houses, lounging on the cathedral steps, chatting before a banquet, for in Florence all the guests met in the streets before a dinner party, where they stood and talked till the doors of the banquet-hall were thrown open. Let us go to Sachetti's novels again for an illustration of one of these feasts, which will at the same time serve as an illustration of early Florentine light literature and its standard.

Ser Ciro was an uninvited guest at Ser Buonvisi's banquet, but Ser Ciro was de-

termined to go, being a pushing man and anxious to get into good Florentine society; so he mingled with the "knights and gallant gentlemen" as they walked and conversed before Ser Buonvisi's door. At length the gates were thrown open, and the guests, amongst them Ser Ciro, mounted the stairs and took their places at the table. One of the family perceived that Ser Ciro had come unbidden, and begged him to depart. "No," says Ser Ciro, "I am come to dine, and if you attempt to turn me out I will create a disturbance and spoil your feast." So he was permitted to remain.

The first course was served; it consisted of calf's stomach served up to each in bowls. Ser Ciro ate heartily, and laughed and talked the while, as he quaffed his Montepulciano. The second course was served; it consisted of boiled partridges. Ser Ciro grew merrier and merrier. The third course was served; it consisted of hashed sardines. By this time Ser Ciro was the life of the party. After dinner the guests had a musical entertainment in the garden, and then servants brought each a torch to light him home.

Ever after this Ser Ciro was regularly invited to every house in Florence, having demonstrated his conversational ability to all the world.

Another of Sachetti's little tales throws a life into the bare walls of Florence. Ser Minto lay dying, surrounded by his friends, all anxious for him to make a will. They looked out of the window and saw Notary Bonavere passing by with his long black coat, his wig, his portfolio under his arm, his large pen, his ink-bottle. Doubtless this was an every-day sight in Florence. But Notary Bonavere, the story says, is a notably negligent man. He went up at the summons, but alas! his ink-bottle is empty, so is his portfolio, and his pen is broken; he rushes off wildly to buy new ones, but when he returns the rich man has died intestate.

Of Florentine domestic frugality contemporary authors speak much. We read* that no one ventured to have much plate for fear of being ridiculed, and the inventory of a rich man's plate-chest is given us as follows: "A service of forks and spoons, a silver-cup for holding confectionery at marriage feasts, one or two other cups, and a silver salt-cellar, the gift of the commune for personal merit;" yet at public banquets no people could show

* Velluti, Cronica.

† Villani, lib. viii.

* Borghini, Discorso della Montea Fiorentina.

more plate than the Florentines, and they would give handsome presents of silver to foreign celebrities—for example, to Philip de Comines they gave 25½ worth of plate,* a large quantity in those days of cheap metal.

Alessandra Strozzi, of that noble family whose palace is in the Via Tornabuoni, had three sons in exile in the middle of the fifteenth century, and she wrote them long letters,† from which we can cull many a quaint bit of life in Florence, and also learn that as the age of the Medici came on the simple habits of former days were abandoned one by one. "Your sister Caterina," she writes, "is exceeding fair, in my eyes fairer than any damsel in Florence;" and then she tells us of her dress—a long robe of crimson velvet, a garland on her head of peacock's feathers, ornamented with pearls and silver, and two strings of pearls tightly bound around her forehead; on her shoulder she wore a golden clasp in which were two sapphires and three pearls; on her crimson girdle she had open work of gold and silver filigree. In short her costume was quite "æsthetic."

Caterina Strozzi, her mother tells us shortly after, is now married to young Marco Parente, to the great contentment of all, "for he is a youth not only virtuous but rich, of twenty-five years of age, and keeps a silk-shop. His father is of good position, and has been occupied in the government." Caterina's dower was one thousand florins, in addition to what she got from the Monte della Dote, which, by the way, was an estimable Florentine institution which provided dowers for children after the following fashion. On the birth of a son or daughter the father generally paid one hundred florins into the fund on the child's behalf. After the lapse of fifteen years the child was entitled to five hundred florins, which accumulated at compound interest if the object of it did not marry at that early age. In case of death or single blessedness the sum sank into the general capital of the institution.

Her mother now takes us to visit Caterina in her married home in Via del Cocomero, where we see her seated in her boudoir, richly dressed, in which was "the customary looking-glass, which cost fifty golden florins, and on the walls were hung two *forgieri*, in golden frames, painted by Master Domenico of Venice, which con-

tained a great tabernacle in the cent carved by Giuliano da Maiano in antique fashion, and painted by Massaccio's brother, in which stands a figure of the Virgin in relief."

The women of Florence required a great deal of looking after, judging by the legislation on their behalf from the earliest records down to the later ducal restrictions on dress. As early as 1200 women were by law forbidden so much as to enter a court of justice,* and a severe penalty was imposed on any *podestà*, or magistrate, who listened to their wild tongues; for, says the act, "they are so much to be looked upon as most dangerous in disturbing the course of justice."

In those days of simple habits the women were content to stay at home and regulate their households. However, in 1330 the republican Florentines deemed it necessary to tell their wives, their sisters, their cousins, and their aunts, that they must on no account wear "fringes or flounces of gold, silver, jewels, enamel or glass; two rings only on their fingers and not more than thirty inches of cloth in their collars, no striped gowns, robes or ermines," etc. But the women of the republic were harmless and subdued compared with those who lived in the ducal days. In the volumes of edicts that we have preserved to us † we find elaborate notices of what they were to do and not to do. In 1521 it was decreed with praiseworthy sagacity that no lady under thirty might wear a brooch, or have three rings with stones or pearls; but, strange to say, the Florentines preferred their jewellery, even at the risk of being accredited with more years than were their due; and in 1546 a very stern sumptuary law was issued, which forbade jewels except in rosaries, and pearls for two rings. Furs were not allowed, nor musk, no perfumed gloves that cost more than four crowns the pair; and the grand duke went even further than this, and struck at the evil of expenditure at its very root, namely, in the milliners' shops: sleeves must not cost more than three crowns, aprons four crowns, caps three crowns, shifts three crowns, and so forth.

Again, in 1572, very stringent additions were made to these laws, which had been dexterously evaded by the fair ones. Yet one act of clemency marks this last code and it was the following: "Children of either sex, up to the age of three, may

* Mémoires de Philippe de Comines.
† Lettere di A. Macinighi negli Strozzi.

* Ammirato.
† Bandi e Leggi Toscani.

ear a gold or silver collar round their necks, and an *Agnus Dei*, a cross, a bunch of coral, or dogs' teeth, attached thereto, without pearls or any other jewellery."

Ladies who could read Boccaccio's tales were not likely to be over-refined in their private lives—far from it—and consequently they were a caring care to their legislators. Betting was a great vice amongst them, about which a law of 1550 gives us notice. Their favorite stakes were generally with regard to the sex of any future offspring they might have, and a Florentine matron would not only prevent her husband with an infant, but at the same time with a heavy debt of honor the sex was other than they desired. Wisely enough the legislature took this, declaring such bets to be illegal, "unless made with the husband's consent, and unless a judge had been previously consulted as to whether the sum at stake is excessive or not."

It is but fair to add that the men of Florence were not all that could be depicted. Young Florentines had a special reputation for rowdyism and their love of satirical jokes. Donato Gianotti grieves much over this, and over their disrespect to old age. Their greatest pleasure, he tells us, was to go to a wedding and spoil the festivities by rioting and drunkenness. Dischief was the great object of their games, and, as an instance of the sort of dischief in which young Florentines indulged, Gianotti gives us the following illustration. A distinguished citizen, Fornaciaio by name, had a banquet one day at his villa outside the Porta S. Frediano, at which he bade the most respectable inhabitants of the town. For the amusement of his guests citizen Fornaciaio arranged a recitation of one of Machiavelli's comedies. Attracted by this entertainment, a large body of young nobles came out together from Florence in the shape of sport. Immediately on arriving they entered the house, yelling and hooting, and turning everything upside down. They let in those they liked, and if any older or respectable person remonstrated with them, their rudeness knew no limits; in fact, to quote the expressive words of Gianotti, they made the place an *inferno di dannati*.

In the grand-ducal days the men came for their restrictions much as the women did. They would bet and play cards in the hovels of Florence until the grand duke was at his wit's end to know how to suppress the "games with cards

and dice, which distracted honest men from work." He fined them again and again without avail, until at length he resorted to public flagellations, having the miscreant tied to a column in the *Mercato nuovo* and soundly thrashed. This method seems to have been more effectual, as in future edicts against swearing, this punishment is alluded to as the "former efficacious means of suppressing gambling," etc.

Dress on the part of the men became too extravagant to please the grand dukes, and they were included in the later sumptuary laws, which at first only attacked the fair ones, and Duke Cosimo did his best to restore the simple, old, black *luccho*, but without avail, telling the men that they must not only "desist from wearing jewellery, but also brocades and embroidered vests."

In common with the rest of Italy, Florence in her earlier days indulged largely in miracle plays and representations of Scriptural or apocryphal stories performed in her *piazze* on impromptu stages. They were for the most part harsh and unpleasant, without any forecast of histrionic art.

Ammirato* mentions a very curious performance which took place in 1304, and was given at the expense of the district Borgo S. Sepolchro. It took place on the then wooden Ponte alla Caraja. Probably taking their plot from the name of their parish, the givers of this play thought it would be wholesome for the Florentines to have some insight into the dark side of futurity; so they chose the river as a fitting stage on which to represent the infernal regions, whilst the horror-stricken people assembled in crowds on the bridge to behold. Boat-loads of the damned shrieked and howled as they were tormented by demons such as Andrew Orcagna has depicted in his frescoes on the walls of Sta. Maria Novella. Consternation and dread at the tortures in store for them seized the Florentines as they gazed eagerly over the parapets of the bridge on the weird scene depicted below,—when lo! the wooden bridge gave way, and many a Florentine was hurried in solemn earnest into the future world to attest the veracity of the representations he had just been witnessing.

It was not until the early days of the Medicean revival that these miracle plays gave place to something of classic merit. The magnificent Lorenzo himself wrote and encouraged the writing of plays,

* Lib. iv.

which ushered in a new era for the Florentine stage.

Another feature in Florentine religious sentiment was the frequent representation on saints' days, and holy days, of the mysteries of religion in the particular church which was dedicated to the saint in question. Perhaps the Ascension as celebrated in the Carmine church was the most conspicuous of these, for Brunelleschi, the architect of the Florentine dome, brought to bear upon it all his skill as an engineer. The Carmine being lofty was chosen for the theatre of this representation; in the centre was a mountain cunningly contrived of wood, and decorated with plants and ferns. On this Christ and his disciples were seen praying, when from the heavens descended Brunelleschi's cloud let down by ropes, which cloud was made of a wooden framework, thickly covered by cotton wool, and containing an angel and numerous cherubs, all let down from the roof by ropes. Then the angel gave the necessary summons, and the Christ ascended into the heavens, with the angels, and the cherubs in the mist of cotton wool, the heaven being represented by an innumerable quantity of lights on the ceiling. Meanwhile the disciples remained on the mountain, lost in bewilderment like the spectators.*

Florence throughout her history suffered much from the neglect of agriculture. Her two hundred factories, and the thirty thousand workmen employed therein,† naturally required a large amount of provender to sustain life. The country around was given up to villas and vineyards, the mountains were arid and unproductive. In short, throughout the whole of the Florentine territory only enough grain was grown to supply the requirements of the city for four months in the year. When a dearth did visit Italy (and throughout the Middle Ages bad harvests were as common as they are now), it fell with double force on Florence.

"Officers of abundance," as they were euphoniously called, were elected by the government on such occasions to superintend the sale of grain in the city, to dole out rations as they thought fit, and to negotiate for the arrival of supplies from the East or elsewhere. These officers, for example, during the famine of 1352, amongst whom the celebrated Giovanni Boccaccio was numbered,‡ met every day

that was not a feast-day in the Piazza d'Or San Michele (the granary [*horreum*] of Florence from the remotest ages, which in later times was turned into a church). They examined the quantities of corn for their disposal, and the quality of the same, and as the hour of nine struck they would seat themselves on an elevated platform near a certain pillar of the *loggia*, and would distribute the grain to eager purchasers. As the famine grew worse the difficulties increased, the people clamored and rioted. Nobles to curry favor with the people would sell their own grain cheaper than the officers of abundance could do. For days together the officers did not sit in the piazza for the simple reason that they had no grain to sell, and when they sat again the riots were fearful to behold, though an axe and a block which the officers kept by them on the platform were held in readiness to chop off a limb from a more than usually unquiet purchaser.

A kindly disposed nobleman would send down his corn to the market-place to be sold by the officers of abundance, and sometimes, too, to be distributed free of charge, and the Convent of Sta. Maria gave of its riches this year largely. Three times a week, as long as the dearth lasted, they distributed to "every poor man" a loaf of fourteen ounces, and to every woman with child double that amount."

Scenes of misery like these were a constant occurrence in wealthy Florence. Villani relates them incidentally again and again, later historians do so too. Yet every time a famine came round, found the Florentines equally unprepared.

Florence has throughout her history rejoiced in a monopoly of St. John the Baptist, and to do honor to her patron saint Florence has devoted all she knew in expenditure and art. The vigil of St. John was the regular gala day of old Florence, even as it is to some extent to-day. In the year 1333 two companies were appointed to regulate the festivities,* one dressed in yellow, three hundred strong; the other dressed in white, numbering five hundred. All the shopkeepers and merchants joined heartily in giving an appearance of holiday to the streets. Rare stuffs and skins from the East hung from their windows, and each of the art or guilds of tradesmen subscribed largely to the amusement fund. As a return for their assistance a fair was allowed to be

* Vasari.

† Villani.

‡ Raccolta di diverse Carestie e Dovizie in Firenze.

* Cambiagi, *Memorie istoriche riguardanti le Feste per la Natività di S. Giovanni Battista*.

held sixteen days before and sixteen days after the festival in the meadow of Ogni Santi, and thereby business was combined with religion.

The abilities of all the first engineers were brought to play for devices. Cecca, a great inventor of scenic effect, conceived that a canopy should be spread all over the Piazza S. Giovanni, and be attached to the cathedral walls. It was twenty feet above the ground and made of blue cloth, bespangled with Florentine lilies in yellow, and decorated here, there, and everywhere with the banners of the Signory and of the arts. It was in five pieces, cleverly joined together, and the whole was upheld by an elaborate system of iron poles.

In 1435 this wonderful canopy was accidentally burnt, but the energetic governors of Florence put a tax on wine to reconstruct another; and again when this was destroyed thirty years later by hail and wind the undaunted Florentines went again to their wine-bottles for a tax to reconstruct the same.

The Piazza of the Signory was alive with gaiety on the day of the procession. Every imaginable device for tower, wood, and labyrinth covered it, amongst which the gay crowd circulated as if for feast in carnival week.

In olden days the chief features of the procession, which wound its way to the baptistery to do homage at the Baptist's shrine, were wax candles of prodigious size, painted grotesquely outside by certain artists, who, by reason of the baseness of their designs, were dubbed "wax-painters,"—analogous to our modern opprobrium of a signboard-painter.* First came the candle of the treasury borne aloft on a chariot drawn by two bulls. Following this were sometimes as many as a hundred lesser lights, for each of the arts sent one, nobles and princes sent them, the Flemish workmen and artisans from Brabant brought them; and last of all would come the candle of the prisoners, twelve of whom were let out of jail on this day by the extreme clemency of St. John to partake in the procession. As they passed by, the mischievous Florentines would laugh and jeer from the windows, and try to pick at these grotesque wax candles with long bill-hooks, so as to destroy the offering at the shrine of their patrons.

But better things were in store for the procession as art in Florence developed.

The chariot of the treasury took the place of the candle "in the decoration bestowed upon it," and a right wonderful chariot it was, representing on its four sides passages out of the life of St. John, painted by some really distinguished artist. Above was a boy dressed as an infant St. John, in camel's hair, holding the reins of the two bulls which dragged the heavy concern. On the summit stood a man representing St. John in the wilderness, with naked legs and feet. Striped drawers of flax carried out the dictates of decency, and over his shoulders were cast two tiger-skins fastened to the shoulders with a brooch; to his diadem were attached long tresses of hair. And thus this gorgeous car set forth, accompanied by crowds of people shouting "Lilies, lilies!" if in the olden republican days; if after the Medici were in power, "*Palle, palle!*" would be the popular cry.

The guilds of tradesmen vied with one another in the grandeur of their cars. Andrea del Sarto painted one for the woolstaplers in *chiaroscuro*, which was greatly admired, and another was painted by Piero de Cosimo, that weird painter of mythology, representing death in all its forms, which went by the name of the "car of death." It was accompanied by doleful singers, who reminded the awestruck Florentines of their last enemy in a mournful dirge.*

In 1662 nearly all these grand carriages were burned through the folly of an attendant, who left a candle burning on one of them, and from this the whole treasury of processional cars formed one large bonfire. Others were made to take their place, but of such greatly inferior artistic merit that all the spectators groaned as they passed by.

Other, and costly, offerings to St. John's shrine graced these annual processions. There were the *pallia*, or banners of velvet, carried by knights on horseback. Count Uberto, of the Maremma, annually sent a stag dressed in scarlet. The men of Bastia would send four hawks and a harrier, and last, but by no means least, came engineer Cecca's "clouds"—wonderful contrivances they were, somewhat after the fashion of Brunelleschi's ascension trick, but far more elaborate.

There was a square framework made of planks, with a glory on the summit, then an outer framework of wood, all of which was shrouded in cotton wool, out of which peered cherubs and angels with lanterns.

* *Bel cero*, i.e. a stupid fellow.

* Preserved amongst the Canti Carnascialeschi.

In the centre of the whole sat or stood a living saint, generally supposed to be in the extremities of martyrdom—St. Sebastian, for instance, with portions of an arrow on either side of him, and large dabs of red paint on his bare chest; iron poles ran behind to support children dressed as angels in the act of flying. One mass of fluffy wool gave a wonderfully aerial appearance to this moving show, but the porters who were concealed underneath could bear testimony to its being more substantial than it looked.

Imagine, in addition to all these things, giants and giantesses grotesquely dressed, stalking about on stilts, elfs and demons flitting about in all directions, and we have a fair idea of the substantial part of a Florentine procession in honor of St. John.

The signory on these and other festive occasions were always in attendance in their smartest state clothes. A family historian* has told us what they were like, and we can picture to ourselves the jealousy with which the ladies of Florence would look down from their windows on these resplendent men, wearing to them forbidden finery.

The priors wore a long scarlet robe down to their feet, lined, and edged with ermine, long sleeves of the same material, and on their heads a large red cap, closely resembling a cardinal's hat. Their shoes were black, and on every point of vantage shone a glittering diamond or sapphire.

The *gonfaloniere* likewise wore a long scarlet robe, but his was of velvet, and bespangled with golden stars. His cap had an ermine border to it, and was covered with pearls and lace, the summit being crowned by a large pearl, around which were stripes of golden embroidery and lace.

Such was the festival of St. John the Baptist. During the days of mad enthusiasm in Savonarola's time many of the best cars and dresses were destroyed; for the magnificent Lorenzo had brought this procession to a final pitch of excellence, when he had constructed fifteen edifices and triumphal cars to represent the entry of Paulus Emilius into Rome after his triumph in Macedon.

When the excitement of the procession had abated, some desultory deeds of charity were gone through year by year. Wine and bread, for example, were distributed to all the poor fish-wives of Flor-

ence, "whether they had brought trout from the mountains above Pistoia, or fish from the sea below Pisa."*

Inasmuch as the Baptist was the saint, Florence early gave its attention very closely to the ceremony of baptism. Immersions took place in the centre of the large building which we know still as the unrivalled Baptistery of Florence, and the Florentines were amongst the first to keep any regular register of these ceremonies. In early days it was considered only necessary for a black bean to be inserted in a box if the child was a male one, and a white bean if it chanced to be a female; but this method was found to be very inconvenient, as with increasing prosperity beans accumulated fast. So in 1450 regular records were kept,† long before they were in vogue in other towns in Italy, which did not become general until 1517, when the Council of Trent made regular registries obligatory; and no Florentine baby was ever immersed or baptized in the ordinary way except in the baptistery close to the cathedral from the remotest times to the present day, which greatly simplified the question of registers.

Next to St. John the Baptist, the river Arno has played the most prominent parts in Florentine daily life, dividing as it does the city in half, and forming a sort of centre to the town, on the banks of which some of the finest palaces are situated. They have bathed, fished, and boated on it from generation to generation; they have held galas and merry parties upon it—and there it flows, still hemmed in by two great walls; for peaceful though it may usually appear, the Florentine Arno has now and again been known to play the city some sorry tricks.

In earlier annals, side by side with plagues and famines, we find enumerated disastrous floods which have swept over the city before the river was enchained by the above-mentioned strong walls. In 1557 there was a terrible deluge, of which an authentic account has been handed down to us.‡ It commenced its ravages above the city, sweeping all before it, so that into the Piazza del Vino, says the annalist, there was so much wood washed down, that "it will take three hundred men three months to remove it, piled up as it is above the level of the windows. Sta. Croce was bathed with water, and in

* Vide list in Libreria Stroziana.

† Lastri, *Recherche sulla Popolazione Fiorentina*.

‡ Il miserabilissimo danno fatto dal Arno alla città di Firenze in 1557. (Pamphlet.)

* Corbinelli, *Istoria della Famiglia Gondi*.

the market-place all the stuffs and goods of the vendors were swept away; shops were emptied of their stores of oil, wine, and grain; the roofs of the houses on the Ponte Vecchio were carried clean away, as also the columns and slabs on this bridge, where fish was wont to be sold. "Every house on the bridge was left like a washing-sieve."

The Sta. Trinità bridge was entirely ruined, arches and all, on one of the piles which were left standing, as if by a miracle, two individuals — one an old, palsied man, and the other a child of tender years; and here they had to remain for two whole days, whilst they were fed by means of a rope, which was thrown from a neighboring palace, and along which they passed a basket from time to time containing wine and bread.

Seventy people and three hundred animals lost their life during this flood. Again and again the old chroniclers speak of these inundations, which swept down on the city after heavy rains in the mountains. To the old Florentines indeed the Arno was but a capricious friend; it was the source naturally of their prosperity, affording them easy means of transporting their manufactures to the sea. This has been greatly ameliorated by the Lung'arno walls, but even now the visitor to Florence is from time to time surprised to see the flood waves rise and threaten the safety of those jewellers' shops on the Ponte Vecchio, and many a time do the shopkeepers hurry away with their precious burdens, fearing a collapse of this weather-beaten though picturesque relic of the past.

Another episode in the career of the Arno in 1604 puzzled the Florentines not a little. In the winter of this year sunny Italy was visited with an intense frost, no one ever remembered such a time, and the Arno was covered with a thick coating of ice.

Cautiously the Florentines ventured one by one, until it appeared as if the whole city had ventured out to enjoy the strange delights of sliding; and with their characteristic love of festivity the Florentines were not slow to decide upon a grand gala on this glossy sheet, to be held on the last day of the year 1604.* Meanwhile they played at pallone, they hunted cats and rabbits on the ice, slipped about, and tumbled to their hearts' content.

The festal day came at last, and as the ice had not given way, they hied them

to the theatre for their amusements, which was chosen between the bridges Sta. Trinità and Carraia. From beneath the arch near S. Spirito issued twelve gaudy trumpeters, followed by a crowd of men, dressed as in carnival time, to run a race with bare feet; behind these came would-be nymphs on sledges, who pushed themselves along with two sticks. Immediately after followed gentlemen on sledges, constructed like old war chariots, prepared for the joust. Each was got up like a savage, covered with loose hair and unkempt beard, a bludgeon in one hand, a red shield in the other. Their sledges were covered with ivy, and each had his placard or challenge before him; one, for example, stating that "the ardor which burnt in his heart could melt the rigid Arno, and compel it to resume its liquid course." This procession paraded up and down the icy surface, and then the sport began.

The races of the barefooted combatants caused the greatest amusement. The more they slipped and fell, the greater was the roar of laughter which resounded from the walls, and roofs, and windows, which were crowded with spectators. Then came the sledge races, which were equally productive of ludicrous disasters; and, finally, they had the jousts, and as night came on the sledges decked themselves with lanterns, and the Arno was aglow with bonfires and illuminations for that and the succeeding nights of the great frost. Of a truth, the Florentine knew how to take advantage of the eccentricity of this season, and thoroughly appreciated the delights of an Arctic winter.

Florentine marriage festivities were poor compared to those of the rest of Italy; Florentine funerals too were unusually commonplace. Yet it may be interesting to close this account of the manners and customs of the city of flowers with the account of a funeral, as related to us by Ammirato, the object of which was an Englishman, the celebrated *condottiere* Sir John Hawkwood — Giovanni Acuto, as the Italians called him — who had fought many a battle in the pay of the merchant princes, and who died in their midst in 1394.

His bier was spread over with cloth of gold and crimson velvet, and was carried by knights of the highest rank, and followed by a crowd of torch-bearers, banners, shields, and war horses caparisoned with gold. All his servants and his household were presented with mourning at the

public expense, and relays of Florentine matrons were paid to wait around the corpse whilst it was exposed to public view in the Baptistery. Eventually the English warrior was deposited with great pomp in the cathedral, where an equestrian portrait was put up, until such time as Paolo Ucello had finished his monument to be placed over the remains of the stranger. Florence could do all this and more besides, for a foreigner who died amongst them, but they took care to bury their own relations on a much more economical principle.

J. THEODORE BENT.

From The Nineteenth Century.
A WORD ABOUT AMERICA.

MR. LOWELL, in an interesting but rather tart essay, "On a certain Condescension in Foreigners," warns off Englishmen who may be disposed to write or speak about the United States of America. "I never blamed England for not wishing well to democracy," he cries; "how should she?" But the criticisms and dealings of Englishmen, in regard to the object of their ill-will, are apt, Mr. Lowell declares, to make him impatient. "Let them give up trying to understand us," still more thinking that they do, and acting in various absurd ways as the necessary consequence; for they will never arrive at that devoutly to be wished consummation, till they learn to look at us as we are, and not as they suppose us to be.

On the other hand, from some quarters in America come reproaches to us for not speaking about America enough, for not making sufficient use of her in illustration of what we bring forward. Mr. Higginson expresses much surprise that when, for instance, I dilate on the benefits of equality, it is to France that I have recourse for the illustration and confirmation of my thesis, not to the United States. A Boston newspaper supposes me to "speak of American manners as vulgar," and finds, what is worse, that the *Atlantic Monthly*, commenting on this supposed utterance of mine, adopts it and carries it further. For the writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* says that, indeed, "the hideousness and vulgarity of American manners are undeniable," and that "redemption is only to be expected by the work of a few enthusiastic individuals, conscious of cultivated tastes and generous desires;" or, as these

enthusiasts are presently called by the writer, "rather highly civilized individuals, a few in each of our great cities and their environs." The Boston newspaper observes, with a good deal of point, that it is from these exceptional enthusiasts that the heroes of the tales of Mr. James and Mr. Howells seem to be recruited. It shrewdly describes them as "people who spend more than half their life in Europe, and return only to scold the agents for the smallness of their remittances;" and protests that such people "will have, and can have no perceptible influence for good on the real civilization of America." Then our Boston friend turns to me again, says that "it is vulgar people from the large cities who have given Mr. Arnold his dislike of American manners," and adds, that "if it should ever happen that hard destiny should force Mr. Arnold to cross the Atlantic," should find "in the smaller cities of the interior, in the northern, middle, and south-western States, an elegant and simple social order, as entirely unknown in England, Germany, or Italy, as the private life of the dukes or princes of the blood is unknown in America." Yes, "should find a manner of life belonging to the highest civilization, in towns, counties, and in States whose names have never been heard" by me; and if I could take the writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* to see it along with me, it would do him says his compatriot, a great deal of good.

I do not remember to have anywhere in my too numerous writings, spoken of American manners as vulgar, or to have expressed my dislike of them. I have long accustomed myself to regard the people of the United States as just the same people with ourselves, as simple "the English on the other side of the Atlantic." The ethnology of that American diplomatist, who the other day assured a Berlin audience that the great admixture of Germans had now made the people of the United States as much German as English, has not yet prevailed with me. I adhere to my old persuasion, the Americans of the United States are English people on the other side of the Atlantic. I learnt it from Burke. But from Burke I learnt, too, with what immense consequences and effects this simple matter — the settlement of a branch of the English people on the other side of the Atlantic — was, from the time of their constitution as an independent power, certainly and inevitably charged. Let me quote his own

pressive and profound words on the acknowledgment of American independence in 1782:—

A great revolution has happened—a revolution made, not by chopping and changing of power in any of the existing states, but by the appearance of a new state, of a new species, in a new part of the globe. It has made as great a change in all the relations, and balances, and gravitations of power, as the appearance of a new planet would in the system of the solar world.

As for my esteeming it a hard destiny which should force me to visit the United States, I will borrow Goethe's words, and say, that "not the spirit is bound, but the foot;" with the best will in the world, I have never yet been able to go to America, and probably I never shall be able. But many a kind communication I receive from that quarter; and when one has much discoursed on equality and on civilization, and then is told that in America a lover of these will find just what suits him, and is invited, and almost challenged, to turn one's eyes there, and to bear testimony to what one beholds, it seems ungracious or cowardly to take no notice at all of such challenges, but to go on talking of equality and civilization just as if America had never existed. True, there is Mr. Lowell's warning. Englishmen easily may fall into absurdities in criticising America, most easily of all when they do not, and cannot, see it with their own eyes, but have to speak of it from what they read. Then, too, people are sensitive; certainly would be safer and pleasanter to say nothing. And as the prophet Jonah, when he had a message for Nineveh, hurried in alarm down to Joppa, and incontinently took ship there for Tarshish in the opposite direction, so one might find plenty of reasons for running away from the task, when one is summoned to give one's opinion of American civilization. But Ewald says that it was a sorry and unworthy calculation, petty human reason-mongering—*menschliche Vernünfte*—which made Jonah run away from his task in this fashion; and we will not run away from ours, difficult though it be. Besides, there are considerations which diminish its difficulty. When one has confessed the belief that the social system of one's own country is so far from being perfect, that it presents us with the spectacle of an upper class materialized, a middle class vulgarized, a lower class paralyzied, one has earned the right, perhaps, to speak with candor of the social

systems of other countries. Mr. Lowell complains that we English make our narrow Anglicism, as he calls it, the standard of all things; but "we are worth nothing," says Mr. Lowell of himself and his countrymen, "we are worth nothing except so far as we have disinfected ourselves of Anglicism." Mr. Hussey Vivian, the member for Glamorganshire, goes to travel in America, and when he comes back, delighted with the country and the people, he publishes his opinion that just two things are wanting to their happiness—a sovereign of the British type, and a House of Lords:—

If Americans could only get over the first wrench, and elect a king of the old stock, under the same limited constitutional conditions as our sovereigns, and weld their separate states into one compact and solid nation, many of them would be only too thankful. I cannot help suspecting, also, that they would not be sorry to transform their Senate into a House of Lords. There are fortunes amply large enough to support hereditary rule, and men who will not now enter political life upon any consideration would doubtless do their duty as patriotically as our peers, if not compelled to face the dirt of candidature. As to aristocratic ideas being foreign to Americans, I do not believe it for a moment; on the contrary, I believe them to be a highly aristocratic people.

I suppose this may serve as a specimen of the Anglicism which is so exasperating to Mr. Lowell. I do not share it. Mr. Hussey Vivian has a keen eye for the geological and mining facts of America, but as to the political facts of that country, the real tendencies of its life, and its future, he does not seem to me to be at all at the centre of the situation. Far from "not wishing well to democracy," far from thinking a king and a House of Lords, of our English pattern, a panacea for social ills, I have freely said that our system here, in my opinion, has too much thrown the middle classes in upon themselves, that the lower classes likewise are thus too much thrown in upon themselves, and that we suffer from the want of equality. Nothing would please me better than to find the difficulty solved in America, to find democracy a success there, with a type of equality producing such good results, that, when one preaches equality, one should illustrate its advantages not from the example of the French, but, as Mr. Higginson recommends, from the example of the people of the United States. I go back again to my Boston newspaper:—

In towns whose names Mr. Arnold never heard, and never will hear, there will be found almost invariably a group of people of good taste, good manners, good education, and of self-respect, peers of any people in the world. Such people read the best books, they interpret the best music, they are interested in themes world-wide, and they meet each other with that mutual courtesy and that self-respect which belong to men and women who are sure of their footing.

This is what we want; and if American democracy gives this, Mr. Lowell may rely upon it that no narrow Anglicism shall prevent my doing homage to American democracy.

Only we must have a clear understanding about one thing. This is a case where the question of numbers is of capital importance. Even in our poor old country, with its aristocratic class materialized, its middle class vulgarized, its lower class brutalized, there are to be found individuals, as I have again and again said, lovers of the humane life, lovers of perfection, who emerge in all classes, and who, while they are more or less in conflict with the present, point to a better future. Individuals of this kind I make no doubt at all that there are in American society as well as here. The writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* himself, unfavorable as is his judgment on his country's civilization in general, admits that he can find a certain number of "enthusiastic individuals conscious of cultivated tastes and generous desires." Of these "rather highly civilized individuals" there are, he says, "a few in each of our great cities and their environs." His rebuker in the Boston newspaper says that these centres of sweetness and light are rather in the small towns than in the large ones; but that is not a matter of much importance to us. The important question is: In what numbers are they to be found? Well, there is a group of them, says the Boston newspaper, in almost any small town of the northern, middle, and south-western States. This is indeed civilization. A group of lovers of the humane life, an "elegant and simple social order," as its describer calls it, existing in almost every small town of the northern, middle, and south-western states of America, and this in addition to circles in New York and other great cities with "a social life as dignified, as elegant, and as noble as any in the world"—all this must needs leaven American society, and must surely, if we can take example from it, enable us to leaven and transform our own. Leaven

American society it already does, we hear:—

It is such people who keep the whole sentiment of the land up to a high standard. While the few "rather highly civilized individuals" are hopping backwards and forwards over the Atlantic to learn what is the last keynote which a pinchbeck emperor has decided on, or what is the last gore which a man-milliner has decreed, these American gentlemen and ladies in the dignity of their own homes, are making America. It is they who maintain the national credit, it is they who steadily improve the standard of national education. If Mr. Arnold should ever see them in their own homes, it is they who will show him what is the normal type of American manners.

Our Boston informant writes so crisply and smartly that one is unwilling to part with him. I can truly say that I would rather read him and quote him than join issue with him. He has seen America and I have not. Perhaps things in America are as he says. I am sure I hope they are, for, as I have just said, I have been long convinced that English society has to transform itself, and long looking in vain for a model by which we might be guided and inspired in the bringing forth of our new civilization; and here is the model ready to hand. But I own that hitherto I have thought that, as we in England have to transform our civilization, so America has hers still to make, and that, though her example and co-operation might, and probably would, be of the greatest value to us in the future, yet they were not of much use to our civilization now. I remember, that when I first read the Boston newspaper from which I have been quoting, I was just fresh from the perusal of one of the best of Mr. James's novels, "Roderick Hudson." That work carries us to one of the "smaller cities of the interior," a city of which, I own, I had never heard—the American Northampton. Those who have read "Roderick Hudson" will recall, that in that part of the story where the scene is laid at Northampton, there occurs a personage called Striker, an auctioneer. And when I came upon the Boston newspaper's assurances that, in almost every small town of the Union, should find "an elegant and simple social order," the comment which rose to my lips was this: "I suspect what I should find there, in great force, is Striker. Now Striker was a Philistine.

I have said somewhere or other that whereas our society in England distributes itself into Barbarians, Philistine

and Populace, America is just ourselves, with the Barbarians quite left out, and the Populace nearly. This would leave the Philistines for the great bulk of the nation; a livelier sort of Philistines than our Philistine middle class which made and peopled the United States — a livelier sort of Philistine than ours, and with the pressure and the false ideal of our Barbarians taken away, but left all the more to himself, and to have his full swing. That this should be the case seemed to me natural, and that it actually was the case everything which I could hear and read about America tended to convince me. And when my Boston friend talks of the "elegant and simple social order established in almost every small town in America, and of the group, in each, of people of good taste, good manners, good education, and self-respect, peers of any people in the world," I cannot help thinking that things are not quite so bright as he paints them, and so superior to anything of which we have experience elsewhere; that he is mixing two impressions together, the impression of individuals scattered over the country, real lovers of the humane life, but not yet numerous enough or united enough to produce much effect, and the impression of groups of worthy respectable people to be found in almost every small town of the Union, people with many merits, but not yet arrived at that true and happy goal of civilization, "an elegant and simple social order."

We too have groups of this kind everywhere, and we know what they can do for us and what they cannot do. It is easy to praise them, to flatter them, to express unbounded satisfaction with them, to speak as if they gave us all that we needed. We have done so here in England. These groups, with us, these sections and effective forces of our middle class, have been extolled as "that section of the community which has astonished the world by its energy, enterprise, and self-reliance, which is continually striking out new paths of industry and subduing the forces of nature, which has done all the great things that have been done in all departments, and which supplies the mind, the will, and the power for all the great and good things that have still to be done." So cry the newspapers; our great orators take up the same strain. The middle-class doers of English race, with their industry and religion, are the salt of the earth. "The cities you have built," exclaims Mr. Bright, "the railroads you

have made, the manufactures you have produced, the cargoes which freight the ships of the greatest mercantile navy the world has ever seen!" There we have their industry. Then comes the praise of their religion, their own specially invented and indomitably maintained form of religion. "Let a man consider," exclaims Mr. Bright again, "how much of what there is free and good and great, and constantly growing in what is good, in this country, is owing to Nonconformist action. Look at the churches and chapels it has reared over the whole country; look at the schools it has built; look at the ministers it has supported; look at the Christian work which it has conducted. It would be well for the Nonconformists, especially for the young among them, that they should look back to the history of their fathers, and that they should learn from them how much is due to truth and how much they have sacrificed to conscience."

It is the groups of industrious, religious, and unshakable Nonconformists in all the towns, small and great, of England, whose praise is here celebrated by Mr. Bright. But he has an even more splendid tribute of praise for their brethren of the very same stock, and sort, and virtue, in America also. The great scale of things in America powerfully impresses Mr. Bright's imagination always; he loves to count the prodigious number of acres of land there, the prodigious number of bushels of wheat raised. The voluntary principle, the principle of modern English Nonconformity, is on the same grand and impressive scale. "There is nothing which piety and zeal have ever offered on the face of the earth as a tribute to religion and religious purposes, equal to that which has been done by the voluntary principle among the people of the United States."

I cannot help thinking that my Boston informant mixes up, I say, the few lovers of perfection with the much more numerous representatives, serious, industrious, and in many ways admirable, of middle-class virtue; and imagines that in almost every town of the United States, there is a group of lovers of perfection, whereas the lovers of perfection are much less thickly sown than he supposes, but what there really is in almost every town is a group of representatives of middle-class virtue. And the fruits by which he knows his men, the effects which they achieve for the national life and civilization, are just the fruits, be it observed, which the

representatives of middle-class virtue are capable of producing and produce for us here in England too, and for the production of which we need not have recourse to an extraordinary supply of lovers of perfection. "It is such people," he says, "who keep the whole sentiment of the land up to a high standard when war comes, or rebellion." But this is just what the middle-class virtue of our race is abundantly capable of doing; as Puritan England in the seventeenth century, and the inheritors of the traditions of Puritan England since, have signally shown. "It is they who maintain the national credit, it is they who steadily improve the standard of national education." By national education our informant means popular education; and here, too, we are still entirely within the pale of middle-class achievement. Both in England and in America the middle class is abundantly capable of maintaining the national credit, and does maintain it. It is abundantly capable of recognizing the duty of sending to school the children of the people, nay, of sending them also, if possible, to a Sunday school, and to chapel or church. True; and yet, in England at any rate, the middle class with all its industry and with all its religiousness, the middle class well typified, as I long ago pointed out, by a certain Mr. Smith, a secretary to an insurance company, who "labored under the apprehension that he would come to poverty and that he was eternally lost," the English middle class presents us at this day, for our actual needs, and for the purposes of national civilization, with a defective type of religion, a narrow range of intellect and knowledge, a stunted sense of beauty, a low standard of manners. For the building up of human life, as men are now beginning to see, there are needed not only the powers of industry and conduct, but the power, also, of intellect and knowledge, the power of beauty, the power of social life and manners. And that type of life of which our middle class in England are in possession is one by which neither the claims of intellect and knowledge are satisfied, nor the claim of beauty, nor the claims of social life and manners.

That which in England we call the middle class is in America virtually the nation. It is in America in great measure relieved, as I have said, of what with us is our Populace, and it is relieved of the pressure and false ideal of our Barbarians. It is generally industrious and re-

ligious as our middle class. Its religion is even less invaded, I believe, by the modern spirit than the religion of our middle class. An American of reputation as a man of science tells me that he lives in a town of a hundred and fifty thousand people, of whom there are no fifty who do not imagine the first chapter of Genesis to be exact history. Mr. Dale of Birmingham, found, he says, that "orthodox Christian people in America were less troubled by attacks on the orthodox creed than the like people in England. They seemed to feel sure of their ground and they showed no alarm." Public opinion requires public men to attend regularly some place of worship. The favorite denominations are those with which we are here familiar as the denominations of Protestant dissent; when Mr. Dale tells us of "the Baptists, not including the Free Will Baptists, Seventh Day Baptists, Six Principle Baptists, and some other minor sects," one might fancy one self reading the list of the sects in "Whitaker's Almanack." But in America this type of religion is not, as it is here, a subordinate type, it is the predominant and accepted one. Our Dissenting ministers think themselves in paradise when they visit America. In that universally religious country the religious denomination which has by much the largest number of adherents is that, I believe, of Methodism originating in John Wesley and which we know in this country as having for its standard of doctrine Mr. Wesley's fifty-three sermons and notes on the New Testament. I have a sincere admiration for Wesley, and a sincere esteem for the Wesleyan Methodist body in this country; I have seen much of it and for many of its members my esteem is not only sincere but also affectionate. I know how one's religious connections and religious attachments are determined by the circumstances of one's birth and bringing up; and probably, if I had been born and brought up among the Wesleys, I should never have left their body. But certainly I should have wished my children to leave it; because to live with one's mind, in regard to a matter of absorbing importance as Wesleyans believe religion to be, to live with one's mind, as to a matter of this sort, fixed constantly upon a mind of the third order, such as was Mr. Wesley's, seems to me extremely trying and injurious for the minds of men in general. And people whose minds, in what is the chief concern of their lives, are thus constantly fixed upon a mind of

the third order, are the staple of the population of the United States, in the small towns and country districts above all. Yet our Boston friend asks us to believe, that a population of which this is the staple can furnish what we cannot furnish, certainly, in England, and what no country that I know of can at present furnish, — a group, in every small town throughout the land, of people of good taste, good manners, good education, peers of any people in the world, reading the best books, interpreting the best music, and interested in themes world-wide! Individuals of this kind America can doubtless furnish, peers of any people in the world; and in every town groups of people with excellent qualities, like the representatives of middle-class industry and virtue amongst ourselves. And a country capable of furnishing such groups, will be strong and prosperous, and has much to be thankful for; but it must not take these groups for what they are not, or imagine that having produced them it possesses what it does not possess, or has provided for wants which are in fact still unprovided for.

"The arts have no chance in poor countries," says Mr. Lowell. "From sturdy father to sturdy son, we have been making this continent habitable for the weaker Old World breed that has swarmed to it during the last half century." This may be quite true, and the achievements wrought in America by the middle-class industry, the middle-class energy and courage, the middle-class religion of our English race, may be full as much as we have any right to expect up to the present time, and only a people of great qualities could have produced them. But this is not the question. The question is as to the establishment in America, on any considerable scale, of a type of civilization combining all those powers which go to the building up of a truly human life — the power of intellect and knowledge, the power of beauty, the power of social life and manners, as well as the great power of conduct and religion, and the indispensable power of expansion. "Is it not the highest act of a republic," asks Mr. Lowell, "to make men of flesh and blood, and not the marble ideals of such?" Let us grant it. "Perhaps it is the collective, not the individual humanity," Mr. Lowell goes on, "that is to have a chance of nobler development among us." Most true, the well-being of the many, and not of individuals and classes solely, comes out more and more distinctly to us all as

the object which we must pursue. Many are to be made partakers of well-being, of civilization and humanization; we must not forget it, and America, happily, is not likely to let us forget it. But the ideal of well-being, of civilization, of humanization, is not to be, on that account, lowered and coarsened.

Now the New York *Nation* — a newspaper which I read regularly and with profit, a newspaper which is the best, so far as my experience goes, of all American newspapers, and one of the best newspapers anywhere — the New York *Nation* had the other day some remarks on the higher sort of education in America, and the utility of it, which were very curious: —

In America [says the *Nation*] scarcely any man who can afford it likes to refuse his son a college education if the boy wants it; but probably not one boy in one thousand can say, five years after graduating, that he has been helped by his college education in making his start in life. It may have been never so useful to him as a means of moral and intellectual culture, but it has not helped to adapt him to the environment in which he has to live and work; or in other words, to a world in which not one man in a hundred thousand has either the manners or cultivation of a gentleman, or changes his shirt more than once a week, or eats with a fork.

Now upon this remarkable declaration many comments might be made, but I am going now to make one comment only. Is it credible, if there were established in almost every town of the great majority of the United States a type of "elegant and simple social order," a "group of people of good taste, good manners, reading the best books, interpreting the best music, interested in themes world-wide, the peers of any people in the world," is it credible, with the instinct of self-preservation which there is in humanity, and choice things being so naturally attractive as they undoubtedly are, is it credible, that all this excellent heaven should produce so little result, that these groups should remain so impotent and isolated, that their environment, in a country where our poverty is unknown, should be "a world in which not one man in a hundred thousand has either the manners or cultivation of a gentleman, or changes his shirt more than once a week, or eats with a fork"? It is not credible; to me, at any rate, it is not credible. And I feel more sure than ever that our Boston informant has told us of groups where he ought to have told us of

individuals; and that many of his individuals, even, have "hopped over," as he wittily says, to Europe.

Mr. Lowell himself describes his own nation as "the most common-schooled and the least-cultivated people in the world." They strike foreigners in the same way. M. Renan says that the "United States have created a considerable popular instruction without any serious higher instruction, and will long have to expiate this fault by their intellectual mediocrity, their vulgarity of manners, their superficial spirit, their lack of general intelligence." Another acute French critic speaks of a "hard unintelligence" as characteristic of the people of the United States — *la dure inintelligence des Américains du Nord*. Smart they are, as all the world knows; but then smartness is unhappily quite compatible with a "hard unintelligence." The Quinionian humor of Mr. Mark Twain, so attractive to the Philistine of the more gay and light type both here and in America, another French critic fixes upon as literature exactly expressing a people of this type, and of no higher. "In spite of all its primary education," he says, "America is still, from an intellectual point of view, a very rude and primitive soil, only to be cultivated by violent methods. These childish and half-savage minds are not moved except by very elementary narratives composed without art, in which burlesque and melodrama, vulgarity and eccentricity, are combined in strong doses." It may be said that Frenchmen, the present generation of Frenchmen at any rate, themselves take seriously, as of the family of Shakespeare, Molière, and Goethe, an author half genius half charlatan, like M. Victor Hugo. They do so; but still they may judge, soundly and correctly enough, another nation's false literature which does not appeal to their weaknesses. I am not blaming America for falling a victim to Quinion, or to Murdstone either. We fall a victim to Murdstone and Quinion ourselves, as I very well know, and the Americans are just the same people that we are. But I want to deliver England from Murdstone and Quinion, and I look round me for help in the good work. And when the Boston newspaper told me of the elegant and simple social order, and the group of people in every town of the Union with good taste and good manners, reading the best books and interpreting the best music, I thought at first that I had surely found what I wanted, and that I should be able to in-

vade the English realm of Murdstone and Quinion with the support of an overpowering body of allies from America. But now it seems doubtful whether America is not suffering from the predominance of Murdstone and Quinion herself — of Quinion at any rate.

Yes, and of Murdstone too. Miss Bird the best of travellers, and with the skill to relate her travels delightfully, met the rudimentary American type of Murdstone not far from Denver, and has described him for us. Denver — I hear some one say scornfully — Denver! A new territory, the outskirts of civilization, the Rocky Mountains! But I prefer to follow a course which would, I know, deliver me over a prey into the Americans' hands if I were really holding a controversy with them and attacking their civilization. I am not holding a controversy with them. I am not attacking their civilization. I am much disquieted about the state of our own. But I am holding a friendly conversation with American lovers of the humane life, who offer me hopes of improving British civilization by the example of a great force of true civilization, of elegant and simple social order, developed in the northern, middle, and southwestern States of the Union. I am not going to pick holes in the civilization of those well-established States. But in a new territory, on the outskirts of the Union, I take an example of a spirit which we know well enough in the old country, and which has done much harm to our civilization; and I ask my American friends how much way this spirit — since on their borders, at any rate, they seem to have it — has made and is even now making amongst themselves; whether they feel sure of getting it under control, and that the elegant and simple social order in the older States will be too strong for it, or, whether, on the other hand, it may be too strong for the elegant and simple social order.

Miss Bird, then, describes the Chalmers family, a family with which on her journey from Denver to the Rocky Mountains, she lodged for some time. Miss Bird, as those who have read her books well know, is not a lackadaisical person, or in any way a fine lady; she can ride, catch, and saddle a horse, "make herself agreeable," wash up plates, improvise lamps, teach knitting. But —

Oh, [she says] what a hard, narrow life it is with which I am now in contact! A narrow and unattractive religion, which I believe still to be genuine, and an intense but narrow

patriotism, are the only higher influences. Chalmers came from Illinois nine years ago. He is slightly intelligent, very opinionated, and wishes to be thought well-informed, which he is not. He belongs to the strictest sect of reformed Presbyterians; his great boast is that his ancestors were Scottish Covenanters. He considers himself a profound theologian, and by the pine logs at night discourses to me on the mysteries of the eternal counsels and the divine decrees. Colorado, with its progress and its future, is also a constant theme. He hates England with a bitter personal hatred. He trusts to live to see the downfall of the British monarchy and the disintegration of the empire. He is very fond of talking, and asks me a great deal about my travels, but if I speak favorably of the climate or resources of any other country, he regards it as a slur on Colorado.

Mrs. Chalmers looks like one of the English poor women of our childhood—lean, clean, toothless, and speaks, like some of them, in a piping, discontented voice, which seems to convey a personal reproach. She is never idle or one moment, is severe and hard, and despises everything but work. She always speaks of me as *this or that woman*. The family consists of a grown-up son, a shiftless, melancholy-looking youth, who possibly pines for a wider life; a girl of sixteen, a sour, repellent-looking creature, with as much manners as a pig; and three hard, unchildlike younger children. By the whole family all courtesy and gentleness of act or speech seem regarded as *works of the flesh*, if not of *the devil*. They knock over all men's things without apologizing or picking them up, and when I thank them for anything they look grimly amazed. I wish I could show them "a more excellent way." This hard reed, and the exclusive pursuit of gain, with the indifference to all which does not aid in its acquisition, are eating up family love and life throughout the West. I write this reluctantly and after a total experience of nearly two years in the United States. Mrs. Chalmers is cleanly in her person and dress, and the food, though poor, is clean. Work, work, work, is their day and their life. They are thoroughly ungenial. There is a married daughter across the river, just the same hard, loveless, moral, hard-working being as her mother. Each morning, soon after seven, when I have swept the cabin, the family come in for "worship." Chalmers sails a psalm to the most doleful of dismal tunes; they read a chapter round, and he prays. Sunday was a dreadful day. The family kept the commandment literally, and did no work. Worship was conducted twice, and was rather longer than usual. The man attempted to read a well-worn copy of "Boston's Fourfold State," but shortly fell asleep, and they only woke up for their meals. It was an awful day, and ended as if it would never come to an end. You will now have some idea of my surroundings. It is a moral, hard, unloving, unlovely, unrelieved, unbeautified, grinding life. These people live in a discomfort, and lack of ease

and refinement which seem only possible to people of British stock.

What is this but the hideousness, the immense *ennui*, of the life on which we have touched so often, the life of our serious British Philistine, our Murdstone; that life with its defective type of religion, its narrow range of intellect and knowledge, its stunted sense of beauty, its low standard of manners? Only it is this life at its simplest, rudimentary stage.

I have purposely taken the picture of it from a region outside the settled States of the Union, that it might be evident I was not meaning to describe American civilization, and that Americans might at once be able to say with perfect truth that American civilization is something totally different. And if, to match this picture of our Murdstone in other lands and other circumstances, we are to have—as, for the sake of clearness in our impressions, we ought to have—a picture of our Quinion too under like conditions, let us take it, not from America at all, but from our own Australian colonies. The special correspondent of the *Bathurst Sentinel* criticises an Italian singer who, at the Sydney Theatre, plays the Count in the "Somnambula;" and here is the criticism: "Barring his stomach, he is the finest-looking artist I have seen on the stage for years; and if he don't slide into the affections or break the gizzards of half our Sydney girls, it's a pretty certain sign there's a scarcity of balm in Gilead." This is not Mark Twain, not an American humorist at all; it is the *Bathurst Sentinel*.

So I have gone to the Rocky Mountains for the New World Murdstone, and to Australia for the New World Quinion. I have not assailed in the least the civilization of America in those northern, middle, and south-western States, to which Americans have a right to refer us when we seek to know their civilization, and to which they, in fact, do refer us. What I wish to say is, and I by no means even put it in the form of an assertion—I put it in the form of a question only, a question to my friends in America who are believers in equality and lovers of the humane life as I also am, and who ask me why I do not illustrate my praise of equality by reference to the humane life of America—what I wish to say is: How much does the influence of these two elements, natural products of our race, Murdstone and Quinion, the bitter, serious Philistine and the rowdy Philistine, enter

into American life and lower it? I will not pronounce on the matter myself; I have not the requisite knowledge. But all that we hear from America—hear from Americans themselves—points, so far as I can see, to a great presence and power of these middle-class misgrowths there as here. We have not succeeded in counteracting them here, and while our statesmen and leaders proceed as they do now, and Lord Frederick Cavendish congratulates the middle class on its energy and self-reliance in doing without public schools, and Lord Salisbury summons the middle class to a great and final stand on behalf of supernaturalism, we never shall succeed in counteracting them. We are told, however, of groups of children of light in every town of America, and an elegant social order prevailing there, which make one, at first, very envious. But soon one begins to think, I say, that surely there must be some mistake. The complaints one hears of the state of public life in America, of the increasing impossibility and intolerableness of it to self-respecting men, of the “corruption and feebleness,” of the blatant violence and exaggeration of language, the profligacy of clap-trap—the complaints we hear from America of all this, and then such an exhibition as we had in the Guiteau trial the other day, lead one to think that Murdstone and Quinion, those misgrowths of the English middle-class spirit, must be even more rampant in the United States than they are here. Mr. Lowell himself writes, in that very same essay in which he is somewhat sharp upon foreigners, he writes of the sad experience in America of “government by declamation.” And this very week, as if to illustrate his words, we have the American newspapers raising “a loud and peremptory voice” against the “gross outrage on America, insulted in the persons of Americans imprisoned in British dungeons;” we have them crying: “The people demand their release, and they must be released; woe to the public men or the party that stand in the way of this act of justice!” We have them turning upon Mr. Lowell himself in such style as the following: “This Lowell is a fraud and a disgrace to the American nation; Minister Lowell has scoffed at his own country, and disowned everything in its history and institutions that makes it free and great.”

I should say, for my part, though I have not, I fully own, the means for judging accurately, that all this points to an Amer-

ican development of our Murdstone and Quinion, the bitter Philistine and the rowdy Philistine, exhibiting themselves in conjunction, exhibiting themselves with great luxuriance and with very little check. As I write from Grub Street, will add that, to my mind, the condition of the copyright question between us and America appears to point to just the same thing. The American refusal of copyright to us poor English souls is just the proceeding which would naturally commend itself to Murdstone and Quinion and the way in which Mr. Conant justifies and applauds the proceeding, and continues to justify and applaud it in disregard of all that one may say, and boldly turns the tables upon England, is just the way in which Murdstone and Quinion, after regulating copyright in the American fashion, would wish and expect to be backed up. In Mr. Conant they have treasure: *illi robur et æs triplex* indeed. And no doubt a few Americans, highly civilized individuals, “hopping backward and forwards over the Atlantic,” much disapprove of these words and works of Mr. Conant and his constituents. But can there be constant groups of children of light, joined in an elegant order, everywhere throughout the Union? for, if there were, would not their sense of equity, and their sense of delicacy, and even their sense of the ridiculous, be too strong, even in this very matter of copyright, for Mr. Conant and his constituents?

But on the creation and propagation of such groups the civilized life of America depends for its future, as the civilized life of our own country, too, depends for its future upon the same thing; so much is certain. And if America succeeds in creating and installing hers, before we succeed in creating and installing ours, they will send over help to us from America, and will powerfully influence us for our good. Let us see, then, how we both of us stand at the present moment, and what advantages the one of us has which are wanting to the other. We in England have liberty and industry and the sense for conduct, and a splendid aristocracy which feels the need for beauty and manners, and a unique class, as Mr. Charles Sumner pointed out, of gentlemen, not of the landed class or of the nobility, but cultivated and refined. America has not our splendid aristocracy, but then this splendid aristocracy is materialized, and for helping the sense for beauty, or the sense for social life and manners, in the nation at large, it does nothing or next to nothing.

g. So we must not hastily pronounce, with Mr. Hussey Vivian, that American civilization suffers by its absence. Indeed they are themselves developing, it is said, a class of very rich people quite sufficiently materialized. America has not our large and unique class of gentlemen; something of it they have, of course, but it is not by any manner of means on the same scale there as here. Acting by itself, and untrammelled, our English class of gentlemen has eminent merits; our rule in India, of which we may well be proud, is in great measure its work. But in the presence of a great force of Barbarian power, as in this country, or in presence of a great force of Philistinism, our class of gentlemen, as we know, has not much faith and ardor, is somewhat bounded and ineffective, is not much of a civilized force for the nation at large; not much more, perhaps, than the few rather civilized individuals "in America, who, according to our Boston informant, go "hopping backwards and forwards over the Atlantic." Perhaps America, with her needs, has no very great loss in not having our special class of gentlemen. Without this class, and without the pressure and false ideal of our Barbarians, the Americans have, like ourselves, the sense of right conduct and religion; they have industry, and they have liberty; they have, so, over and above what we have, they have an excellent thing — equality. But we have seen reason for thinking, that as in England, with our aristocracy, gentlemen, liberty, industry, religion, and sense for conduct, have the civilization of the most important part of our people, the immense middle class, impaired by a defective type of religion, a narrow range of intellect and knowledge, a stunted sense of beauty, a low standard of manners; so in America, too, where this class is yet more important and all-pervading than it is here, civilization suffers in the same way. With a people of our stock it could not, indeed, well be otherwise, so long as this people can be truly described as "the most common-schooled and least cultivated people in the world."

The real cultivation of the people of the United States, as of the English middle class, has been in and by its religion, as "one thing needful." But the insufficiency of this religion is now every day becoming more manifest. It deals, indeed, with personages and words which have an indestructible and inexhaustible truth and salutariness; but it is rooted and grounded in preternaturalism, it can

receive those personages and those words only on conditions of preternaturalism, and a religion of preternaturalism is doomed — whether with or without the battle of Armageddon for which Lord Salisbury is preparing — to inevitable dissolution. *Fidelity to conscience!* cries the popular Protestantism of Great Britain and America, and thinks that it has said enough. But the modern analysis relentlessly scrutinizes this conscience, and compels it to give an account of itself. What sort of a conscience? a true conscience or a false one? "Conscience is the most changing of rules; conscience is presumptuous in the strong, timid in the weak and unhappy, wavering in the undecided; obedient organ of the sentiment which sways us and of the opinions which govern us; more misleading than reason and nature." So says one of the noblest and purest of moralists, Vauvenargues; and terrible as it may be to the popular Protestantism of England and of America to hear it, Vauvenargues thus describes with perfect truth that conscience to which popular Protestantism appeals as its supposed unshakable ground of reliance.

And now, having up to this point neglected all the arts of the controversialist, having merely made inquiries of my American friends as to the real state of their civilization, inquiries which they are free to answer in their own favor if they like, I am going to leave the advantage with them to the end. They kindly offered me the example of their civilization as a help to mend ours; and I, not with any vain Anglicism, for I own our insular civilization to be very unsatisfactory, but from a desire to get at the truth and not to deceive myself with hopes of help from a quarter where at present there is none to be found, have inquired whether the Americans really think, on looking into the matter, that their civilization is much more satisfactory than ours. And in case they should come to the conclusion, after due thought, that neither the one civilization nor the other is in a satisfactory state, let me end by propounding a remedy which really it is heroic in me to propound, for people are bored to death, they say, by me with it, and every time I mention it I make new enemies and diminish the small number of friends that I have now. Still, I cannot help asking whether the defects of American civilization, if it is defective, may not probably be connected with the American people's being, as Mr. Lowell says, "the

most common-schooled and the least cultivated people in the world." A higher, larger cultivation, a finer lucidity, is what is needed. The friends of civilization, instead of hopping backwards and forwards over the Atlantic, should stay at home a while, and do their best to make the administration, the tribunals, the theatre, the arts, in each state, to make them become visible ideals to raise, purge, and ennoble the public sentiment. Though they may be few in number, the friends of civilization will find, probably, that by a serious apostolate of this kind they can accomplish a good deal. But the really fruitful reform to be looked for in America, so far as I can judge, is the very same reform which is so urgently required here — a reform of secondary instruction. The primary and common schools of America we all know; their praise is in every one's mouth. About superior or university instruction one need not be uneasy, it excites so much ambition, is so much in view, and is required by comparatively so small a number. An institution like Harvard is probably all that one could desire. But really good secondary schools to form a due proportion of the youth of America from the age of twelve to the age of eighteen, and then every year to throw a supply of them, thus formed, into circulation — this is what America, I believe, wants, as we also want it, and what she possesses no more than we do. I know she has higher schools, I know their programme: Latin, Greek, German, French, surveying, chemistry, astrology, natural history, mental philosophy, Constitution, book-keeping, trigonometry, etc. Alas! to quote Vauvenargues again: "*On ne corrigera jamais les hommes d'apprendre des choses inutiles.*" But good secondary schools, not with the programme of our classical and commercial academies, but with a serious programme — a programme really suited to the wants and capacities of those who are to be trained — this, I repeat, is what American civilization in my belief most requires, as it is what our civilization, too at present most requires. The special present defects of both American civilization and ours are the kind of defects for which this is a natural remedy. I commend it to the attention of my friendly Boston critic in America; and some months hence, perhaps, when Mr. Barnum begins to require less space for his chronicles of Jumbo, my critic will tell me what he thinks of it.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

From Blackwood's Magazine
THE LADIES LINDORES.

CHAPTER I.

THE mansion-house of Dalrulzie stands on the lower slope of a hill, which is crowned with a plantation of Scotch firs. The rugged outline of this wood and the close-tufted mass of the tree-tops stand out against the pale east, and protect the house below and the "policy," the surrounding grounds are called in Scotland; so that though all the winds are sharp in that northern county, the sharpest of all is tempered. The house itself is backed by lighter foliage — feathery grove of birches, a great old ash or two, and some tolerably well-grown but less poetical, elms. It is a house of distinctively local character, with the curious, peaked, and graduated gables peculiar to Scotch rural architecture, and thick walls of the roughest stone, washed with a weather-stained coat of yellow white. Two wings, each presenting a gabled end to the avenue, and a sturdy block of building retired between them, — all strong, securely built, as if hewn out of the rock, formed the homely house. It had little of the beauty which a building of no greater pretensions would probably have had in England. Below the wings and in front of the hall-door, with its two broad, flat stone steps, there was nothing better than a gravelled square somewhat mossy in the corners, and marked by the trace of wheels; but round the south wing there swept a sort of terrace, known by no more dignified name than that of "the walk," from which the ground sloped downwards, broken at a lower level by the formal little parterre of an old-fashioned flower-garden. The view from the walk was of no very striking beauty, but it had the charm of breadth and distance — a soft sweeping undulating country, with an occasional glimpse of a lively trout-stream gleaming here and there out of its covert of crag and trees, and a great, varied, and ever-changing world of sky, — not a prospect which captivated a stranger, but one which, growing familiar day by day and year by year, was henceforth missed like something out of their lives by the people who, being used to it, had learned to love that silent companionship of nature. It was the sort of view which a man pauses not to look at but to see, even when he is pacing up and down his library thinking of John Thomson's demand for farm improvements, or, heavier thought, about

is balance at his bankers: and which places the eyes of a tired woman, giving them rest and refreshment through all the vicissitudes of life. People sought it instinctively in moods of reflection, in moments of watching, at morning and at twilight, whenever any change was going on in that great exhaustless atmosphere, bounded by nothing but the pale distance of the round horizon,—and when was it that there was no change in that atmosphere?—clouds drifting, shadows flying, gleams of light like sudden revelations affording new knowledge of earth and heaven.

On the day on which the reader is asked first to visit this house of Dalrulzian, great things were happening in it. It was the end of one *régime* and the beginning of another. The master of the house, a young man who had been brought up at a distance, was coming home, and the family which had lived in the house for years was taking its leave of the place.

The last spot which they visited and on which they lingered was the walk. When the packing was over, the final remnants gathered up, the rooms left in that melancholy bareness into which rooms relapse when the prettinesses and familiarities of habitation have been swept away, the remaining members of the family came out with pensive faces, and stood together gazing somewhat wistfully upon the familiar scene. They had looked on many that were more fair. They were going to a landscape of greater beauty further south—brighter, richer, warmer in foliage and natural wealth; but all this did not keep out a certain melancholy out of their eyes. The younger of the party, Nora Barrington, cried a little, her lip quivering, a big tear or two running over. "It is foolish to feel it so much," her mother said. "How is it one feels it so much? I did not admire Dalrulzian at all when we came."

"Out of perversity," said her husband; but he did not smile even at the cleverness of his own remark.

Nora regarded her father with a sort of tender rage. "It is all very well for you," she said; "one place is the same as another to you. But I was such a little thing when we came here. To you it is one place among many; to me it is home."

"If you take it so seriously, Nora, we shall have you making up to young Erskine for the love of his house."

"Edward," cried Mrs. Barrington in a

tone of reproof, "I feel disposed to cry too. We have had a great many happy days in it. But don't let old Rolls see you crying, Nora. Here he is coming to say good-bye. When do you expect Mr. Erskine, Rolls? You must tell him we were sorry not to see him; but he will prefer to find his house free when he returns. I hope he will be as happy at Dalrulzian as we have been since we came here."

"Wherefore would he not be happy, mem? He is young and well off: and you'll no forget it's his own house."

Rolls had stepped out from one of the windows to take farewell of the family, whom he was sorry to lose, yet anxious to get rid of. There was in him the satisfied air of the man who remains in possession, and whose habits are unaffected by the coming and going of ephemeral beings such as tenants. The Barringtons had been at Dalrulzian for more than a dozen years; but what was that to the old servant who had seen them arrive and saw them go away with the same imperturbable aspect? He stood relieved against the wall in his well-brushed black coat, concealing a little emotion under a watchful air of expectancy just touched with impatience. Rolls had condescended more or less to the English family all the time they had been there, and he was keeping up his *rôle* to the last, anxious that they should perceive how much he wanted to see them off the premises. Mrs. Barrington, who liked everybody to like her, was vexed by this little demonstration of indifference; but the colonel laughed. "I hope Mr. Erskine will give you satisfaction," he said. "Come, Nora, you must not take root in the walk. Don't you see Rolls wishes us away?"

"Dear old walk!" cried Nora; "dear Dalrulzian!" She rolled the *r* in the name, and turned the *z* into a *y* (which is the right way of pronouncing it), as if she had been to the manner born; and though an English young lady, had as pretty a fragrance of northern Scotland in her voice as could be desired. Rolls did not trust himself to look at this pretty figure lingering, drying wet eyes, until she turned round upon him suddenly, holding out her hands: "The moment we are off, before we are down the avenue, you will be wishing us back," she cried with vehemence; "you can't deceive *me*. You would like to cry too, if you were not ashamed," said the girl with a smile and a sob, shaking the two half-unwilling hands she had seized.

"Me cry! I've never done that since I came to man's estate," cried Rolls indignantly, but after a suspicious pause. "As for wishing you back, Miss Nora, wishing you were never to go, — wishing you would grow to the walk, as the cornel says —" This was so much from such a speaker, that he turned, and added in a changed tone, "You'll have grand weather for your journey, cornel. But you must mind the two ferries, and no be late starting," — a sudden reminder which broke up the little group, and made an end of the scene of leave-taking. It was the farewell volley of friendly animosity with which Rolls put a stop to his own perverse inclination to be soft-hearted over the departure of the English tenants. "He could not let us go without that parting shot," the "cornel" said, as he put his wife into the jingling "coach" from the station, which, every better vehicle having been sent off beforehand, was all that remained to carry them away.

The Barringtons during their residence at Dalrulzian had been received into the very heart of the rural society, in which at first there had sprung up a half-grudge against the almost unknown master of the place, whose coming was to deprive them of a family group so pleasant and so bright. The tenants themselves, though their turn was over, felt instinctively as if they were expelled for the benefit of our intruder, and entertained this grudge warmly. "Mr. Erskine might just as well have stayed away," Nora said. "He can't care about it as we do." Her mother laughed and chid, and shared the sentiment. "But then it's 'his ain place,' as old Rolls says." "And I dare say he thinks there is twice as much shooting," said the colonel complacently: "I did, when we came. He'll be disappointed, you'll see." This gave him a faint sort of satisfaction. In Nora's mind there was a different consolation, which yet was not a consolation, but a mixture of expectancy and curiosity, and that attraction which surrounds an unconscious enemy. She was going to make acquaintance with this supplanter, this innocent foe, who was turning them out of their home because it was his home — the most legitimate reason. She was about to pay a series of visits in the country, to the various neighbors, who were all fond of her and reluctant to part with her. Perhaps her mother had some idea of the vague scheme of match-making which had sprung up in some minds, a plan to bring the young people together; for what could

be more suitable than a match between John Erskine, the young master of Dalrulzian, who knew nothing about his native country, and Nora Barrington, who was its adopted child, and loved the old house as much as if she had been born in it? Mrs. Barrington, perhaps, was not quite unconscious of this plan, though not a word had been said by any of these innocent plotters. For indeed what manner of man young Erskine was, and whether he was worthy of Nora, or in the least likely to please her, were things altogether unknown to the county, where he had not been seen for the last dozen years.

Anyhow he was coming as fast as the railway could carry him, while Nora took leave of her parents at the station. The young man then on his way was not even aware of her existence, though she knew all about him — or rather about his antecedents; for about John Erskine himself no one in the neighborhood had much information. He had not set foot in the county since he was a boy of tender years and unformed character, whose life had been swallowed up in that of an alien family, of pursuits and ideas far separated from those of his native place. It almost seemed, indeed, as if it were far from a happy arrangement of Providence which made young John Erskine the master of this small estate in the north; or rather, perhaps, to mount a little higher, we might venture to say that it was a very embarrassing circumstance, and the cause of a great deal of confusion in this life that Henry Erskine, his father, should have died when he did. Whatever might be the consequences of that step to himself, to others it could scarcely be characterized but as a mistake. That young man had begun to live an honest, wholesome life, as a Scotch country gentleman should; and if he had continued to exist, his wife would have been like other country gentlemen's wives, and his child, brought up at home, would have grown like the heather in adaptation to the soil. But when he was so ill advised as to die, confusion of every kind ensued. The widow was young, and Dalrulzian was solitary. She lived there, devoutly and conscientiously doing her duty, for some years. Then she went abroad, as everybody does, for that change of air and scene which is so necessary to our lives. And in Switzerland she met a clergyman, to whom change had also been necessary, and who was "taking the duty" in a mountain caravansary of tourists. What opportunities there are in such a position!

She was pensive, and he was sympathetic. He had a sister, whom she invited to Dalrulzian, "if she did not mind winter in the north;" and Miss Kingsford did not mind winter anywhere, so long as it was for her brother's advantage. The end was that Mrs. Erskine became Mrs. Kingsford, to the great though silent astonishment of little John, now eleven years old, who could not make it out. They remained at Dalrulzian for a year or two, for Mr. Kingsford rather liked the shooting, and the power of asking a friend or two to share it. But at the end of that time he got a living — a good living; for events, whether good or evil, never come singly; and, taking John's interests into full consideration, it was decided that the best thing to be done was to let the house. Everybody thought this advisable, even John's old grand-aunt at Dunearn, of whom his mother was more afraid than of all her trustees put together. It was with fear and trembling that she had ventured to unfold this hesitating intention to the old lady. "Mr. Kingsford thinks" — and then it occurred to the timid little woman that Mr. Kingsford's opinion as to the disposal of Henry Erskine's house might not commend itself to Aunt Barbara. "Mr. Monypenny says," she added, faltering; then stopped and looked with alarm in Miss Erskine's face.

"What are you frightened for, my dear? Mr. Kingsford has a right to his opinion, and Mr. Monypenny is a very discreet person, and a capital man of business."

"They think — it would be a good thing for — John; for, Aunt Barbara, he is growing a big boy, — we must be thinking of his education —"

"That's true," said the old lady, with a smile that was the grimmest thing about her. It was very uphill work continuing a labored explanation under the light of this smile.

"And he cannot — be educated — here."

"Wherefore no? I cannot see that, my dear. His father was educated in Edinburgh, which is what I suppose you mean by *here*. Many a fine fellow's been bred up at Edinburgh College, I can tell you; more than you'll find in any other place I ever heard of. Eh! what ails you at Edinburgh? It's well known to be an excellent place for schools — schools of all kinds."

"Yes, Aunt Barbara. But then you know, John — they say he will have such a fine position — a long minority and a good estate — they say he should have

the best education that — England can give."

"You'll be for sending him to that idol of the English," said the old lady, "a public school, as they call it. As if all our Scotch schools from time immemorial hadn't been public schools! Well, and after that —"

"It is only an idea," said little Mrs. Kingsford humbly — "not settled, nor anything like settled; but they say if I were to let the house —"

Aunt Barbara's gray eyes flashed; perhaps they were slightly green, as ill-natured people said. But she fired her guns in the air, so to speak, and once more grimly smiled. "I saw something very like all this in your wedding cards, Mary," she said. "No, no, no apologies. I will not like to see a stranger in my father's house; but that's no-thing, that's no-thing. I will not say but it's very judicious; only you'll mind the boy's an Erskine, and here he'll have to lead his life. Mind and not make too much of an Englishman out of a Scotch lad, for he'll have to live his life here."

"Too much of an Englishman!" Mr. Kingsford cried, when this conversation was reported to him. "I am afraid your old lady is an old fool, Mary. How could he be too much of an Englishman? Am I out of place here? Does not the greater breeding include the less?" he said, with his grand air. His wife did not always quite follow his meaning, but she always believed in it as something that merited understanding; and she was quite as deeply convinced as if she had understood. And accordingly the house was let to Colonel Barrington, who had not a "place" of his own, though his elder brother had, and the Kingsfords "went south" to their rectory, with which John's mother in particular was mightily pleased. It was in a far richer country than that which surrounded Dalrulzian, — a land flowing with milk and cheese, if not honey, — full of foliage and flowers. Mrs. Kingsford, having been accustomed only to Scotland, was very much elated with the luxuriant beauty of the place. She spoke of "England" as the travelled speak of Italy, — as if this climate of ours, which we abuse so much, was paradise. She thought "the English" so frank, so open, so demonstrative. To live in "the south" seemed the height of happiness to her. Innocent primitive Scotch gentlewomen are prone to talk in this way. Mr. Kingsford, who knew better, and who himself liked to compare

notes with people who winter in Italy, did what he could to check her exuberance, but she was too simple to understand why.

John, her son, did not share her feelings at first. John was generally confused and disturbed in his mind by all that had happened. He had not got over his wonder at the marriage, when he was carried off to this new and alien home. He did not say much. There was little opening by which he could communicate his feelings. He could not disapprove, being too young; and now that Mr. Kingsford was always there, the boy had no longer the opportunity to influence his mother as, young as he was, he had hitherto done — “tyrannize over his mother,” some people called it. All that was over. Much puzzled, the boy was dropped back into a properly subordinate position, which no doubt was much better for him; but it was a great change. To do him justice, he was never insubordinate; but he looked at his mother’s husband with eyes out of which the perplexity never died. There was a permanent confusion ever after in his sense of domestic relationships, and the duty he owed to his seniors and superiors; for he never quite knew how it was that Mr. Kingsford had become the master of his fate, though a certain innate pride, as well as his love of his mother, taught him to accept the yoke which he could not throw off. Mr. Kingsford was determined to do his duty by John. He vowed when he gave the somewhat reluctant, proud little Scotsman — feeling himself at eleven too old to be kissed — a solemn embrace, that he would do the boy “every justice.” He should have the best education, the most careful guardianship; and Mr. Kingsford kept his word. He gave the boy an ideal education from his own point of view. He sent him to Eton, and, when the due time came, to Oxford, and considered his advantage in every way; and it is needless to say, that as John grew up, the sensation of incongruity, the wonder that was in his mind as to this sudden interference with all the natural arrangements of his life, died away. It came to be a natural thing to him that Mr. Kingsford should have charge of his affairs. And he went home to the rectory for the holidays to find now and then a new baby, but all in the quiet, natural way of use and wont, with no longer anything that struck him as strange in his relationships. And yet he was put out of the natural current of his life. Boy as he was, he thought sometimes, not

only of special corners in the woods, and turns of the stream, where he nibbled as a boy at the big sports, which are the life of men in the country, but above all of the house, the landscape, the great sweep of land and sky, of which, when he shut his eyes, he could always conjure up a vague vision. He thought of it with a sort of grudge that it was not within his reach — keen at first, but afterwards very faint and slight, as the boy’s sentiments died away in those of the man.

Meanwhile it was an excellent arrangement, who could doubt, for John’s interest — instead of keeping up the place, to have a rent for it; and he had the most excellent man of business, who nursed his estate like a favorite child; so that when his minority was over, and Colonel Barrington’s lease out, John Erskine was in a more favorable position than any one of his name had been for some generations. The estate was small. When his father died, exclusive of Mrs. Erskine’s jointure, there was not much more than a thousand a year to come out of it; and on fifteen hundred a year his father had thought himself very well off, and a happy man. In the mean time, there had been accumulations which added considerably to this income, almost making up the sum which Mrs. Kingsford enjoyed for her life. And John had always been treated at the rectory as a golden youth, happily exempted from all the uncertainty and the need of making their own way, which his stepfather announced, shaking his head, to be the fate of his own boys. Her eldest son, who was in “such a different position,” was a great pride to Mrs. Kingsford, even when it seemed to her half an injury that her other children should have no share in his happiness. But indeed she consoled herself by reflecting, an eldest son is always in a very different position; and no elder brother could have been kinder — voluntarily undertaking to send Reginald to Eton, “which was a thing we never could have thought of with no money,” as soon as he came of age; and in every way comporting himself as a good son and brother.

There were, however, points in this early training which were bad for John. He acquired an exaggerated idea of the importance of this position of his. He was known both at school and college as a youth of property, the representative of a county family. These words mean more at Eton and Oxford than they require to do at Edinburgh or St. Andrews. And in these less expensive precincts,

Erskine of Dalrulzian would have been known for what he was. Whereas in "the south" nobody knew anything about the dimensions of his estate, or the limits of his income, and everybody supposed him a young north-country potentate, with perhaps a castle or two and unlimited "moors,"—who would be an excellent fellow to know as soon as he came into his own. This was John's own opinion in all these earlier days of youth. He did not know what his income was; and had he known, the figures would not have meant anything particular to him. A thousand a year seems to imply a great deal of spending to a youth on an allowance of three hundred; and he accepted everybody's estimate of his importance with pleased satisfaction. After all the explanations which followed his coming of age, he had indeed a touch of disenchantment and momentary alarm, feeling the details to be less splendid than he had expected. But Mr. Monypenny evidently considered them anything but insignificant—and a man of his experience, the youth felt, was bound to know. He had gone abroad in the interval between leaving Oxford and coming "home" to take possession of his kingdom. He was not dissipated or extravagant, though he had spent freely. He was a good specimen of a young man of his time—determined that everything about him should be in "good form," and very willing to do his duty and be *bon prince* to his dependants. And he anticipated with pleasure the life of a country gentlemen, such as he had seen it in his mother's neighborhood, and in several houses of his college friends to which he had been invited. Sometimes, indeed, it would occur to him that his recollections of Dalrulzian were on a less extensive scale; but a boy's memory is always flattering to a home which he has not seen since his earliest years. Thus it was with a good deal of pleasant excitement that he set out from Milton Magna, his stepfather's rectory, where he had gone to see his mother and the children for a week or two on his return from the Continent. The season was just beginning, but John, full of virtue and hope, decided that he would not attempt to indulge in the pleasures of the season. Far better to begin his real life, to make acquaintance with his home and his "people," than to snatch a few balls and edge his way through a few crowded receptions, and feel himself nobody. This was not a thing which John much liked. He had been somebody all his life. Easter

had been early that year, and everything was early. He stayed in town a week or two, saw all that was going on at the theatres, got all the last information that was to be had at the club on Parliamentary matters, waited a day more "to see the pictures," and then set off on his homeward way. He had everything a young man of fortune requires, except a servant, for his habits were independent. He had been "knocking about," and there was no room at the rectory for such an appendage. So he took his own ticket, and himself saw his multifarious portman-teaus placed in the van which was to go "through." There were a great many mingled elements in his pleasure,—the satisfaction of "coming to his kingdom;" the pleasure of renewing old associations, and taking his natural place; the excitement of novelty—for it would all be as new to him, this home which he had not seen for a dozen years, as if he had never been there before. From thirteen to five-and-twenty, what a difference! He began to look about him with a new sensation as the morning rose after that long night journey, and he felt himself approaching home.

CHAPTER II.

OLD Rolls had been butler at Dalrulzian since John Erskine was a child. He had "stayed on" after Mrs. Erskine's second marriage with reluctance, objecting seriously to a step-master at all, and still more to one that was an "English minister;" but the house had many attractions for him. He liked the place; his sister was the cook, a very stationary sort of woman, who had the greatest disinclination to move. She was a sort of human cat, large and smooth and good-natured, almost always purring, satisfied with herself and all who were moderately good to her; and, as was natural, she made the butler very comfortable, and was extremely attentive to all his little ways. When Colonel Barrington took the house, Rolls once more expressed his determination to leave. "What for?" said the placid Bauby; "the gentleman was keen to have a' the servants—a' the servants that would bide." "A' the servants! there's so many of us," said Rolls derisively. There were indeed only himself, the cook, and one housemaid; the other, who had charge of John in his earlier days, and still was attached to him more or less, had gone with the family—and so, of course, had Mrs. Kingsford's maid. "We'll mak' a grand show in the servants'

hall — we're just a garrison," Rolls said. "We're plenty for a' the work there is the now," said the mild woman, "and they'll bring some with them. What ails ye to bide? You're real well aff — and me that kens exactly how you like your meat. Where would you be studied as I study you? You may just be thankful it's in your power." "It was with the Erskines I took service," said Rolls. "I'm no sure that I could put up with strangers, and them just travelling English. Besides, I've never been clear that service is my vocation. A kent family is one thing, a foreign master another. Him and me would very likely no get on — or them and me would no get on. All went very well in the last reign. Hairy Erskine was a gentleman, like all his forebears before him; but how am I to tell who is this cornel, or whatever they ca' him — a man I never heard tell of before? I'll give them over the keys, and maybe I'll wait till they're suited, but nobody can ask me to do more."

"Hoot, Tammas!" said his sister: which was the highest height of remonstrance she ever reached. Notwithstanding this, however, year after year Rolls had "stayed on." He was very distinct in pointing out to "the cornel" the superiority of his native masters, and the disadvantage to Scotland of having so many of the travelling English taking up the houses of the gentry; but he was an excellent servant, and his qualities in this way made up for his defects in the other — if, indeed, those defects did not tell in his favor; for a Scotch servant who is a character is, like a ghost, a credit to any old and respectable house. The Barringtons were proud of old Rolls. They laid temptations in his way and made him talk whenever they had visitors; and his criticisms on the English, and the opinions which he freely enunciated on all subjects, had often kept the party in amusement. Rolls, however, had not been able to defend himself against a certain weakness for the children, specially for Nora, who was very small when the family came to Dalrulzian, and whom he had brought up, as he flattered himself, regretting much all the time that she was not an Erskine and natural-born daughter of the house. Rolls did not by any means see the departure of the Barringtons unmoved, notwithstanding that he hurried them away. He stood for a long time looking after the "coach," which was a sort of rude omnibus, as it jolted down the avenue. The old servant stood in the clear morning

air, through which every creak of the jingling harness and every jolt of the wheels sounded so distinctly, and the voice of Jock Beaton apostrophizing his worn-out horse, and watched the lingering departure with feelings of a very mingled description. "There's *feenis* put to that chapter," he said to himself aloud. "We're well rid of them." But he lingered as long as the yellow panels could be seen gleaming through the trees at the turn of the road, without any of the jubilation in his face which he expressed in his words. At that last turn, just when the "coach" reached the highroad, something white was waved from the window, which very nearly made an end of Rolls. He uttered something which at first sounded like a sob, but was turned into a laugh, so to speak, before it fell into that telltale air which preserved every gradation of sound. "It's that bit thing!" Rolls said, more sentimental than perhaps he had ever been in his life. His fine feeling was, however, checked abruptly. "You're greetin' yourself, Tammas," said a soft, round voice, interrupted by sobs, over his shoulder. "Me greetin'!" he turned round upon her with a violence that, if Bauby had been less substantial and less calm, would have driven her to the other end of the house; "I'm just laughin' to see the nonsense you women-folk indulge in: but it's paardonable in the case of a bit creature like Miss Nora. And I allow they have a right to feel it. Where will they find a bonnie place like Dalrulzian, and next to nothing in the way of rent or keeping up? But I'm thankful mysel to see the nest cleared out, and the real man in it. What are you whimpering about? It's little you've seen of them, aye in your kitchen." "Me seen little of them!" cried Bauby, roused to a kind of soft indignation; "the best part of an hour with the mistress every day of my life, and as kind a sympathizing woman! There'll be nae leddy now to order the dinners — and that's a great responsibility, let alone anything else." "Go away with your responsibility. I'll order your dinners," said Rolls. "Well," said Bauby, not without resignation, "to be a servant, and no born a gentleman, you've aye been awfu' particular about your meat." And she withdrew consoled, though drying her eyes, to wonder if Mr. John would be "awfu' particular about his meat," or take whatever was offered to him, after the fashion of some young men. Meat, it must be explained, to Bauby Rolls meant food of all descrip-

tions—not only that which she would herself have correctly and distinctly distinguished as “butcher’s meat.”

The house was very empty and desolate after all the din and bustle. The furniture had faded in the quarter of a century and more which had elapsed since Harry Erskine furnished his drawing-room for his bride. That had not been a good period for furniture, according to our present lights, and everything looked dingy and faded. The few cosy articles with which the late tenants had changed its character had been removed; the ornaments and prettinesses were all gone. The gay, limp old chintzes, the faded carpet, the walls in sad want of renewal, obtruded themselves even upon the accustomed eye of Rolls. The nest might be cleared, but it looked a somewhat forlorn and empty nest. He stood upon the threshold of the drawing-room, contemplating it mournfully. A little of that “cheeney and nonsense” which he had been highly indignant with Mrs. Barrington for bringing, would have been of the greatest consequence now to brighten the walls; and a shawl or a hat thrown on a chair, which had called forth from old Rolls many a grumble in the past, would have appeared to him now something like a sign of humanity in the desert. But all that was over, and the old servant, painfully sensible of the difference in the aspect of the place, began to grow afraid of its effect upon the young master. If, after all, John should not be “struck with” his home! if, terrible to think of, he might prefer some house “in the south” to Dalrulzian! “But it’s no possible,” said Rolls to himself. He made a survey of all the rooms in the new anxiety that dawned upon him. The library was better; there were a good many books on the shelves, and it had not to Rolls the air of desertion the other rooms had. He lighted a fire in it, though it was the first week in May, and took great pains to restore by it an air of comfort and habitation. Then he took a walk down the avenue in order to make a critical examination of the house from a little distance, to see how it would look to the new-comer. And Rolls could not but think it a most creditable-looking house. The fir-trees on the top of the hill threw up their sombre fan of foliage against the sky; the birches were breathing forth a spring sweetness—the thin young foliage softly washed in with that tenderest of greens against the darker background, seemed to appeal to the spectator, forbidding any

hasty judgment, with the promise of something beautiful to come. The ash-trees were backward no doubt, but they are always backward. In the wood the primroses were appearing in great clusters, and the parterres under the terrace were gay with the same. Rolls took comfort as he gazed. The avenue was all green, the leaves in some sunny corners quite shaken out of their husks, in all bursting hopefully. “It’s a bonnie place,” Rolls said to himself, with a sigh of excitement and anxiety. Bauby, who shared his feelings in a softened, fat, comfortable way of her own, was standing in the doorway, with her little shawl pinned over her broad chest, and a great white apron blazing in the light of the morning sun. She had a round face, like a full moon, and a quantity of yellow hair smoothed under the white cap, which was decorously tied under her chin. She did not take any of the dignity of a house-keeper-cook upon her, but she was a comfortable creature to behold, folding her round arms, with the sleeves rolled up a little, and looking out with a slight curve, like a shadow of the pucker on her brother’s brows, in her freckled forehead. She was ready to cry for joy when Mr. John appeared, just as she had cried for sorrow when the Barringtons went away. Neither of these effusions of sentiment would disturb her greatly, but they were quite genuine all the same. Rolls felt that the whiteness of her apron and the good-humor of her face lit up the seriousness of the house. He began to give her instructions as he advanced across the open space at the top of the avenue. “Bauby,” he said, “when ye hear the wheels ye’ll come, and the lasses with you; and Andrew, he can stand behind; and me, naturally I’ll be in the front: and we’ll have no whingeing, if *you* please, but the best curvey you can make, and ‘We’re glad to see you home, sir,’ or something cheery like that. He’s been long away, and he was but a boy when he went. We’ll have to take care that he gets a good impression of his ain house.”

“That’s true,” said Bauby. “Tammas, I’ve heard of them that after a long absence have just taken a kind o’ scunner—”

“Hold your tongue with your nonsense. A scunner at Dalrulzian!” cried Rolls; but the word sank into the depths of his heart. A scunner—for we scorn a footnote—is a sudden sickening and disgust with an object not necessarily disagreeable—a sort of fantastic prejudice, which

there is no struggling against. But Rolls repeated his directions, and would not allow himself to entertain such a fear.

It was not, however, with any sound of wheels, triumphal or otherwise, that young Erskine approached his father's house. It was all new and strange to him; the hills—the broad and wealthy carses through which he had passed—the noble Firth, half sea half river, which he had crossed over in his way,—all appeared to him like landscapes in a dream, places he had seen before, though he could not tell how or when. It was afternoon when he reached Duncarn, which was the nearest place of any importance. He had chosen to stop there instead of at the little country station a few miles further on, which was proper for Dalrulzian. This caprice had moved him, much in the same way as a prince has sometimes been moved to wander about *incognito*, and glean the opinions of his public as to his own character and proceedings. Princes in fiction are fond of this diversion; why not a young Scotch laird just coming into his kingdom, whose person was quite unknown to his future vassals? It amused and gently excited him to think of thus arriving unknown, and finding out with what eyes he was looked upon; for he had very little doubt that he was important enough to be discussed and talked of, and that the opinions of the people would throw a great deal of light to him upon the circumstances and peculiarities of the place. He was curious about everything,—the little grey Scotch town, clinging to its hillside—the freshness of the spring color—the width of the wistful blue sky, banked and flecked with white clouds, and never free, with all its brightness, from a suspicion of possible rain. He thought he recollected them all like things he had seen in a dream; and that sense of travelling *incognito* and arriving without any warning in the midst of a little world, all eagerly looking for his arrival, but which should be innocently deceived by his unpretending appearance, tickled his fancy greatly. He was five-and-twenty, and ought to have known better; but there was something in the circumstances which justified his excitement. He skimmed lightly along the quiet country road, saying to himself that he thought he remembered the few clusters of houses that were visible here and there, one of them only big enough to be called a village, where there was “a merchant’s” shop, repository of every kind of ware, and a blacksmith’s smithy. Two or three

times he stopped to ask the way to Dalrulzian out of pure pleasure in the question; for he never lost sight of that line of fir-trees against the horizon, which indicated his native hill; but after he had put this question once or twice, it must be added that young Erskine’s satisfaction in it failed a little. He ceased to feel the excitement of his *incognito*, the pleasure of entering his dominions like a young prince in disguise. The imagination of the women at the village doors, the chance passengers on the way, were not occupied with the return of John Erskine; they were much more disposed to think and talk of the others who had no right, it seemed to him, to occupy their thoughts.

“Dalrulzian! you’ll find nobody there the day,” said a countryman whom he overtook and accosted on the road. “The family’s away this morning, and a great loss they will be to the countryside.”

“The family!” said John, and he felt that his tone was querulous in spite of himself. “I did not understand that there was a family.”

“Ay was there, and one that will be missed sore; both gentle and simple will miss them. Not the real family, but as good, or maybe better,” the man said, with a little emphasis, as if he meant offence, and knew who his questioner was.

The young man reddened in spite of himself. This was not the kind of popular report which in his *incognito* he had hoped to hear.

“The laird is what they call in Ireland an absentee,” said his companion. “We’re no minding muckle in Scotland if they’re absentees or no; they can please themselves. But there’s nae family of the Erskines—nothing but a young lad; and the cornel that’s had the house was a fine, hearty, weel-spoken man, with a good word for everybody; and the ladies very kind, and pleasant, and neighbor-like. Young Erskine must be a young laird past the ordinal if he can fill their place.”

“But, so far as I understand, the estate belongs to him, does it not?” Erskine asked, with an involuntary sharpness in his voice.

“Oh ay, it belongs to him; that makes but sma’ difference. Ye’re no bound to be a fine fellow,” said the roadside philosopher, with great calmness, “because ye’re the laird of a bit sma’ country place —”

“Is it such a small place?” cried the poor young prince *incognito*, appalled by

this revelation. He felt almost childishly annoyed and mortified. His companion eyed him with a cool, half-satirical gaze.

"You're maybe a friend of the young man? Na, I'm saying nae ill of the place nor of him. Dalrulzian's a fine little property, and a' in good order, thanks to auld Monypenny in Dunearn. Maybe you're from Dunearn? It's a place that thinks muckle of itself; but nae doubt it would seem but a poor bit town to you coming from the south?"

"How do you know I come from the south?" said John.

"Oh, I ken the cut of ye fine," said the man. "I'm no easy deceived. And I daur to say you could tell us something about this new laird. There's different opinions about him. Some thinks him a lad with brains, that could be put up for the county and spite the earl. I've no great objection mysel to the earl or his opinions, but to tak' another man's nominee, if he was an angel out of heaven, is little credit to an enlightened constituency. So there's been twa-three words. You'll no know if he has ony turn for politics, or if he's a clever lad, or ——"

"You don't seem to mind what his politics are," said the unwary young man.

His new friend gave him another keen glance. "The Erskines," he answered quietly, "are a' on the right side."

Now John Erskine was aware that he did not himself possess political opinions sufficiently strenuous to be acknowledged by either side. He agreed sometimes with one party, sometimes with another, which, politically speaking, is the most untenable of all positions. And so ignorant was he of the immediate traditions of his family, that he could not divine which was "the right side" on which the Erskines were sure to be. It was not a question upon which his mother could have informed him. As Mr. Kingsford's wife, an orthodox Church of England clergywoman, she was, of course, soundly Conservative, and thought she hated everything that called itself Liberal — which word she devoutly believed to include all kinds of radical, revolutionary, and atheistical sentiments. John himself had been a good Tory too when he was at Eton, but at Oxford had veered considerably, running at one time into extreme opinions on the other side, then veering back, and finally settling into a hopeless eclectic, who by turns sympathized with everybody, but agreed wholly with nobody. Still it was whimsical not even to know the side on which the Erskines were de-

clared with so much certainty to be. It pleased him at least to find that they had character enough to have traditionary politics at all.

"You must excuse me as a stranger," he said, "if I don't quite know what side you regard as the — right side."

His friend looked at him with a sarcastic gaze — a look John felt which set him down not only as devoid of ordinary intelligence, but of common feeling. "It's clear to see you are not of that way of thinking," he said.

As he uttered this contemptuous verdict they came opposite to a gate, guarded by a pretty thatched cottage which did duty for a lodge. John felt his heart give a jump, notwithstanding the abashed yet amused sensation with which he felt himself put down. It was the gate of Dalrulzian: he remembered it as if he had left it yesterday. A woman came to the gate and looked out, shielding her eyes with her hand from the level afternoon sun that shone into them. "Have you seen anything of our young master, John Tamson?" she said. "I'm aye thinking it's him every sound I hear."

"There's the road," said the rural politician, briefly addressing John; then he turned to the woman at the gate. "If it's no him, I reckon it's a friend. Ye had better pit your questions here," he said.

"John Thomson," said John, with some vague gleam of recollection. "Are you one of the farmers?" The man looked at him with angry, the woman with astonished, eyes.

"My freend," said John Thomson indignantly, "I wouldna wonder but you have plenty of book-learning; but you're an ignorant young fop for a' that, if you were twenty times the laird's freend."

John for his part was too much startled and amused to be angry. "Am I an ignorant young fop?" he said. "Well, it is possible — but why in this particular case ——"

"Noo, noo," said the woman, who left the lodge, coming forward with her hands spread out, and a tone of anxious conciliation. "Dear bless me! what are you bickering about? He's no a farmer, but he's just as decent a man — nobody better thought of for miles about. And John Tamson, I'm astonished at you! Can you no let the young gentleman have his joke without taking offence like this, that was never meant?"

"I like nae such jokes," said John Tamson angrily; and he went off swinging down the road at a great pace. John

stood looking after him for a moment greatly perplexed. The man did not touch his hat nor the woman curtsy as they certainly would have done at Milton Magna. He passed her mechanically without thinking of her, and went in at his own gate — not thinking of that either, though it was an event in his life. This little occurrence had given an impulse in another direction to his thoughts.

But the woman of the lodge called after him. She had made a slightly surprised objection to his entrance, which he did not notice in his preoccupation. "Sir, sir!" she cried — "you're welcome to walk up the avenue, which is a bonny walk; but you'll find nobody in the house. The young laird, if it was him you was wanting to see, is expected every minute; but there's no signs of him as yet — and he canna come now till the four o'clock train."

"Thank you. I'll walk up the avenue," said John, and then he turned back. "Why did you think I was making a joke? and why was your friend offended when I asked if he was one of the farmers? — it was no insult, I hope."

"He's a very decent man, sir," said the woman; "but I wouldna just take it upon me to say that he was my freend."

"That's not the question!" cried John, exasperated — and he felt some gibe about Scotch caution trembling on the tip of his tongue; but he remembered in time that he was himself a Scot and among his own people, and he held that unruly member still.

"Weel, sir," said the woman, "if ye will ken — but, bless me! it's easy to see for yourself. The farmers about here are just as well put on and mounted and a' that as you are. John Tamson! he's a very decent man, as good as any of them — but he's just the joiner after a', and a cotter's son. He thought you were making a fool of him, and he's not a man to be made a fool o'. We're no so civil-like — nor maybe so humble-minded, for anything I can tell — as the English, sir. Baith the cornel and his lady used to tell me that."

It was with a mixture of irritation and amusement that John pursued his way after this little encounter. And an uncomfortable sensation, a chill, seemed to creep over his mind, and arrest his pleasurable expectations as he went on. The avenue was not so fine a thing as its name implied. It was not lined with noble trees, nor did it sweep across a green universe of parks and lawns like many he

had known. It led instead up the slope of the hill, through shrubberies which were not more than copsewood in some places, and under lightly arching trees not grand enough or thick enough to afford continuous shade. And yet it was sweet in the brightness of the spring tints, the half-clothed branches relieved against that variable yet smiling sky, the birds in full-throated chorus, singing welcome with a hundred voices, — no nightingales there, but whole tribes of the "mavis and the merle," north-country birds and kindly. His heart and mind were touched alike with that half-pathetic pleasure, that mixture of vague recollections and forgetfulness, with which we meet the half-remembered faces, and put out our hands to meet the grasp of old friends still faithful though scarcely known. A shadow of the childish delight with which he had once explored these scanty yet fresh and friendly woods came breathing about him: "The winds came to me from the fields of sleep." He felt himself like two people: one, a happy boy at home, familiar with every corner; the other a man, a spectator, sympathetically excited, faltering upon the forgotten way, wondering what lay round the next curve of the road. It was the strangest blending of the known and the unknown.

But when John Erskine came suddenly, as he turned the corner of that great group of ash-trees, in sight of his house, these vague sensations, which were full of sweetness, came to an end with a sharp jar and shock of the real. Dalrulzian was a fact of the most solid dimensions, and dispersed in a moment all his dreams. He felt himself come down suddenly through the magical air, with a sensation of falling, with his feet upon the common soil. So that was his home! He felt in a moment that he remembered it perfectly, — that there had never been any illusions about it in his mind, — that he had known all along every line of it, every step of the gables, the number of the little windows, the slopes of the gray roof. But it is impossible to describe the keen sense of disenchantment which went through his mind as he said this to himself. It was not only that the solid reality dispersed his vision, but that it afforded a measure by which to judge himself and his fortunes, till now vaguely and pleasantly exaggerated in his eyes. It is seldom indeed that the dim image of what was great and splendid to us in our childhood does not seem ludicrously exaggerated when we compare it with the reality.

He who had felt himself a young prince in disguise, approaching his domains *incognito*, in order to enjoy at his leisure the incense of universal interest, curiosity, and expectation! John Erskine blushed crimson though nobody saw him, as he stood alone at the corner of his own avenue and recognized the mistake he had made, and his own unimportance, and all the folly of his simple over-estimate. Fortunately, indeed, he had brought nobody with him to share in the glories of his entry upon his kingdom. He thanked heaven for that, with a gasp of horror at the thought of the crowning ridicule he had escaped. It was quite hard enough to get over the first startling sensation of reality alone.

And yet it was the same house upon which the Barringtons had looked back so affectionately a few hours before—which the county regarded with approval, and which was visited by the best families. It would be hard to say what its young master had expected,—a dream-castle, a habitation graceful and stately, a something built out of clouds, not out of old Scotch rubble-work and gray stone. It was not looking its best, it must be added. The *corps du logis* lay in gloom, thrown into shade by the projecting rustic gable, upon the other side of which the setting sun still played; the yellowish walls, discolored here and there by damp, had no light upon them to throw a fictitious glow over their imperfections. The door stood open, showing the hall with its faded fittings, gloomy and unattractive, and, what was more, deserted, as if the house had been abandoned to deariness and decay—not so much as a dog to give some sign of life. When the young man, rousing himself with an effort, shook off the stupor of his disappointment and vexation, and went on to the open door, his foot on the gravel seemed to wake a hundred unaccustomed echoes; and nobody appeared. He walked in unchallenged, unwelcomed, going from room to room, finding all equally desolate. Was there ever a more dismal coming home? When he reached the library, where a little fire was burning, this token of human life quite went to the young fellow's heart. He was standing on the hearth very gloomy, gazing wistfully at the portrait of a gentleman in a periwig over the mantel-piece, when the door was pushed open, and old Rolls appeared with his coat off carrying a basket of wood. Rolls was as much startled as his master was disappointed, and he was vexed to be seen by

a stranger in so unworthy an occupation. He put down his basket and glanced at his shirt-sleeves with confusion. "I was expecting nobody," he said in his own defence. "And wha may ye be," he added, "that comes into the mansion-house of Dalrulzian without speering permission, or ringing a bell, or chapping at a door?" John smiled at the old man's perplexity, but said nothing. "You'll be a friend of our young master's?" he said tentatively; then after an interval, in a voice with a quiver in it, "You're no meaning, sir, that you're the laird himself?"

"For want of a better," said John, amused in spite of himself. "And you're old Rolls. I should have known you anywhere. Shake hands, man, and say you're glad to see me. It's like a house of the dead."

"Na, sir, no such things; there's no death here. Lord bless us! wha was to think you would come in stealing like a thief in the night, as the Bible says?" said Rolls, aggrieved. He felt that it was he who was the injured person. "It was all settled how you were to be received as soon as the wheels were heard in the avenue,—me on the steps, and the women behind, and Andrew,—the hail household, to wit. If there's any want of respect, it's your ain fault. And if you'll just go back to the avenue now and give us warning, I'll cry up the women in a moment," the old servant said.

From The Spectator.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE great American thinker, who has been so often compared to Carlyle, and who in some respects resembles, whilst in many more he is profoundly different from him, and who has so soon followed him to the grave, will be remembered much longer, we believe, for the singular insight of his literary judgments, than for that transcendental philosophy for which he was once famous. It is remarkable enough that Carlyle and Emerson both had in them that imaginative gift which made them aim at poetry, and both that incapacity for rhythm or music which rendered their regular verses too rugged, and too much possessed with the sense of effort, to sink as verse should sink into the hearts of men. Carlyle's verse is like the heavy rumble of a van without springs; Emerson's, which now and then reaches something of the sweetness of poetry,

much more often reminds one of the attempts of a seeress to induce in herself the ecstasy which will not spontaneously visit her. Yet the prose, both of Carlyle and of Emerson, falls at times into that poetic rhythm which indicates the highest glow of a powerful imaginative nature, though of such passages the present writer, at least, could produce many more from Carlyle than from Emerson. We should say that a little of Emerson's verse is genuine poetry, though not of the highest order, and that none of Carlyle's is poetry at all; but that some of Carlyle's prose is as touching as any but the noblest poetry, while Emerson never reaches the same profound pathos. Nor is this the only side on which these two contemporary thinkers resemble each other. As thinkers, both were eager transcendentalists, and at the same time, rationalists too. Both were intended for divines, and both abandoned the profession, though Emerson filled a pulpit for a year or two, while Carlyle never even entered on the formal study of theology. Both, again, were in their way humorists, though Emerson's humor was a much less profound constituent of his character than Carlyle's. And finally, both would have called themselves the spokesmen of "the dim, common populations," the enemies of all selfish privilege, of all purely traditional distinctions between man and man, of all the artificial selfishness of class, of all the tyranny of caste, and the cruelty of custom.

Yet Emerson and Carlyle were in their way very remarkable contrasts. Emerson was as benignant and gentle as Carlyle was arrogant and bitter. Mr. Ruskin has asked, "What can you say of Carlyle, except that he was born in the clouds, and struck by lightning?" Of Emerson, it might, perhaps, be also said that he was born in the clouds, but assuredly not that he was struck by lightning. There is nothing scathed or marred about him, nothing sublime, though something perhaps better, — a little of the calm of true majesty. He has the keen kindliness of the highest New England culture, with a touch of majesty about him that no other New England culture shows. He has the art of saying things with a tone of authority quite unknown to Carlyle, who casts his thunderbolt, but never forgets that he is casting it at some unhappy mortal whom he intends to slay. That is not Emerson's manner; he is never aggressive. He has that regal suavity which settles a troublesome matter without dispute. His sentences are often like de-

crees. For example, take this, on the dangers of the much-vaunted life of action: "A certain partiality, headiness, and want of balance is the tax which all action must pay. Act if you like, but you do it at your peril;" or this, on the dangers of speculation: "Why should I vapor and play the philosopher, instead of ballasting the best I can this dancing balloon;" or this, on the dangers of hero-worship: "Every hero becomes a bore at last. We balance one man with his opponent, and the health of the State depends upon the see-saw;" or this, on the Time-spirit: "We see now events forced on which seem to retard or retrograde the civility of ages. But the World-spirit is a good swimmer, and storms and waves cannot drown him." There is no thinker of our day who, for sentences that have the ring of oracles, can quite compare with Emerson. Mr. Arnold, in a sonnet written nearly forty years ago, on Emerson's essays, said: —

A voice oracular has pealed to day;
To-day a hero's banner is unfurled.

And the first line at least was true, whatever may be said of the second. No man has compressed more authoritative insight into his sentences than Emerson. He discerns character more truly than Carlyle, though he does not describe with half the fervent vigor. Carlyle worships Goethe blindly, but Emerson discerns the very core of the poet. "Goethe can never be dear to men. His is not even the devotion to pure truth, but to truth for the sake of culture." And again, Goethe, he says, "has one test for all men: *What can you teach me?*" Hear him of Goethe as artist: "His affections help him, like women employed by Cicero to worm out the secrets of conspirators." Or take this, as summing up Goethe as a poet: "These are not wild, miraculous songs, but elaborate poems, to which the poet has confided the results of eighty years of observation. . . . Still, he is a poet of a prouder laurel than any contemporary, and under this plague of microscopes (for he seems to see out of every pore of his skin), strikes the harp with a hero's strength and grace." There is something far more royal and certain in Mr. Emerson's insight, than in all the humorous brilliance of Carlyle.

Still, if we were to compare the two as transcendental thinkers, we should not hesitate to declare Carlyle much the greater of the two. Emerson never seems to us so little secure of his ground as he

is in uttering his transcendentalisms, — Carlyle never so secure. Emerson on "Nature," Emerson on the "Over-Soul," Emerson on the law of "Polarity," Emerson on "Intuition," does not seem to us even instructive. He aims too wide, and hits only the vague. When he tells us, in his "Representative Men," that "animated chlorine knows of chlorine, and incarnate zinc of zinc," he attempts to state his peculiar pantheism in words which not only do not make it more intelligible, but rather illustrate the untruth of the general assertion that only like can perceive like. "Shall we say," he adds, "that quartz mountains will pulverize into innumerable Werners, Von Buchs, and Beaumonts, and that the laboratory of the atmosphere holds in solution I know not what Berzelius and Davys?" — a question to which the present writer, at least, would reply with a most emphatic "No," if, at least, the object be, as it no doubt is, to explain discoverers by their latent affinity with the thing discovered. Suppose we put it thus, "Animated bacteria know of bacteria, incarnate lymph of vaccine:" — who would not see the absurdity? Is there really more of the bacteria in Professor Pasteur or Professor Koch, than there is in the cattle inoculated by the former, or the consumptive patients who die from the presence of tubercular bacteria, according to the teaching of the latter, that Professors Pasteur and Koch discover their presence, while the patients themselves discover nothing of the nature of their own complaints? Of course, Emerson would have said that he did not mean his statements to be thus carnally understood. Very likely not; but have they any real meaning at all, unless thus carnally construed? Mr. Emerson's transcendental essays are full of this kind of dark and vague symbolism, which carries weight only in proportion to the extent of our ignorance, not to the extent of our knowledge. Now, Carlyle, so far as he was a transcendentalist, stuck to the very truth and reality of nature. He showed us how small a proportion of our life we can realize in thought; how small a proportion of our thoughts we can figure forth in words; how immense is the difference between the pretensions of human speech and the real life for which it stands; how vast the forces amidst which the human spirit struggles for its little modicum of purpose; how infinite the universe, both in regard to space and time, on which we make our little appearances only to subside again before we can

hope materially to change the great stream of tendencies which contains us; and he made us feel, as hardly any other has made us feel, how, in spite of all this array of immensities in which we are hardly a distinguishable speck, the Spirit whose command brings us into being requires of us the kind of life which defies necessity, and breathes into the order of our brief existence the spirit of impassioned right and indomitable freedom. This was but a narrow aim, compared with that of Mr. Emerson's philosophy, but it succeeded, while Emerson's did not. The various philosophic essays in which Emerson tried to assert the absolute unity of the material and spiritual laws of the universe, have always seemed to us, though decidedly interesting, yet unquestionable failures. You can drive a coach and six through almost any one of the generalizations which pass for philosophy, in these vague and imaginative, but unreal speculations.

Inferior in genius, — as a man Emerson will compare favorably with Carlyle. He certainly possessed his soul in patience, which Carlyle never did. He had a magnanimity in which Carlyle was altogether wanting. He sympathized ardently with all the greatest practical movements of his own day, while Carlyle held contemptuously aloof. Emerson was one of the first to strike a heavy blow at the institution of slavery. He came forward to encourage his country in the good cause, when slavery raised the flag of rebellion. He had a genuine desire to see all men really free, while Carlyle only felt the desire to see all men strongly governed, — which they might be without being free at all. Emerson's spirit, moreover, was much the saner and more reverent of the two, though less rich in power and humor. His mind was heartily religious, though his transcendentalism always gave a certain air of patronage to his manner in speaking of any of the greater religions. One of his youthful sermons was thus described by a lady who heard it: "Waldo Emerson came last Sunday, and preached a sermon, with his chin in the air, in scorn of the whole human race." That is caricature, but whenever Emerson spoke on any religion which claims a special revelation, even in later life, his chin seemed to be "in the air" still. He had the democratic transcendentalist's jealousy of any one who claimed to be nearer God than the race at large. He was contemptuous of the pretensions of special access to God, and this, to our ears at

least, always spoils his tone, when he speaks of Christ and Christianity. But towards man, he is always reverent—which Carlyle seldom is—and he is always reverent, too, in relation to the Divine Mind itself. "I conceive a man as always spoken to from behind," he once wrote, "and unable to turn his head and see the speaker. In all the millions who have heard the voice, none ever saw the face. As children in their play run behind each other, and seize one by the ears, and make him walk before them, so is the Spirit our unseen pilot." Those are the words of a truly reverent mind, though of a mind as jealously devoted to a sort of false spiritual democracy, as it is reverent in its attitude and poetic in its inmost thought.

From The Saturday Review.
MR. EMERSON.

ON this side of the Atlantic we were still newly mourning for the greatest of English leaders in science, when it was told us that another life had fallen of one no less widely held in reverence by English-speaking men; the life of the only man, perhaps, if comparison may be made between fields of action so widely different, who exercised on the ideas of a generation younger than his own an influence comparable in its depth and penetration to Mr. Darwin's. In one way, at least, the parallel is not fanciful. Some of those who have been forward in taking up and advancing the impulse given by Darwin, not only on the special ground whence it started, but as a source of energy in the wider applications of scientific thought, have once and again openly declared that they owe not a little to Emerson. The parallel holds, again, in the sort of people who failed to appreciate the power of the great men whom America and England have jointly lost; we say jointly, not severally, for the loss to either nation is the loss of both. It is needless to refute the shallow criticism which affected to treat Emerson as an imitator of Carlyle; but we met with it not many years ago, and it proceeded, strangely enough, from a person who had taken on himself at the meeting of some obscure society to refute Darwinism in a nutshell. Mr. Darwin's observations on the variation of domesticated animals proved nothing in this learned gentleman's opinion; for, when all was said, all the artificial breeds of

pigeons, however different in appearance and even in anatomy, remained "essentially pigeons." This is the stupidity against which the gods themselves fight in vain; and it was fitting and congruous that the same intellect should perceive in Emerson nothing but a second-rate and eccentric essayist. As Darwin vexed the souls of those good naturalists who had cut up the boundless continuity of nature into little bits, and safely classed and stowed away genera and species, as they thought, each to remain so labelled on its proper shelf till the end of the world, so did Emerson plague and confound the good orderly souls for whom every man who deals in thoughts must have his proper shelf too, and be assignable to some recognized class of the writing variety of man, on pain of being set down as a deceiver and babbler out of season.

There would be nothing more difficult, as there is happily nothing more needless, than to specify with what kind of authors Emerson ought to be ranked. He was neither the follower nor the founder of any school. He learnt from many and owed allegiance to none, and he taught without making disciples. Even in his lightest work he was always many-sided and unexpected; not for the sake of being unexpected, but because the natural working of his mind led him in paths that were not as other men's. If he criticised, it was with a certain ardor of practical application and looking to things to be done in life. If he exhorted, it was with a tempered edge of criticism barely concealed. He was discursive with dominant ideas, and spread out oracular axioms into a train of epigrams. He philosophized like a poet, and wrote poetry like a philosopher; wherefore specialists in both kinds are disappointed with him. Yet for this very reason his work has a higher strain and a subtler charm than faultless verse or rigorous dialectic often attains. As for those who go seeking after definite precepts, Emerson is their despair. All he has to say to them, if perchance they would hear it, is that they are not even beginning to seek rightly, and will have to begin over again. He is a more deadly enemy to formulas than Carlyle, because a profounder one. The resemblance between their thoughts (as between their styles, in so far as there is any) lies only on the surface. Carlyle taught men to mock at formulas, Emerson to rise above them. Carlyle's prophesyings and testimonies became at last a string of opposition formulas after their own kind, and

st as easy, when a man had learnt them, make intellectual counters of as the old ones. We greatly doubt if any one ever succeeded in extracting a formula from Emerson. This fluent quality of his thought makes him first repulsive and then fascinating. There is nothing proposed, no argument; you cannot see what the man is driving at. No more can one see what the wind and the cloud-fleeces in sunny sky are driving at. But the sun and air chase cobwebs out of the brain, and leave the senses in better harmony with the world; and Emerson leaves one with a serener belief in the nature of things and the hopefulness of man's estate, combined with a modest, but not object, resignation to the imperfection of individual achievement. The happy composition of spiritual forces by which his is brought about is precisely the secret of Emerson, and it is incommunicable. He would have said himself that the only clue to it is to go about one's own business, and work altogether in one's own way; and that if we find no successful issue in this, we cannot have been in earnest, or must have been deluding ourselves all the time, and really working in somebody else's way.

Reason and usage demand that Emerson should be called a philosopher; and yet he was a philosopher standing alone. He imbued himself with speculation, but stripped it of its forms. The student of philosophy who comes back to Emerson finds himself walking in a familiar air, but cannot make out the landmarks. No modern writer is fuller of the philosophical spirit, or less explicit on particular philosophical questions. Perhaps Emerson had an opinion on the technical merits of the Nominalist and Realist controversy. But whether he had, or what it was, are the last things his essay called "Nominalist and Realist" will tell us. He contemplated not only without dogmatizing, but without criticising in the ordinary sense. He found Plato's greatness not so much in his eloquence or intellectual subtilty as in his being "a balanced soul," "a man who could see two sides of a thing." He disliked the Oriental mystics, and enjoyed the active life of the modern world; not alternately, or as correctives one to the other, but at the same time, and with full consciousness of both being good in their kind and embodying truth. Emerson is called a transcendentalist, and so he was. But he did not regard transcendental systems as exhausting the world and man more than any other systems. He had a

good word for the sceptics, and celebrated Montaigne as their patron saint. If it were not evident that he never wanted a system, we might say that he would not afford himself one, thinking the best of possible systems too dear at the price of narrowing the mind's activity and the play of intellectual sympathies. And yet his difference from the philosophers in a stricter sense is less than it seems. All of them who have preserved a lasting power have done it by something which transcends their systems, and is more vital than the theories in which it is clothed. Emerson has this something without any pretence of a system at all.

In Emerson's later work he was more condescending to the plainer sort of readers, and even allowed himself to become didactic. These essays of his old age are good by way of a gentle introduction to his manner, which has to be learnt and fallen in with; but we miss in them the full and unique power of the man. What Emerson has to say on the reading of books, for example, is the advice of a wise and ripe scholar; but it has the unreality that clings to all specific advice of that sort. A fixed rule never to read a book less than a year old is not only impracticable, but a derogation from Emerson's own best mood. If a new book be good, why not now? If not, why a year hence? But there remained always the clear contemplation, the condensed and pointed words, and the fresh sincerity of manner. Originality is one of the attributes most commonly ascribed to Emerson, and justly. Nevertheless, like most men of creative mind, he thought very meanly of originality in the popular sense. One cannot imagine him, if questions of priority had been possible in his line of work, disputing one with anybody. Neither did his speculative turn exclude practical activities. He was a powerful and attractive speaker; Mr. Lowell has preserved a record of the impression he used to make in that quality. What is more, he could speak effectively on questions of urgent political interest, and so as to command the respectful ear of a hostile audience. This contemplator was no dreamer; like the ideal Athenian described by Pericles, he was in no wise unmanned by philosophy. Emerson, in fine, was a man of notable and singular power in English letters; a thinker the operation of whose works is more easily reflected on than described, more easily felt than reflected on, and goes deeper than that of instructors who make more formal professions.

From Public Opinion.
THE LITERATURE OF TIFLIS.

TIFLIS, so distant from the two capitals of Russia, from the two centres of intellectual life of that vast country, seems hardly the place from whence to expect the publication of original works in the Russian language; for of all towns Tiflis appears to be the least Russian. In the old, narrow, and tortuous streets of the ancient capital of Georgia, in the dark passages of the immense buildings called bazaars, at every step one is struck with the Asiatic manners and costumes of the people. In the lanes down near the banks of the Kura, or even higher up, near the steps leading to St. David's Mountain and the famous monastery where now rest the remains of the celebrated poet Griboyédov, killed by the Persians, nowhere does the Russian type prevail, except in the new part of the town, near the palace of the viceroy. Throughout the town one hears a medley of all sorts of languages: here the guttural and energetic sounds of the Georgian are intermingled with the sonorous and broad sounds of the Armenian, in which the shopkeepers address one; there the active Persians (the water-carriers, builders, in short, the general workers of those countries) speak in their soft, sweet, and poetic language, or in the rougher Aderbedjan Tartar. The mountaineers of the chain of the Caucasus discuss the news in their innumerable dialects, Ossetian, Lugoush, Koomik, Kazikoomik, Karaboolak, Adighe, etc., and hundreds of others belonging to different families, like the Ossetian to the Arian, and the Avar and its many dialects to the Turcoman. In that continual mixture of languages, belonging to all sorts of races, it seems hardly possible that the Russian language, which is really only spoken by the Russian officials and tradesmen, and by the young native noblemen and students, should be actively cultivated, and that many books should be printed there. Yet this is not the case. There is at Tiflis a very active book trade, though it is not promoted or kept up by any college or university. The local geography and ethnology have been especially studied of late years, and most fruitful works have been published. We need only name the "*Shopnik svédénie o Kavkazskikh gortsakh*" (recueil of information about the Caucasian mountaineers), or the numerous monographs of Generals Ooslar and Berget, the "Journal of the Caucasian Geographical Society," all of which have rendered immense services to

geographers and philologists, to show what a useful literary activity the Russians have shown in their new province. Many good papers are published in Tiflis, several of which contain great stores of information concerning the ethnology of that part of Asia. A few years ago there had been a sort of revival of the Georgian literature. A group of noble-minded and devoted young men had gathered together round the native gazette, *Droeba* (the *Times*), and the magazine, *Krébonli*, and employed all their varied talents to extend the knowledge of the native literature, which could boast of so many masterly poets in ancient times; they have published many fine works, especially poems and tales (for instance, "*Katsi Adamiani*," by Prince Tchavtchavadze), and some works of George Sand. Unfortunately the Georgian nobility, the only people likely to protect that attempt, were either too vain, too fond of pleasure, and strangers to any noble feelings of pride and love of their small but magnificent country, or else too engrossed in paying the respects to the Russian government, in order to get some decorations or situations, to condescend to take any notice of that attempt to bring about a renaissance of their own language; and though *Droeba* still exists, it has not the influence it deserves to have. The Georgian and Armenian authors (whose organ is the *Mshak*) have been overpowered by their more powerful and more fortunate competitor the Russian journalists. Among many Russian newspapers Tiflis possesses also a caricature journal well worthy of attention. The Russians have always been fond of caricature, and in spite of the fetters imposed upon the press by the censorship, the oppressive laws, and the administrative wrongs, they manage to have perhaps a larger number of caricature papers than any nation in Europe, some of which bear comparison with the best of the sort. Yet it was not without apprehension that we took up the *Goosli* (this is the name of the Tiflis journal). Georgia is so different from Russia, their manners are so opposed, that one feared the caricature would fall short of expectation, that what the French call a *fausseté* would be heard. We were soon reassured however. The *Goosli* (*goosli* is the name of the ancient Slavonian's harp) is full of a true, honest, and humane humor. It is not full of nonsensical conundrums or puns, all the wit of which consists in the repetition of a word or a syllable, to be taken in a wrong sense — *jeux de mots*.

as the French say — which fill the columns of too many of our contemporaries. The engravings are somewhat rough, and here and there badly drawn; but the spirit of them is always good and honest, a feeling of love for the sufferers, and deep sympathy for the Russian people. The Russian mind is naturally inclined to melancholy and despondency, and we find also signs of that regrettable national characteristic. A Russian peasant scratching his ear, after the invariable habit of his kind when embarrassed, stands before a post on which is written: "If you go to the right you'll lose your horse; if you go to the left you'll lose yourself." The peasant says, "Fog everywhere; I really don't know whether I am to go to the right or to the left." The corresponding picture of this cartoon explains it: right and left are seen two heads of a Slav(ian)ophile and a Europophile; each calls upon the peasant to follow him, but the peasant, sitting at the foot of a tree, drinks his vodka: "I will lie down and sleep here." We do not believe that the Russian people will go to sleep, wavering between the two impulses which are endeavoring to lead it towards two totally different deals. The real Russian is original enough and sensible enough to be able to find out the way most likely to suit him best. Far from despairing, we think he is preparing for a new and rapid movement forward. Self-conscious public opinion is awaking on her miserable bed: "I have slept long . . . and I am so stupid till. . . . What strange fancies have passed through my head! Is it a dream till?" . . . Enormous packages with the words: "Public Questions" are drawn by a tortoise and a lobster. This is to show how public business and reform go on at the present time. When embezzlements of public money and frauds are discovered every day, the following cartoon is appropriate: A wretched, hungry-looking beggar steals a loaf — it is *neblagovidnoe* (an untranslatable word, something like not respectable). A well-dressed gentleman, with a heavy gold chain, fills his pocket with public or government money — it is *lagoidnoe* (respectable). All the cartoons are inspired by that instinctive misanthropy so inherent in the Russian genius, but as they are all the true expressions of the present condition of the people, let us hope the paper will do good. The only thing to be wished for is greater nish in the engraving and more care in the draughtsmanship; as to the letterpress, it leaves nothing to be desired.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
SUNRISE.

SUNRISE! Sunrise! See!
Into the field of the dawn,
Where the mountain's clear sharp line is drawn,
The light mounts steadily.
While below in many a chasm deep,
The mists of night still lingering creep,
And the lower slopes are half asleep,
And dimly dreaming, —
And at last, look! look! how startlingly
Into the world of the open sky,
Where the light before was so pale and tender,
And earth and air were still and aware
With a silent expectation,
Sails the sudden Sun —
With its banners of clouds above it streaming,
Golden and purple, and rose and grey and dun,
Flooding the world with its splendor,
And gladdening all creation.
And Day — Day — Day, has begun.

There's a rustle through leagues of forest —
the ocean stirs,
Quivering with joy and light.
The last star swoons and dies — only the firs,
And the sombre cedars, and cypresses tall,
Solemn, dark, and funereal,
Remember the vanished night.
Day and life return — and the earth rejoices,
The air is alive with a murmur of busy voices;
There's the low of a myriad herds,
Feeding on endless meadows, —
There's the joy of a myriad birds,
Darting through leafy shadows, —
There's the quiver of endless leaves,
That gleam at the day's returning, —
And the breath of a world of flowers goes up
Like incense unto the morning,
As spreading their petals, they shake from each cup,
The dews that its light imprison,
And the life of a myriad insect-wings
In the wet grass buzz and dizen.
The spider from twig to twig has swung
His glimmering wheel of silken thread, —
And the gossamer over the grasses hung
His awning diamonded.
The wild geese drop from the thin clear height,
Where all night long they have held their flight,
And settle on lake and mere;
Up springs the lark, and, lost in the light,
Carols his rapture — out of sight
Thrilling the atmosphere.
A thousand sails on the heaving sea,
By a sudden hue of rose are struck, —
In a thousand cities shaft and spire,
Are quivering pointed with golden fire, —
From a thousand homes into the sky,

The thin grey column of rising smoke,
Is stealing silently.
The jar of the world of men begins, —
The reaper and sower afield are going,
The busy factory clacks and dins,
The mill-wheel over its sluices whirls,
Shattered in spray of diamond and
pearls,
The torrents overflowing.
There's a ring of wagons on valley
and hill, —
From a thousand farms with clarion
shrill,
The strutting cock is crowing.
There is neighing and barking, and bleating
and lowing,
Chirp and chatter, and stir and clatter,
And an infinite humming and whirring, —
For the throbbing world is alive again,
And its pulse is beating in every vein
With the strength of a mighty stirring;
Night with its shadows of death is done.
The great new wondrous day has begun,
And mountains and valleys, and seas and
strands,
Forests and rivers and torrents free,
Startled, arouse and clap their hands,
The glad new miracle to see,
And shout, "The Sun! The Sun!"

All the world is alive and waking
To hail the great new day that is breaking.
Sharp through the Western forest's tangled
covers
The hunter's rifle cracks,
Where the black bear prowls, and the poising
eagle hovers,
And the beaver his mud-dam packs.
There rings the pioneer's axe, and the forest
giant
That has caught the day's first flash
On its topmost crest for a full long century,
quivers —
Shudders — and falls with a crash.
Far in the south, through thick Brazilian tan-
gles
The painted parrot screams,
And the boa coiled on its branches droops and
dangles,
And the Paradise-bird like a living flash of
splendor
Through the burning summer streams.
Over the Western prairies herds of buffaloes
Crowded and thundering rush, —
The lion and tiger on sandy African deserts
That all night long have ranged for
their prey,
Sate now at the coming of day,
Are stealing to cave and bush, —
The ostrich is whirring, half running, half fly-
ing,
On sultry Australian plains, —
The hippopotamus lumbers along to the river
Crashing among the canes, —
The soft-eyed spotted giraffe his tall neck
stretches
The low wet branches to browse, —
The ponderous elephants lift their trunks and
trumpet

And shake the earth as they rouse.
From seething Sumatra and tropic Madagasca
From Borneo's groves of spice,
To the glacial fields where the white bea
basks and souses
And blunders along the ice, —
From the sultry Indian Sea to the cold Atlan-
tic,
As on thy glory comes, —
From the orient chambers of thy early rising,
O'er Europe's plains and homes, —
From the Himalayas on to the Alps, and on
ward
To the Rocky Mountains, that rise
O'er the fair Pacific, peak to peak out-calling
Flushed as the glad news flies,
Hail thee, O glorious Sun! all the earth hail
thee,
And the stir and the strife and the strain
Of living begins, and the world that was sleep-
ing and dreaming
Rouses and quivers again.

Let trumpet and pipe and voice and song
Echo unto the skies!
Let chorus and hymn thy praise prolong,
O glorious Sun! that comest again
With thy ever-new surprise.
O splendor of earth and life that give
Joy and beauty to all that live
And daily the world renews, —
O fountain of light and color that flings
O'er the darkest and dullest of earth
things
Thy glad transfiguring hues, —
O glory of earth and sea and sky,
Life of a myriad worlds on high,
Soul of the universe, light of its eye,
Who shall his voice refuse,
To swell the chorus that evermore
Is shouted from flashing peaks that dare
The cold thin depths of the breathless ai-
Thy earliest glance to see, —
To the crawling foam that fringes the
shore
Murmuring impatiently?
From the tremulous forest that uplifts
Its listening tops, while the mornin'
breeze
With its news from afar with a whisp-
sifts,
And thy glorious coming promises
To the humblest of weeds and grasses lov-
Where the clear cool stream with a mu-
murous flow,
Is talking and running to catch a sight
Of thy first sweet gleam of morning light
To tell unto all below.

All, all are joining with one glad tone, —
All, all are chanting their song as one, —
From the bass of the thunderous avalanch
And the cataract's dizzy booming;
To the whisper fine of the quivering breeze
That hurries through myriad leagues o-
trees,
And the insects' infinite humming.
The Sun! The Sun! The Sun — The
King!

The King of the World is coming !
 Fling forth your banners — shout and sing,
 Until the whole wide universe ring
 With a vast and joyous welcoming,
 For the King, the King is coming !
 W. W. S.

MOON-RISE.

NIGHT, beloved night !
 She is coming — she soon will come ;
 Slowly is paling the dying light,
 Twilight has lost its bloom,
 And a serious hush steals silently
 Over the shadowy Earth, —
 While faint in the delicate air on high
 The first new star has birth.

Against the twilight, their shoulders bare,
 The mountains are turning as to sleep ;
 And one by one from their chambers deep,
 Where from the peering search they hid
 Of the day's rude gaze and opened lid,
 A myriad worlds come forth.

The riotous day is gone
 With his cymbals clashing, his bright spears
 flashing,
 His tumult and rout, his Bacchanal's shout,
 His gladness and madness, and laughter and
 raving,
 His banners and thyrsi and coronals waving ;
 And his chorus and dances and singing are
 done, —
 The noisy array has hurried away
 And vanished below the horizon's rim
 Into worlds beyond, — and his gongalons gay
 Of sunset glories are dim and grey,
 And have all forgotten him,
 For night, with its shadowy silent presence,
 Is stealing on,
 And under its spell so calm and serious
 The wondering world stands still,
 And a feeling — vague, intense, mysterious —
 Is brooding o'er valley and hill.

The stars in their blue unfathomed tomb
 Gleam far and bright, —
 They are waiting the coming of the moon,
 The Regent of the Night.
 Nor long they await — for look, serene
 Above the hills revealed,
 Large and majestic in her mien,
 Into the clear expectant sky
 She lifts her gleaming shield —
 And with a pensive peaceful grace
 Takes queenlike there her silent place,
 And looks o'er all the enchanted world
 With calm pathetic face.
 All own her gentle influence,
 So tender, so intense ;
 And over all a breath of prayer
 Floats like a feeling through the air,
 And soothes the soul and sense.

Along the river's course the slow mists cling,
 As murmuring on it swells.

In the dark grass a myriad grilli ring
 Their chimes of tiny bells.
 From rugged mountain-steeps that dark and
 bare,
 Shrouded in shadow dream,
 Voices of white cascades, whose veils out-
 stream
 And hang upon the air,
 Chant to the night their praises as they go
 To join the torrent hurrying hoarse below
 O'er its grey boulders tossed.
 The soft wind whispering sings its mountain
 song
 As slow it drives the low white clouds along,
 Or murmurs through the black platoons of
 pines,
 Whose serried ranks together push
 Their tall uplifted spears, and rush
 Up the sheer sides of Alps and Apennines, —
 Or tremulous breathes o'er many a peaceful
 slope
 Of gracious Italy,
 Where in festoons the swaying vineyards droop,
 And the grey olives up the hillsides troop,
 A ghostly company,
 Pallid and faint, as they had only known
 The moon for friend, and in its light had
 grown.

A dream the vales and hills and meadows
 haunts, —
 Earth sleeping turns and sighs, — the ocean
 pants,
 And weary, flings itself upon the breast
 Of the broad beach, scarce knowing what it
 wants,
 Stirred by a strange unrest ;
 The sky's deep dome is filled with mysteries
 dim
 And tremulous throbs, — the swift and wheel-
 ing spheres
 With music thrill, too fine for human ears,
 And Nature, with its myriad voices, chants
 To thee its faint night hymn.

Nor Nature only, — every living thing
 Thy influence feels, and all of harsh and
 rude,
 Touched by thy sweet and gentle visiting,
 Grows peaceful and subdued.
 In the dark woods the hidden nightingale,
 With rapturous trills, and sudden passion-
 throbs,
 And liquid bursts, and low recurrent sobs,
 Repeats his lovelorn tale.
 The plaintive cry of the sad whippoorwill
 Is heard along the hill.
 The leathern bat wheels round in noiseless
 flight,
 Across the glimmering and uncertain light, —
 And mournfully afar the feathery owl,
 Hoots in the ear of night.
 From many a pond, where on its green-paved
 floor
 Of tessellated leaves the lily sleeps,
 While the pale willow drooping o'er it
 weeps,

His guttural bass the frog sings o'er and o'er.
 From out the tall dark silhouetted tower,
 At intervals, with deep and solemn stroke,
 The church bells strike the quarters and the hour.
 There comes a bleating from the folded flock,
 A tinkle of faint bells, —
 From the dim fields the voice of country folk,
 Talking and laughing, swells;
 And now and then the bay
 Of some enchanted watch-dog far away,
 That feels night's influence, and cannot say
 What stirs him so,
 Is heard lamenting, — or some wakened cock
 Crows out a drowsy crow.
 But all these sounds and voices seem
 To melt away into the tender dream
 That haunts the air,
 And soothe the silence which were else too deep
 For heart to bear.

All sleep! The tired world sleeps!
 A quiet infinite
 The soul of man and nature steeps,
 And smoothes the brow of night.
 The weary ox lays off his yoke, —
 The dog hunts in his dream alone, —
 The woodman yields no more his stroke, —
 The beggar, 'neath his ragged cloak,
 On the cold pavement thrown,
 No longer heeds the world's dark frown
 No longer hungers, racked with pains,
 But roams along Elysian plains
 And wears a monarch's crown.
 A myriad mortals lay their head
 Upon oblivion's popped bed,
 By peaceful slumber blest,
 And all day's busy toils and cares,
 And all the hard world's strain and stress,
 And all its tortuous snarls and snares
 Are lifted from their breast, —
 As lapped in calm unconsciousness
 They sleep — they rest.

But Love awakes: O silent moon,
 Upon how many a happy pair
 That breathe this silvery tranquil air,
 Serene thou lookest down!
 As wandering, blest by Life's best boon,
 Through many a lane and shadowy grove
 They lingering talk, or pausing dream,
 And strive to tell their love;
 While following them, now bright now dim,
 The listening stars above
 Through the o'erhanging tree-tops swim
 And with them pause, or move.
 Their bliss intense, their thrill of sense
 That words can never half express,
 Thou seest as they wander on, —
 His clasping arm around her thrown,
 She trembling in his fond caress, —
 And all the air is still to hear,
 And all the heavens above,
 The sweet low broken utterances,
 The silences of Love.

The nightingale that knows to sing
 Love's passion and Love's pain, reting
 Cries Love — Love — Love — inter
 Their thrill of heart and brain.

And sorrow wakes — and in despair
 Looks up, O night, to thee
 And wails, "Oh where are they, oh
 where,
 Whom Death hath torn from me?
 Speak — speak, O night — O heaven, declare
 From thine infinity."
 And thou — what answerest thou, O night,
 O boundless tremulous air,
 O moon, O stars, to that wild cry,
 To that impassioned prayer?
 Nothing! In calm serenity,
 Unmoved thou standest there,
 Deaf — silent — cold and pitiless
 To all we have to bear.
 No! no! the tears of passion past,
 Thou givest us thy boon at last.
 Thou sayest, "Come to me and weep;"
 Thou givest thy beloved sleep;
 Thou summonest again the form
 That death hath snatched away,
 The glad lost voice, the body warm,
 The animate dear clay,
 The dream at least of all that was
 Denied to us by day.

O Night of grand repose!
 O silent serious Night!
 Beside thy pathos infinite
 How vain are Daylight's shows!
 Thine is the grand dim realm of dream,
 Thine the mysterious power whose spell
 Leads Fancy on beyond the extreme
 Of this world's possible.
 Thine the soft touch that charms the waking sense,
 And woos the troubled soul to confidence.
 To thee our secret woes we tell,
 To thee our inmost being bare,
 With thee our deepest feelings share,
 Mother divine, ineffable.
 Our hopes, our loves, that in the pride
 Of busy daylight are repressed —
 Our doubts, remorses, hidden fears,
 That gnaw within the breast;
 To thee, great mother, we confide
 And on thy bosom shed our tears,
 As thy great arms thou openest wide
 To give us rest.

O Night, a secret prophecy
 Thou whisperest beneath thy breath*
 Of that vast dim infinity,
 Where broods the silent shadow —
 Death.

Listening I seem to hear thee say, —
 "As I from out the body steal
 For few brief hours the soul away,
 My passing dream-world to reveal;
 So my dark Brother, when your eyes
 He in his endless sleep shall close,
 Shall bear you — far beyond the woes
 Of this short life — to the repose
 Of an eternal Paradise."
Vallombrosa. W. W. S.

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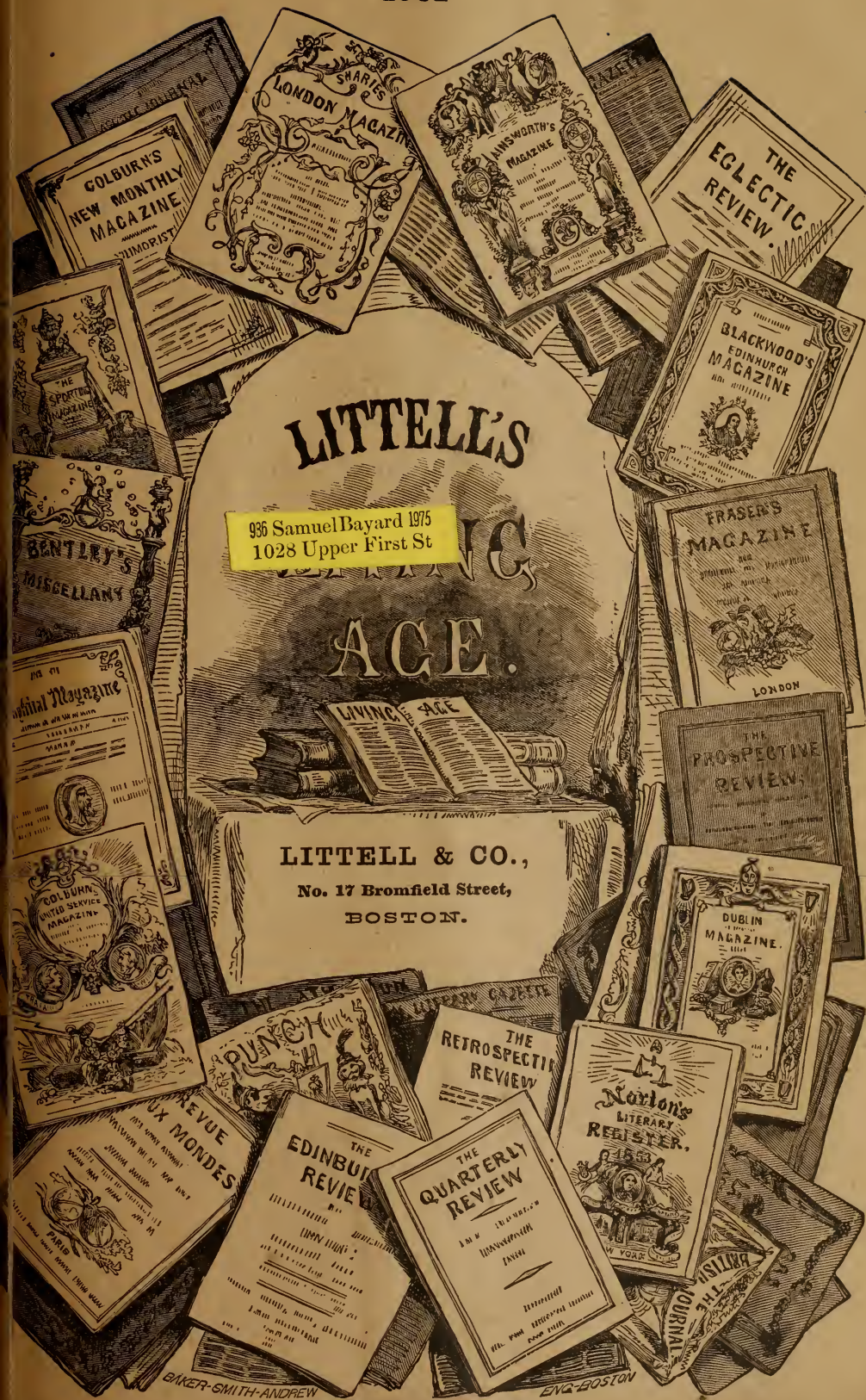
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CONTENTS.

I. JONATHAN SWIFT,	<i>Quarterly Review,</i>	576
II. THE LADIES LINDORES. Part II.,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i>	609
III. THE ARCADEY OF OUR GRANDFATHERS,	<i>Nineteenth Century,</i>	614
IV. A VISIT TO THE QUEEN OF BURMAH,	<i>Fraser's Magazine,</i>	627
V. THE NEXT WORLD,	<i>Spectator,</i>	634
VI. A LA MODE IN 1800,	<i>Temple Bar,</i>	638
VII. ICE-MAKING IN INDIA,	<i>Chambers' Journal,</i>	639
VIII. HEBREW TRANSLATIONS,	<i>Jewish Chronicle,</i>	640

POETRY.

SUNSHINE,	578	SLEEPY HOLLOW,	578
A MORNING LESSON,	578		

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SUNSHINE.

BROAD and bright the sunshine,
On the terrace lay,
Touching with an equal ray,
In equal gladness to illumine
Violet-bed and yew-tree's gloom.
Yet within the silent room,
Dimly rose the day.

Merrily the sunshine,
Caught the upper pane,
But as yet it strove in vain,
With its glitter to surprise
The yearning in the lady's eyes,
Who, lonely, 'neath the sweet spring skies,
Fought life's long fret and strain.

Lower crept the sunshine,
Down the lattice tall,
Till it saw its radiance fall,
All along the silent floor,
Past the heavy close-shut door,
Through the room that knew no more
Light step, or cheery call.

The triumphant sunshine,
Flooding all it saw,
Laughed at last her gaze to draw,
From where the phantoms of the past,
An eternal shadow cast;
And her glances fell at last,
As in breathless awe,

Where the glorious sunshine,
Danced, and shone, and glowed,
Where the treasured picture showed
The tall cross that stood above
All her best of life and love,
And 'mid her bitter sorrow strove
To point the higher road.

"And," said the happy sunshine,
"Oh, heavy eyes that mourn,
Oh, heart, from its chief moorings torn,
Look at the joy with which he dowers
The wakening earth, and budding flowers;
Trust to the God of sunny hours,
Nor dare in grief's keen scorn,

"To turn away from sunshine;
Nor in the sense of loss,
With reckless hand aside to toss,
The comforting through nature given,
The trials of our way to leave.
See how the brightest gleam from heaven
Clings longest round the cross."

All The Year Round.

A MORNING LESSON.

OH, robin, robin, don't you hear
The chilly north wind blowing?
And yet, near by, with songs of cheer
Your nest you are bestowing.

There's not a leaf upon the trees,
The buds are barely swelling;
You scarcely yet can find with ease
Wherewith to build your dwelling.

How happens it you do not sit
Upon the bare boughs weeping,
Or to some kindlier garden flit,
O'er which warm suns are sweeping.

Ah, robin, I will try to learn
This from thy tuneful humming;
Though summer hastes not her return,
We know that she is coming.

When friendship cools and life seems bare
And lacks at times its beauty,
Like you I'll trust God's loving care
And hope shall sing to duty.

Boston Journal. BESSIE B. HUNT.

SLEEPY HOLLOW.*

(In Memoriam: Ralph Waldo Emerson.)

HE sleeps here the untroubled sleep
Who could not bear the noise and moil
Of public life, but far from toil
A happy reticence did keep,

With nature only open, free:
Close by there rests the magic mind
Of him who took life's threads to wind
And weave some poor soul's mystery

Of spirit-life, and make it live
A type and wonder for all days;
No sweeter soul e'er trod earth's ways
Than he who here at last did give

His body back to earth again.
And now at length beside them lies
One great and true and nobly wise,—
A king of thought, whose spotless reign

The overwhelming years that come
And drown the trash and dross and slime
Shall keep a record of till time
Shall cease, and voice of man be dumb.

At last he rests, whose high clear hope
Was wont on lofty wings to scan
The future destinies of man—
Who saw the race through darkness grope,

Through mists and error, till at last
The looked-for light, the longed-for age
Should dawn for peasant, prince, and sage,
And centuries of night be past.

Thy rest is won. O loyal, brave,
Wise soul, thy spirit is not dead—
Thy wing'd words far and wide have fled,
Undying, they shall find no grave.
Academy. WILLIAM SHARP.

* In Sleepy Hollow Cemetery are the graves of Thoreau and Hawthorne, and near them have just been laid the remains of Emerson.

From The Quarterly Review.

JONATHAN SWIFT.*

WE know Swift as we know no other of those eminent men who have made the first four decades of the eighteenth century memorable in literary history. A mere glance at the materials to which his biographers have had access will suffice to show that our information regarding him is of such a kind as to leave scarcely anything to be desired. In the first place, we have his own voluminous correspondence—a correspondence which is, from a biographical point of view, of peculiar value. For as the majority of his letters are addressed to intimate friends, and were intended only for the eyes of those friends, they exhibit him at times when the mask falls off, even from the most guarded. They were, moreover, written in all moods, without premeditation, without reserve, with the simple object of unburdening his mind, in no case with a view either to publication or to display. “When I sit down to write a letter,” he used to say, “I never lean upon my elbow till I have finished it.” Again, in the journal to Esther Johnson, he has not only left a minute record of his daily life during a space of nearly three years, but he has with unrestrained garrulity given expression to whatever happened at the moment to be passing through his thoughts. Nor is this all. He appears, like Johnson and Coleridge, to have found an eccentric pleasure in communing with himself on paper. Many of these soliloquies accident has preserved. They throw the fullest light on his innermost thoughts and feelings. They enable us to determine how far as a Churchman he was honest, how far as a politician he was consistent. His memoir of himself remains unfortunately a fragment, but enough was completed to illustrate that portion of his

career during which his correspondence is most scanty. If to this mass of autobiographical matter be added the innumerable passages in his public writings which elucidate his personal history, the evidence which is of all evidence the least open to suspicion may be regarded as ample even to superabundance.

But if we owe much to the communicativeness of Swift himself, we owe much also to the communicativeness of his friends. Seven years after his death appeared the famous “Letters” by John Lord Orrery. The indignation which this work excited among Swift’s admirers is well known. The picture which Orrery drew of the dean was certainly not a pleasing one, and he was accused of having malignantly endeavored to indemnify himself for the long and not very successful court he paid to Swift when alive by a series of calumnious attacks upon him when dead. We have not much respect for Orrery either as a writer or as a man, but we believe him to have been guiltless of any such intention. Careful study of the letters has satisfied us that they are on the whole what they profess to be. Orrery was, as we learn from other sources, no favorite with Swift. He saw him, therefore, not as he presented himself to the fascinated eye of friendship, but as he presented himself to the impartial eye of critical curiosity. It should be remembered too that he knew him only in his decadence. Had Orrery’s object been detraction, he would have withheld praise where praise was due, and when direct censure was hazardous he would have resorted to misrepresentation. There is nothing of this spirit discernible. He fully admits the greatness, he fully admits the many virtues, of the man whose portrait he has delineated in such harsh and disagreeable colors. What he painted was what he saw, and what he saw were those features in Swift’s character which Delany and Deane Swift have piously done their best to soften or conceal. The truth is, that the Swift of Orrery is the Swift of the “Voyage to the Houyhnhnms,” and of the “Verses to the Legion Club.” The letters of Orrery elicited two years afterwards the obser-

* 1. *The Works of Jonathan Swift, D.D., Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin.* Edited, with Notes and a Life of the Author, by Walter Scott, Esq. Eighteen volumes. Second edition. Edinburgh, 1824.

2. *The History and Antiquities of the Collegiate and Cathedral Church of St. Patrick, near Dublin.* Collected chiefly from sources of original record, by William Monck Mason, Esq. Dublin, 1819.

3. *The Life of Jonathan Swift.* By John Forster. Volume the First. London, 1875.

vations of Delany. Few men were better qualified to speak of Swift than Delany. He had been on terms of intimacy with him for upwards of a quarter of a century. He had been his companion in business and recreation. He had been acquainted with those who had known him from early youth. But Delany's object was eulogy, and for this due allowance must be made. He is, however, one of those witnesses whose loquacity forms a perpetual corrective to their prejudice, and his observations are so rich in reminiscence and anecdote, that a shrewd reader is in little danger of being misled. On the whole, we are inclined to think him the most trustworthy and valuable of all the original authorities. Delany's observations were succeeded, at an interval of a year, by Deane Swift's essay. This is a very disappointing book, though, as the writer was the son-in-law of Mrs. Whiteway, and had as a young man frequently conversed with Swift, what he says of the dean's character and habits is of importance, and we are moreover indebted to him for many interesting particulars not preserved elsewhere. In Mrs. Pilkington and the compiler of the "Swiftiana" we are not inclined to place much confidence. Hawkesworth's memoir, which was published in 1755, and Johnson's life, which was published in 1781, added little or nothing to what was already known. But in 1784 came out the memoir by Thomas Sheridan, not, of course, the Thomas Sheridan who was the friend of Swift, but the son of Swift's friend. As Sheridan professed to have derived information from his father, and has on the authority of his father contributed new biographical matter, his name stands high, much higher than it is entitled to stand, among Swift's biographers.

Then came the era of original research. This may be said to date from Dr. Barrett's "Essay on the College Days of Swift," which appeared in 1808. A few years afterwards Scott undertook to embody in a comprehensive narrative the information which lay scattered through the publications to which we have just referred. He did this, and he did much

more. Indeed he produced a work which still remains, with all its defects, the best complete biography of Swift in existence. Scott had many advantages. His editorial labors peculiarly fitted him for the office of biographer, and those labors had been greatly facilitated both by Hawkesworth and Nichols, whose valuable editions of the dean's collected writings had appeared at intervals between 1784 and 1808. Scott's own distinguished position in the world of letters gave, moreover, something of a national importance to his work. All who could in any way assist him eagerly proffered their services. Escritoires were ransacked, family archives explored. One gentleman placed at his disposal the correspondence between Swift and Miss Vanhomrigh; another lent him the memoranda of Dr. Lyons. Every year augmented his treasures, and on the completion of his task in 1814 he could boast that he had been able to add upwards of a hundred letters, essays, and poems to those which had already seen the light. In fine, had Scott made the best of his opportunities, had his information been as accurate as it was comprehensive, and had his patience and industry been equal to his genius and literary skill, any other life of Swift would have been a mere work of supererogation. But unhappily his biography of Swift is marred by the same defects which marred his biography of Dryden. It is essentially unthorough—the work of a man,—of a very great man,—who was contented with doing respectably what with a little more trouble he might have done excellently. Hence, though he is always interesting and always instructive, he is seldom altogether satisfactory. We doubt very much whether any reader, after closing Scott's memoir, would have any clear impression of Swift's character. Indeed to speak plainly, we doubt whether Scott had himself taken the trouble to form any clear conception of that character. But his most serious defect is his carelessness and credulity. To the relative value of testimony he appears to attach little importance. He places, for example, the same implicit confidence in statements which rest on no better authority than that of

Theophilus Swift and the younger Sheridan, as he places on statements which rest on the authority of Swift's own intimate associates. The result is, that what is authentic and what is apocryphal are so interwoven in his narrative, that it is never possible to follow him without distrust and suspicion.

While Scott was busy with Swift, another writer was similarly engaged. In 1819 Monck Mason published his "History and Antiquities of St. Patrick's Cathedral," a goodly quarto of some five hundred pages. More than half of this formidable volume is devoted to an elaborate biography of Swift. But Monck Mason's quarto never succeeded in gaining the ear of the world, and is now almost forgotten. Indeed it may be questioned whether even among professed students of our literature two in twenty are aware of its existence, still less of its rare merits. Nor is this difficult to account for. A more unreadable book was probably never written. It is arranged on that detestable method which originated, we believe, with Bayle; a method the distinguishing feature of which is the combination of the greatest possible prolixity with the greatest possible confusion. The style is equally repulsive; it is at once harsh and diffuse, as dull as the style of Birch, and as cumbersome as the style of Hawkins. But if Monck Mason possesses none of the qualifications of an attractive writer, he possesses everything which constitutes an invaluable authority. The extent, the variety, the minuteness of his researches, his patience and acuteness in sifting evidence, his exact acquaintance with the writings of Swift himself, and with the writings of those who have in any way thrown light on Swift's public and private life, his accuracy, his conscientiousness, his impartiality, are above praise. But our obligations to this modest and laborious scholar extend still further. It was he who first proved, and proved in our opinion conclusively, that no marriage was ever solemnized between Swift and Esther Johnson. To him we owe the first full and satisfactory account of that long and important period in the dean's career, which extends between the

publication of the pamphlet on the "Use of Irish Manufactures" and the controversy with Boulter.

Such were the principal works bearing on Swift which had, up to 1875, been given to the world. In that year appeared the first volume of a biography which would probably have superseded all that had preceded it, but which was unhappily destined to remain a fragment. Of Mr. Forster's enthusiasm and industry it would be superfluous to speak. His devotion to Swift resembles the devotion of Lipsius to Tacitus, and of Basil Montague and Mr. Spedding to Bacon. It amounted to a passion. To link his name with the name of a man whom he had persuaded himself to believe one of the monarchs of human-kind was, till the last hours of his life, his most cherished object. To zeal such as this we owe perhaps nine-tenths of what is best in biography and history. But Mr. Forster's zeal was not always a source of strength. It led him, in the language of Shakespeare, to monster nothings, to attach undue importance to the most trivial particulars. Nothing that Swift did or said was in his estimation too unimportant to be chronicled. He pounced with ludicrous avidity on matter which was not merely worthless in itself, but of no value in its bearings on Swift. The fact that a document had never before appeared in print was, in his eyes, a sufficient justification for its appearing in his pages. The fact that preceding biographers had in any portion of their narrative been concise, is the signal for Mr. Forster to become preposterously diffuse. We need scarcely say that a biographer can never be too full when he is treating of anything which has reference to what is in his hero distinctive and peculiar. But there are many things in which great men and little men must necessarily act alike. There is much in the constitution even of the most exalted personages which is common to all mankind. On these points a judicious biographer will be least communicative; but on these points Mr. Forster dilates at insufferable length. That Swift played at cards and made bad puns may possibly be worth recording, but what man on earth

cares to know the exact cards he held, or the exact bad puns he made? We have no wish to detract from the merits of Mr. Forster's book, but we are assuredly guilty of no injustice to him when we say that, had he paid more attention to the art of suppression and selection, it would have been better for the world and better for Swift's fame. But this is not the only blemish in his work. It is animated throughout by an unpleasantly polemical spirit. He appears to have regarded the biographers who preceded him as jealous lovers regard rivals. He is continually going out of his way to exalt himself and to depreciate them. Here we have a digression on the incompetence of Deane Swift, there a sneer at Orrery. Now he pauses to carp at Delany; at another time he wearies us with an account of the deficiencies of Sheridan. He must himself have admitted that his own original contributions to Swift's biography were as a drop in the river, compared with those of Scott and Monck Mason, and yet Scott rarely appears in his pages, except in a disadvantageous light, and to Monck Mason's work,* though he draws largely on it, he studiously refrains from acknowledging the slightest obligation. But let us not be misunderstood. Mr. Forster's fragment is a solid and valuable addition to the literature of Swift. If he has added nothing of importance to what was known before, he has scrutinized with microscopic minuteness all that was known; he has thus accurately distinguished between what was fiction and what was fact. He has confirmed and illustrated what was established; he has forever set at rest what was doubtful; and he has rendered it impossible for even the suspicion of error to attach itself to any portion of Swift's early history. But it is time to turn from the biographers to the dean himself.

The popular notion about Swift, simply stated, we take to be this: that he was a gloomy and ferocious misanthrope, with a heart of stone and a tongue of poison; that if not exactly a libertine, he revelled in impurity and filth; that he was an apostate in politics, a sceptic in religion, and a tyrant in private life; that he wrought the ruin of two women who passionately loved him, and that he paid the penalty for his inhumanity and selfishness by an old age

of unutterable misery. Now the facts of Swift's life are, as we have already stated, matters of certain knowledge. In estimating his character a critic has at no point to resort to conjecture; his appeal lies to authentic evidence. That evidence, which is voluminous, few have leisure to survey; but that evidence we have thought it our duty to survey; and our scrutiny has satisfied us that the popular picture of Swift has not even the merit of being a caricature, but that it is a mere reckless daub, produced pretty much in the same way as Protogenes is said to have produced the foam on the mouth of his wearied hound.

In the first place, nothing is more certain than that Swift's life, from the time he appears on the stage of history to the time he ceased to be a responsible being, was a long course of active benevolence. While still a struggling priest, more than one-tenth of what he expended he expended in charity. As his fortune increased, his generosity grew with it. When his political services gave him influence, his first thought was for his friends. To his recommendation, Congreve, Gay, Rowe, Friend, Ambrose Phillips, and Steele, owed remunerative offices. "You never come to us," said Bolingbroke, on one occasion, half angrily, "without bringing some Whig in your sleeve." He obtained for King, who had libelled and insulted him, a post which relieved that facetious writer from the pressure of want. His kindness to young Harrison and poor Diaper would alone suffice to prove the goodness of his heart. He made the fortune of Barber. He went out of his way to serve Parnell and Berkeley. How greatly Pope profited from his zealous friendship, Pope has himself acknowledged. He was never known to turn a deaf ear to sorrow or poverty; nay, it is notorious that he denied himself the common comforts of life that he might relieve the necessities of the paupers of Dublin. His correspondence teems with proofs of his kindness and charity. At one time we find him pleading for an old soldier, at another time, when almost too ill to hold the pen, for a poor parson; here he is soliciting subscriptions for a volume of poems, there he is stating the case of a persecuted patriot. His large-hearted philanthropy extended itself in all directions. He was the first who drew attention to the inadequacy of religious instruction in London, and suggested the remedy. He organized a club for the relief of distressed men of

* The only allusion which Mr. Forster makes to Monck Mason's work is, we believe, in a few words on page 36: "The well-informed historian of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Mr. Monck Mason, makes the following statement in his elaborate chapter on Swift."

letters, and, visiting them personally in their cocklofts and cellars, dispensed with his own hand the money which his generous importunity had wrung from opulent friends. With the first five hundred pounds which he had been able to put by he established a fund which, advancing money without interest, saved many humble families from distress and ruin. He founded a charity school for boys, and at a time when he could ill afford it he built, at his own expense, an almshouse for aged women. Of that noble hospital which owes its existence to his munificent philanthropy we need scarcely speak. But had he been in private life all that his enemies would represent him, his public services to Ireland would alone suffice to make him the peer of Burke and Howard. With regard to the charge of scepticism, which involves also the more serious charge of hypocrisy, there is not — and we say so positively — a tittle of evidence to support it. His real attitude towards religion, he has himself, with characteristic candor, accurately defined. In one of his private memoranda — the “Thoughts on Religion” — he writes: —

I look upon myself in the capacity of a clergyman to be one appointed by Providence for defending a post assigned me, and for gaining over as many enemies as I can. I am not answerable to God for the doubts that arise in my own breast since they are the consequence of that reason which He has planted in me, if I take care to conceal those doubts from others, if I use my best endeavors to subdue them, and if they have no influence on the conduct of my life.

And what sentence ever came from his pen, or what word is authentically recorded as ever having fallen from his lips, inconsistent with this statement? More than one-third of his voluminous writings, including the work on which the charge of infidelity is based, were in defence of the Protestant Church — the Church in which he believed Christianity to exist in its purest form. It is certain that he devoted a portion of each day to religious exercises. It is certain that no scandalous or immoral action was, during his lifetime, ever seriously imputed to him. The ridiculous fable, circulated by a poor unatic at Kilroot, was probably invented long after Swift's death.* Into the question of his apostasy from the Whigs, and into the history of his relations with

Esther Johnson and Miss Vanhomrigh, it is our intention to enter at length on another occasion.

That the world, however, should misjudge Swift is not surprising, for he has had the misfortune to number among his assailants two writers who have done more than any writers who could be named to mould public opinion on matters relating to the literary and political history of the last century. We allude, of course, to Jeffrey, Macaulay, Lord Stanhope, and Thackeray. Jeffrey's article on Swift, or, to speak more accurately, Jeffrey's libel on Swift, appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* for September, 1816. It is a work which makes no pretension to impartiality. It is a mere party pamphlet. Its undisguised object was to render the great Tory satirist odious and contemptible. And the method employed is simple. The reviewer begins by attributing everything that Swift did to the lowest motives; he suppresses all mention of such actions in his life as were indisputably laudable; he puts the worst possible construction on such actions as admitted of misrepresentation; and he paints him as being during the whole course of his existence what he was only in his last sad years. Macaulay followed, and — we are transcribing Macaulay's own words — “the apostate politician, the ribald priest, the perjured lover, the heart burning with hatred against the whole human race,” was again held up to the scorn and loathing of the world. Then came Lord Stanhope. We have no doubt whatever that that amiable and candid historian weighed well the bitter words in which he expressed his opinion of Swift's character; but we believe him to have followed too implicitly what he found in Jeffrey and Macaulay, and to have been too ready to think the worst of the enemy of Cowper and Somers. Of Thackeray's lively and eloquent lecture we shall only remark, that it abounds, as Mr. Hannay pointed out long ago, in erroneous statements, and in utterly unwarrantable conclusions. It is shallow, it is flighty, it is unjust. We think, therefore, that a review of Swift's life and works, succinctly and temperately written, is still a desideratum; and we venture to hope that the sketch which we are about to submit to our readers may in some slight measure serve to supply the deficiency.

The country in which Swift first saw the light, and with whose history his name will be forever associated, is not entitled to number him among her sons.

* The curious volume published in 1730 entitled “Some Memoirs of the Amours and Intrigues of a certain Irish Dean,” is, as we need scarcely say, a mere romance.

Of unmingled English blood, he was descended on his father's side from an old and gentle family. The elder branch of that family had for many years been in possession of considerable estates in Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire, had intermarried with the Mulgraves and Creightons, and had, in the person of Barnam Swift, been ennobled by Charles the First. The younger branch had settled in the midland counties, and from this branch sprang Swift's immediate ancestors. His great-grandfather, William Swift, was a divine of some distinction. He married a woman of large property, but of an irritable and malignant temper. The issue of this marriage were two daughters and a son, Thomas. The misfortunes of Thomas—and his long life was destined to consist of little else than misfortunes—originated in his mother's capricious cruelty. She began by disinheriting him, while still a schoolboy, for robbing an orchard; and a few years later insulted him so grossly that he was unable to remain under the same roof with her. At last, having taken orders, he obtained from his friend the Bishop of Hereford the vicarage of Goodrich in Herefordshire. During the civil troubles he distinguished himself by his chivalrous devotion to the royal cause. Indeed, his loyalty cost him his fortune and his liberty. For, after being repeatedly plundered by the Roundheads, who on one occasion sacked his parsonage and half murdered his family and servants, he was in 1646 deprived of his preferment, stripped of his patrimony, and flung into prison. Some years before these events had occurred, he had formed an alliance which unites by the tie of kindred the two most distinguished names in political satire. The wife of Thomas Swift was Elizabeth Dryden, the sister, not of the poet's father, as the earlier biographers suppose, but of the poet's grandfather. She bore her husband ten sons and four daughters. Of these sons two only were, it seems, regularly educated and provided for. The eldest, Godwin, a clever and pushing youth, settled in Dublin, practised at the Irish bar, married a connection of the Marchioness of Ormond, and prospered. Thither at various times four of his brothers, attracted doubtless by his success, followed him; and Godwin, to do him justice, appears to have exercised all his influence to aid them. One of these brothers must, however, have sorely tried the patience of the kind-hearted but worldly-minded lawyer. This was Jona-

than. Without any regular profession, without prospects, and with nothing but a miserable pittance of about twenty pounds a year to depend upon, this thoughtless stripling had taken to wife a young woman as poor as himself. Jonathan's bride was Abigail Erick. She came of an ancient but decayed family in Leicestershire, which claimed as its founder that wild Saxon patriot, whose ferocity and courage were long the terror of our Norman rulers; for in the veins of Swift's mother ran the blood of Eadric the Forester. The imprudent couple soon experienced the folly of the step they had taken. Mrs. Swift had already a baby in her arms. Poverty, and the sordid miseries which followed in its train, were staring them in the face. At last an opening occurred. The stewardship of the King's Inns fell vacant, and Jonathan, who had occasionally assisted in the office, was fortunate enough to obtain the post. This was in January, 1666. In the spring of the following year he was in his grave.

He left his wife in deplorable circumstances. As steward he had out of his scanty income been compelled to advance money for commons, but the members of the Inns now refused to refund it. He had died in debt to the benchers, and his widow was unable to meet the claim. She owed money to the doctors who had attended him; she owed money to the very undertaker who had buried him. He had been taken from her before she was aware that she was again to become a mother. Every week her distress and embarrassment increased. Her health was wretched, her heart was breaking. In the midst of these miseries her hour of agony drew on. On November 20th, 1667, at number 7, Hoey's Court, Dublin, was born the child who was to make the name of his dead father immortal.

Swift was always slow to confess obligations, but there seems no reason for doubting that both Godwin and William behaved kindly to their sister-in-law. Indeed, it is stated on very good authority, that it was at his uncle Godwin's house that Jonathan's birth took place, and that the first months of his infancy were passed there. However that may be, an event occurred while he was still a baby, which for some years cast doubt on the country of his nativity. It chanced that the nurse, a woman from Whitehaven, to whose care he had been confided, was summoned home to attend a dying relative from whom she expected a legacy. But the good soul had become so attached to her charge

that she could not bear to part with it. Without saying a word, therefore, to Mrs. Swift, she stole off with the baby to England, and there for nearly three years the little fellow remained with his tender-hearted foster-mother. He was sickly and delicate, but she watched over him with maternal fondness; and she took such pains with his education, that by the time he was three years old he could read any chapter in the Bible. Under what circumstances he rejoined his mother in Ireland we have no means of determining, but in his seventh year he was placed in the Foundation School of the Ormonds at Kilkenny. One of his playmates in this obscure Irish seminary was in a few years destined to enter on a career of unusual brilliance, and to leave a name as imperishable as his own; for his playmate at Kilkenny was the future author of "The Way of the World" and "Love for Love." A few unimportant particulars are all that have survived of this period of Swift's life. It seems, however, pretty certain that there was nothing to distinguish him either at school or college from the general body of his class-fellows. Parts like his are, indeed, rarely remarkable for their precocious development. In his fifteenth year he commenced residence at Trinity College, Dublin, being supported, no doubt, by his uncles Godwin and William. He was entered as a pensioner on the 24th of April, 1682; and here he remained during those years which are perhaps of all years the most critical in man's life.

His career at Trinity was not creditable to him. Between the period of his matriculation and his degree, though he lived, he tells us, with great regularity and due observance of the statutes, he turned a deaf ear to his teachers, neglected the studies prescribed by the college, and reading just as whim or accident directed, found himself, on the eve of his examination, very ill-qualified to face it. The subjects then required for a degree in arts were, it must be admitted, sufficiently repulsive. Those noble works which form in our day the basis of a liberal education had had no place in the curriculum. The poetry, the oratory, the history of the ancient world, were alike ignored. Plato was a dead letter; Aristotle held the post of honor, but it was not the Aristotle who is familiar to us — the Aristotle of the Ethics, of the Politics, of the Poetics, of the Rhetoric — but the Aristotle of the Organon, the Physics, and the Metaphysics. Next in estimation to these treatises stood the "Isagoge" of

Porphyry, and the writings of two pedantic casuists whose names have long since sunk into well-merited oblivion, Smegleus and Burgersdicius. Swift presented himself for examination, and failed. The examining board pronouncing him to be dull and insufficient, refused at first to pass him. Finally, however, they granted a degree *speciali gratiâ*, a term implying in that university that a candidate has gained by favor what he is not entitled to claim by merit. With this slur upon his name he resumed his studies, his object being to proceed to the higher degree of master. His former irregularities were now aggravated by graver misdemeanors. He absented himself from chapel and from roll-call, neglected lectures, was out late at night, and became associated with a clique of youths who were not merely idle but dissolute. Indeed he seems to have been in ill odor everywhere. Mr. Forster manfully endeavors to prove that Swift's college life has been greatly misrepresented. He is willing to admit that it was not all a fond biographer could wish, but he is, he says, convinced that it was by no means so discreditable as it has been painted. He produces, for example, a college roll, dated Easter, 1685, in which Swift is entered as having at a recent examination acquitted himself satisfactorily in Latin and Greek. From this Mr. Forster infers that neither incompetence nor idleness could be justly imputed to him. He is well aware that in later years Swift never questioned, or to speak more accurately, that he tacitly corroborated the unfavorable verdict passed on him by the examiners at Trinity. But this Mr. Forster interprets as a touch of sarcastic irony. "Famous as Swift then was," he says, "any discredit from the special grace would, as he well knew, go to the givers. In attempting to fix a stigma upon him, they only succeeded in fixing a stigma upon themselves." Mr. Forster next points out that the most serious of Swift's alleged delinquencies during these years are purely supposititious; that he has been confounded with his cousin Thomas; and that it is to Thomas, not to Jonathan, that the entries in the college registry may in many cases refer. This is undoubtedly true. Thus we have no means of determining whether the Swift who was, in November, 1688, suspended for insubordination and contumacy was Thomas or Jonathan, though the biographers have in all cases assumed that the culprit was Jonathan. That Jonathan was, however, publicly censured in

March, 1687, is certain, as in the entry which records the censure — censure for “notorious neglect of duties” and for “tavern haunting” — the names of the two Swifts occur together. Whether he had any share in the composition of a scurrilous harangue, in which some of the principal members of the Trinity common room are treated with gross disrespect, and for the delivery of which, in the character of *Terræ Filius*, one of his college acquaintances narrowly escaped expulsion, is still open to debate. Dr. Barrett is convinced that it was Swift's production. Mr. Forster sees no traces of his hand in any portion of it. Scott is of opinion that it received touches from him, and in that opinion we entirely coincide. The heroic poem, for example, in the third act of the piece, is very much in the vein of his maturer years; the doggerel Latin recalls exactly the jargon in which throughout his life he delighted to indulge; and though we search in vain for his peculiar humor, we find, we regret to say, only too much of his peculiar indecency. But the subject is scarcely worth discussing.

Whatever may have been the measure of his delinquencies at college, it is not difficult to account for their origin. His life had been poisoned at its very source. Everything within and everything without combined to irritate and depress him. He was miserably poor, he was inordinately proud; he was daily exposed to contumely and contempt, he was sensitive even to disease. The wretched pittance which was his sole support, and for which he was indebted to the charity of relatives, was bestowed in a manner which stung him to the quick. Of these cruel benefactors, his uncle Godwin was probably the chief, and the patronage of Godwin he repaid with an energy of hatred which no lapse of years could impair. Ill-health and hypochondria added to his sufferings. The solace of human sympathy was during the whole of this dismal period unknown to him. His mother, who was in England, he never saw. There is no evidence of his having been on affectionate terms with any of his associates. He sought at first some alleviation for his miseries in the perusal of light literature, and he gave to poetry and history the time which should have been devoted to severer studies. The result of this was that, at an age when youths are peculiarly sensitive about anything which casts aspersion on their parts, he found himself branded as a blockhead,

What followed was natural. Angry with himself, with his relatives, and with his teachers, he became reckless and dissolute. His misfortunes were brought to a climax by the failure of his uncle Godwin, who had for some time been in embarrassed circumstances, and was now on the verge of ruin.

Meanwhile events were occurring, which terminated in his abrupt departure for the mother country. Ireland was in the throes of a dreaded crisis. Tyrconnel, at the head of the Celtic Catholics, was hurrying on a revolution which threatened to end in the extermination of the Saxon Protestants. The English, who held their lives in their hands, were preparing to abandon their possessions and fly. At the close of 1688 a report was circulated, that there was to be a general massacre of the Saxons. A panic ensued. The ports were crowded. Many who were unable to obtain a place in commodious vessels embarked in open boats. Among these terrified emigrants was Swift. On arriving in England he at once made his way to his mother, who was residing near her relatives at Leicester. She was not, as he well knew, in a position to offer him a home, but he found what he sought, affection and guidance. The glimpses which tradition gives us of this admirable woman suffice to show that the respect and love with which her illustrious son never ceased to regard her were not undeserved. An unassuming piety pervaded her whole life. Though her fortune was scanty, even to meanness, she was, she used to say, rich and happy. Her spirit was independent, her mind cultivated, her manners gentle and refined. Her polite and sprightly conversation was the delight of all who knew her, and she was endowed with what is perhaps the rarest of all the qualities possessed by her sex — the quality of humor. From her Jonathan inherited no doubt many of the gifts which were to make him famous: it was unfortunately not given her to transmit to him the gifts which would have made him happy. He remained at Leicester for some months, dividing his time between forming plans for the future and toying with rustic beauties. His attentions to one of these young women, an intelligent but portionless girl, became so marked that Mrs. Swift, remembering the miseries of her own ill-advised union, was greatly alarmed. She found, however, some consolation in the fact that her scapegrace was amenable to reason.

The necessity for his quitting Leices-

ter, where if not dependent on herself, he was dependent on her relatives, and where he had no chance of obtaining employment, was obvious. But where that employment was likely to present itself, was a problem on which the good lady was not able to throw much light. In truth the future of a young man whose sole distinctions were a character for idleness and insubordination, a gloomy temper, an uncouth exterior, and the possession of a degree obtained under circumstances notoriously discreditable to him, might well have puzzled a far more experienced adviser. In this perplexity it occurred to her that the best course for Jonathan to take would be to consult Sir William Temple. That eminent man, though moving in a sphere very different to her own, had married one of her connections. His father, Sir Richard, had moreover been on terms of intimacy with Godwin Swift, and she thought it not unlikely therefore that Temple would, out of consideration for his father's friend, do what he could to assist that friend's nephew. Nor was she mistaken. Temple received him not merely with kindness but offered him a home, and at the beginning of the summer of 1689 we find him domesticated at Moor Park. The nature of Swift's connection with Temple and the circumstances of his residence at Moor Park have been very variously related. Macaulay describes it as a period of unmingled humiliation and wretchedness, and represents his position as little better than that of an upper servant. Mr. Forster draws a different conclusion. There is, he contends, no evidence to show that Temple treated his young dependent in any manner calculated to wound his pride; and he is, he says, convinced that, whatever may have been the exact position held by Swift in Temple's household, it involved nothing which compromised either self-respect or independence. Swift's own account of the matter certainly corroborates Mr. Forster's view. "I hope," he wrote many years afterwards, in a letter to Lord Palmerston, "you will not charge my living in Sir William's family as an obligation; for I was educated to little purpose, if I retired to his house on any other motive than the benefit of his conversation and advice, and the opportunity of pursuing my studies." Nothing, too, is more certain than that Temple introduced him to his most distinguished guests, an honor to which he would scarcely have been admitted, had his place been, as Macaulay represents it

as being, at the second table. Twice, indeed, during this period of alleged ignominious vassalage, we find him in conversation with no less a person than his sovereign, who, on one occasion, condescended to teach him how to cut asparagus in the Dutch way, and on another occasion listened to his arguments in favor of the Triennial Bill.

We believe, however, that the conclusions of Macaulay and the conclusions of Mr. Forster may in a manner be reconciled. Macaulay was no doubt right in asserting that the years passed by Swift under Temple's roof were years during which his haughty and restless spirit suffered cruel mortification. Mr. Forster is no doubt right in denying that Temple regarded him as a mere parasite. The truth probably is, that he entered Moor Park as Temple's amanuensis and secretary; that in return for these services he was boarded and paid; that his patron, at first, treated him not indeed with indignity, but with the reserve and indifference which a man of the world would naturally maintain towards a raw and inexperienced youth of twenty-three. But as his genius developed, and as his extraordinary powers began to display themselves — neither of which would be likely to escape so acute an observer as Temple — his relations with his employer assumed a new character. Temple grew every day more condescending and gracious. He discoursed freely with him on public affairs; he gave him the benefit of his own vast experience as a diplomatist and as a courtier; and he entrusted him with business which he would assuredly have entrusted to nobody in whose tact and parts he had not full confidence. It was not in Temple's nature to feel or assume that frank cordiality which puts dependents at their ease and lightens the burden of obligation, for his constitution was cold, his humor reserved. Partly also owing to ill-health, and partly to congenital infirmity, his temper was often moody and capricious. Of his substantial kindness to Swift there can however be no question. Indeed, we are convinced that Temple behaved from first to last with a generosity which has never been sufficiently appreciated. When, for example, in the spring of 1690, the state of the young secretary's health rendered a change to Ireland necessary, Temple at once exercised his influence to procure employment for him in Dublin. Two years afterwards he helped him to obtain an *ad eundem* degree in arts at Oxford, and in 1694 he offered him a post — the

only post it was in his power to bestow — in Ireland. He had already recommended him to the notice of the king, who had, as early as 1692, promised to assist him.

But unhappily the mind and body of the youth on whom these favors had been bestowed were so diseased, that what was intended to benefit served only to irritate and distress him: the more indulgence he received, the more exacting and querulous he became; the brighter appeared the prospect without, the deeper and blacker grew the gloom within. All that had haunted his solitude at Dublin with unrest and wretchedness now returned to torment him in scenes of less sordid misery. His pride amounted almost to monomania. Fancied slights and imaginary wrongs ulcerated his soul with rage and grief. No kindness availed either to soothe or to cheer him. What would in gentler spirits awake the sense of gratitude, awoke nothing in him but a galling sense of obligation. In an honorable employment his jaundiced vision discerned only derogatory servitude. The acute sensibility which had been his bane from childhood, kept him constantly on the rack. A hasty word or even a cold look sufficed to trouble him during many days; and the inequalities of his patron's temper caused him pain so exquisite that it vibrated in his memory for years. Nor were these his only miseries. The first symptoms of that mysterious malady which pursued him through life, and which was, after making the world a pandemonium to him, to bring him, under circumstances of unspeakable degradation, to the tomb, had already revealed themselves. His chief solace during the earlier portion of this dismal time lay in scribbling verses and in teaching a little delicate, pale-faced, dark-eyed girl to read and write. The child was a daughter of a poor widow in the service of Temple's sister, Lady Giffard, and when Swift first saw her she was in her seventh year. Such were the circumstances under which he first met Esther Johnson, and such was the commencement of one of the saddest and most mysterious stories which have ever found a place in the records of the domestic history of eminent men. To poetic composition he appears at this time to have devoted himself with great assiduity; but his success was by no means proportioned to his efforts. In truth, anything worse than the Pindarics of Swift would be inconceivable. They are not merely immeasurably below the vilest of Cowley's or Oldham's, but they

are immeasurably below the vilest that could be selected from Yalden, Flatman, or Sprat. Indeed they are so bad that, if we wish to judge of them relatively, we must judge them in relation to each other. If, for example, there is anything more insufferable than the "Ode to Archbishop Sancroft," it is the "Ode to Sir William Temple;" and should the reader be inclined to wonder whether anything worse than the "Ode to Temple" could possibly exist, he has only to turn to the "Ode on the Athenian Society." This last poem he submitted to his kinsman, Dryden, requesting an opinion as to its merits. "Cousin Swift," was the old man's blunt reply, "you will never be a poet." As Dryden's literary judgments were held to be without appeal, and carried among the wits of these times the weight and authority of oracles, this was a severe blow. And Swift felt it keenly. Its effect on him was characteristic. He recognized, with the good sense that always distinguished him, the justice of the criticism, and he wrote no more ambitious verses. But he indemnified himself for the blow his vanity had received by seizing every opportunity to ridicule and vilify his critic. To the end of his life he pursued the memory of Dryden with unrelenting hostility.

He now determined to strike for independence. His thoughts pointed towards the Church, for in the Church he saw prospects such as no other walk in life opened out, and the king had in the event of his taking orders promised him preferment. But Temple was very unwilling to part with him. He counselled delay; it would be wiser, he thought, to wait until the king had offered what he promised. Swift was, however, not to be evaded, and his importunity appears to have ruffled his patron's temper. At last, after some haggling, he boldly demanded what Temple was prepared to do for him. "I shall not," said the old statesman, "pledge myself to anything; but you may, if you please, take a clerkship in the Irish Rolls." "Then," replied Swift, "as I have now an opportunity of living without being driven into the Church for a maintenance, I shall go to Ireland and take orders." And he quitted Moor Park in a pet.

He had however, in all probability, fully considered what he was about to do; and though after events must have caused misgivings as to the prudence of what he now did, it is remarkable that he never, so far as we can discover, expressed, either in

writing or conversation, regret for having taken a step which, from a worldly point of view, he had assuredly ample reason to repent. He was ordained by the Bishop of Derry; his deacon's orders are dated October the 28th, 1694, his priest's orders, January 13th, 1695. In his autobiography he is careful to tell us that it was not for the mere sake of gaining a livelihood that he sought ordination, but his correspondence makes it quite clear that expectation of preferment was, if not his only, at least his primary motive. However that may be, he accepted his position, with all its responsibilities. If the yoke galled him, none saw the sore. If he had scruples, he concealed them. It would be absurd to say that Swift was at any time a model clergyman, but it is due to him to acknowledge that, from the moment he entered the Church to the moment disease incapacitated him for action, he was the indefatigable champion of his order. Few ecclesiastics have, indeed, in any age, done more for the body to which they belonged. To his efforts the Irish Church owed the remission of first-fruits and twentieths. It was he who suggested, and it was he who pleaded for, the erection of those churches which still keep the memory of the good queen fresh among Londoners. For upwards of thirty years he fought the battles of the Church against the Catholics on the one hand, against the Nonconformists and Free Thinkers on the other, with a vehemence and intrepidity which savored not merely of zeal but of fanaticism. The meanest of his brethren, when persecuted and oppressed, was sure of his protection. Any attempt on the part of the laity to tamper with the rights of the clergy never failed to bring him into the field. It was this which envenomed him against the Whigs. It was this which involved him in a life-long feud with the Dissenters. It was this which inspired the last and most terrible of his satires. Nor did his solicitude for the interests of his order end here. We have no hesitation in saying that the respectability of the inferior hierarchy dates from him. What the position of an unbeneficed priest was in those days we know from innumerable sources. His existence was, as a rule, one long struggle with sordid embarrassments. Though he belonged to a learned profession, he was not permitted even by courtesy to place himself on an equality with gentlemen. He subsisted partly on charity, and partly on such fees as his professional services might accidentally enable

him to pick up. He officiated at clandestine marriages, he baptized unfortunate children. He negotiated here for a burial, and there for a sermon. In one family he undertook to say grace for his keep; in another he contracted to read prayers twice a day for ten shillings a month. The result of this was that the minor clergy, as Macaulay justly remarks, ranked as a body lower than any other educated class in the community. To Swift belongs the double honor of having been the first to kindle in his degraded brethren a new spirit, and of having done more than any single man ever did to vindicate for them that rank in society which they now happily hold. He strove to impress on them a sense of the dignity of their calling. He pointed out to them that to obtain the respect of the world they must respect themselves. He taught them to feel that a Christian and a scholar was in the truest signification of the word a gentleman; that there need be nothing servile in dependence, nothing derogatory in poverty. How minutely he had studied the requirements of his profession, and how bitterly he felt the degradation of that profession, is evident in his "Essay on the Fates of Clergymen," and in his "Letter to a Young Clergyman on taking Orders," an admirable treatise which well deserves a place in the library of every candidate for ordination. Few things probably gave him more pleasure than the reflection, that his own social distinction had in a manner contributed to raise churchmen in popular estimation. What is certain is, that the more famous he became the more studiously he identified himself with his order. At court, at the levee of the lord treasurer, in the drawing-rooms of noble houses, he carried this peculiarity to the verge of ostentation. It was observed that whenever he went abroad, or gave audience to a stranger, he was careful to appear in cassock and gown. He would never permit even his most intimate friends to forget the respect due to his cloth. If at social gatherings festivity exceeded the limits of the becoming, it was his habit to leave the table. Immodesty and impiety he regarded with abhorrence, and he was once so annoyed at the levity of the conversation at Bolingbroke's table, that he quitted his host's house in a rage. In his anonymous writings he allowed himself, it is true, a license which seems scarcely compatible with this austerity; but his anonymous writings must not be confounded with his personal character. No profane

or licentious expression was ever known to proceed from his lips. His morals were pure even to asceticism. His deportment was remarkably grave and dignified, and his conduct, though often singularly eccentric, was never such as to compromise him in the eyes of inferiors. The least charitable of his biographers admit that he performed his duties, both as a parish priest and as head of the Chapter of St. Patrick's, with exemplary diligence. He regularly visited the sick, he regularly administered the sacrament, he regularly preached. For twenty years he was never known to absent himself from early morning prayer. Though he had personally no taste for music, he took immense pains with the education of the choir at St. Patrick's. At Laracor he instituted, in addition to the ordinary Sunday services, extraordinary services on week-days; and these services, whenever he was in residence, he conducted himself. If between 1701 and 1714 he was frequently absent from his parish, it must be remembered that his congregation scarcely ever numbered more than twenty, and that for this congregation, scanty though it was, he not only provided an incumbent, but took care, even during his busiest time in London, to be regularly informed of all that took place in his absence. He rebuilt at his own expense the parsonage; he laid out at his own expense the grounds; he increased the glebe from one acre to twenty.

But to return from our digression — a digression which we have been tempted to make because of the erroneous notions which, arising partly from apocryphal anecdotes, and partly, no doubt, from presumptions formed on Swift's own writings, appear to prevail so generally touching his character as a clergyman. That there was much in the temper and conduct of this singular man, which ill became an apostle of that religion the soul and essence of which are humility and charity, we must in justice acknowledge. But no such admission shall induce us to withhold the praise to which he is righteously entitled. And that praise is high praise. Preferment, such as it was, was not long in coming. A few days after he had been ordained priest he was presented with the small prebend of Kilroot. It was in the diocese of Connor, and was worth about a hundred a year. Of his residence at Kilroot few particulars have survived. One passage of his life in this dismal solitude is, however, not without interest. At Kilroot, Swift sought, and sought with

passionate importunity, to become a husband. For the last time in his life he addressed a woman in the language of love. For the last time in his life he was at the feet of a fellow-creature. The lady who had the honor of inspiring him with this passion was the sister of a college acquaintance. Her name was Waryng, a name which her suitor, after the fashion of gallants of those times, transformed into the fanciful title of Varina. The correspondence between the two lovers extended over a period of four years. Of this nothing remains but two letters of Swift's, and from these two letters must be gathered all that can now be known of the woman whom Thackeray absurdly describes as Swift's first victim. Now these letters seem to us conclusive in Swift's favor. He had, it is easy to see, acted in every way honorably and straightforwardly. He offered to make great sacrifices; he expresses himself in terms of chivalrous devotion. Miss Waryng, on the other hand, appears to have been a sensual but politic coquette, who held out just so much hope as sufficed to keep her lover in expectancy, and just so much encouragement as sufficed to make him impatient. For a while he submitted to all the indignities which female caprice can devise for the torture of men in his unhappy condition. At last the spell was broken; he grew first languid and then indifferent. What followed was what usually does follow in such cases. As the lover cooled, the mistress melted. As he wished to dissolve the tie, she wished to draw it closer. Their correspondence terminated with a letter on which we forbear to comment, but which we would recommend to the perusal of any of our fair readers who may, like Varina, be tempted to abuse the prerogatives of wit and beauty. It would not be true to say that Swift ever became a misogynist, but nothing is more certain than that from this time the poetry of the affections ceased to appeal to him. Henceforth love lost all its glamor. Henceforth the passion which religion and romance have ennobled into the purest and holiest of human bonds awoke only nausea and contempt. He never afterwards sought to marry. He never afterwards permitted woman to be more to him than a sister or a friend.

Meanwhile his patron was anxious to have him back again at Moor Park. Temple was, it seems, busy preparing his memoirs and miscellanies for the press and wanted assistance. Accordingly, at

the beginning of 1696, he wrote to Swift inviting him to return. Swift, weary of Kilroot, and influenced no doubt by the hope of preferment in England, complied at once with the request. He completed his arrangements, indeed, with such expedition, that gossip was busy with conjectures as to the reason of his sudden departure. Two legends, one to his credit, and one to his discredit, but both equally unfounded and equally absurd, have been preserved by biographers. They are, however, scarcely worth a passing allusion.

Swift's second residence at Moor Park may be regarded as the turning-point of his life. During this period his character became fixed; the habits which ever afterwards distinguished him were formed; his real education commenced; his extraordinary powers first revealed themselves. The biographers tell us that ever since his failure at the university he had vowed to devote at least eight hours in every day to study. Of this industry we find no very decisive proofs, either during his first residence with Temple or during his stay in Ireland. But between 1696 and 1700 it is certain that his application was intense. In one year, for example, he had, in addition to several English and French works, perused the whole of Virgil twice, Lucretius and Florus three times, the whole of the Iliad and the Odyssey, the whole of Horace and Petronius, the "Characters" of Theophrastus, the Epistles of Cicero, much of Ælian; and had not only read but analyzed Diodorus Siculus, Cyprian, and Irenæus. His classical attainments were never, we suspect, either exact or profound. Of his acquirements in Greek he was, it is true, given us no opportunity of judging; but of his acquirements in Latin we can only say that, if they are to be estimated by his compositions, they were not such as to give him a place among scholars. His Latin prose is, as a rule, ostentatiously unclassical; his verses habitually violate the simplest laws of prosody. But whatever may have been his deficiency in the technicalities of scholarship, his general acquaintance with the writers of antiquity was undoubtedly considerable. Of his familiarity with Homer there can be no question. We think, too, that he must have studied Demosthenes with great diligence. It may sound paradoxical, but we will venture to assert that there is nothing in our literature more Demosthenean in style and method than the "Drapier Letters" and such pam-

phlets as the "Conduct of the Allies" and the "Public Spirit of the Whigs." Lucretius was always a favorite with him, and the Roman satirists he knew intimately. Indeed, he was so sensible of the value of such studies, that, when political duties had for a while suspended them, his first care, on becoming master of his time, was to betake himself to the "History of the Persian Wars" and to the "*De Rerum Naturâ*."

While he was thus storing his mind with the treasures of Temple's library, an incident occurred which gave birth to the first characteristic production of his genius. For some years a most idle controversy as to the relative merits of ancient and modern writers had been agitating literary circles both in England and on the Continent; and in 1692 Temple had, in an elegantly written but silly and flimsy dissertation, taken up the gauntlet in favor of the ancients. In this dissertation he had selected for special eulogy a series of impudent forgeries which some late sophist had attempted to palm off on the world as the "Epistles of Phalaris of Agrigentum." Competent scholars had long treated them with the contempt they deserved. But Temple, with a dogmatism which was the more ludicrous as he was unable to construe a line of the language in which they were written, not only pronounced them to be genuine, but cited them as proofs of the superiority of the ancients in epistolary literature. Nothing which bore Temple's name on the title-page could fail to command attention, and the treatise speedily became popular. The reading public, who knew little more about Phalaris than that he roasted people in a brazen bull and was afterwards roasted himself, grew curious about these wonderful letters. As there was no accessible edition, Aldrich, the Dean of Christ Church, induced his favorite pupil, Charles Boyle, a younger son of the Earl of Orrery, to undertake one, and in 1695 the volume appeared. The book was as bad as bad could be, and would have been forgotten in a fortnight, but it chanced that in the preface the young editor had taken occasion to sneer at Richard Bentley, then fast rising to pre-eminence among scholars. Bentley, in revenge, proved the letters to be what in truth they were, the worthless fabrication of a late age. To the public expression of this opinion he had been urged by his friend Wotton, who had already broken a lance with Temple in defence of the moderns, and was only too glad to find so

weak a point in his opponent's armor. Temple, naturally angry at the aspersion thus cast on his taste and sagacity, and the dignitaries of Christ Church, feeling that the reputation of their college was at stake, made common cause. Temple prepared a reply, which he had the good sense to suppress. Boyle, or rather Boyle's coadjutors, Atterbury and Smalridge, united to produce a work now only memorable for having elicited Bentley's immortal treatise. Some months, however, before the Christ Church wits were in the field, Swift had come to his patron's assistance. The "Battle of the Books" has always appeared to us the most original and pleasing of Swift's minor satires. The humor is in his finest vein, austere and bitter, but without any of that malignity which in later years so often flavored it. Every sentence is pregnant with sense and meaning. The allegory throughout is admirably conducted, full of significance even in its minutest details. Nothing could be happier than the apologue of the spider and the bee, nothing more amusing than the portrait of Bentley, and assuredly nothing more exquisitely ludicrous than the episode of Bentley and Wotton. For the idea, but for the idea only, of this work, Swift was perhaps indebted to Coutray, a French writer, whose "*Histoire poétique de la Guerre nouvellement déclarée entre les Anciens et les Modernes*" appeared in 1588, and is now one of the rarest volumes known to bibliographers.

Swift soon discovered where his strength lay. His genius developed itself with astonishing rapidity. In 1696 he had not, so far as we know, produced a line which indicated the possession of powers in any way superior to those of ordinary men. In the following year he suddenly appeared as the author of a satire of which the least that can be said is, that it would have added to the reputation of Lucian or Erasmus; and before the year was out he had written the greater part of a work which is allowed to be one of the finest prose satires in the world. The "Tale of a Tub" was composed immediately after the "Battle of the Books," and it forms, as Mr. Forster rightly observes, part of the same satirical design. In the "Battle of the Books," he had satirized, in the person of the moderns, the abuses of learning. In the "Tale of a Tub," he satirizes in the body of the narrative the abuses of religion, and in the digressions he returns to his former theme. It is scarcely necessary to

say, that the immediate object of this inimitable satire was to trace the gradual corruption of primitive Christianity, to ridicule the tenets and the economy of the Church of Rome, to pour contempt on the Presbyterians and Nonconformists and to exalt that section of the Reformed Church to which he himself belonged. None of his satires is so essentially Rabelaisian, but it is Rabelaisian in the best sense of the word. In the phrase of Voltaire, it is Rabelais in his senses; in the still happier phrase of Coleridge, it is the soul of Rabelais in a dry place. With out the good canon's buffoonery and mysticism, it has all his inexhaustible fertility of imagination and fancy, all his humor, all his wit. But it has them with a difference. The humor of Rabelais is that of a man drunk with animal spirits: the humor of Swift is that of a polished cynic. The essence of Rabelais' wit is grotesque extravagance; the wit of Swift is the perfection of refined ingenuity. In the "History of Gargantua and Pantagruel" there is no attempt at condensation; the ideas are, as a rule, pursued with wearisome prolixity to their utmost ramifications. But the power manifested in the "Tale of a Tub" is not merely power expressed, but power latent. Its force is the force of self-restraint. Every paragraph is novel and fresh; every page teems with suggestive matter. There is much in Rabelais which conveyed, we suspect, a little meaning to Du Bellay and Marot as it conveys to us. There is nothing in Swift's allegory which would puzzle a schoolboy who has Scott's notes, brief though they are, in his hand. The "Tale of a Tub" is, in the opinion of many of Swift's critics, his masterpiece. "It exhibits," says Johnson, "a vehemence and rapidity of mind, a copiousness and vacuity of diction, such as he never afterwards possessed, or never exerted." It is curious that it should have escaped a Swift's biographers and critics, that he was probably indebted for the hint of this famous work to a pamphlet written by Archbishop Sharpe, the very prelate who succeeded a few years later in persuading Anne that, as the author of such a satire as the "Tale," Swift was not a proper person for a bishopric. Sharpe's pamphlet is entitled "A Refutation of a Popish argument handed about in manuscript in 1686," and may be found in the seventh volume of the duodecimo edition of his collected works.*

* This was first pointed out by a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for July, 1814.

Swift's indifference to literary distinction, at an age when men are as a rule most eager for such distinction, is curiously illustrated by the fate of these works. For eight years they remained in manuscript, and when they appeared, they appeared not only anonymously, but without receiving his final corrections.

At the beginning of 1699 Temple died. "He expired," writes Swift, with mingled tenderness and cynicism, "at one o'clock this morning, January 27th, 1699, and with him all that was good and amiable in human nature." When the will was opened, he found that his patron's provision for him, though not liberal, was judicious. In addition to a small pecuniary legacy, he had appointed him his literary executor, with the right to appropriate such sums as the publication of his posthumous papers—and they were voluminous—might realize. These papers Swift published in three instalments, the first appearing in 1701, and the last in 1709.

During the next fourteen years his life was one long and fierce struggle for pre-eminence and dominion. To obtain that homage which the world accords, and accords only, to rank and opulence, and to wrest from fortune what fortune had, at his birth malignantly withheld, became the end and aim of all his efforts. In those days literary distinction was not valued as it is valued in our time. If a man of letters found his way to the tables of the great, he was treated in a manner which offensively reminded him of the social disparity between himself and his host. The multitude regarded him, if he was poor, as was only too likely, with contempt; if he was well-to-do, with indifference. Hence men ambitious of worldly honor and worldly success shrank from identifying themselves with authorship, and employed their pens only as a means of obtaining Church preferment or political influence. This perhaps accounts for Swift's carelessness about the fate of his writings, and for the fact that, with two or three unimportant exceptions, nothing that came from his hand appeared with his name. Indeed, on no body of men have the shafts of his terrible scorn fallen so frequently, as on those whom we should describe as authors by profession. But if distinction in literature was not his end, he knew well its value as a means. Many adventurers with resources far inferior to his had fought their way into the chambers of royalty and to the episcopal bench. With what patience under disap-

pointment, with what long-protracted assiduity, with what tact and skill, with what tremendous energy, with what unscrupulous versatility, with what vast expenditure of genius and ability, he pursued this object, is now matter of history.

The death of his patron found him without preferment and without a competency. As the king had, however, on the occasion of one of his visits to Moor Park, promised to confer on him a prebend either of Canterbury or of Westminster, he was by no means inclined to despond; and he hastened up to London to remind William of his promise. His request took the form of a petition, which one of the lords of the council promised to present. This, however, he neglected to do, and Swift, weary of hanging about Kensington, and angry no doubt at the king's neglect, accepted an invitation from the Earl of Berkeley, then one of the lords justices of Ireland, to accompany him as chaplain and secretary to Dublin. Berkeley, little knowing the character of the man with whom he had to deal, attempted at first to treat him as superiors are wont to treat dependents. Finding it convenient on his arrival in Ireland to bestow the private secretaryship on a layman, he suddenly informed Swift that his services as a chaplain were all that would be henceforth expected from him. The deprivation of this office was, however, accompanied with a promise of ecclesiastical preferment. In a few months the rich deanery of Derry chanced to fall vacant. It was in the disposal of Berkeley, and Swift at once applied for it; but the person, one Bushe, who had superseded him in the secretaryship, now prevailed on Berkeley to confer the deanery on another candidate. Swift's rage knew no bounds. Thundering out to the astonished secretary and his no less astonished principal, "God confound you both for a couple of scoundrels," he abruptly quitted the castle. Nor did his wrath end here. He gibbeted his patron in a lampoon distinguished even among his other lampoons by its scurrility. Whether this came to Berkeley's ears is not known. We are very much inclined to believe that it did, and that Berkeley's subsequent conduct is to be attributed, not to a sense of justice, nor, as Mr. Forster supposes, to the influence of Lady Berkeley and her daughters, but to a sense of fear. He had probably the sagacity to see that no public man could afford to make an enemy of a writer so powerful and so unscrupulous as Swift. What is certain is, that his

Excellency lost little time in appeasing his infuriated chaplain. In a short time Swift was again an inmate of the castle, and in a few weeks he was in possession of preferment, not indeed equivalent in value to the deanery, but sufficient to maintain him in decency and independence. In March, 1699, he was presented with the rectory of Agher and the vicarages of Laracor and Rathbeggan in the diocese of Meath. In the following year the prebend of Dunlavin in St. Patrick's cathedral was added to his other preferments. A few months later he took his doctor's degree in the University of Dublin. For the present, however, he continued to reside as domestic chaplain at the castle.

In the spring of 1701 Berkeley was recalled, and Swift accompanied him to England. He found the country convulsed with civil discord; the unpopularity of the king was at its height; a disgraceful feud divided the two Houses; a war with France was apparently imminent. This latter disaster the Tories attributed to the Partition Treaties, and, as the Tories had just won a great victory, they were determined to indemnify themselves for their recent depression by giving full scope to resentment and vengeance. With this object they were hurrying on impeachments against the four Whig ministers who had most prominently connected themselves with the obnoxious treaties. Swift was not the man to remain a mere spectator where he was so well qualified to enter the arena, and in the summer of 1701 appeared his first contribution to contemporary politics. It was a treatise in five chapters, entitled "A Discourse of the Contests and Dissensions between the Nobles and the Commons in Athens and Rome;" and it was written to vindicate the Whig ministers, to defend the king's foreign policy, and to allay the intemperate fury of party. It points out that what ruined States in ancient times is quite as likely to ruin States in modern times, and it selects from the political history of Rome and Athens incidents analogous to the incidents then occurring in England. The tone is calm and grave, the style simple, nervous, and clear. What distinguishes it from Swift's other political tracts is, that it is without humor and without satire. The work at once attracted attention. Some ascribed it to Somers, others to Burnet; but Swift, for a time at least, kept his own secret, and returned to Ireland. Next year, however, he acknowledged the authorship,

and was received with open arms by the Whig leaders, who, confessing their obligations to him, promised to do all in their power to serve him. In 1704 appeared a volume which at once raised him to the highest place among contemporary prose writers. It contained the "Tale of a Tub," the "Battle of the Books," and the "Discourse on the Mechanical Operation of the Spirit," a singularly powerful satire on hypocritical fanaticism, written in his bitterest and most cynical vein. From this moment he became a distinguished figure in literary and political circles. Somers, indeed, contented himself with being civil, but with the more genial Halifax acquaintanceship soon ripened into intimacy. The very remarkable words in which Addison inscribed to him a copy of his "Travels in Italy" sufficiently prove in what estimation the vicar of Laracor was, even as early as 1705, held by those whose praise was best worth having. "To Dr. Jonathan Swift" — so runs the inscription — "the most agreeable companion, the truest friend, and the greatest genius of his age."

The next five years form perhaps the most unsatisfactory period in Swift's life. They were spent partly in Ireland, where he divided his time between Laracor and Dublin, and partly in London, where he passed his mornings in scribbling pamphlets which he never published, his afternoons in dancing attendance on the Whig ministers, and his evenings in gossiping with Addison and Addison's friends in coffee-houses. The preferment which his new patrons had promised never came, though it appeared to be always on the way. At one moment it seemed probable that he would be promoted to the see of Waterford, at another moment he had some hope of Cork. Then he expressed his willingness to accompany Lord Berkeley as secretary of the embassy to Vienna, and at last talked half seriously of going out as a colonial bishop to Virginia. But nothing succeeded, and the fact that nothing succeeded he attributed neither to the cross accidents of fortune, nor to the obstinate opposition of the court, but to the treachery and ingratitude of his friends. Though he still continued to jest and pun with Pembroke and the Berkeleys, to discuss the prospects of the Whigs with Somers, and to lend an additional charm to the splendid hospitality of Halifax at Hampton Court, his temper grew every day more soured; every day he became more suspicious and sore.

In truth a breach with the Whigs was

inevitable. Even apart from motives of self-interest — and it would be doing Swift great injustice to suppose that motives of self-interest were the only, or indeed the chief, motives which at this time guided him — he had ample cause for dissatisfaction. If there was one thing dear to him, it was the Established Church. To preserve that Church intact, intact in its ritual, intact in its dogmas, intact in its rights, was in his eyes of infinitely greater importance than the most momentous of those questions which divided party from party. As a politician, he found no difficulty in reconciling the creed of Halifax and Somers with the creed of St. John and Harcourt. He was at one with those who dethroned James and set up William; he was tender with those who spoke respectfully of the doctrines of passive obedience and nonresistance. He figures in history, indeed, as a furious partisan, but nothing is more remarkable than the moderation and tolerance which he always displays in discussing the principles of political opinion. In his own creed he shunned all extremes; it was of the essence of compromise. "No man," he says in one of the most admirable of his minor tracts, "who has examined the conduct of both parties for some years past, can go to the extremes of either without offering some violence to his integrity or understanding." Again he writes: "In order to preserve the Constitution entire in Church and State, whoever has a true value for either would be sure to avoid the extremes of Whig for the sake of the former, and the extremes of Tory for the sake of the latter." But all traces of this moderate spirit disappear the moment the Church is in question. As an ecclesiastic, he was intolerant even to ferocious bigotry. The Reformed Protestant Church was in his eyes the only religious institution which civil authority should recognize; its doctrines the only doctrines which should be held to constitute the faith of Christians. The depth and sincerity of his convictions on this point are strikingly illustrated by the fact, that when as leader of Irish opposition to England it was plainly his interest to unite men of all religions against the government, his hostility to such as lay outside the pale of the Protestant Church was as obstinate and uncompromising as ever. In his writings he makes no distinction between Papists and atheists, between Presbyterians and free-thinkers. He was in favor of the Penal Laws. He upheld the cruellest of those statutes which ex-

cluded Nonconformists from the rights of citizens. On these points his opinion was at variance with the party to which he was politically attached, and entirely in harmony with that held by the party to which he was politically opposed. It was not, however, till 1708 that Swift began to realize that the interests of his order and the interests of his party were irreconcilable. In that year it became evident that the Church was in danger. The Whigs were, in truth, more and more identifying themselves with her enemies. They had already agitated a repeal of the Test Act in favor of the Protestant Dissenters in Ireland, and its repeal would probably soon be moved in England. The contempt in which many of them held the religion of the State was notorious. Indeed Cowper, the chancellor, and Somers, the president of the council, were popularly regarded as little better than infidels. Nor was this all. In the Whig ranks were to be found that odious clique — at the head of which were Toland, Tyndal, and Collins — a clique whose avowed object was the demolition of orthodoxy. Under these circumstances Swift published in 1708, his "Sentiments of a Church of England Man," a pamphlet in his best manner, temperate in tone, forcible and luminous in style. He here defines his position, and here for the first time his dissatisfaction with his party is discernible. This was succeeded by that inimitable satire on the free-thinkers, entitled "An Argument against Abolishing Christianity." It may be questioned whether pure irony has ever been carried to greater perfection than in this short piece.

But it was not as a satirist only that he designed to combat the enemies of Christianity. He had gathered materials for an elaborate refutation of one of the most obnoxious of Tyndal's publications, an interesting fragment of which may be found in the eighth volume of his collected writings. Meanwhile the Whigs in Ireland were pushing on the repeal of the Test Act, and in December appeared Swift's famous letter concerning the sacramental test. The defeat of the bill followed. It was believed that Swift's pamphlet had turned the scale against repeal; and from this moment all cordiality between himself and his party was at an end. In his next treatise, a "Project for the Advancement of Religion," there was, we suspect, as much policy as piety. It appears to have been written partly to ingratiate himself with the queen, and

partly to insinuate that Whig dominion was inimical alike to morality and religion. Such at least is the impression which this singular work makes upon us. No man who knew the world as Swift knew it, could have seriously entertained many of the schemes which he here gravely propounds.

While he was busy with these works, his humor and drollery were convulsing London with laughter. Though astrological quackery had long been on the decline, it still found credit with the uneducated. Its most distinguished professor at this time was John Partridge, a charlatan who was in the habit of publishing each year an almanac, in which he predicted, with due ambiguity, what events were in the course of the year destined to take place. In February, 1708, appeared a pamphlet of a few pages, informing the public that Partridge was an impostor, that a rival prophet was in the field, and that it was the intention of that rival prophet to issue an opposition almanac. The writer then proceeded with great gravity to unfold the future. He scorned, he said, to fence himself, like Partridge, with vagueness and generalities; he should be particular in everything he foretold; he should in all cases name the day; he should often be enabled to name the very hour. "My first prediction," he goes on to say, "is but a trifle;" it relates to Partridge, the almanac-maker. "I have consulted the star of his nativity by my own rules, and find he will infallibly die upon the twenty-ninth of March next, about eleven o'clock at night, of a raging fever; therefore I advise him to consider of it and settle his affairs in time." The pamphlet was signed Isaac Bickerstaffe, but it was soon known in literary circles that Isaac Bickerstaffe was none other than Jonathan Swift. The thirtieth of March arrived, and out came "The accomplishment of the first part of Bickerstaffe's Predictions, being an account of the death of Mr. Partridge upon the 29th instant." Here we read how, towards the end of March, Mr. Partridge was observed to droop and sicken; how he then took to his bed; how, as the end drew near, his conscience smiting him, he sorrowfully confessed that his prophecies were mere impositions, and that he himself was a rogue; and how finally he breathed his last just as Bickerstaffe had predicted. To this, in his almanac for 1709, Partridge was fool enough to reply, "thanking God that he was not only alive, but well and hearty,"

and unluckily adding that he was alive also on the day of his alleged demise. Upon that Bickerstaffe, in an exquisitely humorous pamphlet, proceeded to assure Partridge that if he imagined himself alive, he was laboring under hallucination; alive he may have been on the 29th of March, for his death did not occur till the evening, but dead he most assuredly had been ever since, for he had himself virtually admitted it. "If," added Bickerstaffe, "an uninformed carcase still walks about, and is pleased to call itself Partridge, I do not think myself in any way answerable for that." The jest had now become general. The life of the unhappy almanac-maker was a burden to him. At home facetious neighbors pestered him with questions as to whether he had left any orders for a funeral sermon, whether his grave "was to be plain or bricked." If he appeared in the street he was asked why he was sneaking about without his coffin, and why he had not paid his burial fees. So popular became the name assumed by Swift in this humorous controversy, that when in April, 1709, Steele started the "Tatler," it was as Isaac Bickerstaffe that he sought to catch the public ear.

But controversies of another kind were now fast approaching. The latter half of 1709, and the greater part of 1710, Swift spent in sullen discontent in Ireland. Meanwhile every post was bringing important tidings from London. At the beginning of February came the news of the impeachment of Sacheverell. In the summer arrived a report that the ministry were to be turned out. By the 15th of June Sunderland had been dismissed. By the 23rd of August Godolphin had resigned, the treasury was in commission, and the ruin of the Whigs imminent. In less than a month Swift was in England. The business which carried him thither was business which had for two years been occupying him. At the suggestion of Bishop Burnet, Anne had, shortly after her accession, consented to waive her claim to the first-fruits and tenths. The remission extended only to the English clergy, but the Irish Convocation, thinking themselves entitled to the same favor, had petitioned the lord treasurer to lay their case before the queen. With this object they had, in 1708, appointed Swift their delegate. Session after session he had pleaded and importuned, but he had been able to obtain nothing but evasive answers. It was now hoped that an application would be more successful, and

this application Swift, in commission with the Bishops of Ossory and Killaloe, was directed to make.

On his arrival in London he found everything in confusion. The Whigs were in panic, the Tories in perplexity. Harley was at the head of affairs, but on which of the two parties Harley intended to throw himself, was as yet known to no man. Many believed that few further changes would be made. Others were of opinion that a coalition ministry would be formed. What seemed certain was, that no Tory government would have the smallest chance of standing for a month. By the majority of the Whigs, the appearance of Swift was hailed with joy. "They were," he writes to Esther Johnson, "ravished to see me, and would lay hold on me as a twig while they are drowning." But by Godolphin he was received in a manner which bordered on rudeness, and when he called on Somers, it was plain that all he had to expect from the greatest of the Whigs, was cold civility. And now he took a step of which he probably little foresaw the consequences. With Harley he was already slightly acquainted, and at the beginning of October he called on him explaining the business which had brought him to town, and requesting the favor of an interview. The interview was granted, and in less than a fortnight Swift was the friend and confidant of the leader of the Tories, was assailing his old allies, was fighting the battles of his former opponents.

No action of his life has been so severely commented on as his defection from his party at a crisis when defection is justly regarded as least defensible. But what are the facts of the case? In deserting the Whigs he deserted men from whom in truth he had long been alienated, who were in league with the enemies of his order, who were for factious purposes pursuing a policy eminently disastrous and immoral, and who had treated him personally not merely with gross ingratitude, but with unwarrantable disrespect. He was bound to them neither by ties of duty nor by ties of sentiment. He owed them nothing, he had promised them nothing. Nor did his apostasy involve any sacrifice of political principle. On all essential points he was, as we have seen, a moderate Whig, and on all essential points a moderate Whig he continued to remain. Whoever will make the trouble to compare what he wrote under the administration of Godolphin,

with what he wrote under the administration of Harley, will perceive that he was never, even in the heat of controversy, inconsistent with himself. What he declared to be his creed in his "Sentiments of a Church of England Man," he declared to be his creed in his contributions to the *Examiner*, in his "Free Thoughts on Public Affairs," and in a remarkable letter which, six years after Anne's death, he addressed to Pope.* Who ever accused Godolphin and Marlborough of treachery, when they deserted the Tories and identified themselves with the Whigs? And yet there is nothing which tells against Swift which does not tell with infinitely greater force against them. He went over to Harley, it is true, at a time when the Whigs were in trouble, but it ought in justice to be remembered that he went over to him at a time when there were probably not ten men in London who believed that the new ministry would stand. In truth his correspondence amply proves that, when he cast in his lot with Harley, he fully believed that his patron was playing a losing game, and that the Whigs would in all probability speedily recover themselves. This is not, we submit, the conduct of a vulgar renegade. But here apology must end. The rancor and malignity which mark his attacks on his old associates, many of them men to whose probity and disinterestedness he had himself given eloquent testimony, admit of no justification. He had, we are satisfied, honestly persuaded himself that it was his duty, both in the interests of the State and in the interests of the Church, to break with the Whigs, but it would be absurd to deny that his hostility on public grounds was sharpened by private animosity.

No man of letters has ever occupied a position similar to that which Swift held during the administration of Harley. Ostensibly a mere dependent, the power which he virtually possessed was autocratical. Without rank, without wealth, without office, rank, wealth, and authority were at his feet. The influence which he exercised on all with whom he came in contact resembled fascination. Men little accustomed to anything but the most deferential respect submitted meekly to all the caprices of his insolent temper. Noble ladies solicited in vain the honor of his acquaintance. The heads of princely houses bore from him what they would

* This important letter, which is dated Dublin, Jan. 10, 1720-1, is an elaborate exposition of Swift's political creed.

have resented in an equal. Indeed, the liberties which he sometimes took with social superiors are such as to be scarcely credible. On one occasion, for example, he sent the lord treasurer to fetch the principal secretary of state from the House of Commons: "For I desire," he said, "to inform him with my own lips, that if he dines late I shall not dine with him." On another occasion, when informed that the Duke of Buckinghamshire—a nobleman whose pride had passed into a proverb—was anxious to be introduced to him, he coolly replied, "It cannot be, for he has not made sufficient advances." By Harley and St. John, the one the lord treasurer, the other the principal secretary of state, he was treated not merely as an equal, but as a brother. He was their companion at home and in business. They indulged him in all his whims. They bore with patience the sallies of his sarcastic humor. They allowed him a license, both of speech and action, which they would never have tolerated in a kinsman. When we remember that at the time Swift attained this extraordinary dominion over his contemporaries he was known only as a country priest with a turn for letters, who had come to London partly as an ambassador from the Irish clergy and partly to look for preferment, it may well move our wonder. But it is not difficult to explain. No one who is acquainted with the character of Swift, with his character as it appears in his own writings, as it has been illustrated in innumerable anecdotes, and as it has been delineated by those who were familiar with him, can fail to see that he belonged to the kings of human kind. Everything about him indicated superiority. His will was a will of adamant, his intellect was an intellect scarcely inferior perhaps to that of a Richelieu or an Innocent. And to that will and to that intellect was joined a spirit singularly stern, dauntless, and haughty. In all he did, as in all he said, these qualities were conspicuously, nay, often offensively, apparent, but nowhere were they written more legibly than in his deportment and countenance. Though his features had not at this time assumed the awful severity which they assume in the portrait by Bindon, they were, to judge from the picture painted about this time by Jervis, eminently dignified and striking. Need we recall the lofty forehead, the broad and massive temples, the shapely, semi-aquiline nose, the full but compressed lips, the dimpled double

chin, and the heavy-lidded, clear blue eyes, rendered peculiarly lustrous and expressive by the swarthy complexion and bushy black eyebrows which set them off? He was, we are told, never known to laugh; his humor, even when most facetious, was without gaiety, and he would sit unmoved while his jest was convulsing the company round him. The expression of his face could never even in his mildest moods have been amiable, but when anger possessed him it was absolutely terrific. His manner was imperious and abrupt. His words—few, dry, and bitter—cut like razors. In his conduct and in his speech lurked a mocking irony, which rendered it impossible even for those who were familiar with him to be altogether easy in his society. What he felt he seldom took pains to conceal, and what he felt for the majority of his fellow-men was mingled pity and contempt.

The biography of Swift between the winter of 1710 and the summer of 1714 is little less than the history of four of the most eventful years in English annals. For during the period which began with the triumph of Harley and ended with the discomfiture of Bolingbroke nothing of importance was done with which he is not associated. So fully, indeed, did he enter into the political life of those stirring times, that a minute history of the administration of Oxford might without difficulty be constructed from his correspondence and pamphlets. To one portion of that correspondence a peculiar interest attaches itself. Twenty-one years had passed since Swift first saw Esther Johnson at Moor Park. She was then a child of seven, he a young man of twenty-two. In spite of this disparity in years the little maid and himself had soon grown intimate. Her innocent prattle served to while away many a sad and weary hour. He would babble to her in her own baby language. He would romp and play with her, and, as her mind expanded, he became her teacher. From his lips she first learned the principles which ever afterwards guided her pure and blameless life. By him her tastes were formed, by him her intellect was moulded. For a while their intercourse was interrupted. Time rolled on. Temple died in 1701. Esther had settled down with a female companion at Farnham. She was then on the eve of womanhood, and rarely has woman been more richly endowed than the young creature who was about to dedicate her life to

Swift. Of her personal charms many accounts have survived. Her pale but strikingly beautiful face beamed with amiability and intelligence. Neither sickness nor sorrow could dim the lustre of her fine dark eyes. Over her fair and open brow clustered hair blacker than a raven. Though her figure inclined, perhaps, somewhat too much to *embonpoint*, it was characterized by the most perfect grace. Her voice was soft and musical, her air and manner those of a finished lady. But these were not the qualities which in the eyes of Swift elevated Esther Johnson above the rest of her sex. What he dwells on with most fondness, in the description which he has left of her, are her wit and vivacity, her unerring judgment, her manifold accomplishments, the sweetness and gentleness of her temper, her heroic courage, her large-hearted charity. Few men would have been proof against charms like these. But to Swift Esther Johnson was at eighteen what she had been at seven. To her personal beauty he was not, indeed, insensible, but it formed no link in the chain which bound him to her. Many of the qualities which attracted him were qualities not peculiar to woman, and of the qualities peculiar to woman those which attracted him most were those which form no element in sexual love. Coleridge has conjectured with some plausibility that the name Stella, which is a man's name with a feminine termination, was purposely selected by him to symbolize the nature of his relation with Miss Johnson. That he was more attached to that lady than he was to any other human being seems clear, but the love was purely Platonic, and there is not the shadow of a reason for believing that a marriage was ever even formally solemnized between them. Of marriage, indeed, he scarcely ever speaks without expressions indicative of horror or contempt. He delighted in the society of women; he even preferred their society to that of men, but his object in seeking it was merely to enable him to escape from himself. The truth is that, with all his austerity and cynicism, no man was more dependent on human sympathy. That sympathy he found in woman: he sought nothing more. To approach him nearer was to move his loathing. Of the poetry of passion he knew nothing. The grace and loveliness, over which an artist or a lover would hang entranced, presented themselves to him as they might present themselves to a thoughtful physician. Where the rest of

his sex saw only the blooming cheek and the sparkling eye he saw only the grinning skull behind. Where all else would be sensible of nothing but what was pleasing, he would be sensible of nothing but what was disagreeable. His imagination grew not merely disenchanted but depraved. He appears, indeed, to have been drawn by some strange attraction to the contemplation of everything which is most offensive and most humiliating in our common humanity. But it was the fascination of repulsion. It was of the nature of that morbidity which tortured the existence of Rousseau.* His fastidious delicacy was such, that the conditions of physical being seemed to him inexpressibly revolting, and his mind, by continually dwelling on noisome images, became so polluted and diseased, that he looked upon his kind pretty much as the Houyhnhnms of his terrible fiction looked upon the Yahoos.

It was probably with the understanding that she could never be more to him than a sister that, at the beginning of 1701, Miss Johnson consented to settle near him in Ireland; and now commenced that curious history, the particulars of which have excited more interest and elicited more comment than any other portion of Swift's biography. What he desired was to establish free and affectionate relations with his young favorite, without compromising either her or himself. It was agreed, therefore, that she was to continue to reside with her companion Mrs. Dingley, and with Mrs. Dingley she continued to reside till her death. The rules which regulated their intercourse never varied. When Swift was in London, the two ladies occupied his lodgings in Dublin; when he returned, they withdrew to their own. At Laracor the arrangements were similar: he never passed a night under the same roof with them. At all his interviews with Miss Johnson, Mrs. Dingley was present. It would, says Orrery, be difficult if not impossible to prove that he had ever conversed with her except in the presence of witnesses. With the same scrupulous propriety, what he wrote he wrote for the perusal of both. If Miss Johnson nursed hopes that she might some day become his wife, these hopes must have been speedily dispelled. As early as 1704 the nature of his affec-

* The subject is not a pleasing one, but if the reader will turn to the second volume of the "Confessions," part ii., book vii., p. 210. seqq., he will find a passage which seems to us curiously illustrative of Swift's peculiarities of temperament.

tion was submitted to a crucial test. One of his friends, a Mr. Tisdall, sought Esther in marriage. He consulted Swift with the double object of ascertaining whether Swift had himself any idea of marrying her, and, in the event of that not being the case, of soliciting his assistance in furthering his own suit. Swift replied that he had no intention at all of entering into such a relation with her, and, on being assured that Tisdall was in a position to support a wife, expressed his willingness to serve him. It seems to us highly probable that the whole of this transaction was a stratagem of Miss Johnson's. A bright and vivacious girl, in the bloom of youth and beauty, is scarcely likely to have adopted by choice the mode of life prescribed by Swift. She wished—who can doubt it?—to be bound to him by dearer ties. If anything could win him, it would be the fear of losing her. If anything could induce him to make her his wife, it would be the prospect of her becoming the wife of another man. She now knew her fate. She accepted it; and Swift was never again troubled with a rival. In Swift's conduct in this matter we fail to see anything disingenuous; he appears to have acted throughout honorably and straightforwardly. Each year drew the bonds of this eccentric connection closer. In Ireland the three friends were daily together, and though, as we have seen, Swift was frequently absent in England, it was always with reluctance that he set out, as it was always with impatience that he looked forward to returning. At last the friends were destined to be separated. From the time of Swift's arrival in England at the beginning of September, 1710, till his return to Ireland as Dean of St. Patrick's in June, 1713, he saw nothing either of Esther or of her companion. But absence was not permitted to interrupt their communion. A correspondence as voluminous as that which passed between Miss Byron and Miss Selby was exchanged. Of this correspondence the portion contributed by Swift is extant, and constitutes, as we need scarcely say, the "Journal to Stella." Of the value of those letters, both as throwing light on the political and social history of the early eighteenth century and as elucidating the character and conduct of their writer, it would be superfluous to speak. We know of no other parallel to them but the parallel which immediately suggests itself, the "Diary" of Pepys. Like Pepys, Swift writes with absolute un-

reserve. Like Pepys, he is not ashamed to exhibit himself in his weakest moments. Like Pepys, he records—and seems to delight in recording with ludicrous particularity—incidents trivial even to grotesqueness—how he dined and where he dined, what clothes he bought and what they cost him, what disorders he was suffering from and what disorders his friends were suffering from, what medicine he took and how that medicine affected him, what time he went to bed and on what side of the bed he lay. Side by side with these trivialities we find those vivid pictures of court and city life in which, as on a living panorama, the world of Anne still moves before us. Nothing escaped his keen and observant glance, and nothing that he saw has he left unrecorded. Indeed, these most fascinating letters reflect as in a mirror all that was passing before his eyes, and all that was passing in his mind.

On his accession to power, Harley found himself beset with difficulties. The war with France was raging. That war had now become the touchstone of party feeling. The Tories were bent on bringing it with all expedition to an end. The Whigs, in league with the Allies, were furious for its continuance. It was obvious that without a peace the ministry must collapse. It was equally clear that to conclude a peace, except on terms highly advantageous to England, might cost Harley not his place merely, but his head. The task before him was therefore twofold. He must take measures to prosecute the war with vigor, that France might be induced to offer such terms as would satisfy the pride and cupidity of the English, and he must at the same time render the war and the war party unpopular. In this embarrassing position, he was surrounded by colleagues in whom he could place little confidence, and who were divided among themselves. Every day as it passed by increased his perplexity. A great schism had already torn his party into two sections. With the moderate Tories he knew how to deal, and could rely on their hearty co-operation. Over the extreme Tories—and the extreme Tories were in the majority—he had little or no control. Nor was this all. The finances were in deplorable confusion; there was a panic in the City; and so bad was the credit of the new government, that he found it impossible to negotiate a loan sufficient even for the pressing necessities of the moment. Such was the position of affairs when, in November,

1710, Swift undertook the editorship of the *Examiner*. This famous periodical, which was the organ of the Tories, was published weekly. Thirteen numbers had already appeared. Though written by men whose names stood high both in literature and politics, none of the papers had made much impression on the public mind. Indirectly, indeed, the papers had done more mischief than service to the Tory cause, for they had provoked the Whigs to set up an opposition journal, the *Whig Examiner*, and the superiority of the papers in the *Whig Examiner* was so striking, that it was admitted even by the Tories themselves. But in Swift's hands the *Examiner* rose to an importance without precedent in journalism. It became a voice of power in every town and in every hamlet throughout England. It was an appeal made, not to the political cliques of the metropolis, but to the whole kingdom, and to the whole kingdom it spoke. In a few months Swift had attained his purpose. He had turned the tide against the Whigs, he had made Harley popular, he had rendered the policy of the ministry practicable. No one who will take the trouble to glance at these famous papers will be surprised at their effect. They are masterpieces of polemical skill. Every sentence, every word, comes home. Their logic, levelled to the meanest capacity, smites like a hammer. Their statements, often a tissue of mere sophistry and assumption, appear so plausible, that it is difficult even for the cool historian to avoid being carried away by them. At a time when party spirit was running high, and few men stopped to weigh evidence, they must have been irresistible. To one part of his task it is evident that Swift applied himself with peculiar zest. He had now an opportunity for avenging the slights and disappointments of years, and he made, it must be admitted, the best of his opportunity. Nothing can exceed the malignity and bitterness of his attacks on his old allies. He assails them sometimes with irony, sometimes with damning innuendo, sometimes in the language of ribald scurrility, and sometimes in the language of fleering scorn. Descending to the grossest personalities, he charges Somers with immorality and atheism; he holds up to contempt the low tastes of Godolphin; he taunts Cowper with libertinism and bigamy. Then, spurning meaner adversaries under his feet, disposing of one with an epithet, of another in a parenthesis, he strikes full at the towering crest of Marl-

borough. One paper enlarges on his avarice, another on his unprincipled ambition; here he reproaches him with being the slave of a harridan consort, there he lashes him as a traitor to William and an ingrate to Anne. But his onslaughts on these distinguished men are mercy compared with those terrible philippics in which he gave vent to his rage against Wharton. Of all the Whigs, Wharton was the most odious to him. It was Wharton who had deprived him of his place at the court of the lord lieutenant; it was Wharton who had spoken lightly of his personal character; it was Wharton who had agitated the repeal of the Test Act. In his second *Examiner* Swift was at the throat of his victim, and with each number his satire gathers animosity and venom. Every crime which can load a public man with obloquy, every vice and every folly which in private life sink men in contempt and infamy, are described as uniting in this abandoned noble. He is the Verres of Ireland, with a front more brazen, with a nature fouler and more depraved, than that of the arch-villain of Cicero; he is a poltroon, a liar, an infidel, a libertine, a sot. The merciless satirist then goes on to accuse him of atrocities too horrible to specify. With these charges he dealt at length in a separate pamphlet; for, not content with flaying his enemy in the *Examiner*, he published at the end of November, 1710, "A Short Character of Thomas Earl of Wharton," a satire absolutely appalling in its malignity and force.

It was not likely that the Whigs would suffer their leaders to be thus maltreated with impunity. Though the *Whig Examiner* had died, the *Medley* and the *Observer* were in vigorous activity. The staff of both papers was a powerful one, and Swift soon found himself front to front with assailants as rancorous and as unscrupulous as himself. During seven months the paper war raged with a fury never before known in the history of political controversy, and during seven months Swift engaged single-handed with the whole force of the Whig press; wielding, like Homer's Agamemnon, the polished weapon and the crushing weight:

ὁ τῶν ἄλλων ἀπεπάλειτο στίχας ἰνδρῶν
Ἐγχεῖ ὥρι τε, μεγάλους τε χερμαδίοις.

In the middle of July, 1711, his contributions to the *Examiner* ceased. A series of pamphlets now flowed from his pen in rapid succession. In his "Remarks on a Letter to the Seven Lords,"

he retorts with great asperity on certain Whig journalists, who had in a recent publication accused him of circulating calumnious reports against the committee who examined Greg in 1708. In a "New Journey to Paris"—a pleasant *jeu d'esprit*—he managed, by throwing public curiosity on a false scent, to save Harley from the embarrassing complications which would in all probability have arisen from the unfortunate arrest of Prior at Deal. At the end of November appeared the "Conduct of the Allies." It appeared anonymously, but in forty-eight hours the first edition had run out; in five hours a second edition was exhausted, and within a few days no less than five editions were in circulation. Its influence was co-extensive with its popularity. It touched the nation to the quick. From that moment the fate of Marlborough and the Allies was sealed. The "Conduct of the Allies" was immediately followed by the "Remarks on the Barrier Treaty," a piece in which he points out how completely England had, by the machinations of Whig statesmen, been made the dupe of Dutch cupidity. But he never did his patron more service than in the letter which he addressed to the October Club. This was a clique of country gentlemen who belonged to the extreme section of the Tory party, and who, having long expressed dissatisfaction with the moderate policy of Harley, were now assuming a very menacing attitude. To pacify, and, if possible, to gain the confidence of those politicians, was, however, a matter of great moment; but how to do so, without at the same time making concessions which it was of equal moment not to make, was a problem by no means easy to solve. It was solved by Swift in a pamphlet which Scott justly describes as a masterpiece of political tact. The "Letter to the October Club" well deserves to be studied by all who would see with what rare skill Swift could perform the nicest offices of diplomacy.

Up to this time the writings of Swift had, since the publication of the "Tale of a Tub," dealt almost entirely with subjects of ephemeral interest. In pure literature he had produced little or nothing. A few copies of occasional verses—such verses, for example, as "Baucis and Philemon," and a "Description of a City Shower," a few unimportant contributions to "The Tatler,"* and one or two short

trifles scarcely intended, perhaps, for the public eye, would, we believe, exhaust the list. But in the summer of 1711 an incident occurred, which recalled him for a moment from politics to letters. That incident was the foundation of the famous Brothers' Club, one of those institutions which shed peculiar lustre on the reign of Anne. It was a club founded by the leaders of the Tory party, and it numbered among its members the most distinguished Tories then living. Its object was, in the words of Swift, to encourage literature by the judicious dispensation of patronage, to improve conversation, and to temper party ardor with humanity and wit. In its meetings all those artificial distinctions, which separate caste from caste and man from man, were ignored. Its members met and mingled on terms of fraternal equality. As brothers, indeed, they addressed each other. Among the brethren were—in addition to Swift, Arbuthnot, Friend, and Prior—the heads of two ducal houses, Ormond and Beaufort, the lord treasurer Oxford, the lord keeper Harcourt, St. John, then leader of the Lower House, the Lords Arran, Duplin, Lansdowne, and the Earls of Orrery and Jersey. Nothing illustrates more pleasingly than this society the most charming feature in the social life of that age. Never, since the symposia at which Augustus and Mæcenas gathered on the Palatine the wit and genius of Rome, had the alliance between the class which governs and the class which adorns a nation been so close and so honorable. From the reigns of Elizabeth and James men of letters had never, it is true, lacked patrons, either in the ministry or among the aristocracy. At the Revolution, and during the early years of Anne, they had grown in favor and reputation. Some of the leading Whig statesmen, Somers, for example, and Halifax, had prided themselves on their connection with letters. Indeed, at no period had literary merit been so munificently rewarded. But the

of them. In "The Tatler" his only entire paper was No. 230, on "Popular Corruptions of Language." He contributed to No. 9 the verses on "A Morning in Town;" to No. 32 the "History of Madonella;" to No. 63 the letter ridiculing the college for young damsels; to No. 35 the letter signed "Eliz. Potatrix;" to No. 59 the letter signed "Obadiah Greenhat;" to No. 66 the remarks on pulpit oratory in the first part of the paper; portions of Nos. 67 and 68; to No. 70 the letter on pulpit eloquence; to No. 71 the admonitory letter to the vicar and schoolmaster; to No. 238 the verses on the "City Shower;" to No. 258 the letter on the words "Great Britain"—this he wrote in conjunction with Prior and Rowe. In "The Spectator" he supplied hints for No. 50, and was, perhaps, the author of a paragraph in No. 575. See Drake's "Essays on 'The Tatler' and 'Spectator,'" vol. iii.

* As none of Swift's editors and biographers have accurately distinguished his contributions to "The Tatler" and "Spectator," it may be well to give a list

relative position of the two classes had never changed. The barriers which fortune had placed between them had always been jealously guarded. The language in which Addison addresses Halifax and Somers differs in no respect from the language in which Spenser addressed Leicester; Shakespeare, Southampton; and Dryden, Dorset, or Rochester. It is the language of respectful homage; it sometimes savors of servility; it is in all cases that of an inferior addressing a superior. We very much doubt whether any of the Whig nobility condescended to associate, even with the most distinguished of their clients, as friend with friend. To the members of the Brothers' Club belongs the honor of having been the first to recognize in men of parts and genius, not objects of patronage merely, but companions and equals. Though Swift was not, as Scott erroneously supposes, the founder of this society, he was undoubtedly one of its most influential members. He was treasurer; he dispensed its charity; he proposed candidates for election; he prevented the election of candidates proposed by others.

In his conversations with the brethren, he had often discussed a scheme which had long been in his mind. This was the foundation of an academy for fixing and correcting the English language. He was, he said, convinced that, if some stand was not made against the tide of corruption which was from all sides pouring in upon our language, that language would in less than two centuries be an unintelligible jargon. From the time of the civil struggles its pollution had been systematic. First it had been invaded by the cant of the Puritans, then by the still more offensive cant of the Cavaliers. Later on it had been vitiated by licentious abbreviations. It fluctuated, in fact, with every colloquial fashion; and with every colloquial fashion it would, unless proper measures were taken, continue to fluctuate. He proposed, therefore, that a committee should be formed, composed of such persons as should be generally admitted to be most qualified for the task, that they should meet at an appointed place, that their expenses should be defrayed by the State, and that they should be formally authorized to ascertain and fix our language. This proposal he embodied in a letter to the lord treasurer, which was published in May, 1712, and was much discussed in literary circles. The lord treasurer professed to be greatly interested in the scheme. He would give

it, he said, his most serious consideration. But his encouragement extended only to words, and the project fared as such projects always have fared at the hands of English statesmen.

Out of the Society of Brothers sprang the still more famous Scriblerus Club. This undoubtedly owed its origin to Swift, though Arbuthnot was, we believe, the creator of the hero who gave the club its name. The Scriblerians, like the Brothers, had no settled place for assembling. When they met they met at each other's houses. The topics discussed were as a rule purely literary, and seldom have men so well qualified to shine in such discussions gathered together at the same table. First in reputation, and first in colloquial ability, stood Congreve, who, though comparatively young in years, had already taken his place among English classics. He had won his laurels when Dryden still presided at Will's, and he had lived among the flower of an age now fast becoming historical. With a weakness not uncommon among men of his class, he affected in general society to attach more importance to his reputation as a man of fashion and gallantry, than to his fame as a writer. But Congreve as he revealed himself to the world, and Congreve as he revealed himself in the Scriblerus meetings, were very different persons. The wit which blazes in his comedies sparkled in his discourse. He overflowed with anecdote and pleasantry. His mind had been assiduously cultivated. He was not only an accomplished Latinist, but he was one of the few Englishmen then living who were familiar with the poetry of Greece. Sixteen years junior to Congreve was Pope, whose "Essay on Criticism" and "Rape of the Lock" had given fine promise of the great future before him. He was now busy with the second edition of the "Lock" and with the translation of the *Iliad*. Under what circumstances and at what period he became acquainted with Swift, we have now no means of knowing. They were certainly on intimate terms in the winter of 1713. Another distinguished Scriblerian was Atterbury. In Atterbury the universities of that day recognized their most finished product. His graceful scholarship, his refined taste, his varied acquirements, his polished and luminous eloquence, had placed him in the first rank of literary churchmen. The part he had played in the Phalaris controversy, and the part he had played still more recently in the controversy with Wake, had proved that his

superior in polemical skill was not to be found. His learning, indeed, if we may judge from his dissertations and sermons, was neither exact nor deep, but it was elegant, curious, and extensive. French he both spoke and wrote with Parisian purity. In the vernacular and Latin poetry of modern Italy, he was probably better versed than any man in England. But it was not as a scholar or as a controversialist that Atterbury was most valued by those who knew him. On all questions pertaining to the niceties of criticism, he was an unerring guide, for his judgment was clear and solid, his perceptions fine, and his taste pure even to fastidiousness. In no contemporary critic had Pope so much confidence. Atterbury's approving nod relieved his mind of any doubt he might have about the excellence of a verse. It was at Atterbury's advice that he committed to the flames a work on which he had expended great labor, and on which he had himself passed a more favorable verdict. Of a very different order were the genius and character of John Gay. The early part of his life had been passed behind a linen-draper's counter. He had received no regular education, and had, on emerging from obscurity, been too indolent to remedy the defect. A smattering of Latin, and a smattering of French constituted all his stock as a scholar; but if he owed little to the schools, he owed much to nature—a rich vein of genial humor, wit less abundant, indeed, and less brilliant, than that of his friends Congreve and Pope, but scarcely less pleasing native grace, and a larger share of lyrical spontaneity than any of his contemporaries possessed. His first experiment had been made in serious poetry, and in serious poetry Gay never rises, even in his happiest moments, above mediocrity. But this poem he had judiciously dedicated to Pope, then fast rising into reputation; and Pope, charmed with his young admirer's unaffected simplicity, sprightly conversation, and amiable temper, took him under his protection. The favorable impression which he made on Pope, he made on Swift; and when the Scriblerus Club was formed, Gay, though he had as yet produced nothing which entitled him to so high an honor, was invited to join it. Next came Thomas Parnell. Few things in literary history are more remarkable than the fate which has befallen this once popular poet. The eulogies of his personal friends, though these friends were Pope and Swift, may be suspected of par-

tiality; but so late as 1760 Hume placed Parnell among the very few poets whom a reader of mature taste would delight in re-perusing for the fiftieth time. His biography was written in a laudatory strain by Goldsmith, and the praises of Goldsmith were repeated by Johnson. Since then, however, his fame has been rapidly declining, and is now almost extinct. We are by no means inclined to set undue value on the poetry of that age, but in our opinion modern criticism has treated Parnell with conspicuous injustice. His "Hermit" is, in point of execution, as near perfection as any work of that kind can be. His "Fairy Tale" is delightful, and we feel quite sure that no reader of taste and sensibility could peruse such poems as the "Night Piece" and the "Hymn to Contentment" without feeling that he was in communion with genius, if not of a high, certainly of a fine order. To his brother poets Parnell owed nothing. He chose his own themes, he treated those themes in his own way. His versification—and his versification is peculiarly his own—is singularly soft and musical.

But the member who fills the largest space in the history of Swift's club remains to be mentioned. This was Dr. John Arbuthnot. Arbuthnot is one of those figures on which the memory loves to dwell. If we are to credit the testimony of men little prone either to exaggeration or delusion, his character approached as near to perfection as it is possible for humanity to attain. His charity, his benevolence, his philanthropy, were boundless. He possessed, says Swift, every quality and every virtue which can make a man either amiable or useful. Ill health and adverse fortune were powerless to ruffle his gentle and equable temper. But the beauty of his character was equalled by the vigor and amplitude of his mind. His literary and scientific attainments were immense. While a mere youth he distinguished himself in a controversy with the veteran geologist Woodward. His tables of ancient coins, weights, and measures, long remained a standard work, and though his medical writings have, like all the medical writings of past time, been superseded, they entitle him to an honorable place among the fathers of his profession. To one of his treatises particular praise is due, for in his "Dissertation on the Regularity of Births in the Two Sexes" he may be said to have laid the foundation of the science of vital statistics.

But it is not as a physician, nor as a writer on science, that the world is most familiar with Arbuthnot's name. The lustre of that name is still indeed untarnished by time, but it shines now rather with reflected light than with light emanating from itself. By modern readers he is remembered chiefly as the friend of Pope and Swift; to modern readers he lives, not so much as the author of the "History of John Bull," as the hero of the "Prologue to the Satires." Very different was the position he held among those who knew him, and among those who had inherited the traditions of those who knew him. Of his wit and humor both Pope and Swift speak in terms of extravagant praise. "He has," said Swift, "more wit than we all have." "In wit and humor," observed Pope, "I think Arbuthnot superior to all mankind." Half a century later Johnson rated him almost as highly. And in our own time Macaulay has not hesitated to pronounce the "History of John Bull" the most ingenious and humorous satire extant in the English tongue. The truth is that Arbuthnot's literary fame has suffered from causes which must sooner or later preclude any writer from permanent popularity. With two exceptions, the first book of the memoirs of Scriblerus and the inimitable "Epitaph on Chartres," his satires must be unintelligible to a reader not minutely versed in the politics of that time. No satire in itself so intrinsically excellent is so little capable of universal application. His wit, his humor, his sarcasm, exhausting themselves on particular persons and on particular events, now require an elaborate commentary. There is, moreover, nothing either striking or felicitous in his style. The "History of John Bull" and the "Art of Political Lying" will probably not find half-a-dozen readers in as many years, but we venture to think that out of these readers there will be one or two who will have no difficulty in understanding the position which Arbuthnot once held. Such were the men in whose society Oxford and Bolingbroke forgot the cares of State, whose gatherings have been immortalized by Pope, and whose diversions have enriched literature with compositions which the world will not readily let die. For out of these diversions grew many years afterwards "Gulliver's Travels" and the fourth book of the "Dunciad."

The project with which the Scriblerians sought to amuse themselves was the production of a comprehensive satire on the

abuses of human learning. These abuses were to be satirized in the person of one Martinus Scriblerus, a foolish and conceited pedant who, with a head replete with learning, was entirely devoid of taste, discrimination, and good sense. To this satire, which appears to have been suggested by "Don Quixote," each Scriblerian was to contribute a portion. Pope, Gay, and Parnell, undertook to depict Martin in his relation to polite letters, Arbuthnot in his relation to science, and Swift in his relation to the world. Whether Atterbury and Congreve had any share in the design we have now no means of knowing. The work was unfortunately never completed. What remains of it first appeared in the "Miscellanies" published by Pope between 1727 and 1732, and in the quarto edition of Pope's prose works published in 1741. The exquisitely humorous memoir of Martin, which furnished Sterne with a model for Mr. Shandy, and Lord Lytton with a model for Mr. Caxton, was written mainly if not entirely by Arbuthnot. To Pope, assisted perhaps by Gay and Swift, we owe the amusing treatise on the "Bathos" and the "*Virgilius Restitutus*;" to Gay and Pope the "Memoirs of P. P. Clerk of the Parish." The essay on the "Origin of the Sciences" was, if we are to believe Spence, the joint production of Pope, Arbuthnot, and Parnell.

Fourteen months had yet to elapse before the war with France was finally terminated. They were months of storm and trouble. The Whigs, conscious that they were fighting a losing battle, fought with the fury of despair. The Tories, thwarted and on their mettle, fought with like passion for victory. During the whole of this period Swift's pen was busy. He produced, indeed, nothing which is of permanent interest, but of those ephemeral trifles, which in agitated times operate so directly and so powerfully on the public mind, he was a prolific author. Many of these trifles, some in verse and some in prose, find a place in his collected writings. But a great portion of them have, we suspect, escaped the diligence of his editors, and lurk unidentified among the broadsheets preserved in the British Museum. We think we could point to many in these collections which bear his sign manual. What is certain is that he was engaged, as we know from his correspondence, on pieces of which in his published works not a vestige remains.

If the measure of a man's importance

be the measure of the influence he exercises on contemporaries, it would be no exaggeration to say that, at the beginning of 1713, no commoner in England stood so high as Swift. He dictated the political opinions of half the nation. He had turned the tide of popularity against the Whigs. He had done more than any single man then living, to confound the designs of Austria and Holland, to crush Marlborough, to paralyze Marlborough's coadjutors. A war, splendid beyond parallel, he had rendered odious. At two perilous junctures he had saved the ministry. For every step in the negotiations with France, for every measure in the domestic policy of Oxford, he had paved the way. He had indeed done more for his party and for the leaders of his party, than any man of letters had ever done for any patron or for any cause. And what he had done he had done gratuitously.* All this had been acknowledged in terms flattering even to fulsome. Nothing therefore was more natural than that he should expect some substantial mark of ministerial favor. Both Oxford and St. John were profuse in promises. Everything would be well, they said, in due season. Brother Jonathan should certainly be provided for, if Brother Jonathan would for the present be patient. But two years had passed away, and Brother Jonathan still remained a country priest. In November, 1712, the death of Dr. Humphrey Humphreys left the see of Hereford vacant. For a moment it seemed not unlikely that Swift would be selected to fill it. There is reason to believe that he was strongly recommended to the queen. But the queen, whose natural dislike to him had been sharpened by the Archbishop of York, and by the Duchess of Somerset whom he had recently libelled, turned a deaf ear to the recommendations of her ministers. She probably thought, as a pious and sensible woman might reasonably think, that the author of such a treatise as the "Tale of a Tub," and of such verses as the "Wind-sor Prophecy," was scarcely the man for a place among the fathers of the Church. This feeling appears to have been understood and respected by Swift himself, for,

though he was well aware that Anne had been the only obstacle between himself and the prize he most coveted, it is remarkable that in speaking of her—and he often has occasion to speak of her—he never betrays the smallest ill-will or vindictiveness. Other disappointments followed. Swift grew tired of waiting, and was on the point of leaving London in disgust. At last it was arranged that Sterne, the Dean of St. Patrick's in Dublin, should be promoted to the see of Dromore, and that the deanery, thus vacated, should be conferred on Swift. It is clear that his friends made every effort to obtain preferment for him in England. There was indeed some talk of a stall at Windsor. But the queen was inexorable. Under these mortifying circumstances, he accepted what he was not in a position to refuse, and, swallowing his chagrin, set out early in June for Ireland. His reception in Dublin was not calculated to raise his spirits. He was grossly insulted as he passed along the streets, and on the morning of his installation a copy of verses, which is still extant, taunting him with apostasy and infidelity, is said to have been posted on the door of the cathedral.

In a few weeks he was again in London. He had been summoned to mediate between Oxford and Bolingbroke, whose internecine feuds were now causing grave alarm. He soon found, however, that the differences between them were not such as admitted either of reconciliation or compromise; for who can reconcile rivals, or who negotiate compromise when the struggle is for supremacy? But what it was possible to do he did, and his correspondence amply shows that he acted at this unhappy crisis in a manner that reflects the highest credit both on his heart and on his judgment. Meanwhile he had not permitted those terrible weapons which had already done so much execution among the Whigs to rust in idleness. Of all the Whig journalists none were at that moment carrying scurrility and intemperance to greater length than Richard Steele. In an evil hour he had abandoned literature for politics, had dropped "The Spectator" to set up "The Guardian," and had recently entered Parliament. Between Swift and himself there had existed for some years cordial friendship, a friendship which political differences had subsequently cooled, but which both had, even in the heat of controversy, been careful to respect. To Swift he was under great obligations. At Swift's in-

* It is remarkable that Swift, though he was one of the most voluminous and popular writers of his age, never troubled himself to negotiate with publishers. "I never got a farthing for anything I writ," he says in a letter to Pulteney, dated May, 1735. "except once, about eight years ago, and that by Mr. Pope's prudent management for me." A fact which Jeffrey, when taxing him with sordid avarice, found it convenient to suppress.

tercession he had been permitted to retain a lucrative office under government. He had been assisted by him in his literary ventures; he had on more than one occasion been protected by him from slander and insult. But shortly before Swift's departure from Ireland, Steele, now drunk with party spirit, had so far forgotten himself as to insert in "The Guardian" a coarse and ungenerous reflection on his old friend. Upon that, Swift sought through Addison an explanation. Steele's reply was pert and rude. Swift in spite of this double provocation displayed at first singular forbearance. Nothing indeed could be more dignified and becoming than his conduct at the beginning of this rupture. A reference to the correspondence which passed between the two men will show how greatly Mr. Forster has, in his "Essay on Steele," misrepresented the facts. The letters of Swift are those of a man calm, just, and candid. The letters of Steele are those of a blustering egotist, who, without reason himself, will listen to reason in no one else. Swift was, however, seldom insulted with impunity. The castigation which Steele now received was due no doubt immediately to his prominence as a party writer, but it is easy to see that private animosity glows in every paragraph of that cruel pamphlet — "The Importance of 'The Guardian' Considered" — in which the member for Stockbridge was held up to the mockery of his constituents. While busy with Steele, he was busy also with Burnet. That bustling prelate, who was on the point of bringing out the third volume of his "History of the Reformation," had, with the double object of whetting public curiosity and of gratifying his own ludicrous vanity, published by anticipation the preface. In this preface he had taken occasion to taunt the Tories with Jacobitism and Popery. Swift's reply, which assumed the form of a parody on the bishop's preface, is one of the most amusing, as it is assuredly one of the most severe, of his polemical pieces. He had long suspected, he said, that Steele and the bishop were working in co-operation, for, "though that peculiar manner of expressing themselves which the poverty of our language forces us to call their style" presented points of difference, their notions were precisely similar. "But I will confess," he goes on to say, "that my suspicions did not carry me so far as to conjecture that this venerable champion would be in such mighty haste to come into the field and

serve in the quality of an *enfant perdu*, armed only with a pocket pistol before his great blunderbuss could be got ready, his old rusty breastplate scoured, and his cracked headpiece mended." But the whole pamphlet is inimitable. Its irony, its humor, its drollery, are delicious. In the spring of 1714 appeared Steele's "Crisis." Swift at once replied to it in the "Public Spirit of the Whigs." Nothing which ever came from his pen appears to have exasperated his opponents so much as this tract. The attention of the legislature was directed to it. The Scotch peers, with the Duke of Argyle at their head, complained personally to the queen. The bookseller and the printer were arrested. A proclamation offering a reward of three hundred pounds to any one who would reveal the author was issued. Swift, with the fate of Tutchin and De Foe before his eyes, became alarmed and meditated flight. But the finesse and tact of Oxford averted discovery, and the danger blew over.

And now the catastrophe which he had long feared was fast approaching. The feud between Oxford and Bolingbroke was about to terminate in the ruin of both. In May he met his two friends for the last time under the same roof, and he made a final effort to recall them to reason and duty. He pleaded, he argued; but expostulation, warning, counsel, were vain. He now saw clearly that all was over, and he hurried away sick at heart to hide his sorrow and chagrin at Letcombe. Two troubled months passed by. Though he was out of the world, numerous correspondents kept him fully informed of all that had occurred. Each step in the rapid decline of Oxford, each step in the fallacious triumph of Bolingbroke, was at once communicated to him. Indeed, his correspondence at this period forms the best account extant of the momentous weeks which preceded the death of Anne.

The history of that crisis reflects indelible infamy on the leaders of Swift's party: it is pleasing to add that the conduct of Swift himself may be regarded with unalloyed satisfaction. When political immorality, in the worst type it can assume, was epidemic among the statesmen of his faction, his patriotism and integrity remained without taint. It is certain that he had no share in the intrigues with James. It is certain that he resolutely opposed all attempts to tamper with the Act of Settlement. He expressed with great courage his disapprobation both of the conduct of Oxford and of the con-

duct of Bolingbroke, and he sought in a powerful pamphlet—one of the very best he ever wrote—to repair the mischief which their quarrels had inflicted on the common cause. But the manuscript unfortunately found its way into the hands of Bolingbroke, who, having his own purposes to serve, made in it certain alterations which were more calculated to benefit himself than his party; and Swift, justly annoyed, withdrew it from publication. Had this pamphlet, “Free Thoughts upon the present State of Affairs,” appeared a few weeks earlier, and had the policy prescribed in it been carried out, the ruin of the Tories might, we think, have been averted. But that was not to be. On the 27th of July Oxford resigned, and the reins of government were in the hands of Bolingbroke. Nothing we know of Swift is more honorable to him than his behavior at this juncture. Of his two friends, the one was at the summit of political greatness, the other was not merely under a cloud, but ruined beyond possibility of redemption. Both sought his presence. Bolingbroke, inviting him with eager importunity to share his triumph, held out hopes at once the most splendid and the most plausible. He would undertake, he said, to reconcile him with Lady Somerset, he would introduce him to the queen, he would provide and provide amply for him in the English Church. Oxford, pathetically appealing to ancient friendship, had nothing to offer him but the opportunity of proving that that friendship had been sincere and disinterested. Without a moment’s hesitation Swift chose the nobler course.

As he was on the point of setting out for Oxford’s country-seat, he received a letter announcing the death of Anne. It was an event which for some days had been almost hourly expected, but its effect on the Tories was the effect of sudden and unforeseen calamity. It found them without resources, without fixed plans, in the midst of internecine strife. Bolingbroke indeed continued to bluster about the miracles which a little judicious management could still work, and he hoped, he said, that his old friend would lose no time in assisting him “to save the Constitution.” To this fustian Swift replied in a letter written with great calmness, dignity, and good sense. He dwelt sadly on the efforts he had made to save from self-destruction the friends who had been so dear to him, and he spoke with some bitterness of the folly and infatuation which had made those efforts

nugatory. In the present condition of affairs he was, he continued, unable to discern any favorable symptom. The wreck of the Tories was complete. All that remained for Bolingbroke to do was to maintain his post at the head of the Church party. “You are,” he went on to say, “still in the prime of life. You have sustained, it is true, a heavy defeat, but you will no doubt learn, like a prudent general, to profit from disaster.” He added in conclusion that he had a lively sense of the favors which his patron had purposed to confer on him, that he hoped before the end of the year to be again at his side, but that for the present he must, he feared, take leave of a scene which would however be seldom absent from his thoughts. And he took leave of that scene forever. By the middle of August he was in Dublin.

From this moment the biography of Swift assumes a new complexion. During the last few years circumstances had, in a manner, enabled him to escape from himself. Incessant activity had left him no time for gloomy reflection. The position which he most coveted he had attained. His genius and force of character had extorted from society the homage which society is as a rule slow to pay to any but the opulent and noble. In literary circles his pre-eminence was acknowledged. On politics the influence which he had exercised had been without parallel in the history of private men. Now all was changed. He found himself suddenly reduced to obscurity and impotence. He was no longer the counsellor of great ministers, he was no longer in communion with the flower of a polished and luxurious capital. He was an exile, and an exile with little to do and with nothing to hope, in a place which was of all places in the world the most odious to him. The only society with which he could mingle was the society of inferiors. What followed, followed naturally. He became the prey of that constitutional melancholy which had been his bane from childhood. The fierce and gloomy passions, which prosperous activity had for a while composed, again awoke. Each month as it passed by added to his irritation and wretchedness. Ill health, the loss of friends, his own unpopularity, and, above all, the condition of the unhappy country in which his lot was cast, alternately maddened and depressed him.

On that mysterious malady we flatter ourselves that we may be able to throw new light, while reviewing, on a future oc-

casion, his whole career in Ireland. We hope then to fulfil our purpose of breaking a lance with Jeffrey and Thackeray in defence of his conduct to Esther Johnson and Esther Vanhomrigh; and to estimate his place in English literature and the influence which he exercised on subsequent writers.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE LADIES LINDORES.

CHAPTER III.

THAT night dispersed illusions from the mind of John Erskine which it had taken all his life to set up. He discovered in some degree what his real position was, and that it was not a great one. He got rid of many of his high notions as he walked about the pleasant, comfortable, but somewhat dingy old house, which no effort of the imagination could make into a great house. He made acquaintance with the household. Mrs. Rolls the cook, who curtsied and cried for pleasure at the sight of him, and two smiling, fair-haired young women, and old Andrew the gardener—a quite sufficient household for the place he felt, but very different from the army of servants, all so noiseless, punctilious, carefully drilled, whom he had seen at country houses, with which he had fondly hoped his own might bear comparison. What a fool he had been! These good honest folk had little air of being servants at all. Their respect was far less than their interest in him; and their questions were more like those of poor relatives than hired attendants. "I hope your mammaw is well, Mr. John," Bauby the cook had said. "Let the master alone with your Mr. Johns," Rolls had interrupted; "he's come to man's estate, and you must learn to be more respectful. The women, sir, are all alike; you can never look for much sense from them." "Maybe you're right, Tammas," said Bauby; "but for all that I cannot help saying that its an awfu' pleasure to see Mr. John, that was but that height when I saw him last, come home a braw gentleman like what I mind his father." John could do nothing but stand smiling between them, hearing himself thus discussed. They made it very clear that he had come home where he would be taken ample care of—but how different it was from his thoughts! He thought of the manor-house at Milton Magna, and laughed and blushed at the ridiculous

comparisons he had once made. It was a keen sort of self-ridicule, sharp and painful. He did not like to think what a fool he had been. Now he came to think of it, he had quite well remembered Dalrulzian. It was not his youthful imagination that was to blame, but a hundred little self-deceits, and all the things that he had been in the habit of hearing about his own importance and his Scotch property. His mother had done more than any one else to deceive him, he thought; and then he said to himself, "Poor mother!" wondering if, perhaps, her little romance was all involved in Dalrulzian, and if it was a sacred place to her. To think that the Kingsford household was prose, but the early life in which she had been Harry Erskine's wife and little John's mother, the poetry of her existence, was pleasant to her son, who was fond of his mother, though she was not clever, nor even very sensible. John thought, with a blush, of the people whom he had invited to Dalrulzian under that extraordinary mistake—some of his friends at college, young fellows who were accustomed to houses full of company and stables full of horses. There was nothing in the stables at Dalrulzian but the hired horse which had been provided by Rolls in a hired dog-cart to bring him up from the station; and as he looked round upon the room in which he sat after dinner, and which was quite comfortable and highly respectable, though neither dignified nor handsome, poor John burst into a laugh, in which there was more pain than amusement. He seemed to himself to be stranded on a desert shore. What should he do with himself, especially during the long summer, when there could be no hunting, no shooting,—the summer which he had determined to occupy, with a fine sense of duty, in making acquaintance with his house and his surroundings, and in learning all his duties as a country gentleman and person of importance? This thought was so poignant, that it actually touched his eyelids with a sense of moisture. He laughed—but he could have cried. There would turn out, he supposed, to be about three farms on this estate of his; and Scotch farmers were very different people from the small farmers of the south. To talk about his tenants would be absurd. Three pragmatistical Scotchmen, much better informed in all practical matters at least than himself, and looking down upon him as an inexperienced young man. What a fool he had been! If he had come down in August for the shooting,—if there was

any shooting, — and let his friends understand that it was a mere shooting-box, a “little place in Scotland,” such as they hired when they came to the moors, all would have been well. But he had used no disparaging adjectives in speaking of Dalrulzian. He had called it “my place” boldly, and had believed it to be a kind of old castle — something that probably had been capable of defence in its day. Good heavens! what a fool he had been!

He had thought he would be glad to get to bed, and felt pleased that he was somewhat tired with his journey; but he found that, on the contrary, the night flew by amidst these thoughts, — fathomless night, slow and dark and noiseless. Rolls had made repeated attempts to draw him into conversation in what that worthy called the fore-night; but by ten o'clock or so, the house was as still as death, not a sound anywhere, and hours passed over him while he sat and thought. A little fire crackled and burned in the grate, with little *pétitements* and bursts of flame. There were a good many books on the shelves; that was always something: and Mrs. Rolls had given him an excellent dinner, which he ought to have considered also as a very great alleviation of the situation. John scarcely knew what hour it was when, starting suddenly up in the multitude of his thoughts, he threw open the window which looked upon the walk, and gazed out moodily upon the night. The night was soft and clear, and the great stretch of the landscape lay dimly defined under a half-veiled, poetic sky, over which light, floating vapors were moving with a kind of gentle solemnity. There was not light enough to distinguish the individual features of the scene, save here and there a pale gleam of water, a darkness of wood, and the horizon marked by that faint silvery edge which even by night denotes the limit of human vision. The width, the freshness, the stillness, the dewy purity of the air, soothed the young man as he stood and looked out. What was he, a human unit in the great round of space, to be so disconcerted by the little standing-ground he had? He felt abased as he gazed, and a strange sense of looking out upon his life came over him. His future was like that — all vague, breathing towards him a still world full of anticipations, full of things hidden and mysterious — his, and yet not his, as was the soil and the fields. He could mortgage it as he could his estate, but he could not sell it away from him, or get

rid of what was in it, whether it carried out his foolish expectations or not. Certainly the sight of this wide scenery, in which he was to perform his part, did him good, though he could not see it. He closed the window, which was heavy, almost with violence, as he came back to the ascertained, — to the limited walls with their books, the old-fashioned original lamp, and crackling fire.

But this sound was very unusual in the house in the middle of the night. Bauby, whose room was next her brother's, knocked upon the wall to rouse him. “D'ye hear that, Tammas? There's somebody trying to get into the house.” Her voice came to Rolls faintly muffled by the partition between. He had heard the noise as well as she, but he did not think fit to answer save by a grunt. Then Bauby knocked again more loudly. “Tammas! Man, will ye no put on your breeks and go down and see what it is?” Rolls, for his part, was already in the midst of a calculation. So much plate as there was in the house he had brought up with him to his room. “They cannot steal tables and chairs,” he said to himself; “and as for the young laird, if he's not able to take care of himself, he'll be none the better of me for a defender.” Audibly he answered, “Hold your tongue, woman. If the master likes to také the air in the sma' hours, what's that to you or me?” There was a pause of dismay on Bauby's part, and then a faint ejaculation of “Lord bless us! take the air!” But she was less easily satisfied than her brother. When John went up-stairs with his candle, he saw a light glimmering in the gallery above, and a figure in white, far too substantial to be a ghost, leaning over the banisters. “Eh, sir! is it you, Mr. John?” Bauby said. “I was feared it was robbers;” and then she added in her round, soft, caressing voice, “but you mustna take the air in the middle of the night: you'll get your death of cold, and then, what will your mammaw say to me, Mr. John?” John shut himself up in his room, half laughing, half affronted. It was many years since he had been under the sway of his “mamma” in respect to his hours and habits; and nothing could be more droll than to go back to the kind annoyance of domestic surveillance just at the moment when his manhood and independence were most evident. He laughed, but the encounter brought him back, after he had been partly freed from it, to a consciousness of all his limitations once more.

But things were better in the morning. Unless you have something bitter to reproach yourself with, or some calamity impending over you, things are generally better in the morning. John looked about him with more hopeful eyes. He had an excellent, a truly Scotch, breakfast, which, at five-and-twenty, puts a man in good-humor with himself; and there were one or two features about Dalrulzian which, in the morning sunshine, looked more encouraging. The stables were tolerably good, made habitable, and furnished with some of the latest improvements by Colonel Barrington; and the "policy" was in admirable order, — the turf faultless, the shrubberies flourishing, the trees — well, not like the trees at Milton Magna, but creditable performances for the north. John's countenance cleared as he inspected everything. Rolls led or followed him about with great importance, introducing and explaining. Had he been an English butler, John would have dismissed him very summarily to his pantry; but it was part of the natural *mise en scène* to have a Caleb Balderstone attached to an old Scotch house. He was half proud of this retainer of the family, though he threatened to be something of a bore; even Bauby, and her care for his health, and her sense of responsibility to his "mammaw," were tolerable in this light. When one is born a Scotch laird, one must accept the natural accompaniments of the position; and if they were sometimes annoying, they were at least picturesque. So John put up with Rolls, and "saw the fun" of him with a kind of feeling that Dalrulzian was a Waverley novel, and he himself the hero. He had been seeing things so much through the eyes of his problematical visitors, that he was glad to see this also through their eyes. To them, these servants of his would be altogether "characteristic," and full of "local color." And then the subtle influence of property began to affect the young man and modify his disappointment. "A poor thing, sir, but mine own," he said to himself. These were "my plantations" that crested the hill; the fishing on the river was said to be excellent, and belonged to Dalrulzian; the moorland on the eastern side of the hill was "my moor." Things began to mend. When he went back again after his examination to the room from which he had started, John found a luncheon spread for him, which was not inferior to the breakfast, and Rolls, in his black coat, having resumed the butler, and

thrown off the factotum, but not less disposed to be instructive than before.

"You may as well," young Erskine said, eating an admirable cutlet, "tell me something about my neighbors, Rolls."

"I'll do that, sir," said Rolls, with cordiality; and then he made a pause. "The first to be named is no to call a neighbor; but I hope, sir, you'll think far mair of her than of any neighbor. She's your ain best blood, and a leddy with a great regard for Dalrulzian, and not another friend so near to her as you. It came from Dalrulzian, and it'll come back to Dalrulzian with careful guiding," said Rolls oracularly; "not to say that blood's thicker than water, as the auld Scots by-word goes."

This address gave John some sense of perplexity; but after an interval he discovered what it meant. "It is my old Aunt Barbara of whom you are speaking," he said. "Certainly, I shall see her first of all."

"She is an excellent lady, sir; careful of her money. It will be real good for the estate when — But, bless me! I wadna have you to be looking forward to what may never come, — that is to say, that auld Miss Barbara, being real comfortable, sir, in this life, will not go out of it a moment sooner than she can help: and for a' that we ken o' heaven, I wouldna blame her; for, grand as it may be, it will ay be a strange place. There's nobody more thought upon in the county than Miss Barbara Erskine at Dunearn. Weel, sir, and the neighbors. There's the Earl of Lindores first of a'. We maun give him the paw, as the French say. Maybe you've met with some of the family in London? You'll see plenty and hear plenty of them here. The earl he is a very pushing man. He would like to take the lead in a' the county business; but there's many of the gentry that are not exactly of that opinion. And my lady countess, she's of the booky kind, with authors, and painters, and that kind of cattle aye about the place. I'm not that fond of thae instructed leddies. Weemen are best no to be ower clever, in my poor opinion. Young Rintoul, that's the son, is away with his regiment; I ken nothing of him: and there's two young leddies —"

"Now I remember," said John. "You are the most concise of chroniclers, Rolls. I like your style. I once knew some of the Lindores family — cousins, I suppose. There were young ladies in that family too. I knew them very well." Here he

paused, a smile stealing about the corners of his mouth.

"I ken no-thing about their relations," said Rolls. "It was an awfu' melancholy story; but it's an ill wind that blows nobody good. The late earl was liked by everybody. But I'm saying no-thing against this family. One of the young daughters is married, poor thing! The other one at hame, my Lady Edith, is a bonnie bit creature. She was great friends with oor young lady. But if you were to ask my opinion, sir—which is neither here nor there," said Rolls, in insinuating tones, "I would say there was not one that was fit to hold the candle to Miss Nora. We had our bits of tiffs, the cornel and me. There were some things he would never see in a proper light; but they were much thought o', and saw a' the best company. When you let a place, it's a grand thing to have tenants that never let down the character of the house."

"You mean the Barringtons," said John. He was not much interested in this subject. They had been unexceptionable tenants; but he could scarcely help regarding them with a little jealousy, almost dislike, as if they had been invaders of his rights.

"And they were awfu' fond of it," said Rolls, watching his young master's countenance. "Miss Nora above a'. You see she's grown up at Dalrulzian. It was all they could do to get her away from the walk this last morning. I thought she would have grown till't. If you and Miss Nora were ever to meet," the old servant added, in his most engaging tones, "I cannot but believe you would be real good — freends —"

"I see you have provided for every contingency," said the young laird, with a laugh. His Caleb Balderstone, he said to himself, was almost better, if that was possible, than Scott's. But John's mind had been set afloat on a still more pleasant channel, and he let the old man mander on.

"It's true she's English," said Rolls; "but that matters no-thing in my opinion, on what they call the side of the distaff. I'll no say but it's offensive in a man: putting up so long with the cornel and his ways of thinking, I'm no a bad authority on that. But weemen are a different kind of creatures. A bit discrepancy, if ye may so call it—a kind of a different awkcent, so to speak, baith in the soul and the tongue, is just a pleasant variety. It gives new life to a family sometimes, and mends the breed, if you'll no think

me coarse. A little of everything is good in a race. And besides being so good and so bonnie, Miss Nora will have a little siller of her ain, which spoils nothing. Not one of your great fortunes, but just a little siller—enough for their preens and rubbitch—of her ain."

Here, however, the pleasant delusion with which Nora's humble champion was delighting himself was suddenly dispersed by a question which proved his young master to be thinking nothing about Nora. "I used to know some of the Lindores family," John repeated, "a brother of the earl. I wonder if they ever come here?"

"I know nothing about their relations, sir," said Rolls promptly. "It's thought the earl's awfu' ambitious. They're no that rich, and he has an eye to everything that will push the family on. There's one of them marriet, poor thing!"

"I am afraid you are a fierce old bachelor," said John, rising from the table; "this is the second time you have said 'poor thing.'"

"That's my Lady Caroline, sir," said Rolls, with a grave face, "that's married upon Torrance of Tinto, far the richest of all our neighbor gentlemen. You'll no remember him? He was a big, mischievous callant when you were but a little thing, begging your pardon, sir, for the freedom," said the old servant, with a little bow of apology; but the gravity of his countenance did not relax. "It's not thought in the country-side that the ledly was very fain of the marriage—poor thing!"

"You are severe critics in the country-side. One must take care what one does, Rolls."

"Maybe, sir, that's true; they say public opinion's a grand thing: whiles it will keep a person from going wrong. But big folks think themselves above that," Rolls said. And then, having filled out a glass of wine, which his master did not want, he withdrew. Rolls was not quite satisfied with the young laird. He betook himself to the kitchen with his tray and a sigh, unburdening himself to Bauby as he set down the remains of the meal on the table. "I wouldna wonder," he said, shaking his head, "if he turned out mair English than the cornel himsel."

"Hoot, Tammas!" said Bauby, always willing to take the best view, "that's no possible. When ye refleck that he was born at Dalrulzian, and brought up till his thirteenth year——"

"Sic bringing up!" cried old Rolls;

"and a stepfather that never could learn so much as to say the name right o' the house that took him in!"

Meanwhile John, left alone with his own thoughts, found a curious vein of new anticipations opened to him by the old man's talk. The smile that had lighted on the corners of his mouth came back and settled there, betraying something of the maze of pleased recollections, the amused yet tender sentiment which these familiar yet half-forgotten names had roused again. Caroline and Edith Lindores! No doubt they were family names, and the great young ladies who were his neighbors were the cousins of those happy girls whom he remembered so well. The Lindores had been at a Swiss mountain inn where he and some of his friends had lived for six weeks under pretence of reading. They had made friends on the score of old family acquaintance "at home;" and he never remembered so pleasant a holiday. What had become of the girls by this time? Carry, the eldest, was sentimental and poetical, and all the young men were of opinion that Beaufort, the young university don, who was at the head of the party, had talked more poetry than was good for him with that gentle enthusiast. Beaufort had gone to the bar since then, and was said to be getting on. Had they kept up their intercourse, or had it dropped, John wondered, as his own acquaintance with the family had dropped? They were poor people, living abroad for economy and education, notwithstanding that Mr. Lindores was brother to an earl. Surely sometimes the earl must invite his relations, or at least he would be sure to hear of them, to come within the circle of their existence again. Young Erskine had almost forgotten, to tell the truth, the existence of the Lindores; yet when they were thus recalled to him, and the possibility of a second meeting dawned on his mind, his heart gave a jump of pleasure in his bosom. On the instant there appeared before him the prettiest figure in short frocks, with an aureola of hair about the young head — a child, yet something more than a child. Edith had been only sixteen, he remembered; indeed he found that he remembered everything about her as soon as her image was thus lightly called back. What might she be now, in her grown-up condition? Perhaps not so sweet, perhaps married — a contingency which did not please him to think of. And what if he should be on the eve of seeing her again!

The smile of pleasure, of amusement, even of innocent vanity with which in this airy stage a young man contemplates such a possibility, threw a pleasant light over his face. He went out with that smile half hidden under his fair moustache, which gave it a kind of confidential character between him and himself so to speak. As he had nothing else to do, it occurred to him to take a walk on the road to Dunearn where he had seen the French-Scotch *tourelles* of Lindores Castle through the trees the day before, and "take a look at" the place — why, he did not know — for no particular reason, merely to amuse himself. And as he went down the avenue that old episode came back to him more and more fully. He remembered all the little expeditions, the little misadventures, the jokes, though perhaps they were not brilliant. Carry lingering behind with Beaufort, talking Shelley, with a flush of enthusiasm about her: Edith always foremost, chidden and petted, and made much of by everybody, with her long hair waving, and those fine little shoes which he had tied once — thick mountain shoes — but such wonderful Cinderella articles! All these recollections amused him like a story as he went down the avenue, taking away his attention from external things; and it was not till he was close upon the gate that he was aware of the presence of two ladies who seemed to have paused on their walk to speak to Peggy Burnet, the gardener's wife, who inhabited the lodge. His ear was caught by his own name, always an infallible means of rousing the most careless attention. He could not help hearing what Peggy was saying, for her voice was somewhat high-pitched, and full of rural freedom. "Oh ay, my leddy; the young maister, that's Mr. John, that's the laird, came hame yestreen," Peggy was saying, "before he was expectit. The carriage — that's the bit dog-cart, if you can ca' it a carriage, for there's nothing better left, nor so much as a beast to draw it that we can ca' oor ain — was sent to the station to meet him. When, lo! he comes linking along the road on his ain twa legs, and no so much as a bag or a portmanteau behind him, and asks at the gate, Is this Dalrulzian? kenning nothing of his ain house! And me, I hadna the sense to think, This is him; but just let him in as if he had been a stranger. And no a creature to take the least notice! Mr. Rolls was just out o' himsel with vexation, to let the young maister come hame as if he had been ony

gangrel body; but it couldna be called my fault."

"Surely it could not be your fault; if he wanted a reception, he should have come when he was expected," said a softer voice, with a little sound of laughter. Surely, John thought, he had heard that voice before. He hurried forward wondering, taking off his hat instinctively. Who were they? Two ladies, one elder, one younger, mother and daughter. They looked up at him as he approached. The faces were familiar, and yet not familiar. Was it possible? He felt himself redden with excitement as he stood breathless, his hat off, the blood flushing to the very roots of his hair, not able to get out a word in his surprise and pleasure. They on their side looked at him smilingly, not at all surprised, and the elder lady held out her hand. "After so long a time you will scarcely know us, Mr. Erskine," she said; "but we knew you were expected, and all about you, you see."

"Know you?" cried John, almost speechless with the wonder and delight. "Mrs. Lindores! The thing is, can I venture to believe my eyes? There never was such luck in the world! I think I must be dreaming. Who would have expected to meet you here, and the very first day?"

Peggy Burnet was much disturbed by this greeting. She pushed forward, making an anxious face at him. "Sir! sir! you maun say my leddy," she breathed, in a shrill whisper, which he was too much excited to take any notice of, but which amused the ladies. They cast a laughing look at each other. "Didn't you know we were here?" the mother said. "Then we had the advantage of you. We have been speculating about you for weeks past—whether you would be much changed, whether you would come at once to Lindores to renew old acquaintance—"

"That you may be sure I should have done," said John, "as soon as I knew you were there. And are you really at Lindores? living there? for good? It seems too delightful to be true."

They were both changed. And he did not know why they should look at each other with such a laughing interchange of glances. It made him somewhat uncomfortable, though his mind was too full of the pleasure of seeing them to be fully conscious of it. It was Edith, as was natural, who was most altered in appearance. She had been a tall girl, looking more than her age; and now she was a small, very young woman. At that period

of life such changes happen sometimes; but the difference was delightful, though embarrassing. Yes, smaller, she was actually smaller, he said to himself, "as high as my heart," as Orlando says: yet no longer little Edith, but an imposing, stately personage at whom he scarcely ventured to look boldly, but only snatched shy glances at, abashed by her soft regard. He went on stammering out his pleasure, his delight, his surprise, hardly knowing what he said. "I had just begun to hope that you might come sometimes, that I might have a chance of seeing you," he was saying; whereupon Edith smiled gravely, and her mother gave a little laugh aloud.

"I don't believe he knows anything about it, Edith," she said.

"I was sure of it, mamma," Edith replied; while between them John stood dumb, not knowing what to think.

From The Nineteenth Century.

THE ARCADE OF OUR GRANDFATHERS.

WHEN a man has arrived at the prime of life, that is, when he finds himself a little—a very little—nearer sixty than fifty, he is apt to become sensitive on the subject of his age. If he be faintly conscious that youth has passed, he dislikes being reminded of the fact; he does not wish to hear that he is a wonder for his time of life, and any indelicate hint from some *enfant terrible*, suggesting that the period of fageyism is approaching, he resents with pardonable warmth. Even a philosopher has been known to betray irritation when told that it was time for him to resign—that his place was wanted.

Hence, when one of those young persons—in this instance it must have been a very young person—who flesh their maiden swords as critics in the periodical press, audaciously described the present writer as an *elderly clergyman*, the kindly judgment passed in the body of the article was resented rather as an outrage than a friendly critique. To be labelled "elderly" when one is conscious of exuberant vitality, to have one's career in a manner cut short by being scheduled with the infirm, was really too bad.

It was while smarting under this undeserved and gratuitous wrong that a remarkable coincidence afforded some comfort to my wounded self-esteem. During the same week that I was denounced as *elderly*, I had occasion to visit

one of my parishioners, a man at one time of great force and intelligence, who had completed his ninety-first year; on the very next day I received a visit from one of the landowners in the parish, who was at the time ninety-two; and four days afterwards I met walking on the high-road, a mile from my own door, the oldest beneficed clergyman in the diocese of Norwich, a man revered and loved by all who know him, and who still, at the age of ninety-three, officiates every Sunday in the parish where he has ministered for sixty-nine years, and ministered too as few men of ordinary calibre are able to do at half his age.

It was an inexpressible solace to my wounded feelings that, in a single week, I had talked with three men, each of whom was actually old enough to be my grandfather; and as I pursued my solitary Arcadian rambles, by one of those freaks of self-deception which we are all inclined to indulge in at times, it seemed to me that the fact of such venerable persons being alive in my immediate neighborhood proved me to be a young man still, for is not every man young who has, or who might have, a living grandfather?

Moreover, looking round me on this side and on that, I was forcibly struck by the fact that I was surrounded by an extraordinarily large number of persons of both sexes of very advanced age, whom it was my business to visit in the ordinary course of my duty — old men and old women who still retained their faculties, though looking back over eighty, some of them over nearly ninety years — people who dearly loved to talk about their earlier reminiscences, and to repeat the traditions of an age that has gone as completely as the age of chivalry — people whose very exaggerations and inaccuracies are instructive, and who, as they drop off one by one, carry with them under the sod "portions and parcels of the dreadful past," which none of those who now remain can tell us of as they could, who seventy or eighty years ago were actors in the drama of our petty village life — actors, or, it may be, sufferers.

As I reflected, it seemed to me that it would be well if from the generation of the very aged people around me I endeavored to glean such stories as I could of the condition of the peasantry and their habits during the days to which the memory of man doth extend, inasmuch as traditions of this nature are very rarely long-lived, and have a tendency to disappear altogether. The slightest words and

acts of the great leaders in art, or politics, or literature, are greedily sought for and jealously preserved, but the personal reminiscences of the humble peasant who has hardly left Arcadia for a week at a time since he was born, and who has been bound to the soil which he has tilled without change, without cessation, without ambition, and, as far as this world is concerned, without hope, surely ought to have *something* to suggest to us. Why should history be too proud to notice the lowly?

There is indeed a sect of — economists I believe they call themselves, who are making determined efforts to throw every difficulty in the way of all who desire to collect and preserve the stories and traditions of the peasantry. These theorists are, I hope, well-meaning and peaceable citizens in the main; but blameless as their ordinary life is, they become dangerous maniacs if you hint to them that you can tolerate outdoor relief in any shape or form. In their view, all the sickly and infirm, all the blind and halt and lame, all the aged widows and the old men who are past work, and have not saved a fortune out of ten shillings a week, ought to be buried alive, or afforded every possible facility for dying of mere dulness with the utmost speed. It is idle to reason with monomaniacs, but upon such as are not yet beyond the reach of argument I would fain urge that there is one consideration which may induce us to pause, before we give in to the heresy that all the aged poor should be shut up in what Carlyle called the *poor-law Bastilles*.

To carry out a hard and fast rule, and to shut up "in the house" every old man or woman past work, would be to snap off rudely the rustic's connection with the past, and to take from him almost the only picturesque and harmonizing element in his monotonous existence. Gaslight theorists have no notion of the part that the old people play in our country life. The tottering old crone that sits knitting in the sun, with nothing in the world but the scanty furniture of her tiny two-roomed cottage, can be trusted with the toddling baby whose mother has gone to the next market town, or she can give the alarm if the pig is in danger of breaking out of the sty. In return she gets some little kindly office done for her which brings into play the softer and gentler emotions, and gives scope for services of Christian charity which cannot be paid for in coin or be set down in a debtor and creditor account. The old man who hob-

bles slowly with his stick, and only now and then can earn a shilling by poking about in a ditch or looking after a feeble cow, crouches with his old "missus" over the scanty fire in the wet days when nothing is doing, and the younger neighbors drop in to have a talk. It takes these neighbors out of themselves and widens their very, very narrow horizon; they get transported into a past that is like, and yet so different from, the present; legend and tale of suffering or daring are repeated, alluded to, asked about, discussed; the rustic of to-day finds himself bound by shadowy links of mysterious sympathy to the days gone by, and he is the better for it. With so little to soften him and so much to harden him — believing, because he is taught to believe, that his employer is his oppressor, that the landlords are robbers, that the parsons are working for lucre, that every man's hand is against him — we can very ill afford to take from the peasant any personal influence that tends to civilize him. You do him a grievous wrong if you help him to the conviction that human beings, like wild beasts, had best make short work with all the old consumers who have ceased to be bread-winners. Yet this is the tendency of the doctrines of the economists.

"You don't seem to me quite a fool somehow!" said one of these blatant gentlemen to me the other day in a railway carriage. "But when *your* sort begins to talk of your 'moral side of the question' and of 'feelings' and 'romance,' *my* sort ain't going to be shut up that way. All I've got to say to that bunkum is — it's all my eye!"

When vanity has forced the blush of pride to the cheek under pressure of the delicate compliment that you are not "quite a fool somehow," prudence suggests that you should allow the graceful sycophant to have the last word. For "my sort" we love to drop into the little cabins and gossip with our elders, picking up the fragments that still remain of the language and the traditions that are fading. Sometimes we come upon odd scraps of scandal, as when old Cobb assures us that his mother held him up to look at Lord Nelson after the battle of the Nile when he appeared in Norfolk "long o' Cap'n Trowbridge, you know. Folks said as he wanted to be on the quiet 'cause o' them as he wanted to see down Necton ways. But he hadn't on'y one arm an' one eye, and they soon foun' *him* out." Sometimes we get at the deep-seated faith

in charms and occult lore which the schoolmaster has not quite eradicated, when, with bated breath, and very slowly, Sally Doy solemnly declares what her own knowledge and experience forbid her doubting. Sometimes in one of the few chimney-corners of a ramshackle farmhouse which the enterprising agent has doomed, an aged farmer of the all but extinct species is beguiled into opening out upon us. They are, however, a wary and reticent race, and shy of letting out too much at a time. But what a flavor their stories have! I turn out many an afternoon, weary and eye-sore, trudge across the heavy fields and muddy lanes, and drop down upon a three-legged stool before the smouldering fire. In a little I am a new man.

Round and round and round we beat. More often than not it's a *blank day*. But then again, awoke by a chance word, up there rises from the dark storehouses of memory a cloud as big as a man's hand, and how slowly we have to set to work if we hope to see it gather form and distinctness! If you lose your chance, you may never get it again. "It's easy does it," as they say. "Provided you beant hurrisome," you may get most things out of your Arcadian friends — except money! If the truth must be confessed, I should be sorry to learn all that my informants had to tell in a single sitting. I do dearly love gossip, provided always that it is gossip which concerns the dead. The townsman's gabble is not at all to my liking — it is so oppressively modern in its tone; to him everything anterior to the days of George the Third is "very ancient." Do the poor in the towns *all* retire into "the house" before they are seventy? Or is it that the worship of geography and English grammar, so firmly established and so bountifully endowed in the board schools, has led the townsman to fight very shy indeed of anything remotely resembling history?

Be it as it may, in Arcadia men and women are still to be found who live very much in the past and love it, who have nothing to retail to you from the last penny paper, who do not concern themselves with politics, who have no opinions on Indian affairs, who have never seen the Royal Academy, and yet whose conversation to "my sort" has a never-ending attraction. Those dear old people have really got something to *tell*, not only to *repeat*.

Their talk is *meatier*, and 'll stay, While book-froth seems to whet your hunger!

One notable feature of the old Arcadian is that he is *not a laudator temporis acti*. I never yet heard one of them say that "the former times were better than these." To a man they will stand to it that the present generation know nothing of the hard life their grandsires had experience of. "How did I come into this parish if I warn't born in it, eh? Why you see there was four of us, and my mother she worked the spinning-wheel, and they was a-going out, don't you know? And then — lawk! I think she did a little among the rushes, and you see, my father he got hurted wi' a cart, and boys kind o' counted on going out — and that were all seventy-five year ago!" You must give him his head, or you'll very soon puzzle him. Moreover you must allow him unlimited use of harmless expletives. "Lawk," and "you see," and "whoy" are absolutely indispensable assistants to him. But above all you must allow him to *bless you* freely. The number of blessings I get in the course of the year, if they only brought material advantage with them, would result in fabulous wealth for me and my heirs.

Stripped bare of beatitudes and circumlocutions, old Wiffin's story comes to this. His father was killed by an accident, his mother was left with four sons, of whom he was the eldest; the rest all died young. He was just fourteen. Of course he had to go to work. The parish gave him a *suit of clothes*. What were they? A "flannel jacket kind of a jersey as they call 'em now," a pair of leather breeches without buskins, and a pair of shoes. Thus fitted out he was "let out you know" to a man of the name of Emms *for his board and no wages*. There were four men and boys in the little homestead. Emms had no family. Mrs. Emms did the dairy and the cooking by the help of a girl whom she worked like sin. They had plenty to eat "and a *deal more meat than they get now*;" the bread, however, was "awful." The two serving-boys (Wiffin was one; Judd, another of my old friends, was the other) had to sit in the "what you may call the back kitchen like." All through the long winter evenings there they sat with never a pretence of fire. Sometimes in the bitter frost and snow they'd leave open the door of the living-room where Farmer Emms was enjoying his pipe. Mrs. Emms was "getting the victuals," and the girl was spinning. The two men were out in the stable or the cowhouse — "they were a deal

warmer than we" — and the monotonous day came to an end with a bowl of milk and a hunch of the "awful" bread. At eight o'clock everybody used to turn in. The men and boys, as far as I can make out, seem to have had no bedsteads; they slept "anyhow — top o' the house mostly!" Wiffin has a vivid recollection of his first night at Emms's, for he and Judd have often recurred to it. Wiffin, being soft of heart, lay awake crying for his mother. "I kep' a thinkin' on her. I dunno how it war, somehow I couldn't help a-dreamin' as she wanted me." Judd, being of sterner metal, chose him out a warm retreat — for it was cold. They were going to brew next day, and he — *he slept in the mash-tub!* "I heard him a-snoring, and he make out as he heard me a-crying, but that ain't so." The poor lad throve on the hard work and abundant food. "How did you get your clothes if you got no wages?" "I didn't get no clothes. I was always a little 'un, yet I grew, and when my first year came to an end I said to my master, 'Look here!' and I showed him how I had nothing between my breeches and my jacket. We used to fasten up our breeches with a strap or a cord. I couldn't buy a strap, so I had to truss up with string, and the breeches were good breeches, but they were too heavy for the jacket, and they'd tore the bottom part off. So I says to master, 'Look here!' says I, 'I can't go on so.' And he was put out about something, and he took me up short, and says he, 'Then you may go off so!' And I did go off, and I went and I hired myself with Farmer Olde — up that way — and there I was to get a pound a year, for he knew I was handy."

It requires a considerable effort of imagination in our time, to throw ourselves back into the days when tens of thousands of grown men and women were to be found who *never spent anything* from one year's end to another. A lad of eighteen or twenty was quite content with a couple of pounds a year and his board. "A *good man sometimes* used to get ten pounds — I've heard of one or two," says Wiffin; "but then they were extraordinary good men. *There didn't appear to be no money then!* We used to have a shilling, or at most eighteenpence, to take a team to Norwich, and there was fourpence to pay at the gate, and that's all we got, and if we didn't get back to the gate before twelve there was another fourpence we should have had to pay. But of course

no one was going to miss the gate — 'tain't likely!"

The same absence of money in the rural districts showed itself in a hundred different ways. It never occurred to people that everything *could* be reduced to a money value. "Nobody knew anything about soap and candles. In the goodish farmhouses the girls used to cut the rushes and dry them, and then there used to be a boiling of the fat, and sometimes they used to let poor folks bring their own dry rushes and dip 'em for nothing. Spinning was mostly going out, but *some on 'em* [a phrase which every old Arcadian loves] kept it on much longer than others, and the buyers used to come round and take the yarn and bring back cloth, and sometimes it was poor cloth too, and then they used to quarrel; but the buyers always had the best of it. Many of them were Scotchmen, so I've heard say, and when they grewed abusive, lawk! it war no manner o' use trying to understand 'em — they didn't mean you to!" I assume that there was *some* settling of accounts between the parties, but Wiffin doesn't remember it, and he evidently looks upon the trade as carried on without a cash balance.

Wiffin's reminiscences, it must be observed, do not go back much more than seventy years. He is only a little over eighty, but there are much older than he. His wife is his senior by five or six years. Unluckily she is a commonplace old lady, and you must not put too great a strain upon her. What you can get from her take, and when you see her put her hand to her head with a "Lawk, now I'm mazed!" give her a shilling and go your ways. But old Biddy Wiffin has her vivid recollections too, and she has a word to say to the modern lasses. "I can't abide all their fal-lals!" she says sometimes. I am never so indiscreet as to ask her what she means, and I assume "fal-lals" to be some heinous vices about which it would be indelicate to inquire. Worked up to virtuous indignation she becomes voluble, and then is your time. "Gals! there ain't no gals — they're ladies. You've got to call 'em Miss, or they'll sauce you! When I was young I *was* a gal! I was one of the lucky ones, though, I was! You mayn't credit it, but it's as true as you're sitting there: *I never had a mistress as ever give me a flogging* — not one!"

I know not how my readers will receive this solemn asseveration, but it came to me with a shock of pathos that almost un-

manned me. On inquiry I found that these boys and girls in the old farmhouses at the beginning of the century were treated at times with an amount of brutality almost inconceivable to us. The old people are unanimous in testifying to this, and the evidence they have furnished me is sometimes very dreadful. "*She's* a-going on about that there boy o' hers 'cause his schoolmaster give him a hiding," growled out old Reed, who has lived over eighty-four years. "I tell her she knows nothing o' what bar-bar-ity means. I tell 'e there ain't none o' the bar-bar-ity as there used to be!" Then, with much vigorous emphasis and a certain eloquence with which the old man is gifted, he told me what I can never hope to tell half as forcibly. Accept the following as a version of his story. "I was over eighteen. I had been out in the same farmhouse three years with a man named Grimmer. He was a hoggish sort of man — what I call real hoggish — and I never liked him, and I thought I ought to get two pounds a year, and he hadn't the means. It was just the year after the war, and the farmers were breaking right and left, and I thought he'd break, and so he did; but I was beforehand with him, and I went and hired myself with a man of the name of Mills; he had that farm, you know. . . . So I was to get two pounds a year, and there were five of us, men and boys, and when I got there I didn't like the looks nor the talk of the other four. When we went to bed they began to bounce a bit. 'You won't be many days, young 'un,' they said, 'before our master will call you into his little yard.' And when I asked what for, they told me that he was a rare 'un for the whip, and he gave it to them all round, young and old. We had to be down and out by five o'clock, and two or three days after I'd been there I was late. When I came down, there he was. He was a big, powerful man, with wrists like a cart-horse's fore legs, but he was lamish and walked with a stick. 'Boy,' says he, 'go you and fetch my whip and bring it me in the little yard.' But I never stirred. 'Do you hear?' says he, and his great voice was like a bull's. 'I hear,' says I, 'but I'm not coming.' Out he jumped, and he was that mad that he was no more lame than you are; he was as nimble as a cat. And there he'd got me griped in his left hand, and one of those brewer's whips, all one piece and six feet long, in the other. And there were those four looking on to see if I'd give in, and he

took me up as if I'd been a puppy, and flung me a couple of yards off, and swish it came. I was stubborn, and that mad that I felt no more than if he'd been hitting an anvil. He certainly would have killed me if the team man hadn't called out to him, 'Master, you'll be hung next assizes for killing that boy.' Then he went in, and then I found my clothes were cut as if it had been with a knife, and I was bleeding all over. He wasn't such a bad master, though, for all that. O' course he used to flog us, but then, when he did, you see he meant it 'cause o' them wrists."

Think of that, you who maunder on about the *simple tastes* of your progenitors. Was there no redress for inhuman ferocity like this, no protection for half-naked lads against these ruffians? None! "Where was the parson?" "He? He used to come over from Swaffham o' Sundays. I don't know what they call'd him." Magistrates? "What was the use of my going to the magistrates? There wasn't a laboring man for miles round would have dared to appear against a farmer; and as for them, they were all alike, *and he wasn't such a bad master after all*. It wasn't half such a hoggish sort of a place as Grimmer's." But then Farmer Grimmer hadn't "them wrists."

The same hideous cruelty seems to have run through everything. Here in my Arcadian retreat we have for two hundred years had the rare advantage of possessing a school endowed by a former inhabitant of the parish, at which boys and girls have been educated gratis in the three R's. The school has been such an inestimable boon to the people, has worked and is working so well, has been for so long the envy of the county, and is at this moment so remarkably efficient, that her Majesty's commissioners have of course imposed a new scheme upon us, which will effectually hamper and eventually extinguish our endowment, and level us down to the required minimum standard of the village schools around us. Over this school, some seventy years ago, reigned supreme a man whom the people believe to have been a Jew. Old men and women in the parish to this day never mention his name without horror and a hate that is bad to notice. "Many's the time," said an old woman to me, "that I've hid in a brake or a dry ditch all day long for fear my mother should make me go to school. Some of them used regular to hunt up them as were playing truant, and bring 'em in to see 'em whipped!"

"It was all the same wherever you went," says old Reed. "*Folks seemed to hanker after it*. I never did like to see a boy abused myself, but I'd have walked miles to see a man in the stocks and the tothers pelting of him!" It appears that the constable in those days was a much more powerful personage than Policeman X., and that if he found a vagrant skulking about, he would think very little of shutting him up in the cage for the night, with the chance of forgetting him next morning. So in the case of a fight — no rare occurrence — the cry of "constables" would empty the alehouse yard in a twinkling, and the combatants would take to their heels, absolutely cowed by the terrors of the law. And yet, as far as I can learn, it never would have entered into the head of a laborer of those days to appeal to the law. It was a power like some hideous Juggernaut that could grimly crush and defied resistance; but for an agricultural laborer to look to it for refuge or defence would have been too ridiculous. Thus one of my informants gave me a graphic account of an exciting fight which was going on in a neighboring village when a raid was made upon the combatants in the heat of the battle. Up marched the constable, a spare man with a hare-lip, and with those magic words, "In the king's name," single-handed, captured principals and seconds. The boxers, stripped to the waist and smeared with blood, he there and then set side by side in the stocks, no one daring even to cover their naked backs till the tremendous representative of the law had gone away to his supper.

I never met with any one who could say he had been present at a bull-baiting. I suppose that pastime went out in times to which the memory of man doth *not* extend. But in Norfolk cock-fighting seems to have been a passion; shopkeepers of the small towns, publicans, and farmers used to have cocks boarded out in every village. "I've heard my mother say many a time," said one old body to me, "that she blessed the Lord there was cock-fighting, or she didn't know how she could have got on at all." She kept the cocks in separate pens. Sometimes they would get out, and would fight *anything*. One day one of them escaped, and forthwith went for the old gander. "I was only a little girl, and I was right frightened; and I hollloahed to mother, but the old gander he got the master of him with his pinions, and he knocked him over into our dyke by the common, and mother she

had hard work to save him from being drowned, and when the old gander saw him in mother's arms he came a hissing and a creaking at him like a Christian!" The cockfights were held anywhere where there was a deep depression, an old marlpit being a favorite place; but that indefinite spot "back o' the alehouse" was the more usual resort, John Barleycorn being the master of the ceremonies for the most part. And this leads me to another very notable difference between the rustics at the beginning of this century and the moderns.

From all that I can learn, and I have taken no little pains to arrive at the truth, I have no hesitation in saying that the agricultural laborer of seventy years ago was less frequently a sot than he whom we now have to do with. To begin with, he had no time at his own disposal and no money to spend. But this was not all—he hardly knew what ardent spirits meant. There was a good deal of beer and cider giving in the farmhouses, and he took all he could get; but gin and the other firewaters he never tasted. One of my very disreputable "special correspondents" is an old heathen of eighty-seven. He has been a wicked old vagabond, and, by all accounts, was at one time a noisy, quarrelsome, blasphemous bully of much vigor and energy; and all the more dangerous because "the best of company." Now, since his temptations have left him, and he has become blind and infirm, he has become religious in his talk, though still at times remarkably jovial. One day I found him very feeble and apparently sinking; the old woman who has been touchingly faithful to him for fifty years or so was crying at his bedside. A drop of rum would bring him to—but where was she to get it? My heart could not but be softened to the wretched old man who lay there the wreck of a grand physique; I couldn't see him die. I sent for the cordial, and, by the help of the stimulant and some more generous food for a week or so, he revived, and is likely to last for another year or two. We have had many a long talk since then. "God A'mighty has put up wi' a deal from me, he has, and I don't think he'll be hard upon me somehow," he broke in one day. "Some on 'em talks o' being conwarted, but I don't mean to say as I've ever been conwarted. I wasn't never given over to drink enough for that." Solemn as the occasion was, and profoundly touched as I was by the piteousness of all that the words implied, I confess that I found it

very hard to smother my appreciation of their grotesqueness. But by questioning him, and waiting, and tempting him to confide in me, it became evident that, so far as he had any distinct meaning in this extraordinary speech, he meant that he had never had *delirium tremens*! It was as if in this broken-down and grossly ignorant old man there lurked a survival of the old belief in the Dionysic possession: that never came, he thought, *if you only drank beer*. When he was young no one ever heard of anything else—no working man at any rate. He was a man grown before he ever tasted gin. "Gin came in with the railroad chaps. I used to tell 'em, 'Mates,' says I, 'them bottles o' yours don't hold enough for me. I don't like getting drunk—I like drinking!'" Whether he was right or wrong I know not, but it is his firm conviction that at the old alehouses there were no spirits to be bought. It used to be whispered that there was a good deal of smuggling carried on by the help of the carriers' carts that were always moving along the roads night and day; but for the farm laborer, brandy was as little known as nectar. Nor was this all. The public houses, in these old days, were almost confined to the highroads. Old Bickers protests that sixty years ago there was only a single public house "between Dereham and Fransham Kennels," a distance of nearly six miles. At this moment, though the traffic on this same road is not a third of what it was, and the population is much more sparse, there are at least nine!

There are some of us who have a deep dislike to that sort of protection which would treat the masses as if they were children in hourly danger of falling into the fire; but I confess I cannot see why the trade of the brewer and the distiller should be the only "protected interest" left among us; or why, when that stupid creature, the *plain man*, indignantly complains at the outrageous number of pot-houses, which threaten to outnumber the laborers' cottages in some country districts, he should be told to remember the vested interests, which ought never to have been created and which hardly existed till within the last half-century. When the cause of "local option" is taken up by leaders who have no ulterior object in view, and pleaded by advocates who are too much in earnest for buffoonery, I suspect that the general sense of the community will be found inclining to the lesser of two evils, and prefer the danger

of submitting to the tyranny of the majority to enduring the grosser tyranny of the besotted.

One thing is certain, that the farm laborer at the beginning of the century had not the facilities for the horrible orgies that he is familiar with now. He was cruel, as I have said, he was ignorant, his language was very foul and profane, and it is clear to me that, as a rule, he had very little affection for his offspring. "Folks didn't take so much notice o' children as they do now. They didn't use to have such families to my seeming. The women were more hard-worked like, and they used to go out into the fields, and the little uns used to *doie* like more'n they do now." That the laborers' cottages were less crowded seventy years ago than they are now seems quite certain. The practice of boarding the lads in the farmhouses will account for this to a great extent, and the causes urged by my informant above deserve consideration.

The old people never have anything to say about their *fathers*. Whatever memories they have of tenderness, pity, or sympathy, these all have to do with their *mothers*. The fathers seem to have been a terror to the rising generation, and only that. "Father used to hide me with a strap," says one. "My father didn't hold w' beating you w' a stick — he used to flog us," whatever that may mean, says another. All the octogenarians tell the same tale. On the other hand I cannot learn that there was much wife-beating. I suspect "that came in with the railroad chaps" and their bottles. But the language was hateful, utterly hateful. And here, perhaps, is the place to say that I observe a very curious and very marked difference in the ordinary speech of the old people and that of the young ones who have been under the influence of the modern schoolmaster. I remember well how, some twenty-five years ago, I startled a friend by saying, "I am sure that woman is lying; she tells her story *without a doubt!*" Your old Arcadian's style of talk is full of doubts; it is what may be called the dubitative or approximating style. He is always feeling for what he has to say through a maze of tangled expletives, qualifications, retractions, and corrections. He knows he is not sure of his ground, that he has not said what he had in his mind; he is afraid of the consequences of articulate speech, and expects to gain something by silence; his

"hopes and fears that kindle hope, an undistinguishable throng," confuse him, and his speech bewrayeth him.

"How's your old missus to-day, Mark?" you inquire simply. Mark pauses, takes off his cap and wipes his head, and begins his reply. "Well, thank ye, sir, she's a poor critter as you may say. What I'm a thinking on is, you see, as she's coming on in years. Not but there's some as is older 'an she, but you know you can't never trust 'em, they'll say anything 'fares [it appears] as some on 'em will. Now I reckon as I'm fourscore years come Martinmas, but then you ain't got my register for me, don't you see, as you said you would, though Biddy Blake ha' got hern. [This with a certain gentle rebuke at your negligence and a spice of jealousy too.] And my missus, somehow she's maybe a year younger, leastways I ain't certain, but I kind o' reckon so!" "But how about the rheumatics?" you suggest. Hereupon Mark, having delivered himself of his preamble, repeats the process with a dozen repetitions of "leastways," "'fares as if," "whereby don't you know," "not but what," "I ain't a-going to say," etc. After ten minutes you are left to infer that the old woman is pretty much as she was, and would like some more pudding. These dear old circumlocutions are rapidly going the way that the fine old Norfolk words, and twang, and squeaky sing-song have gone. The lads and lasses speak out clear, distinct, and almost faultless "governess English," answer briskly and categorically; they are not troubled with doubts or hesitation; it is as if their sentences were made by machinery. So "the old order changeth, yielding place to new." But by all accounts the wholly wanton and gratuitous blasphemy, which the old people tell you of, must have been horrible. Thank God, among the rural population it is rarely that one hears it now. Old Joe Bickers, who they say had at one time a bad reputation for his guilty tongue, opening out to me in his own peculiar way, explained, "I ain't a-going to say as I warn't given to swearing; but bless the Lord, I meant no harm by it. I didn't mean 'em *all* to be damned as you may say, but somehow it kind o' came handy like, whereby you was helped along when you was in want of a word and couldn't stop no ways."

It was inevitable that side by side with all this cruelty, coarseness, and blasphemy, there should be a dreadful amount of crime. During the nine years ending with 1808 there were actually committed

to the four prisons at Wymondham, Aylsham, Walsingham, and Norwich Castle, the enormous aggregate of 2,336 men and women, to whom we may be sure little mercy was shown. The ghastly horrors of one at least of these prisons, thirty years before this time, may be read in some brief notes of Howard's by those who delight in the luxury of feeling their flesh creep. It is to be supposed that, in the interval, considerable improvements had been carried out, but "once a gaol-bird always a gaol-bird" seems to have been accepted as a canon which admitted of no exception. "Father used to say to us when we were boys, 'You can always starve, but don't you get into gaol. Don't you believe it!'" I've heard him say scores o' times. 'Abednego didn't get out o' that furnace without blisterin'.' I was a grown man afore I rightly understood what he meant, but he war a scholar he war!" But the very severity of the law had a tendency to defeat itself. The certainty that any evidence given against a criminal would hand him over to the gallows, led to a great deal of semi-conivance with the wrongdoer. How could it be otherwise? It is said that in the year 1785 ninety-seven persons were executed in London alone for shoplifting, the value of the goods stolen in the majority of instances being hardly as much as five shillings. When Sir Samuel Romilly, on the 15th of March, 1813, brought in his bill for repealing what he called "the most severe and sanguinary act in our statute book," there was actually at that moment a child under ten years of age lying in Newgate, on whom sentence of death had been passed for shoplifting!

More than once have I had a harrowing tale of some shocking crime related to me, the doer of which was never found out; and then in a mysterious undertone has been added: "X. or Y., he gnawed who done it well enow, but o' course he warn't a-going to hang un." This connivance — the outcome of a mixed sentiment, in which pity and horror were curiously blended with a vague superstitious shrinking from blood-guiltiness — accounted for a large margin of lawlessness which baffled the very inefficient rural constabulary. The rustic shut his ears and eyes, and even when he was brought into court he fell back upon his reserve of real or assumed stupidity. The moment that a felon was hunted out of the country into the towns he was a doomed man. At Mattishall were three brothers, Skinner by name, who were known to be desperate

characters; they lived with their mother, a weak, whining sort of a woman, and who was kept in constant terror by her lawless sons. She was somewhat deaf by nature, and deaf as a post when it became necessary to reach that point. Again and again the house was searched but no evidence could be obtained. At last one of the brothers was caught mounted on a horse he had stolen. The fellow was thrown into Norwich Castle; he managed to break out of gaol, and was at large for two years. To an inner circle his haunts were perfectly well known, but he laughed at warrants, till being hard pressed he made for London, the very worst place in the land he could have run to; here he was taken and hanged at Newgate. Another brother, while attempting to break into the rectory at Tuddenham, was shot by the butler; the other burglars carried him home and left him; he lingered for a fortnight, and then died of his wounds. No inquiry was made. The third brother had a warrant out against him for years, but he died in his bed at last.

I suspect that the executions in and near London were much in excess of the numbers which the population of the metropolis, relatively to the rest of the country, could account for. It would not be difficult, I suppose, to obtain the statistics for correcting or confirming my suspicion, but on no other hypothesis can I account for the curious fact that I have never met with an old countryman who would confess that he had seen a man hanged. One old fellow, indeed, with some shyness and awe, gave me a clue to this mystery. "He'd heer'd tell" that whoever saw three executions was sure to be hanged himself; therefore my informant had a shrinking from the very name of the gallows. But here and there, where four roads met on some lonely heath or wild moor, a ghastly gibbet, on which the rotting carcase of some specially ferocious murderer swung, served as a landmark for miles round. We had one three or four miles off, on what was Bradenham Heath, seventy years or so ago. The gibbet many men remember; indeed there is a curious history attached to it which it may perhaps be worth while returning to on a future occasion. One very intelligent farmer gave me a thrilling report of what his father had experienced on this spot shortly after the ghastly object had been set up. It was dark when he started "from t'other side of the county." He rode alone. Just as he came upon Bradenham Heath up rose the moon and the

wind with her. His horse was very tired, he was compelled to ease him; the poor brute could hardly go. The storm burst forth in angry squalls and gusts that came with no warning, then lulled, then passionately began again. Heaven and earth! There stood the gibbet, the moon shining full upon it. Instead of being ten feet high, it had grown as large as a steeple. Downes had never meant to pass it; he had meant to take a short cut across the heath and leave the gibbet a mile to the left, but his horse was dead-beat, and he had to keep to the road. He shut his eyes, and with all his force he struck his horse with the heavy whip. The jaded beast feebly trotted on, made a bad stumble, recovered himself, then stood stock still. Downes was almost touching the gibbet, and he knew that the carcase, enclosed in a kind of iron cage and swinging by chains, was a few inches above his head. At the same moment came a fiercer squall than any before, and close to Downes's ear sounded a loud scream that maddened him. The frightened horse trembled all over, started, swerved, crushed his master's leg against the gibbet, and a heavy weight fell down from the cage and brushed the rider's boot in its fall. How Downes got home he never could tell. "Other folks" used to aver that the scream was no more than the creaking of the chains as the gale caught the rotting carcase, and that after that gale it "kind o' fell into a heap in the cage like." It was conjectured that the murderer's leg-bone slipped out and just missed the worthy farmer's head in its fall.

Outside the margin of the breakers of the law there were the tramps and nomad bands who skulked behind it. Large gipsy encampments used to move about from heath to heath, and eighty years ago these poor people were just beginning to have a bad time of it. It was about 1808 that the high price of corn led to a prodigious breadth of heath land in Norfolk being brought under the plough, land which never could and never will pay for cultivation in any but exceptional times. The gipsies suffered much, and thereupon began trespasses upon the farmers' fields, quarrels, and, some said, incendiary fires. Sometimes a rough bargain was struck: "You leave my fences alone, and you may camp on the green lane. If you meddle with the hedge-stakes, I'll have the law of you." Sometimes these gipsies, being great horse-dealers, would have as many as twenty horses belonging to them. But the old farmers were afraid of the gipsies,

and it was only when the new race of farmers came in with the scramble for land which high prices brought during the last decade of the great war, that the Romanies found themselves doomed. Then they had to break up into smaller encampments, they became poorer and poorer, and now they have almost disappeared. "Did they live by poaching? or how?" Nobody can answer the question. Poaching, as we understand it now, was almost unknown. There were scores of landowners who lived on their small estates and never dreamt of aping the follies of the great men. Pheasant coops, and battues, and beating covers, and driving birds, these things were all in the future. What was the use of going out with nets and snares when every *hightel* had its corners thick with brushwood and every parish had hundreds of acres of gorse and thickets which practically was no man's land? Every field had its huge hedgerow, with the "doddles" or pollards, which afforded firing for rich and poor. "We used to hear 'em of a night sometimes up an old tree chopping," says one old farmer; "and we usen't to say anything to 'em as long as they didn't pull up the hurdles." All this underwood with the turf in the *pulk hole* or bog lands, which the women used to cut and store and not unfrequently pilfered and fought about, constituted absolutely the only fuel at the beginning of the century. Now and then an old growler stands to it that "there ain't nothin' like it! A real good bit of turf on the hearth is better nor bacca any day. And as for warmth, why when once you'd got your fire alight it never went out all the winter. You just look at that now!" It is difficult to make out when the laborers first began to burn coal; it must have come in gradually. High farming cut off the supply of fuel from the heaths and commons. "I *never* saw coal till after I was married," says old Sally Tuttle, who is past eighty, "and I never burnt any till my second husband bade me bring some from Dereham. We used to bring it tied up in a bundle and carry it on our heads."

The clean sweep that has been made in some districts of everything in the shape of wood is already occasioning some inconvenience. There are whole parishes in Norfolk where not a tree has been planted, except by the parson, for fifty years, and where the process of cutting down every stick and stubbing up every hedgerow has gone on with merciless ferocity.

With the denudation of the heathlands and scrub a vast change has come over the *fauna* of the eastern counties. All the larger birds have disappeared, bustards, and bitterns, and storks, the great horned owls that haunted the old gnarled pollards, kites that would hover over the flocks — just out of shot of the crazy flint-lock gun which kicked a man off his legs if he dared to fire it — hover and then swoop down and carry off some tiny lamb, “mostly a dead un,” as one old fellow told me; but now and then a newly dropped one struggling feebly in the cruel grip of the ravisher that bore off his prey, carried it to some high ground where it was out of reach, mangled it, and then away to the nest and the callow brood awaiting with gaping mouths.

“Were there any bitterns hereabouts when you were a boy, Mike?” “I can’t zackly make out what yer main.” Then, after much explanation and long digressions, he returns to it. “Why, you must main *bog bumpers*. It’s over fifty years since I heard folks even talk of them.” Then he proceeded to say how some seventy years ago, when he was a small boy, he went with his mother over Thetford Heath, “or that way,”* and how they came upon the nests of the “*bog bumpers*” “in a kind of a low mash like.” The two male birds “roared and belowed” over their heads, and the poor woman grew very much alarmed. The child sank in the ooze and clutched at a tuft of rushes to save itself. The two female birds rose startled — moved off a yard or two. They looked like “great hedgehogs all feathers, only they was as big as a sheep, and my mother scrome that loud she was fit to scare ’em. And they seemed to me to come a-rolling at us, and says mother says she, ‘O Lord, they’ll have my Mike’s eyes!’ I’d had enough of *bog bumpers* arter that!”

In the beautiful open country near Sandringham the great bustard was comparatively common at the beginning of this century; they are as large as turkeys, and it must have been a sight never to be forgotten to see a flock of eleven rise up together from the heath almost under your horse’s feet, as happened to an old Norfolk clergyman in (I think) 1803 who recently died. Then there were stoats, and weasels, and polecats by the million, fearless and bloodthirsty — “you might watch them hunting, and they didn’t seem

to mind you.” It was a gruesome sound that would be sure to come upon your ear as you crossed the old furze-brakes, when a rabbit was clutched at last, and you heard the scuffle and the screams that grew fainter and fainter, and then literally the “stillness of death.” The foxes swarmed without any need to preserve them. They did not do half the mischief they do now, though there were three times as many in our grandfathers’ time. “You see there was such a lot of war-mint, they’d no call to come arter the hens!” Otters, too, used to hunt in every trumpery stream; the people seem to have been afraid to tackle them, whether from any superstitious feeling or because they really are powerful and formidable animals, I cannot say. Snakes and hedgehogs appear to have been as plentiful as mice or black beetles. Keeping a tame hedgehog in the farmhouses, or even in the laborers’ cottages, was very common. The children used to make playthings of them. “Some folks used to say as they milked the cows, but I never could hold wi’ that. My sister Kezia — she lies in — churchyard — she was wonderful fond of her hedgehog; she’d brought it up ever since it was as big as an egg, and she used to go and beg at farmhouses for milk for it. We children — five of us — we used all to sleep in one bed, and my sister Kezia once would have her hedgehog in bed with us, and when we got up in the morning there was the hedgehog all crawling over wi’ lice. You see ’t warn’t used to go to bed wi’ Christians, and the heat had drawn ’em out, but mother she wouldn’t have no more o’ that!” The old people have a lingering regret for the hedgehogs, and a persuasion that they formed the staple food of the gipsies. “Many’s the gipsy fellow as I’ve seen with nothing on his head only hedgehog skins; they used to like them sort o’ caps!”

Twenty years ago, when I first settled in Norwich, I received every now and then a visit from an extremely intelligent old man who got his living by collecting for naturalists up and down the country. His speciality was snakes, but he did not confine his attention to them. When he came we used to give him a “benefit” in the crypt under the grammar school, and very edifying it was to see a crowd of boys huddling in a dense ring, but taking good care to keep their distance, while the snake man turned out six or eight “deadly vipers” to writhe about the damp stone floor. After scaring the smaller

* This locality would be an extremely improbable one, but our Arcadian geography is of the vaguest.

urchins for a while, he would pick them up one by one with a small iron hook and drop them into the cage he carried about on his back. He complained sadly how the times had altered with him. When he was young he could go to twenty places in the county and be sure of getting a dozen adders in an hour or two, but now he was lucky if he found three in a week. The pretty little slow-worms that are not only harmless, but seem to respond to gentle and kindly treatment — they, he said, were getting very scarce. "It's a pity, sir!" he added, in a dreamy kind of way, as he took one of them out mechanically and put it round his neck — the little creature slipping down his collar, and seeming to be looking up at his face.

The aspects of nature exercise too powerful an influence upon us all not to have brought about with their changes some changes too in the beliefs and sentiments of the dwellers in Arcadia. The old superstitions are passing away — passing, but not quite gone. Indeed, the dread of the "wise woman," the trust in the "cunning man," and firm belief in being "overlooked,"* is very much more common and very much more deep-seated than is generally supposed. I know of at least three persons within a mile of my own door each of whom is most entirely convinced that he or she has suffered from the machinations of the evil one and those in league with him. I regret to say that one of these — a really good old soul for whom I have a great regard and whom everybody respects — protests that my immediate predecessor in this benefice "overlooked" her donkey, and so caused the animal's premature decease; and, as though that was not enough, did likewise overlook her husband, who continued to languish and suffer till such time as the rector himself sickened and died, after which his victim began to mend and speedily returned to work once more. The audacious rationalists — impious sceptics who would say *anything* — declare that the donkey was forty-two years old, and that the man had a slight paralytic seizure. "That don't interfere with his being overlooked, though!"

On the subject of our Arcadian superstitions and the matters kindred thereto I must defer entering. Possibly an opportunity may present itself hereafter for recurring to a subject about which there remains something to tell.

My readers will notice that I have said

* *I.e.* bewitched.

but little about the farmers of seventy or eighty years ago. Unfortunately it is much more difficult to gather information regarding their habits and *status* than to pick up stories and traditions of the peasantry who lived by day labor. There are several reasons for this, but the chief reason exists in the fact that the race of small farmers has been "improved off the face of the earth," at any rate in what are called *close parishes*, *i.e.* parishes belonging to a single landlord. In the *open parishes*, where the ownership of the land is shared by several proprietors, other causes account for the oblivion that tantalizes the inquirer. If the small man prospered in his farm of fifty or a hundred acres, he was not satisfied; he moved into a larger occupation, and, in nine cases out of ten, became bankrupt in a year or two. He had the capital in physical strength, brain power, and cash for successful cultivation of the smaller area; he was utterly unfit to cope with the larger difficulties which he was called upon to face in his new undertaking. It was as if a small tradesman in a country town should rush into a wholesale business in London or Liverpool — the end was almost always disaster. . . . "He? He'd a mind to go and take a farm down that way, and he found he hadn't the mains." "He took up (borrowed) 500*l.* of Lawyer X., and he hankered arter a bigger place, and then somehow he war bankrupt." "He wanted to better hisself, and then times got worse and he lost all as ever he had." These are the kind of answers that one receives. *None* of the small men, as a rule, seem to have been able to do well if their ambition carried them beyond a certain point. They dropped out in large numbers during the rage for farming that came in towards the close of the French war. "Those were bad times for the poor and good times for the farmers," writes one whose quaint autobiography lies before me, and who passed from us at the age of ninety-two only a few months ago. "The poor lived upon turnips," he goes on to say; "the women used to go eight or ten in a gang at high noonday into the turnip fields, each of them with a bag which they filled with as much as they could fairly carry home. . . . This I can state as a fact, as I have seen it and helped to get it home."

Bad times for the poor indeed! During the nine years ending with 1813 the laborer's wages in Norfolk averaged *eleven shillings a week*. Good times for farmers — yes, assuredly! During those same

years the average price of wheat was *eighty-eight shillings and fourpence a quarter*. How significant is that pregnant remark of Mr. Bacon in his valuable report on Norfolk agriculture published nearly forty years ago! "In almost all the inquiries which have been made . . . we have invariably found the rate of wages *higher* in proportion when the price of corn was *low* than when high prices have been obtained." But the inflation of prices brought with it a speculative mania, and the Nemesis came at last. The neglect of the laborer "recoiled on his superiors with double force at a later period, when it was beyond the power of the occupier to remedy the evils engendered by depression, he himself being involved in almost irretrievable ruin."*

As a consequence of the high prices, precisely the same fierce scramble for farms and the same rise in rents occurred, which we have known only too well during the last ten or twelve years, and then the same collapse when bad seasons came. The small men disappeared, and their place knew them no more; their memory perished with them. They were a rough lot, as far as I can gather. They rode in troops to market on the famous Norfolk cobs, which have gone from us as completely as their riders. They were *not* thrifty as a class, if all or half I hear of them be true. They drank and spent more at the market inns than their successors do, notwithstanding all that is said to the contrary. They did not drive their smart gigs, to be sure, for gigs were hardly known. Their top boots lasted them through many a rough season. They came to church with their dogs, who occasionally had a general fight in the aisle. They thought little of carting their hay on Sunday morning, provided they put in an appearance at worship in the afternoon. Between them and the laborer little love was lost.

But if they were now and then hard taskmasters, and if the laborer submitted to their tyranny in a stolid kind of way which looked like desperation, his submission was due exactly to this, that his own position was *not* desperate. He bore the blows and oaths, the flogging, and the hard fare, just because he had a prospect of having his own innings by-and-by, and because he knew that he might, if he pleased, have a chance of grinding down

his laborers one of these fine days. In fact he had a future. Between him and the farmer there was not the great gulf fixed which has gone on continually widening. Small as his wages were, it is undeniable that somehow or other the laborer of two generations back could and did rise to be an occupier more frequently than he does or can do now. If he could not, and never did, aspire to become the "gentleman farmer," he could at any rate rise some little way. Thrift, sagacity, and indomitable energy were not all in vain. There was a day of small things then which offered at any rate the semblance of a career.

It may be said, and it is sometimes said, that the old race of farmers passed away because they neither had capital nor did they amass it. I know that with some people it is sufficient condemnation of any enterprise that no fortunes have been made in it. Judged by this test, the farmers of the old days must be pronounced failures. But apply the same test to the tenant farmers of the last fifty years, and do *they* come out of it with any flying colors? Let those who can tell us most about the results of high farming in the eastern counties, the lawyers who buy and sell property, and *who make the farmers' wills*, and the bankers to whom the secrets of men are known, answer the question. There is strong reason to believe that farming never has been a *money-making* pursuit, whether conducted on a large or a small scale—never has been and never will be. Meanwhile the fertility of the land has increased enormously, and the gross rental of the county of Norfolk alone is nearly 700,000*l.* more than it was seventy years ago.* Capitalize this vast income, and the portentous proportions of the *unearned increment* become somewhat appalling. The aggregate of money that has passed through the farmers' hands in these seventy years almost defies calculation; but it has literally *passed through their hands*. Where has it stuck? Are the tenant farmers of England at this moment *very* much richer than they who tilled the soil so rudely seventy years ago? Are the landlords as a class more sure of their rents than they were? Is it certain that the outlay which the single tenant of one thousand acres demands to be spent upon his holding is periodically less than that which the ten men on the same estate

* History of the Agriculture of Norfolk, by Richard Noverre Bacon, 2nd edition. Ridgway, London, 1849. Mr. Bacon is still alive and full of vigor, intelligence, and energy.

* Under the property tax of 1810 the gross rental of Norfolk was 1,439,997*l.*; in 1879-80 it was 2,108,125*l.*

used sheepishly to beg for in the old days? If it should turn out that wheat really cannot be grown at a profit in these islands, will the large holdings with the mansions upon them command any rent at all? If the *increment* has been *unearned*, will the *decrement* that some foretell have been undeserved? But I am wandering into "another man's line of things" and forgetting that I have nothing to do with the future. Prophecy is for others. I am but a humble picker-up of memories that are fading away, a mere chronicler of gossip that will not be prattled long. While I write the bell is tolling, and another aged life has dropped. Week by week they pass, these witnesses that will be cross-examined no more.

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

From Fraser's Magazine.

A VISIT TO THE QUEEN OF BURMAH.

October 16, 1880. — We left Rangoon at 5 P.M. in the "Yankeetown," one of the fine steamers of the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company.

October 20. — A really fresh morning. We are out in our long chairs at five, and I, who have several times repented that we ever started on such a journey, and at Yandoon and Maooben thought life not to be endured in such places, begin to enjoy myself. Now I have the cool morning air, the delightful feeling of perfect independence, no tourists in our way, the kindest and most attentive of captains, an excellent table both as to *cuisine* and appointments, no household "bothers," all my time to myself to read, work, chat, doze, or scribble; and last, not least, the consciousness that we are going north and going to get cooler and cooler. No wonder things seem to be looking up again. At 3 P.M. we arrive at Myanong, a pretty little place, where our government has, it seems, spent lakhs of rupees in making a *bund* to reclaim some miles of fertile land from the river.

October 21. — We started at daybreak for Prome. A fresh morning, and lovely scenery at last, rich woodlands and blue hills on either side, and the river like a sea. I feel at home here, it is like Europe, sometimes reminding me of the Rhine, sometimes of Switzerland. We pass one very curious place, where there are hundreds of life-size figures of Gautama (Buddha) in niches along the hillside. These niches are carved out of the rock,

and shaped like rude Gothic arches. The Gautamas are chiefly of white stone, but some are richly gilt, and have a gorgeous effect with the sun shining on them. In one place where they are arranged in rows the effect is like a side of an old church. As we pass I notice the Burmese in the flats devoutly praying to these images. It is a delightful day, and makes me feel quite energetic; but at Prome, where we arrive at four, we meet with very great heat again, and I do not venture to land.

October 22. — After another very hot night, we left at daybreak for Thayetmyo, on a cloudy, cool day, the pleasantest we have had since starting. People in England, unused to a continued sun-glare, can hardly imagine the enjoyment to be got out of a dull grey sky. It makes me at least much happier, for I am now able to enjoy the fine scenery. It is very fine, the bends in the river shutting us in sometimes, so that we appear to be on a huge lake. I am often reminded of Lucerne. The hills are richly wooded all along, and the summits of them constantly studded with gilt pagodas. We arrive at Thayetmyo, our military frontier station, at 3 P.M. This is the coolest place we have come to yet, but still too hot to allow us to go ashore till five. The agent of the steamboat company, Mr. Brodie, with another gentleman, comes on board and offers us the use of ponies and a carriage. While waiting to go out I watch the people bathing in the river — the Burmese are always bathing, and are capital swimmers. The smallest children swim, dive, and float as naturally as possible. The women wear a not unbecoming garment, reaching from the armpits to the ankles, and when they come out of the water they, like all the natives of India, let their clothes dry on them.

At five we go ashore. My husband rides, and I drive with Mr. Brodie. The place is very pretty, with English-looking roads and lanes, except for the tropical trees. It is an entirely military station. Mr. Brodie showed me two full-dressed *effigies* of British soldiers placed by the Burmese to guard their pagoda when they feared an invasion from Upper Burmah a few months ago! They leave them there still in case of accidents. An army of that sort would come cheap.

October 23. — We left Thayetmyo at 7 A.M., and came upon charming scenery, with gondolas, that remind me of Venice, plying in all directions — only instead of "the coffin clapt on a canoe" as Byron

puts it, the covering here is of bamboo. At dark we anchor at Mengla, the first village in Burmese territory.

October 25. — As we go along the river to-day we see in the distance what I really think must be a large town, showing more spires than in Oxford itself, many large buildings, and one gleaming church, is it, or cathedral? that reminds me forcibly of Milan seen from a distance. This is Paghan, and the captain does us the special favor of anchoring here in order that we may visit its wonderful ruins. At one time this was the capital of Burmah, but nothing now remains but the temples and pagodas, some in ruins, others still in splendid condition. There are said to be about a thousand of them; some elaborate pieces of architecture, either of glowing red brickwork or dazzling white. The most remarkable temple is the Ananda. It is eight hundred years old — of brickwork covered with white plaster. A grand design, cruciform in shape and with Gothic arches — two features which distinguish it and a few more of these Paghan temples from all other specimens of Burmese architecture, and make the few Orientalists who have seen them doubtful as to their having been purely Burmese temples. It is impossible for me to describe all I saw at this place; it was a grand treat, and I enjoyed it the more from having been reading up Colonel Yule's "Court of Ava," which we fortunately brought with us. It is a description of a journey he made up the Irrawaddy, and is brimful of learning, written, too, in a most artistic spirit, and with a clearness and simplicity of language that make it delightful reading.

October 27. — We left at daybreak for Mandalay, distant still eighty miles, and it seems very doubtful if we shall reach it by to-night. Looking at my Burmese fellow-passengers in the flats, I see a picture I should like to paint. The cold and damp of this morning have brought forth all the different-colored wraps of the people, generally of some bright-hued cloth, which is always thrown on in graceful folds, and forms quite an unstudied success with these natives. There was every shade of rose, from pale pink to deep crimson, every variety of yellow and green, and some rich purples, but no blue, for the Burmese do not seem ever to wear it, nor any black. They had grouped themselves in most picturesque fashion, with some *poongys* (priests) amongst them. These holy men are always clothed in a rich yellow garb — like the color now

called "old gold" — and it blends well with everything. I could not have spared them from my picture on any account. The rain does not last beyond the early morning, and is followed by a cool English spring-like day. The scenery here is lovely, the land well cultivated, with smooth meadows that might be English too. How different from the miles and miles of jungle and high "elephant grass," *i.e.* grass tall enough to conceal an elephant, which was all we had to look at in the beginning of our journey — Bassein creek excepted. As we approach Mandalay at sunset, the scene becomes more and more beautiful. Purple mountains loom in the distance, and the river, which is very wide here, is bordered by richly wooded hills studded with pagodas. But for the pagodas it might be the Lago di Garda. I shall remember this entrance to Mandalay as a thing of beauty such as I have seldom seen. We are to remain here three clear days, on the steamer of course. We are anchored opposite the lovely view, and not obliged to look at the squalid bank on our side more than we choose.

October 28. — Another very wet morning, and so cold that it might be the Thames in November instead of the Irrawaddy. But I like it, perhaps because, unlike what it would be in the Thames, I feel sure it will not last, and my conviction proves true.

October 31. — I have been able to see nothing as yet of Mandalay. The roads are, it appears, too dreadful after the rain, and I dared not venture over all the ruts, hollows, and puddles in a bullock carriage. They tell me the jolting "knocks one to pieces," for there are no macadamized roads in Mandalay. To console me it is settled that on our return here I shall be carried up to the town in my long rattan chair. My husband has been out riding every day, and seeing everything. He says the place is beautifully laid out as to plan, the streets being very wide, and bordered everywhere with grand trees. These would form perfect boulevards if the roads were but metalled. *That* they are never likely to be under Burmese rule! The great people get about comfortably enough on elephants, the rest walk. Last night we had a very agreeable guest to dinner, Monseigneur Bourdon — the Catholic Bishop of Mandalay — a very polished gentleman. He asked with some anxiety when another British resident might be expected, and he told us that he is sure English people can reside

here in perfect safety. My husband, who went all over the town, has the same impression: he never met with the slightest incivility from any Burman — quite the reverse. At 10 A.M. we leave Mandalay in the "Thambyadine," a much smaller steamer than the "Yankeentown" but happily without flats. Four English gentlemen go with us as far as Mengoon, an hour's journey, in order to see the wonderful structure that was begun by King Men-tara-gyee, who died in 1819, after a reign of forty years. It was intended to be the largest pagoda in the world, and after twenty years' work they had got so far as nearly completing the base on which the bell-shaped pagoda was to stand, when the king died and the work was left off. Twelve years afterwards it was split to its foundations by a great earthquake. Still, as it is, it is most wonderful. It rises only one hundred and sixty-five feet from the ground, but comprises from six to seven millions of feet of solid brick-work. We also saw the great bell of Mengoon, the largest in the world, that of Moscow excepted. It weighs ninety tons, is twelve feet high, and over sixteen feet in diameter at the lip. Twenty people can stand inside it. It hangs by a huge hook upon several trunks of trees, placed across two supporting columns, but has no swing; for, since the earthquake, it has been found necessary to support it from below as well. So we could not hear it strike.

Mengoon is a lovely wild place, all hill and dale, with glorious trees. We were there in the very heat of the day, but found plenty of shade. I was carried in my long chair, which was supported on two oars. It seemed very lazy, but the mode of conveyance was very nice. Of course my husband had his gun with him, and he shot a few birds. The natives were most civil, showing us all the best paths, and bringing us fresh cocoa-nuts. Some of them said they had not seen a white woman before, and made many polite remarks. My husband assures me that as a rule the Burmese are polite to strangers, and always ready to give information when asked. We were lucky in seeing Mengoon, and were specially favored by the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company, for, as a rule, their steamers do not stop at this place, and people can only manage it by coming off in a small boat from Mandalay.

November 1. — The morning broke with a fog, quite *à propos* to the date, but it soon cleared off, and we were able to

move on. In the course of the morning we came to a place where there are some very extraordinary fish, to see which we put off in a boat. They are most curious creatures — of the *Silurus* family. They seem to be all head, and their mouths are enormous, and can easily take in a quarter loaf at a gulp. They are quite tame. Some boys called to them "Tet-tet," and large numbers appeared and allowed themselves to be stroked. We fed them with rice and bread, and were told that they are fed regularly by the priests, and have never wandered from that particular spot. It is forbidden by law to fish within three miles of them. I see Colonel Yule speaks of having seen them there twenty-five years ago, and some people say that they, that is, the race of them, have been there for centuries. Here we also saw a very pretty little temple, or *kyoung*. Its pillars were all richly gilt, and the cornices inlaid with a sort of mosaic of mirror-work cut in diamond pattern. The curved woodwork was painted a deep claret color, and the whole thing had a charming effect, with the background of rich foliage and the bright river flowing beneath.

November 2. — A fog again prevents us from starting early.

November 3. — We arrive at Bhamo, having passed to-day through the second defile — a glorious piece of scenery. The river there is quite narrow, the hills rising on each side to a great height and thickly wooded. Bhamo itself is a poor-looking place from the river, and one would hardly believe that it was once a wealthy city. There are certainly some fine-looking pagodas, but the houses along the bank are miserable bamboo huts on rickety piles. However, on landing we found the place much prettier than we expected, and the old roads in very fair condition. One can walk about comfortably under the shade of the tamarind trees which render the groves of Bhamo really picturesque. I preferred to walk, though the space is limited, for there is a stockade of tall teak-posts all round the town to protect it from the wild beasts of the surrounding jungle, and from the wild hill-people, called Kachyens. Tigers sometimes manage to break through and carry off whatever comes easy to hand — generally a bullock or a pig, not very often a human being.

Our stay at Bhamo has been rendered very agreeable by the kindness of the missionaries. There are two English and one American missionary and his wife, who is the only white woman in Bhamo.

She had not seen a lady for many months, and I had not seen one since leaving Rangoon, so we were pleased enough to meet on those grounds alone; but I soon found Mrs. F. to be a delightful companion on her own account, and was never weary of hearing of her adventures in the perilous journeys she has taken with her husband. They have been across the mountains into China, through places where no white woman had ever been seen before. Of course this brave couple carried their lives in their hands, and had to go through all sorts of privations and difficulties. My husband went out shooting every day. One day a drive for deer was got up, which proved a success. The venison was delicious, and most welcome to hungry people who had been out of the range of beef and mutton for over three weeks. The climate is delightful at this season, and cold enough for any one; but they tell me it is fearfully "muggy" in the hot weather.

November 8. — We left Bhamo for Mandalay.

November 12. — My husband has taken an early ride up to the city, and comes back with the news that the queen *particularly* wishes to see me! She had heard of an English lady being in Mandalay before we went up to Bhamo, and said she *must* see me on my way back. So be it! She is mistress here, and I had better go. Besides, it will be nice to see something so out of the common way as her palace and *entourage*. I am to be introduced by Sister Teresa, superior of the convent, whom my husband has just seen. I had brought her a letter from Monseigneur Bigaudet, Bishop of Rangoon, in which he specially commended me to her kind care in case I wanted a friend in Mandalay. I know her apart from this, as we became very good friends when travelling in the same steamer from Calcutta to Rangoon last year. She is a most amiable lady, and all-powerful with the present queen, so I could not be in better hands. It is settled that I shall go to-morrow.

November 13. — Started early at 7 A.M. for Mandalay. I would not risk the bullock cart again, but was carried in my long rattan chair — it might have been an open palanquin — and was very nice and easy. My husband rode beside me along the road to the convent, which for some three miles is very pretty, and there is abundant shade from the fine trees. Sister Teresa was waiting for us, as the queen wished us to go early. My hus-

band, however, had to go round to a shop near to buy some presents for her Majesty. That is *de rigueur*. He soon came back with a well-laden tray of china, glass, perfumes, etc., the best he could find, and then our cavalcade started — Sister Teresa and another nun in their bullock carriage, he on his pony, and I in my chair carried by coolies. In about half an hour we came to the city wall — for we had only seen the suburbs so far. It is a high wall of red brick, battlemented, and a mile and a quarter square. We passed through a great gateway, and found ourselves in a crowded city, and soon after that at the palace gate. The palace again is inclosed by a high stockade about half a mile square. There my husband had to leave me, as no men are allowed to enter the queen's precincts. My heart sank within me a little. It occurred to me that *perhaps* they might not let me out again; that *perhaps* they might keep me as a hostage until they came to terms with our government, and a host of other "mights" that my husband says only my "vivid imagination" could ever have conjured up. Once within the palace walls we were not allowed umbrellas, though the sun was very hot. Luckily I had on a thick pith hat. The royal guards are a most comical-looking set, some clothed and wearing shiny red helmets, others looking like mere coolies. They have a queer collection of old muskets in their guard-house — quite harmless, I believe — but they have some very nasty-looking spears, long enough to run through three people at once. After a very little walking we come to some steps, and here we have to leave our shoes. This shoe question is a sore subject to Europeans, and has prevented most English ladies who have come to Mandalay from visiting the queen. I don't know if any visited the last queen, but they tell me no one has yet been to see this one. Now it really is not so bad to go a few yards in one's stockings, provided no indignity is meant by the exaction; one can put on two or more pairs of stockings, and even slip a thick cork sole inside, anything provided no shoes are seen. We walked through several passages, and when at last we were inside the palace the first thing that fell upon my surprised ears was a "Good-morning, Mrs. Rowett," from a cheerful English voice. The speaker turned out to be a lady of the "Camp" sisterhood, who came here a few months ago to attend the queen. She was considered in Rangoon to be doing a very risky thing,

and possibly, had any mishap occurred to the mother or child, it might have proved so. As it was, all went well, and the pluck of our "Gamp," a very nice, ungamp-like woman, I must say, is rewarded by a salary of 50*l.* a month, a permanent place, and a profusion of princely gifts. I found her barefooted, of course, but blazing in diamonds. Earrings, brooches, and rings adorned her person, and a quantity of splendid silks and velvets were displayed to me from her boxes. It was a great comfort to be able to rest at my ease in her room, and to hear all her gossip was most amusing. I was there about an hour. We were then called to the throne-room, and had another hour there before the queen came. A bevy of princesses and maids of honor came and sat with us, on the floor, of course, and seemed anxious to have a look at the foreigner. They were very courteous to me, chatting constantly through the medium of the sister who came with the superior, a perfect Burmese scholar. They asked me many personal questions, including my age, which, if they were credulous, they now know to within ten years. They were all very richly dressed in the usual Burmese costume. First comes the tainein or skirt, which is very tightly girt round the hips, but flows more loosely at the feet, and trails slightly behind. Those worn on this occasion were of the richest silk, the colors and patterns alike tasteful though very gorgeous. With that a fine white cambric loose jacket, open in front, and disclosing a bright-colored silk band, reaching from the waist to the armpits like a very broad sash. This arrangement produces the effect of a European square bodice, and leaves enough of the neck bare to show to advantage the mass of splendid pearls, rubies, and diamonds which every one of these lucky dames possesses. The jackets have tight sleeves, which have to be worked on over the hand like long kid gloves, and in fashionable society they are made so long as to form wrinkles from the elbow to the wrist. The hair is dressed with scrupulous neatness, *à la Chinoise*, with a thick coil at the back, relieved always with a few fresh flowers.

To return to my princesses and maids of honor. After many amiable remarks to me, one of them asked me what I thought of the throne-room. Of course I said it was "magnificent" (as it was), and expressed also my admiration of them, their diamonds, and everything else, to which she answered, "Ah! when you have looked

upon the golden faces of our king and queen, you will want to stay with us and not return to Rangoon at all." I did not like the possibility of my not returning to Rangoon being even hinted at, but Sister Teresa reassured me. The throne-room where we were must have a word of description. It was very large and lofty, and supported by a number of massive gilt pillars. The purest gold is used, and that not at all sparingly, in all the palace decorations, and the effect is splendid. The walls and doors are of gilt lattice-work; in fact everything appears to be of gold at the court of their "golden-footed" majesties. Numerous mirrors were placed all round the room, and I was told that in honor of my reception the queen had ordered that the floor should be carpeted all over with the thick velvet-pile carpets we sat upon. The queen kept us waiting two hours. At length there arose a slight hubbub, which meant that she was coming, and all the court put itself into the usual attitude for receiving majesty in Burmah; *i.e.* they prostrated themselves, and folded their hands far in front of them, as if in prayer. The queen is only twenty-one years old. She is very nice-looking, unusually fair for a Burmese, and her expression is really good, and makes me inclined to credit the assurance given me by Sister Teresa, that she knew nothing at the time of the horrible massacres that took place at Mandalay about eighteen months ago. I had to sit in front of her Majesty, who herself did not occupy the throne, but sat on a purple velvet carpet with a cushion for her elbow to rest on. Sister Teresa then introduced me by name. By the way, "Gamp" had been questioned about me in the morning, and, to my great amusement, I heard that she had described me as a personage only second to royalty itself in rank. "The more they think of you the better" was the explanation she afterwards gave me of this wonderful romancing. My presents were then mentioned, and then a maid of honor handed me a beautiful gold cup, and a piece of silk — the queen's gifts. I made a low bow. The queen then took a puff at a huge cheroot, and then asked my age, and several other personal questions. She seemed a little shy herself; and when the conversation flagged, she once or twice laughed like a schoolgirl, and made all the prostrate ones, including the nuns, laugh too, by some remark of hers. A mischievous little dog, that would run all about the throne-room, upset her gravity first, and

for me it took off all the stiffness of the thing to see the general giggle. The queen asked how I liked Mandalay, and of course I had nothing but praises of all I saw. Upon this she said that these next few days would be a great Burmese festival, and that there would be all sorts of entertainments at the palace, and she would like me to stay, and see. I really feared there would be no escape this time, but begged Sister Teresa aside, in French, to get me out of the difficulty. So she expressed my thanks to the queen, but said my husband was obliged to leave at once for Rangoon. I then asked if I might see the princess — the baby. The queen smiled a gratified maternal smile, but said baby — aged two months and a half — was asleep. After a few more formalities, the interview came to a sudden end through my foot being a little cramped, so that I tried to wriggle into a more comfortable position, seeing which the queen considerably remarked to Sister Teresa that I must be tired of sitting on the ground, and, rising herself, left the room. Here I must say that women fare much better than men at these interviews. All that is necessary is to keep one's feet out of sight, and a woman, thanks to her skirts, can easily do this, sitting tailor fashion and as comfortably as she would on her hearthrug by the fire. But the unfortunate men — Europeans — must twist themselves into positions that soon become torture in order to keep their feet behind them. We did not talk politics, or say a word on either side that could give rise to discussion — only one thing I told the sister to say emphatically, and that was that I complied with the queen's wish to see me because I heard that she herself was a good and humane woman. I was very glad the king did not appear — one could not pay him the same compliment. When the queen left, the princesses clustered round me again, and one of them took my hand and said something that seemed very amiable. It turned out to be that she loved me very much. Already! Poor things, they have not much outlet for their affections, for they are more closely immured than the nuns in the convent. There are about thirty of them, all, I believe, daughters of the late king, who had fifty-three wives and one hundred and ten children, of whom only fifty-nine were alive at the time of his death. The sons who might have been in Theebaw's way have all been either massacred or imprisoned, except one or two who escaped to British terri-

tory. The daughters are, I am told, kindly treated by the present young queen, who, by the way, is the only wife, and reigns supreme. But their lives must be fearfully empty. Their ages range from seventeen or eighteen to forty, and not one has a chance of getting married. There are no princes for them, and they are not allowed to come in contact with men at all. Each one has her separate dwelling in the palace inclosure, and they are not even permitted to visit one another. I asked Sister Teresa what is the secret of her great personal influence with the queen, for it is a fact that this excellent lady is all-powerful at the Burmese court just now, and if, as we are assured, the queen is the real ruler, much good may come of it. She told me that when the queen was a little girl, she was not a favorite with her father — was rather a little Cinderella, in fact — seeing which the good sister was specially kind to her, and never went to the palace without taking some toy or bonbon for the child, who would climb on her knee and ransack her pockets till she found the gift. So they became great friends, and the queen has never at any time neglected the friend of her childhood, but delights in honoring her, and showing her much substantial kindness. As the chief work of the nuns is educating and maintaining orphan children, they want much help, and they get a good deal from the court, thanks to the personal influence of Sister Teresa. She has been sixteen years at Mandalay, and has never yet met with any bad treatment whatever at the hands of the Burmese. There are only six or seven nuns altogether, and as they are not cloistered it is a very cheerful sort of convent. Before we left the palace I had the pleasure of hearing a music lesson given by a Burmese professor who was instructing a class of young girls in a sort of ode which they are to sing in honor of the first occupation of the infant princess's golden cradle, which will be the occasion of a great ceremony a few months hence. This cradle is said to have cost two lakhs of rupees — about 16,000*l.* sterling — and is profusely ornamented with rubies and diamonds. The ode was hardly worthy of the occasion, from a musical point of view. The vocal part of it was simplicity itself, all on two notes, E natural and C natural, the first long and *forte*, the last short and *movendo*, just like what I remember as the tune of "See-saw Margery Daw." I am told that there is a piano (deprived of its legs) in the palace, but,

like other possessions that they don't understand how to use, it will get consigned to the lumber-room very speedily. The Burmese kings and queens like to get hold of new inventions. Electric lights, sewing-machines, balloons, and all sorts of patent machines have had their turn. Whatever the thing may be it is sure to be soon put out of order by inexperienced hands, and then it is put out of sight, and a new toy must be got. I heard of one very queer fancy of the queen's. It seems there was an excellent American dentist in Mandalay, and he was appointed specially to attend the queen and court. The last news of him is that he has had to give up practice for a while, the queen having fallen so much in love with his instruments, to say nothing of some very pink jaws with fine sets of teeth, that she bought up his whole dentist's paraphernalia. Sister Teresa took me into two or three other rooms before we left, and it was the same thing everywhere, gold in all directions. In one room there was some very bold wood sculpture, richly gilt, for the Burmese excel in wood-carving. We also saw a number of young women at work making up silk *tameins* (skirts) for presents. It appears that the queen is showering presents on her subjects just now. Some of these silks woven at Mandalay are extremely beautiful; such a one as I received takes nearly a year to make, and is woven by hand in the same manner as the shawls of Cashmere. Every color and every shade has its separate bobbin, and it requires much skill to manipulate the great number required in the elaborate and many-colored patterns always chosen for the best silks. Hence they are very valuable, and in this country, where fortunately the fashions are not perpetually changing, a woman keeps a treasure of this sort, as we do a good Cashmere shawl, for life. After seeing all that was to be seen, and taking some refreshment, we returned to the convent. The sun was so hot that I got into the bullock carriage with the sisters, and was agreeably surprised to find it very bearable. It is a good plan to keep a look-out for the bad ruts and stand up as one goes over them. My husband met me at the convent, and we then took leave of the kind Sister Teresa and started for the steamer. It was, as the queen had said, a religious festival; and we saw

evidences of it in several streets, where yellow-robed poongys were sitting on improvised pulpits, with a red curtain as background, and reading prayers to the people. They occupied nearly the width of the street, and their congregations sat on the ground in rows before them, their manner as devout as anything I have seen in church.

We met numbers of grandees perched on elephants, with numerous followers, some on ponies, some on foot, these last always carrying something belonging to the big man, either his betel-box, his spittoon, his cheroots, or perhaps only his matches. The more fuss the greater the *chic*. But of course the acme of grandeur is the golden umbrella, or rather umbrellas, huge long-handled things, that are held (just as we see in the Assyrian sculptures) over the heads of those entitled to use them.

November 15. — We leave Mandalay on our return journey. I am half sorry to go, the climate is so pleasant, and the view from the steamer — our floating hotel — so very pretty. Just now, in consequence of the festival, there is a great deal of life and animation about, as gilded boats holding from fifty to sixty rowers are plying in all directions. All the people are in their smartest clothing. Nothing can exceed the brightness of color in a Burmese crowd. Nearly every one is dressed in silk of the gayest hues, and all the women wear fresh flowers. Fine pink roses abound in Burmah, and are very becoming to its dusky beauties.

November 23. — Arrived at Rangoon. The downward trip has been thoroughly pleasant, the weather is so cool. Rangoon seems to me quite a grand city now, and our own home a paradise, after five weeks' wandering. I recommend the trip, both for health and pleasure. Who knows? perhaps in a few years it will be the fashionable thing to do, and we shall see the steamers crowded like those bound for English watering-places. Well, if so, I shall rejoice to have had my trip in 1880, though people here did think we were doing a risky thing when we started for King Theebaw's realm. Of one thing I am certain, it is a far safer place to travel in than "ould Ireland." In all our journey we met with no beggars, and certainly no assassins.

ELLEN ROWETT.

From The Spectator.
THE NEXT WORLD.

I.

It is difficult when reading a paper like the dreamy, and in parts touching, "Pilgrimage," in this month's *Macmillan* — a vision of a soul just entered upon the Elysian Fields — not to discuss for a moment with oneself whether anything can be postulated about the life immediately after death, whether anything can be affirmed which, a future state being granted, must, whether to the reasoning human being or to the Christian, certainly be true. Christian theologians, and especially the more thoughtful of them, have rather avoided the subject, perhaps satisfied that on that side there is no gate for the mind, perhaps unconsciously affected by that tradition of the Elysian Fields which, of all the imaginings of the older world, has lasted longest in its direct influence, which governed Dante, touched indirectly Bunyan, and to-day, as any one who reads *Macmillan* will see, dominates the inner thought of the most recent dreamer on the subject. Hundreds of minds have thought out and discussed the probabilities of a future state, for one which has coldly reasoned on the conditions which, the Christian theory being accepted, that future state must involve. Yet the subject is of the last interest to every human being who accepts the theory of continuous life, so interesting, that to many men it seems as if the one grand imperfection of the Christian revelation was its failure to lift this veil; and that if that revelation were ever supplemented by another, the main object of that other must be to give speculation upon this change some definite base. [It would not be so, probably, for one dimly sees, or thinks one sees, that what man wants most is some new impulsive force, and that the strongest would be some revelation of that infinite purpose in the puzzle which all feel instinctively to exist, yet all strain in vain to discern. We should all want to help on the purpose, if we knew it, or be conscious of rebellion in not wanting.] And yet dim as the outlook is, there must exist some postulates which can be accepted, and very nearly proved, if not entirely by reason, at least by what seems evidence to Christians.

For example, a future life must involve continuity with this life, for otherwise it is not a future life at all, but only another life. The view which, to my great surprise, I have so frequently ascertained to

be secretly held, that the spirit cannot perish any more than matter, but that it can and does merge itself in some general reservoir of spirit, to be used again, as matter is used, for new and, so to speak, disconnected purposes — as phosphates may become part of corn, and thence of a human body — may conceivably be true; but if it is true, then the future life, in its theological acceptation, is not to come. That life, to be a life such as Christians dream of, must be a continuance, in some way, of this life, must allow of unbroken consciousness, and therefore, as the first attribute of such consciousness, of some kind of abiding memory, some sort of sympathy with the former self and its surroundings. The extent of the connection may be indefinable, or even inexpressible, but it must exist, or continuity ceases, and when we speak of a future life, we are only misusing words, as we should be if we said that the future life of a good dog was manhood. The chasm between doghood and manhood, so far at least as we can understand the former, is perfect, and in crossing it, continuity of being would cease at once to be. This postulate, if it is true, and I cannot even conceive how it can be false, is most important, for it involves this corollary, that the great change cannot at first be infinite, or even very great. The popular notion, derived, we suppose, from a misconception of the transfiguration, that a man can at once become "an angel" — a kind of subordinate god, or being all supernatural — is inconsistent with continuity, and with strong sympathy for the thoughts or the persons of the previous life. The difference in powers, in energies, in knowledge, in aspirations, would be too great, as great as if an animal had become a man. For recollect, the argument in favor of the idea that no time elapses between the one condition and the other, is very strong. There is no evidence of the intermediate "sleep" for which Hawthorne sighed, and for which so many a tired spirit has sighed since, while there are these two elements of evidence against it. Any kind of childhood in the new world, of a slow growth from unconsciousness to consciousness akin to that which occurs in this world, involves the inadmissible breach of continuity. There may be indefinite growth or improvement, but the soul must recommence its career conscious of the point at which it left off, or the chasm opens at once between the two states. And, moreover — though this argument is valid only with the Christian

—Christ, in one of the extremely few sentences in which he seemed to lift or tear a corner of the veil, distinctly repudiated long delay, and promised to the repentant thief that the great change should occur for him, and indeed be perfected, before the next sun rose. That might be an individual grace, or even an act of sovereignty, like the forgiveness to the paralytic; but it is more probable that it was an indication of the general truth, for the benefit of man. The balance of evidence, for the Christian at least, is strongly in favor of instantaneousness of change; and that by itself, the law of continuity being granted, limits the amount of change.

The condition of a rigid limitation in the amount of change must, we conceive, be granted, with the endless deductions which might be drawn from it,—such as that effort, the one attribute belonging to man which cannot pertain to God, cannot reasonably be supposed to cease, without such a change of character as would make continuity a phrase; and there are other limitations yet. There is an assumption, tacit or avowed, in all discussions on this subject, that time will cease in the future state,—that, in fact, time is a mere attribute of this planet; but what does that mean, if it does not mean a confusion between time and the method of recording its progress? The author of the "Pilgrimage" makes a soul in the spirit world say there "is no yesterday here," but what meaning is implied in that? If the meaning is only that the measurement of time usual on earth has ended, it is simple enough; but if it is that time has ended, it is wholly without justification. There must, for created beings, be a past, and therefore a present and a future, and in those words are contained the whole of the radical conception of time. Its measurement matters nothing. The absence of limitation in that respect would imply self-existence, and so would its absence in respect of form and locality. The spirit, however endowed, must have shape, or it would be infinite, and place, or it would be omnipresent, and duty, or obedience would be impossible, in a degree inconsistent with any conception we can form of the relation of the created to the Creator. We cannot work out here in a newspaper article the inevitable deductions from those limitations; but any one who can see their necessity can see also the degree in which they modify the popular and most vague conception. It is a

life, not a mere condition of being, to which we are born again; an embodied, though not a fleshly, existence; with duty pressing, and all that that implies; and effort to make, and all that that implies; and affections in full force, and all that arises from these also,—the idea, for example, of society, with its endless ramifications. That the embodiment may be glorified is true, but only so far as to leave existence continuous; that happiness may be increased is true, but only so far as to leave duty and effort intact; that knowledge may be enlarged, is true, but only so far as to leave the mind still a mind, and not a new, uncomprehended force. The most pious upon this last point use the most confusing language. They say we shall "know God," and then, in the same breath, pronounce him infinite. Are we to be infinite, too, do they think?—because, if not, the difference between the finite and the infinite will, however the finite may advance in knowledge, remain as great as ever. It is an absolute sequence of the law of continuity, if once accepted, that advance should be slow, in any world whatever, and made stage by stage endlessly, it being a self-evident truism that the finite cannot catch up the infinite,—a thesis worked out by the old Hindoo theologians through the most extraordinary anthropomorphic illustrations. That knowledge will be increased—increased perhaps suddenly and enormously, as it might be even in this world, by new discoveries of essential material laws, like gravitation, or by a new and accepted revelation from above,—may be admitted; but the limitations on such increase are definite and sharp. Beyond an undefinable point, they would destroy continuity.

But then I shall be told even this limited being is to be capable of perfect happiness. Where is the proof of that, or how is that consistent either with continuity, or recollection, or the continuance of duty and effort, both of which imply pressure? Happiness may be increased, more especially as the momentary flash of existence which men now call "life" fades away in the distance, and even an enormous increase is intelligible. Without sin, without fear, without doubt, and with a highly increased perception of the purpose of finite life, increased, at least, till the purpose is intelligible, and obedience therefore enthusiastic, even this world would be no place of pain; and in that, some other conditions may be altered

for the better; but perfection in happiness is no more for the finite than perfection in love or power. It would imply absence of impelling motive; and why should motive be absent in that world, any more than in this? The motive may be loftier, more impelling, more constant; but it must exist, and, existing, cannot be consistent with that perfection of content which is the popular conception of true happiness. The early Christians may have dreamed dreams in the conceptions of "angels," over which they lingered so lovingly that the personality of their embodied dreams has remained real through ages, but there was teaching in the instinct which induced them to describe the highest created beings of which they could conceive as only the "messengers" of God. The liberated soul will not, men may be sure, reach angelic bliss for a while, if only, as the "Pilgrim" hints, because it has known sorrow and sin; and even in that bliss, the old conditions, finiteness, duty, effort, with all their inevitable consequences, must, perforce, enter. The worried American senator who hoped for a world in which "there should be no editors, and less friction," may find his first aspiration realized, perhaps; but the second implies that volition shall always be executive, which can no more be granted to the loftiest spirit than to man, else God would cease to rule. The volition of a finite being must be limited, and limitation by itself implies disappointment, even if we make, as I should not, the unphilosophical concession that one who is created can be incapable of error.

It is a dreamy subject, rather, perhaps, beyond discussion, even in these columns; but it is getting discussed everywhere, in more or less imaginative forms, and I want to point out that, if ever the discussion is to be useful, or, so to speak, scientific, the presence of limitations of a kind recognizable by earthly minds must be assumed. Otherwise, speculation, however Christian, must either be wearisomely vague, or tend to that ideal of useless content which has pervaded the world so long, and which, we may be sure, if abstract reasoning is of any value at all, is the conception of futurity furthest from the truth. Anything may be true or false, if no data are conceded; but if any are, and more especially the Christian data, men may rely on it the penitent thief is doing something, and not existing in a state made up of the Greek idea of the Elysian Fields and the Buddhist idea of Nirvan.

II.

I AGREE so entirely in the main principle of the foregoing, — that life in this world and the next must be strictly continuous, so far as regards the inward condition of the character which passes from one to the other, — that I should like to point out where it seems to me that the significance of this principle is pressed beyond its true and necessary consequences, in relation to the extent of the spiritual change which, at some one point in the career of a finite spiritual being, must, as I conceive, become a reality; and especially, as it seems to me, as regards the issue on which the whole principle of the orthodox conception of the future life turns. I refer to the change which may, or rather, as I hold, must, be produced by the constant consciousness of God's presence and sustaining life; though I am profoundly convinced that this, too, cannot come all of a sudden to any mind, or come at all to any mind which has not served a long apprenticeship to the teaching that the rule of an infinite righteousness is behind "the painted veil which those who live call life." The writer of the paper dismisses this consciousness of God's presence, as not, in reality, changing the conditions of the question, for this reason, — that any finite mind must be always utterly incapable of such knowledge of the infinite mind, as would transform his nature from finite to infinite. This may be granted, though the words used convey so little exact meaning to most of us, that I am not sure that the concession is a very significant one. There are senses in which, as M. Pasteur asserted in the French Academy, the human mind has knowledge of the infinite, otherwise the power absolutely to deny all limit to space and time, as not merely untrue, but unmeaning, would not belong to us. Indeed, we can do more than this, — we can compare one infinite with another, and be absolutely certain that it is infinitely greater or less than the other. For instance, conceive any side of a square and cube extended without limit, and it is as certain as anything can be that the number of square units in that square will be in the same proportion greater without limit than the number of linear units in the side on which the square is drawn; while the number of units of area in the cube will again be in that same limitless proportion greater without limit than the number of square units in the square. Here, then,

with three numbers all infinite, we can pronounce with absolute certainty that one infinite is infinitely greater than the second, and the second, again, infinitely greater than the third. I only use this illustration to show that it is very dangerous to speak of the human mind as absolutely shut out of all knowledge of the infinite, solely because it can never in imagination exhaust or enclose the idea of absolute limitlessness. We are given the power to conceive the *relation* even of one infinite to another infinite to which it is infinitely superior, even in pure number. And so, too, I believe that the infinite superiority of one mind to another, in an absolutely infinite number of different relations, does not in the least exclude a kind of knowledge which, though it be infinitely inadequate, shall yet have an infinite (in the sense of absolutely limitless) effect upon our character. It has always seemed to me, for instance, that temptation to sin, as we understand the meaning of the word in this world, is literally and absolutely inconsistent with such knowledge of the perpetual presence of an infinite love and righteousness, as we anticipate in some period at least of an immortal being's progress. Have we not all known cases in which the removal of a human influence, bad or good, has made what we can scarcely call less than an infinite—that is, absolutely unlimited—difference in the spiritual behavior and attitude of another character which had been under its influence? Take the familiar case of St. Peter swearing with angry oaths that he knew nothing of the Galilean group to which he belonged, and then catching the eye under the glance of which he went out and wept bitterly. It does not seem to me even conceivable that supposing, at any period in an immortal being's career, such an one became capable of what the theologians call "the beatific vision," that is, not, of course, of the exhaustive knowledge of an infinite being, but of the continuous and never-failing consciousness of his presence and of his love and of his will in such small things as are within the range of a limited mind, the old, intense desire to do what he forbids or to leave undone what he inspires could by possibility revive. The more you grant the finiteness, the more you assert and emphasize the limits of such a being, the more impossible you render it that there should or could be the desire or effort to resist a spiritual influence so overwhelming in its attractions. I assume, of course, that infinite right-

eousness and love is, to such a finite being, infinitely attractive, and not, what it seems to be in some cases, infinitely repulsive. But grant that the mould of the limited mind is such as to love goodness, and to love it the more, the more perfect that goodness, and it seems to me that the knowledge of God—not in the exhaustive sense of the previous paper, for that is neither possible nor, for this purpose, at all necessary, but only in the sense of the knowledge of his perpetual presence, and of his will on the specific point on which temptation might otherwise intervene—would be an absolute and final protection against the form of that temptation, would indeed annihilate it by the overpowering influence of an affection infinitely more potent. And this same consideration makes me doubt whether "effort," in the sense of the writer, is to be as eternal as he seems to suppose. All exertion is not, of course, effort. We mean by effort, exertion beyond the point at which exertion is in itself a joy. Now, suppose that in every exertion we had to make, we had the sense of perfect sympathy and co-operation, or rather, inspiration from the very Source of life and being, and is it conceivable that any exertion would be laborious, would be effort in the obvious sense of the previous paper? I am convinced, indeed, that the enormous majority of beings who leave this world, are at the time they leave it incapable even of soon attaining to such a knowledge of God as is here supposed. It takes, I suppose, an infinitely more spiritual character than the characters which most of us carry out of the wear and tear of this life, to love absolute holiness, to shrink from evil wherever we see it, to prefer the fire which purifies to the fire which withers. I heartily agree with the previous writer that in all this there must be continuous, and strictly continuous, progress; that even such a vision of a perfectly righteous and loving being as finite minds may have, would be for a long time impossible to those not well versed in the kind of experience which makes the love of God, and of finite beings only through God, the ruling passion of the mind. But if ever and wherever that point is reached, it seems to me quite impossible that the mere finiteness of our nature should interfere with the transforming effect of such a passion, of losing itself in such a vision, on the future of the character subjected to it. It seems hardly doubtful that under such a spell as that, tempta-

tion would disappear, and effort merge in the most delightful of all exertions of power.

One point strikes me in the original paper by which these criticisms are suggested, as inconsistent with what is, I believe, the perfectly sound doctrine of moral continuity between this life and the next. It is assumed, as everybody seems to assume nowadays, that even a downward path must end in an upward path sooner or later. Speaking of the result of temptation, the "little Pilgrim" in effect asks one who knows more of the next world than herself, whether those who fall through temptation will eventually win the day? and the reply is, "They will win the day in the end, but sometimes, when it was being lost, I have seen in *his* face a something, — I cannot tell — more love than before. Something that seemed to say, 'My child, my child; would that I could do it for thee, my child!'" And so, too, I find another powerful and spiritual writer, Mrs. Oliphant, in her literary history of England between 1790 and 1825, saying of Cowper's evangelical teachers, "It did not occur to them that God's loving and large comprehension of our confused ways and works must be not less, but infinitely more indulgent than that of any man." Why infinitely more *indulgent*? Infinitely more true and just, no doubt; infinitely more appreciative of the force of temptation, and of all genuine efforts to resist it; but why infinitely more indulgent, by which, I suppose, is meant, more disposed to pass soft judgments, rather than severe? It seems to me that sticking to the law of moral continuity, as the only principle by which we can safely judge of the progress or regress of human character, it is simply impossible to suppose that indulgent judgments are always the righteous ones, or that any one who is losing way now, must necessarily "win in the end." A man who yields to temptation which he might resist, is diminishing his chance of resisting in future, is postponing every time he does so the time at which a vision of the divine righteousness, such as love alone could give, might dawn upon him. The tendency of the present day to assume that God must prevail over all real evil in the end, seems to me to imply that he must conquer it all in the beginning, which we know that, as a matter of fact, he does not. If he allows true evil at all, — especially if he allows it to go on becoming deeper and deeper evil, — in time, what guarantee have we that it may not

also go on for eternity? I can see no reason in the world for this notion that God feels for those who fall even more love than for those who rise; and Christ's assertion that there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance, tends just the other way. The reason for the joy is the wonder of the escape, — the wonder that one who had thrown away a great deal of his own power to approach God, should yet rightly use what remains to him, and reverse the current of his own actions. This is wonderful enough to create joy in heaven. But surely every downward step renders the chance of re-ascending less than before, and the presumption that a re-ascent may in time become simply impossible, and even dreadful, to the character embarked in the downward path, greater. I cannot but think that the law of continuity points to a time at which, for believers in God, the character which steadily improves will be placed beyond temptation, because within the overpowering influence of God's love; while the character which steadily degrades, may reach a point at which the mere thought of God is a thought not simply of misery, but of infinite repulsion.

From Temple Bar.

A LA MODE IN 1800.

AT the beginning of this century ladies took kindly to turbans surmounted with ostrich feathers and bodies literally without a waist, the girdle coming directly under the arms. Lord Winchester told the late Charles Mayne Young that, years ago, at a large party at Lady Herford's a lady of high fashion entered the room in the latest cut from Paris, the gown being rather high in front and extraordinarily low at the back, so as to expose the blade bones. Unlike our ancestors, the Saxons, who for centuries retained one fashion, our fashions change almost as constantly as the weather, and as milliners — even in France — have not the faculty of invention, we find ourselves copying the left-off garments of a past generation. "There is nothing new but the forgotten." What, for instance, can be more absurd than much of the fashion of the present day? Take a queen's drawing-room or a levee. See that titled lady with tall plumes bobbing up and down like a magnified ostrich. What possible connection can

there be between feathers and a woman's head? Had nature deemed feathers most suitable, we should have had them instead of hair. Are feathers a mark of civilization? We have somewhere read that where they are most to be found as an adornment, there is the least refinement. His gracious and excellent Majesty Monomotapa, "Brother to the Sun, distant cousin to the Moon, and King of the Twenty-Four Umbrellas," sticks feathers on his head. That may be a feather in his cap, but we thought we were a trifle in advance of King Monomotapa. We say nothing of the cruelty and wanton destruction which ornamental feathers entail. See that other fair lady with eight yards of elegant superfluity behind her called a train. The windows are partly open at St. James's Palace, and a light wind laughs among the gauze and the trimmings, which, at a recent presentation, in spite of attendant officials, soared somewhat higher than the lady's head, increasing the fluttering in the lady's heart. She kneels, she bows, the throne is passed. She would retire with the grace of a D'Egville, or a Vestris, but the lively drapery has so deftly entwined itself round her fair form that she is in danger, like the old lord at the coronation, of showing a clean pair of heels at the foot of her Majesty. There will be some beyond the courtly circle that laugh, like the naughty little boys when Queen Anne went in state to St. Paul's in a sedan-chair, who in order that the fringe of royalty might not be curtailed, had her train held up on sticks behind her. Truly the world is more than half governed by humbug. If a lady's train is an incumbrance, even on state occasions, what can we say to the present fashion which prescribes it for daily use? That is not reckoned a particularly wise bird whose "eyes are always inclined to its tail," and if the goddess of wisdom goes forth we do not suppose that she would drag half a dozen yards of superfine silk in the mire, or relieve the careless citizen of the sweepings of his shop, or create eddies of dust as she walked. What pleasure can there be in looping up or in throwing over the arm these *impedimenta* during a brisk waltz, or when elbowing one's way at the Academy on a sultry afternoon? And then, a country stile; "over the brink of it, picture it, think of it!" The lady would be more helpless than the hapless Miss Biffin who was once forgotten at a theatre. The box-keeper said, "Allow me, madame, to offer you my arm and to

conduct you down-stairs." Said Miss Biffin, "I am very sorry, but I have not got any arms." "Bless me, ma'am!" observed the astonished attendant, "then I must trouble you to walk out, as we are closing the house." "I really cannot oblige you," rejoined the lady, "for I do not happen to have any legs."

From Chambers' Journal.

ICE-MAKING IN INDIA.

LET me allude to an industry peculiar to the cold weather, which, except in small stations distant from the rail, is fast dying out, and that is the manufacture of ice. When I came out in 1853 Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay were wholly dependent on American ice, supplied by the Tudor Ice Company, and retailed at two annas the *ser*; that is two pounds of ice brought from America was sold in India for 3*d.* The *mofussil* (up country) was entirely dependent on artificial ice, which could only be made where the cold weather was really felt; in all other parts we were obliged to cool our drinks with saltpetre and sal ammoniac, or, during the hot winds, by placing the bottles before the khus-khus tatties, or swinging them in a basket covered with wet straw. By these appliances we could cool our drinks down to 65° Fahr.; or by carrying on the cooling with fresh supplies of salts, we could even freeze water. But the process was tedious and expensive. Science came to our aid; and sulphuric ether and ammoniac machines came gradually into vogue, and latterly Carré's wonderful pneumatic machine, which I have seen produce ice in two minutes in a temperature of 95°. With these great appliances, block-ice is now available in districts where it could not formerly be had at from one and one-half to two annas per *ser*. To return to the old process—it depended entirely on the production of cold by evaporation, as also on sufficient cold weather and the presence of the dry west wind; the east wind being absolutely fatal to the production of ice. The essentials for the process are: 1. Exposed and treeless ice-fields, which are partitioned off into four to five feet squares, in which two to three inches of straw are laid down. 2. Myriads of flat, porous earthen saucers, six to eight inches in diameter. 3. An unlimited supply of water. 4. An army of coolies and water-carriers. 5. The ice-pit. This, the most important adjunct in the process, is

very carefully constructed; a great pit is dug, and in it rests a huge timber cone, the space between it and the sides of the pit being rammed with charcoal, chaff, or straw, as non-conductors of heat; the cone itself is lined thickly with coarse felt or blankets, and then a layer of matting; over all a straw hut, with very thick roof and walls and a very small entrance, is constructed. Now for the process. Whenever the outside thermometer reads 42°, then ice can be manufactured by evaporation. Half an inch of water is poured, over night, into the saucers by *bheesties* (water-carriers); then at 2 A.M., a great drum is beaten at the pit to summon the coolies, who assemble in hundreds, each armed with a scoop, with which the ice is skilfully turned out of the saucer into an attendant vessel, and well rammed into it. When full it is taken to the pit, emptied there, and again rammed down. Thus all the ice has a chance of consolidating by regelation; and in good season thousands of pounds' weight of ice may be stored, according to pit-room available.

From The Jewish Chronicle.
HEBREW TRANSLATIONS.

ONE of the most interesting facts about modern Jewish literature is the large number of works that have been translated into Hebrew within quite a recent period. It is scarcely too much to say that specimens of all the great literatures of the world now exist in modern Hebrew, which is as nearly as possible written in a purely Biblical style. The New Testament has of course been frequently translated, chiefly for conversionist purposes; but the last rendering by Professor Delitzsch, of Leipzig, now in a third edition, is a model of Hebrew and a marvel of accuracy. The Koran, too, has been partly translated, but not yet finished. The whole of the Apocrypha has been done into Hebrew by Dr. S. I. Frankel, while the voluminous works of Josephus also exist in a version by Kalman Schulmann. In Italian literature, the "*Inferno*" of

Dante has been translated by Dr. Formiggini. Parts of Petrarch and Tasso exist in Hebrew, and the "*Dialoghi d'Amore*" of "Leo Hebræus" (Judas Abrabanel) have been restored to the language of their author. From the French, Racine's "Esther," by Rapaport, is the chief work with which we are acquainted, though Eugène Sue's "Mysteries of Paris" and "Wandering Jew" have both reached several editions in Jewish forms. Turning to the language dearest to modern Jews of a scholarly mind, the masterpiece of German literature, Goethe's "Faust," has been translated by M. Letteris with such success that it has been said that the version in parts excels the original. "Hermann and Dorothea" has likewise been Hebraized. A work so interesting to Jews as "*Nathan der Weise*" has found an appropriate home among them in their sacred tongue. It is needless to remark that many works of modern Jewish writers in German, such as Zunz, Geiger, and Graetz, have spread among their Polish brethren in a Hebrew garb. But to come home to England. Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" and "Othello" now exist in the language of Shylock through the instrumentality of J. H. Salomonson, a "New Christian," who likewise rendered "Paradise Lost" accessible to those who can only read Hebrew. It is natural that a book like the "Pilgrim's Progress," written in so Biblical a style, should go easily into the original language of the Bible, and it is not therefore surprising that the Hebrew translation, prepared in Palestine Place, has reached a third edition. We believe that "Robinson Crusoe" now serves to delight the youth of Polish Jews in the only language that they read. Of later works, the Earl of Beaconsfield's "Alroy" was issued as the *feuilleton* of a Hebrew periodical, and is about to be published in book form. We may add that parts of Addison, Ossian, Gay, Young, Goldsmith, and Pope have been rendered into Hebrew, that "God Save the Queen" exists in three different versions, and that the discussion scene of "Daniel Deronda" was communicated to the *Hamagid* in an almost literal Hebrew translation.

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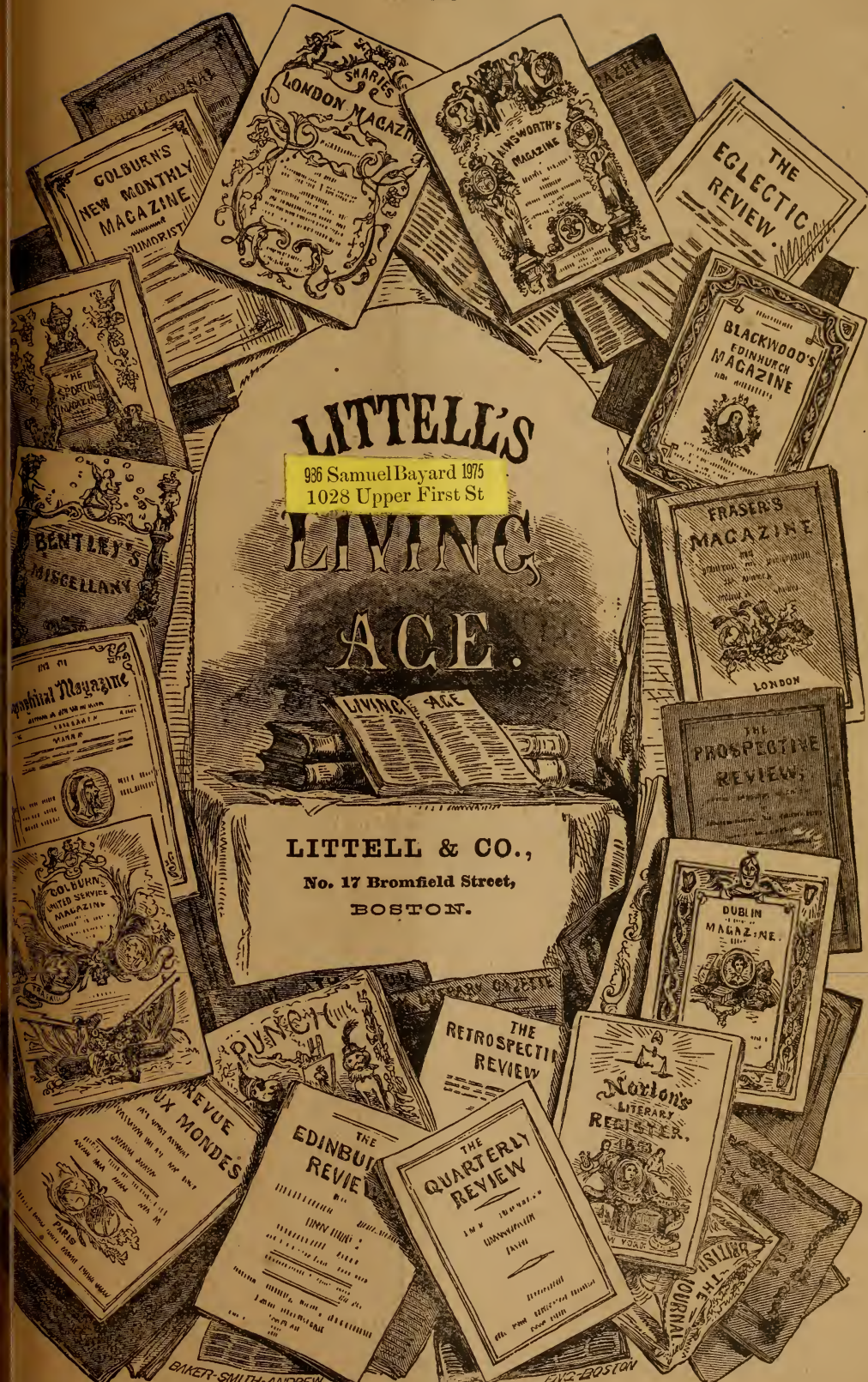
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CONTENTS.

I. MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS, . . .	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> , . . .	643
II. CHARLES LAMB AND HIS FRIENDS, . . .	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i> , . . .	657
III. AUNT MONA,	<i>Argosy</i> ,	663
IV. THE LAST KING OF TAHITI,	<i>Contemporary Review</i> ,	670
V. CECILY,	<i>All The Year Round</i> ,	681
VI. "POOR WHITE TRASH,"	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> ,	688
VII. THE PEPYSIAN LIBRARY,	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> ,	691
VIII. IN MEMORIAM — DR. JOHN BROWN,	<i>Spectator</i> ,	694
IX. THE CONVENT OF MONTE OLIVETO, NEAR SIENA,	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> ,	697

POETRY.

BUTTERCUPS,	642	OUR LATTER DAYS,	642
TO-DAY,	642		

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BUTTERCUPS.

I SIT and watch my treasure laid
Beneath the snowy hawthorn's shade,
In slumber calm and deep;
The May-day sunbeams glint between
The lattice-work of white and green,
And kiss him in his sleep.

The morning long, across the grass
I heard his little footsteps pass,
In chase of bird and bee;
The morning long, I watched him play,
Bright blossom of my life's late May,
That came from Heaven to me!

The sunbeams kiss his little face,
The grass and king-cups interlace
Across his forehead white;
His tiny hands no longer hold
The buttercups of royal gold,
He plucked with such delight.

The buttercups he ran to grasp,
With hand quick-loosened from my clasp,
And pleasure-brimming eyes;
The buttercups, whose yellow dust
Has soiled his fingers, as gold must,
If held too dear a prize.

Unwitting in his baby glee,
He robbed his playmate brown, the bee,
Of food for winter hours;
He gathered blossoms in his haste,
And now the treasure runs to waste
Of those bright golden flowers.

I kneel me down beside the lad,
And something joyful, something sad,
Swells from mine inmost heart;
God gave love's blossom for love's sake,
But grief and joy must mix to make
Complete the mother's part.

And mingled tides of feeling rush
Throughout my spirit, as I brush
The gold-dust from his palm;
He rests to-day within my reach,
He needs no lore I cannot teach,
His sleeping face is calm.

But oh, my boy! my bonny boy!
The gold of life hath base alloy,
And stains the grasping hand;
I cleanse thy baby palm to-day,
But years may part us far away
By miles of sea and land.

And thou may'st gather in thine haste
Life's golden flow'rs, to droop and waste;
Or soil thy spirit white
With dust and dross of garish ways,
With thirst for gold, and greed of praise,
With worldly, base delight.

But soft! he wakes, my little son,
And I with mother's doubt have done.
Joy wears my baby's smile;
And well I know that God above
Will hallow son's and mother's love
Beyond earth's little while!

All The Year Round.

TO-DAY.

WHY do we tune our hearts to sorrow
When all around is bright and gay,
And let the gloom of some to-morrow
Eclipse the gladness of to-day?

When summer's sun is on us shining,
And flooding all the land with light,
Why do we waste our time repining,
That near and nearer creeps the night?

We teach ourselves with scornful sadness
That it is vain to seek for bliss—
There is no time for glee and gladness
In such a weary world as this.

The snare of doubting thoughts has caught us
And we to grim forebodings yield,
And fail to learn the lesson taught us
By all the "lilies of the field."

They take no thought for each to-morrow,
They never dream of doubt or sin,
They fear no dim forthcoming sorrow,
"They toil not, neither do they spin."

Yet still they tell the same old story
To us who crave in vain for ease,
That "Solomon in all his glory
Was not arrayed like one of these."
Sunday Magazine. E. T. F.

OUR LATTER DAYS.

A CLOUDY morning, and a golden eve
Warm with the glow that never lingers long
Such is our life; and who would pause to
grieve
Over a tearful day that ends in song?

The dawn was grey, and dim with mist and
rain;
There was no sweetness in the chilly blast;
Dead leaves were strewn along the dusky lane
That led us to the sunset light at last.

'Tis an old tale, beloved; we may find
Heart-stories all around us just the same.
Speak to the sad, and tell them God is kind;
Do they not tread the path through which
we came?

Our youth went by in recklessness and haste,
And precious things were lost as soon as
gained;
Yet patiently our Father saw the waste,
And gathered up the fragments that re-
mained.

Taught by his love, we learnt to love aright;
Led by his hand, we passed through dreary
ways;
And now how lovely is the mellow light
That shines so calmly on our latter days!
Sunday Magazine. SARAH DOUDNEY.

From The Fortnightly Review.

MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS.

SOME apology may seem to be due from one who ventures to treat once again of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. Few characters in history have been oftener or more ably discussed during the present age, an age whose high aims and uncertain creed have found at once impulse and sympathy in the meditations of the crowned philosopher. And, finally, the most subtle and attractive of living historians has closed his strange portrait-gallery with this majestic figure, accounting that the sun of Christianity was not fully risen till it had seen the paling of the old world's last and purest star.

The subject has lost, no doubt, its literary freshness, but its moral and philosophical significance is still unexhausted. Even an increased interest, indeed, may be felt at the present time in considering the relations which the philosophy of Marcus bears either to ancient or modern religious thought. For he has been made, as it were, the saint and exemplar of agnosticism, the type of all such virtue and wisdom as modern criticism can allow to be sound or permanent. It will be the object of the following essay to suggest some reflections on the position thus assigned to him, dwelling only incidentally, and as briefly as may be consistent with clearness, on the more familiar aspects of his opinions and his career.

Character and circumstances, rather than talent or originality, give to the thoughts of Marcus Aurelius their especial value and charm. And although the scanty notices of his life which have come down to us have now been often repeated, it seems necessary to allude to some of the more characteristic of them, if we would understand the spiritual outlook of one who is not a closet philosopher moralizing *in vacuo*, but the son of Pius, the father of Commodus, the master of a declining world.

The earliest statue which we know of Marcus represents him as a youth offering sacrifice. The earliest story of him, before his adoption into the imperial family, is of his initiation, at eight years old, as a Salian priest of Mars, when the

crowns flung by the other priests fell here and there around the recumbent statue, but the crown which young Marcus threw to him lit and rested on the war-god's head. The boy-priest, we are told, could soon conduct all the ceremonies of the Salian cult without the usual prompter, for he served in all its offices, and knew all its hymns by heart. And it well became him thus to begin by exhibiting the characteristic piety of a child; who passes in his growing years through the forms of worship, as of thought, which have satisfied his remote forefathers, and ripens himself for his adult philosophies with the consecrated tradition of the past.

Our next glimpse is of the boy growing into manhood in the household of his adopted father, Antoninus Pius, whom he is already destined to succeed on the imperial throne. One of the lessons for which Marcus afterwards revered his father's memory was the lesson of simplicity maintained in the palace of princes, "far removed from the habits of the rich." The correspondence between the imperial boy and his tutor, Fronto, shows us how pronounced this simplicity was, and casts a curious side-light on the power of the Roman emperor, who can impress his own individuality with so uncompromising a hand not only on the affairs of the empire, but on the personal habits of his court and *entourage*. In the modern world, the more absolute a monarch is in one way, the more is he in another way fettered and constrained; for his absolutism relies on an artificial prestige which can dispense with no means of impressing the vulgar mind. And in freer countries there is always a set of persons, an habitual tone of manners, which the sovereign cannot afford to ignore. A George III. may lead a frugal family life, but he is forced to conciliate and consort with social leaders of habits quite opposite to his own. A William IV., who fails to do this adequately, is pronounced to be "not in society." Antoninus Pius might certainly have been said to be "out of society," but that there was no society for him to be in except his own. The *optimates*, whose opinion Cicero treats as the acknowledged stand-

ard — a group of notables enjoying social as well as official pre-eminence — had practically ceased to exist. Even the Senate, whose dignity the Antonines so sedulously cherished, consisted mainly of new and low-born men. Everything depended on the individual tastes of the ruler. Play-actors were at the head of society under Nero, spies under Domitian, philosophers under the Antonines.

The letters of the young Marcus to Fronto are very much such letters as might be written at the present day by the home-taught son of an English squire to a private tutor to whom he was much attached. They are, however, more effusive than an English style allows, and although Marcus in his youth was a successful athlete, they seldom refer to games or hunting. I translate one of them as a specimen of the rest: —

I slept late this morning on account of my cold, but it is better. From five in the morning till nine I partly read Cato on Agriculture, and partly wrote, not quite such rubbish as yesterday. Then I greeted my father, and then soothed my throat with honey-water, without absolutely gargling. Then I attended my father as he offered sacrifice. Then to breakfast. What do you think I ate? only a little bread, though I saw the others devouring beans, onions, and sardines! Then we went out to the vintage, and got hot and merry, but left a few grapes still hanging, as the old poet says, "atop on the topmost bough." At noon we got home again; I worked a little, but it was not much good. Then I chatted a long time with my mother, as she sat on her bed. My conversation consisted of, "What do you suppose my Fronto is doing at this moment?" to which she answered, "And my Gratia, what is she doing?" and then I, "And our little birdie, Gratia the less?" And while we were talking and quarrelling as to which of us loved all of you the best, the gong sounded, which meant that my father had gone across to the bath. So we bathed and dined in the oil-press room. I don't mean that we bathed in the press-room; but we bathed and then dined, and amused ourselves with listening to the peasants' banter. And now that I am in my room again, before I roll over and snore, I am fulfilling my promise and giving an account of my day to my dear tutor; and if I could love him better than I do I would consent to miss him even more than I miss him now. Take care of yourself, my best and dearest Fronto,

wherever you are. The fact is that I love you, and you are far away.

Among the few hints which the correspondence contains of the pupil's rank is one curiously characteristic of his times and his destiny. Tutor and pupil it seems were in the habit of sending to each other "hypotheses," or imaginary cases, for the sake of practice in dealing with embarrassing circumstances as they arose. Marcus puts to Fronto the following "hard case:" "A Roman consul at the public games changes his consular dress for a gladiator's, and kills a lion in the amphitheatre before the assembled people. What is to be done to him?" The puzzled Fronto contents himself with replying that such a thing could not possibly happen. But the boy's prevision was true. A generation later this very thing was done by a man who was not only a Roman consul, but a Roman emperor, and the son of Marcus himself.

These were Marcus's happiest days. The companionship of Pius was a school of all the virtues. His domestic life with Faustina, if we are to believe contemporary letters rather than the scandal of the next century, was, at first, at any rate, a model of happiness and peace. Marcus was already forty years old when Pius died. The nineteen years which remained to him were mainly occupied in driving back Germanic peoples from the northern frontiers of the empire. This labor was interrupted in A.D. 175 by the revolt of Avidius Cassius, an event which Marcus employed as a great occasion for magnanimity. The story is one which some dramatist might well seize upon, and show, with a truer groundwork than Corneille in "Cinna," how impossible is resentment to the philosophic soul. But the moment in these latter years which may be selected as most characteristic, was perhaps that of the departure of Marcus to Germany in A.D. 178 for his last and sternest war. That great irruption of the Marcomanni was compared by subsequent historians to the invasion of Hannibal. It was in fact, and it was dimly felt to be, the beginning of the end. The terrified Romans resorted to every expedient which could attract the favor of

heaven or fortify the spirit of man. The emperor threw a blood-stained spear from the temple of Mars towards the unknown north, invoking thus for the last time in antique fashion the tutelary divinity of Rome. The images of all the gods were laid on couches in the sight of men, and that holy banquet was set before them which constituted their worshippers' most solemn appeal. But no sacrifices henceforth were to be for long effectual, nor omens favorable again; they could only show the "Roman peace" no longer sacred, the "Roman world" no longer stretching "past the sun's year-long way," but Janus's temple doors forever open, and Terminus receding upon Rome. Many new rites were also performed, many foreign gods were approached with strange expiations. But the strangest feature in this religious revival lay in an act of the emperor himself. He was entreated, says Vulcatius, to give a parting address to his subjects before he set out into the wilderness of the north; and for three days he expounded his philosophy to the people of Rome. The anecdote is a strange one, but hardly in itself improbable. It accords so well with Marcus's trust in the power of reason, his belief in the duty of laying the truth before men! One can imagine the sincere gaze, such as his coins show to us; the hand, as in the great equestrian statue of the Capitol, uplifted, as though to bless; the countenance controlled, as his biographers tell us, to exhibit neither joy nor pain; the voice and diction, not loud nor striking, but grave and clear, as he bade his hearers "reverence the dæmon within them," and "pass from one unselfish action to another, with memory of God." Like the fabled Arthur, he was, as it were, the conscience amid the warring passions of his knights; like Arthur, he was himself going forth to meet "death, or he knew not what mysterious doom."

For indeed his last years are lost in darkness. A few anecdotes tell of his failing body and resolute will; a few bas-reliefs give in fragments a confused story of the wilderness and of war. We see marshes and forests, bridges and battles, captive Sarmatians brought to judgment,

and Marcus still with his hand uplifted as though bestowing pardon or grace.

The region in which these last years were spent is to this day one of the most melancholy in Europe. The forces of nature run to waste without use or beauty. The great Danube spreads himself languidly between uncertain shores. As it was in the days of Marcus so is it now; the traveller from Vienna eastward still sees the white mist cling to the desolate river terraces, the clouds of wild fowl swoop and settle among the reedy islands, and along the friths and promontories of the brimming stream.

But over these years hung a shadow darker than could be cast by any visible foe. Plague had become endemic in the Roman world. The pestilence brought from Asia by Verus in A.D. 166 had not yet abated; it had destroyed already (as it would seem) half the population of the empire; it was achieving its right to be considered by careful historians as the most terrible calamity which has ever fallen upon men. Destined, as it were, to sever race from race and era from era, the plague struck its last blow against the Roman people upon the person of the emperor himself. He died in the camp, alone. "Why weep for me," were his last words of stern self-suppression, "and not think rather of the pestilence, and of the death of all?"

When the news of his death reached Rome, few tears, we are told, were shed. For it seemed to the people that Marcus, like Marcellus, had been but lent to the Roman race; it was natural that he should pass back again from the wilderness to his celestial home. Before the official honors had been paid to him, the Senate and people by acclamation at his funeral saluted him as "the propitious god." No one, says the chronicler, thought of him as emperor any more; but the young men called on "Marcus, my father," the men of middle age on "Marcus, my brother," the old men on "Marcus, my son." *Homo homini deus est, si suum officium sciât*—and it may well be that those who thus honored and thus lamented him had never known a truer son or brother, father or god.

It does not fall within the scope of this essay to enumerate in detail the measures by which Marcus had earned the gratitude of the empire. But it is important to remember that neither war nor philosophy had impaired his activity as an administrator. Politically, his reign, like that of Pius, was remarkable for his respectful treatment of the senatorial order. Instead of regarding senators as the natural objects of imperial jealousy, or prey of imperial avarice, he endeavored by all means to raise their dignity and consideration. Some of them he employed as a kind of privy council, others as governors of cities. When at Rome he attended every meeting of the Senate; and even when absent in Campania he would travel back expressly to be present at any important debate; nor did he ever leave the council hall till the sitting was adjourned.

While Marcus thus attempted to revive a responsible upper class, he was far from neglecting the interests of the poor. He developed the scheme of State nurture and education for needy, free-born children which the Flavian emperors had begun. He reformed the local government of Italy, and made more careful provision against the recurring danger of scarcity. He instituted the "tutelarj prætorship" which was to watch over the rights of orphans — a class often unjustly treated at Rome. And he fostered and supervised that great development of civil and criminal law, which, under the Antonines, was steadily giving protection to the minor, justice to the woman, rights to the slave, and transforming the stern maxims of Roman procedure into a fit basis for the jurisprudence of the modern world.

But, indeed, the true life and influence of Marcus had scarcely yet begun. In his case, as in many others, it was not the main occupation, the ostensible business of his life, which proved to have the most enduring value. His most effective hours were not those spent in his long adjudications, his ceaseless battles, his strenuous ordering of the concerns of the Roman world. Rather they were the hours of solitude and sadness, when "among the Quadi," "on the Granua," "at Carnuntum," he consoled his lonely spirit by jotting down in fragmentary sentences the principles which were his guide through life. The little volume was preserved by some fortunate accident. For many centuries it was accounted as a kind of curiosity of literature — as heading the brief list of the writings of kings. From time

to time some earnest spirit discovered that the help given by the little book was of surer quality than he could find in many a volume which promised more. One and another student was moved to translate it — from old Gataker of Rotherhithe, completing the work in his seventy-eighth year, as his best preparation for death, to "Cardinal Francis Barberini the elder, who dedicated the translation to his soul, in order to make it redder than his purple at the sight of the virtues of this Gentile."* But the complete success of the book was reserved for the present century. I will quote one passage only as showing the position which it has taken among some schools of modern thought — a passage in which a writer celebrated for his nice distinctions and balanced praise has spoken of the "Meditations" in terms of more unmixd eulogy than he has ever bestowed elsewhere: —

Véritable Evangile éternel [says M. Renan] le livre des Pensées ne vieillira jamais, car il n'affirme aucun dogme. L'Evangile a vieilli en certaines parties; la science ne permet plus d'admettre la naïve conception du surnaturel qui en fait la base. Le surnaturel n'est dans les Pensées qu'une petite tache insignifiante, qui n'atteint pas la merveilleuse beauté du fond. La science pourrait détruire Dieu et l'âme, que le livre des Pensées resterait jeune encore de vie et de vérité. La religion de Marc-Aurèle, comme le fut par moments celle de Jésus, est la religion absolue, celle qui résulte du simple fait d'une haute conscience morale placée en face de l'univers. Elle n'est ni d'une race ni d'un pays. Aucune révolution, aucun progrès, aucune découverte ne pourront la changer.

What then, we may ask, and how attained to, was the wisdom which is thus highly praised? How came it that a man of little original power, in an age of rhetoric and commonplace, was able to rise to the height of so great an argument, and to make of his most secret ponderings the religious manual of a far-distant world? This question can scarcely be answered without a few preliminary reflections on the historical development of religion at Rome.

Among all the civilized religions of antiquity the Roman might well seem the least congenial either to the beliefs or to the emotions of modern times. From the very first it bears all the marks of a political origin. When the antiquarian Varro treats first of the State and then of the

* See the preface to Mr. Long's admirable translation. The quotations from the "Meditations" in this essay are given partly in Mr. Long's words.

gods, "because in order that gods may be established States must first exist," he is but retracing faithfully the real genesis of the cult of Rome. Composed of elements borrowed from various quarters, it dealt with all in a legal, external, unimaginative spirit. The divination and ghost-religion, which it drew from the Etruscans and other primitive sources, survived in the State Augury and in the domestic worship of the Lares, only in a formal and half-hearted way. The nature-religion, which came from the Aryan forefathers of Rome, grew frigid indeed when it was imprisoned in the *Indigitamenta*, or official handy-book of the gods. It is not to Rome, though it may often be to Italy, that the anthropologist must look for instances of those quaint rites which form in many countries the oldest existing links between civilized and primitive conceptions of the operations of an unseen power. It is not from Rome that the poet must hope for fresh developments of those exquisite and unconscious allegories, which even in their most hackneyed reproduction still breathe on us the glory of the early world. The most enthusiastic of pagans or neo-pagans could scarcely reverence with much emotion the botanical accuracy of Nodotus, the god of Nodes, and Volutina, the goddess of Petioles, nor tremble before the terrors of Spiniensis and Robigus, the dreaded powers of Blight and Brambles, nor eagerly implore the favor of Stercutius and Sterquilinus, the beneficent deities of Manure.

This shadowy system of divinities is a mere elaboration of the primitive notion that religion consists in getting whatever can be got from the gods, and that this must be done by asking the right personages in the proper terms. The boast of historian or poet that the old Romans were "most religious mortals," or that they "surpassed in piety the gods themselves," refers entirely to punctuality of outward observance, considered as a definite *quid pro quo* for the good things desired. It is not hard to be "more pious than the gods" if piety on our part consists in asking decorously for what we want, and piety on their part in immediately granting it.

It is plain that it was not in this direction that the Romans found a vent for the reverence and the self-devotion in which their character was assuredly not deficient. Their true worship, their true piety, were reserved for a more concrete, though still a vast ideal. As has been

often said, the religion of the Romans was Rome. Her true saints were her patriots, Quintus Curtius and Mucius Scævola, Horatius, Regulus, Cato. Her "heaven-descended maxim" was not *γνώθι σεαυτὸν*, but *Delenda est Carthago*. But a concrete idea must necessarily lose in fixedness what it gains in actuality. As Rome became the Roman Empire the temper of her religion must needs change with the fortunes of its object. While the fates of the city yet hung in the balance the very thought of her had been enough to make *Roman* for all ages a synonym for *heroic* virtue. But when a heterogeneous world-wide empire seemed to derive its unity from the emperor's personality alone, men felt that the object of so many deeds of piety had disappeared through their very success. Devotion to Rome was transformed into the worship of Cæsar, and the one strain of vital religion which had run through the commonwealth was stiffened like all the rest into a dead official routine.

Something better than this was needed for cultivated and serious men. To take one instance only, what was the emperor himself to worship? It might be very well for obsequious provinces to erect statues to the *Indulgentia Cæsaris*. But Cæsar himself could hardly be expected to adore his own good-humor. In epochs like these, when a national religion has lost its validity in thoughtful minds, and the nation is pausing, as it were, for further light, there is a fair field for all comers. There is an opportunity for those who wish either to eliminate the religious instinct, or to distort it, or to rationalize it, or to vivify; for the secularist and the charlatan, for the philosopher and the prophet. In Rome there was assuredly no lack of negation and indifference, of superstition and its inseparable fraud. But two streams of higher tendency rushed into the spiritual vacuum, two currents which represented, broadly speaking, the main religious and the main ethical tradition of mankind. The first of these, which we must pass by for the present, had its origin in the legendary Pythagoras and the remoter East. The second took the form of a generalized and simplified Stoicism.

Stoicism, of course, was no new thing in Rome. It had come in with Greek culture at the time of the Punic wars; it had commended itself by its proud precision to Roman habits of thought and life; it had been welcomed as a support for the State religion, a method of alle-

gorizing Olympus which yet might be accounted orthodox. The names of Cato and Brutus maintained the Stoic tradition through the death-throes of the republic. But the stern independence of the porch was not invoked to aid in the ceremonial revival with which Augustus would fain have renewed the old Roman virtue. It is among the horrors of Nero's reign that we find Stoicism taking its place as a main spiritual support of men. But as it becomes more efficacious it becomes also less distinctive. In Seneca, in Epictetus, most of all in Marcus himself, we see it gradually discarding its paradoxes, its controversies, its character as a specialized philosophical sect. We hear less of its logic, its cosmogony, its portrait of the ideal sage. It insists rather on what may be termed the catholic verities of all philosophers, on the sole importance of virtue, the spiritual oneness of the universe, the brotherhood of men. From every point of view this later Stoicism afforded unusual advantages to the soul which aimed at wisdom and virtue. It was a philosophy; but by dint of time and trial it had run itself clear of the extravagance and unreality of the schools. It was a reform; but its attitude towards the established religion was at once friendly and independent, so that it was neither cramped by deference nor embittered by reaction. Its doctrines were old and true; yet it had about it a certain freshness, as being in fact the first free and meditative outlook on the universe to which the Roman people had attained. And, more than all, it had ready to its hand a large remainder of the most famous store of self-devotedness that the world has seen. Stoicism was the heir of the old Roman virtue; happy is the philosophy which can support its own larger creed on the instincts of duty inherited from many a generation of narrow uprightness, of unquestioned law.

But the opportunity for the very flower of Stoic excellence was due to the caprice of a great amateur. Hadrian admired both beauty and virtue; his choice of Antinous and of Marcus gave to the future world the standard of the sculptor and the standard of the moralist; the completest types of physical and moral perfection which Roman history has handed down. And yet among the names of his benefactors with which the scrupulous gratitude of Marcus has opened his self-communings, the name *Hadrianus* does not occur. The boy thus raised to empire has passed by Hadrian, who gave him all

the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, for Severus, who taught him to disdain them all.

Among all the meditations none is at once more simple and more original than this exordium of thanksgiving. It is the single-hearted utterance of a soul which knows neither desire nor pride; which considers nothing as gain in her life's journey except the love of those souls who have loved her,—the memory of those who have fortified her by the spectacle and communication of virtue.

The thoughts that follow on this prelude are by no means of an exclusively Stoic type. They are both more emotional and more agnostic than would have satisfied Chrysippus or Zeno. They are not conceived in that tone of certainty and conviction in which men lecture or preach, but with those sad reserves, those varying moods of hope and despondency, which are natural to a man's secret ponderings on the riddle of the world. Even the fundamental Stoic belief in God and providence is not beyond question in Marcus's eyes. The passages where he repeats the alternative "either gods or atoms" are too strongly expressed to allow us to think that the antithesis is only a trick of style.

Either confusion and entanglement and scattering again: or unity, order, providence. If the first case be, why do I wish to live amid the clashing of chance and chaos? or care for aught else but to become earth myself at last? and why am I disturbed, since this dispersion will come whatever I do? but if the latter case be the true one, I reverence and stand firm, and trust in him who rules.

Thus wags the world, up and down, from age to age. And either the universal mind determines each event; and if so, accept then that which it determines; or it has ordered once for all, and the rest follows in sequence; or indivisible elements are the origin of all things. In a word, if there be a god, then all is well; if all things go at random, act not at random thou.

And along with this speculative openness, so much more sympathetic to the modern reader than the rhetoric of Seneca or even the lofty dogmatism of Epictetus, there is a total absence of the Stoic pride. His self-reverence is of that truest kind which is based on a man's conception not of what he is, but of what he ought to be.

Men cannot admire the sharpness of thy wits. Be it so; but many other things there are of which thou canst not say, I was not formed for them. Show those things which

are wholly in thy power to show: sincerity, dignity, laboriousness, self-denial, contentment, frugality, kindness, frankness, simplicity, seriousness, magnanimity. Seest thou not how many things there are in which, with no excuse of natural incapacity, thou voluntarily fallest short? or art thou compelled by defect of nature to murmur and be stingy and flatter and complain of thy poor body, and cajole and boast, and disquiet thyself in vain? No, by the gods! but of all these things thou mightest have been rid long ago. Nay, if indeed thou be somewhat slow and dull of comprehension, thou must exert thyself about this too, and not neglect it nor be contented with thy dulness.

Words like these, perhaps, exalt human nature in our eyes quite as highly as if we had heard Marcus insisting, like some others of his school, that "the sage is as useful to Zeus as Zeus to him," or that "courage is more creditable to sages than it is to gods, since gods have it by nature, but sages by practice."

And having thus overheard his self-communings, with what a sense of soundness and reality do we turn to the steady fervor of his constantly repeated ideal!

Let the god within thee be the guardian of a living being, masculine, adult, political, and a Roman, and a ruler; who has taken up his post in life as one that awaits with readiness the signal that shall summon him away. . . . And such a man, who delays no longer to strive to be in the number of the best, is as a priest and servant of the gods, obeying that god who is in himself enshrined, who renders him unsoiled of pleasure, unharmed by any pain, untouched by insult, feeling no wrong, a wrestler in the noblest struggle, which is, that by no passion he may be overthrown; dyed to the depth in justice, and with his whole heart welcoming whatsoever cometh to him and is ordained.

The ideal is sketched on Stoic lines, but the writer's temperament is not cast in the old Stoic mould. He reminds us rather of modern sensitiveness, in his shrinking from the presence of coarse and selfish persons, and in his desire, obvious enough but constantly checked, for the sympathy and approbation of those with whom he lived. The self-sufficing aspect of Stoicism has in him lost all its exclusiveness; it is represented only by the resolute recurrence to conscience as the one support against the buffets of the world.

I do my duty; other things trouble me not; for either they are things without life, or things without reason, or things that have wandered and know not the way.

And thus, while all the dealings of Marcus with his fellow-men are summed up in the two endeavors — to imitate their virtues, and to amend, or at least patiently to endure, their defects — it is pretty plain which of these two efforts was most frequently needed. His fragmentary thoughts present us with a long series of struggles to rise from the mood of disgust and depression into the mood of serene benevolence, by dwelling strongly on a few guiding lines of thought.

Begin the morning by saying to thyself: I shall meet with the busybody, the ungrateful, arrogant, deceitful, envious, unsocial. All these things happen to them by reason of their ignorance of what is good and evil. But I who have seen the nature of the good that it is beautiful, and of the bad that it is ugly, and the nature of him who sins, that it is akin to mine, and participates in the same divinity, I can neither be injured by any of them, for no man can fix a foulness on me; nor can I be angry nor hate my brother.

There is reason, indeed, to fear that Marcus loved his enemies too well; that he was too much given to blessing those that cursed him. It is to him, rather than to any Christian potentate, that we must look for an example of the dangers of applying the gospel maxims too unreservedly to the business of the turbid world. For indeed the practical danger lies not in the overt adoption of those counsels of an ideal mildness and mercy, but even in the mere attainment of a temper so calm and lofty that the promptings of vanity or anger are felt no more. The task of curbing and punishing other men, of humiliating their arrogance, exposing their falsity, upbraiding their sloth, is in itself so distasteful, when there is no personal rivalry or resentment to prompt it, that it is sure to be performed too gently, or neglected for more congenial duties. Avidius Cassius, burning his disorderly soldiers alive to gain himself a reputation for vigor, was more comprehensible to the mass of men, more immediately efficacious, than Marcus representing to the selfish and wayward Commodus "that even bees did not act in such a manner, nor any of those creatures which live in troops."

But the very incongruity between the duties which Marcus was called on to perform, and the spirit which he brought to their performance, the fate which made him by nature a sage and a saint, by profession a ruler and a warrior, all this gave to his character a dignity and a completeness which it could scarcely otherwise

have attained. The master of the world more than other men might feel himself bound to "live as on a mountain;" he whose look was life or death to other men might best set the example of the single-heartedness which need hide the thought of no waking moment from any man's knowledge; whose eyes should reveal all that passed within him, "even as there is no veil upon a star." The Stoic philosophy which required that the sage should be indifferent to worldly goods found its crowning exemplar in a sage who possessed them all.

And, indeed, in the case of Marcus the difficulty was not to disdain the things of earth, but to care for them enough. The touch of Cynic crudity with which he analyzes such things as men desire, reminds us sometimes of those scornful pictures of secular life which have been penned in the cloister. For that indifference to transitory things which has often made the religious fanatic the worst of citizens is not the danger of the fanatic alone. It is a part also of the melancholy of the magnanimous; of the mood when the "joy and gladness" which the Stoics promised to their sage die down in the midst of "such darkness and dirt," as Marcus calls it, "that it is hard to imagine what there is which is worthy to be prized highly, or seriously pursued."

Nay, it seems to him that even if, in Plato's phrase, he could become "the spectator of all time and of all existence," there would be nothing in the sight to stir the exultation, to change the solitude of the sage. The universe is full of living creatures, but there is none of them whose existence is so glorious and blessed that by itself it can justify all other being; the worlds are destroyed and re-created with an endless renewal, but they are tending to no world more pure than themselves; they are not even, as in Hindoo myth, ripening in a secular expectancy till Buddha come; they are but renewing the same littlenesses from the depth to the height of heaven, and reiterating throughout all eternity the fears and follies of a day.

If thou wert lifted on high and didst behold the manifold fates of men; and didst discern at once all creatures that dwell round about him, in the ether and the air; then howso oft thou thus wert raised on high, these same things thou shouldst ever see, all things alike, and all things perishing. And where is, then, the glory?

Men who look out on the world with a

gaze thus disenchanted are apt to wrap themselves in a cynical indifference or in a pessimistic despair. But character is stronger than creed; and Marcus carries into the midst of the saddest surroundings his nature's imperious craving to reverence and to love. He feels, indeed, that the one joy which could have attached him to the world is wholly wanting to him.

This is the only thing, if anything there be, which could have drawn thee backwards and held thee still in life, if it had been granted thee to live with men of like principles with thyself. But now thou seest how great a pain there is in the discordance of thy life with other men's, so that thou sayest: Come quick, O death! lest perchance I too should forget myself.

Nor can he take comfort from any steadfast hope of future fellowship with kindred souls.

How can it be that the gods, having ordered all things rightly and with good-will towards men, have overlooked this thing alone: that some men, virtuous indeed, who have as it were made many a covenant with heaven, and through holy deeds and worship have had closest communion with the divine, that these men, when once they are dead, should not live again, but be extinguished forever? Yet if this be so, be sure that if it ought to have been otherwise the gods would have done it. For were it just, it would also be possible; were it according to nature, nature would have had it so.

For thus he believes without proof and without argument that all is for the best; that everything which happens is for the advantage of every constituent life in nature, since everything is for the advantage of the whole. He will not entertain the idea that the powers above him may not be all-powerful; or the wisdom which rules the universe less than all-wise. And this optimism comes from no natural buoyancy of temper. There is scarcely a trace in the "Meditations" of any mood of careless joy. He never rises beyond the august contentment of the man who accepts his fate.

All things are harmonious to me which are harmonious to thee, O Universe. Nothing for me is too early nor too late, which is in due time for thee. All is fruit to me which thy seasons, O Nature, bear. From thee are all things, and in thee all, and all return to thee. The poet says, "Dear city of Cecrops;" shall I not say, "Dear city of God"?

There have been many who, with no more belief than Marcus in a personal immortality, have striven, like him, to accept willingly the world in which they found

themselves placed. But sometimes they have marred the dignity of their position by attempting too eagerly to find a reason for gladness; they have dwelt with exultation upon a terrene future for our race from which Marcus would still have turned and asked, "Where, then, is the glory?" It would have seemed to him that a triumphant tone like this can only come from the soiling of philosophy with something of the modern spirit of industrial materialism and facile enjoyment; he would have preferred that his own serenity should be less near to complacency than to resignation; he would still have chosen the temper of that saintly Stoic, whose rude, strong lines break in with so stern a piety among the fragments of philosophic Greece:—

Lead, lead Cleanthes, Zeus and holy Fate,
Where'er ye place my post, to serve or wait:
Willing I follow; were it not my will,
A baffled rebel I must follow still.

These, however, are differences only of tone and temper overlying what forms in reality a vast body of practical agreement. For the scheme of thought and belief which has thus been briefly sketched is not only in itself a noble and a just one. It is a kind of common creed of wise men, from which all other views may well seem mere defections on the side of an unwarranted credulity or of an exaggerated despair. Here, it may be not unreasonably urged, is the moral backbone of all universal religions; and as civilization has advanced, the practical creed of all parties, whatever their speculative pretensions, has approximated ever more nearly to these plain principles and uncertain hopes.

This view of the tendency of religious progress is undoubtedly the simplest and most plausible which history presents to the philosopher who is not himself pledged to the defence of any one form of what is termed supernatural belief. But it has to contend with grave difficulties of historical fact; and among these difficulties the age of the Antonines presents one of the most considerable. Never had the ground been cleared on so large a scale for pure philosophy; never was there so little external pressure exerted in favor of any traditional faith. The persecutions of the Christians were undertaken on political and moral, rather than on theological grounds; they were the expression of the feeling with which a modern State might regard a set of men who were at once Mormons and Nihilists—refusing the

legal tokens of respect to constituted authorities, while suspected of indulging in low immorality at the bidding of an ignorant superstition. And yet the result of this age of tolerance and enlightenment was the gradual recrudescence, among the cultivated as well as the ignorant, of the belief in a perceptible interaction of the seen and the unseen world, culminating at last in the very form of that belief which had shown itself most resolute, most thorough-going, and most intractable.

For the triumph of Christianity in the Roman Empire must not be looked upon as an anomalous or an isolated phenomenon. It was rather the triumph along the whole line, though (as is usual in great triumphs) in an unlooked-for fashion, of a current of tendency which had coexisted obscurely with State religion, patriotism, and philosophy, almost from the first beginnings of the city. The anomaly, if there were one, consisted in the fact that the hints and elements of this new power, which was destined to be the second life of Rome, were to be found, not in the time-honored ordinances of her Senate, or the sober wisdom of her schools, but in the fanaticism of ignorant enthusiasts, in the dreams of a mystic poet, in the alleged, but derided, experiences of a few eccentric philosophers. The introduction of Christianity at Rome was the work not only of Peter and Paul, but of Virgil and Varro.

For amidst the various creeds and philosophies, by aid of which men have ordered their life on earth, the most persistent and fundamental line of division is surely this: The question whether that life is to be ordered by rules drawn from its own experience alone, or whether there are indications which may justly modify our conduct or expectations by some influx of inspiration, or some phenomena testifying to the existence of an unseen world, or to our continued life after the body's decay. The instincts which prompt to this latter view found, as has been already implied, but little sustenance in the established cult of Rome. They were forced to satisfy themselves in a fitful and irregular fashion by Greek and Oriental modes of religious excitement. What sense of elevation or reality may have been present to the partakers in these alien enthusiasms we are not now able to say. The worship of Bacchus and Cybele have been described to us by historians of the same conservative temper as those who afterwards made

"an execrable superstition" of the worship of Christ.

Some scattered indications seem to imply a substratum of religious emotion, or of theurgic experiment, more extensive than the ordinary authorities have cared to record. The proud and gay Catullus rises to his masterpiece in the description of that alternation of reckless fanaticism and sick recoil which formed throughout the so-called ages of faith the standing tragedy of the cloister. More startling still is the story which shows us a group of the greatest personages of Rome in the last century before Christ, Nigidius Figulus, Appius Claudius, Publius Vatinius, Marcus Varro, subjected to police supervision on account of their alleged practice of summoning into visible presence the spirits of the dead. "The whole system," says Professor Mommsen, "obtained its consecration — political, religious, and national — from the name of Pythagoras, the ultra-conservative statesman, whose supreme principle was 'to promote order and to check disorder,' the miracle-worker and necromancer, the primeval sage who was a native of Italy, who was interwoven even with the legendary history of Rome, and whose statue was to be seen in the Roman Forum." This story might seem an isolated one but for one remarkable literary parallel. In Virgil — perhaps the only Roman writer who possessed what would now be termed religious originality — we observe the coexistence of three separate lines of religious thought. There is the conservatism which loses no opportunity of enforcing the traditional worship of Rome, in accordance at once with the poet's own temper of mind, and with the plan of Augustus's ethical reforms. There is the new fusion of the worship of Rome with the worship of the emperor — the only symbol of spiritual unity between remote provincials and the imperial city. But finally, in the central passage of his greatest poem, we come on a Pythagorean creed, expressed, indeed, with some confusion and hesitancy, but with earnest conviction and power, and forming, as the well-known fragment of correspondence plainly implies, the dominant preoccupation of the poet's later life.

Such a scheme, indeed, as the Pythagorean, with its insistence on a personal immortality, and its moral retribution adjusted by means of successive existences with a greater nicety than has been employed by any other creed — such a scheme, if once established, might have

satisfied the religious instincts of the Roman world more profoundly and permanently than either the worship of Jove or the worship of Cæsar. But it was not established. The evidence which had commended it to Virgil, or to the group of philosophers, was not effective with the mass of mankind; and during the next three centuries we observe the love of the marvellous and the supernatural dissociating itself more and more from any ethical dogma. There are, no doubt, remarkable instances in these centuries of an almost modern spirit of piety associated (as for instance in Apuleius) with the most bizarre religious vagaries. But on the whole the two worships which, until the triumph of Christianity, seemed most likely to overrun the civilized world, were the worship of Mithra and the worship of Serapis. Now the name of Mithra can hardly be connected with moral conceptions of any kind. And the nearest that we can get to the character of Serapis is the fact, that he was by many persons considered to be identical either with the principle of good or with the principle of evil.

Among these confused and one-sided faiths Christianity had an unique superiority. It was the only formulated and intelligible creed which united the two elements most necessary for a widely received religion, namely, a lofty moral code, and the attestation of some actual intercourse between the visible and the invisible worlds.

It was not the morality of the Gospels alone which exercised the attractive force. Still less was it the speculations of Pauline theology, the high conceptions which a later age hardened into so immutable a system. It was the fact that this lofty teaching was based on beliefs which almost all men held already; that exhortations, nobler than those of Plutarch or Marcus, were supported by marvels better attested than those of Alexander of Abonoteichos, or Apollonius of Tyana. In a thousand ways, and by a thousand channels, the old faiths melted into the new. It was not only that such apologists as Justin and Minucius Felix were fond of showing that Christianity was, as it were, the crown of philosophy, the consummation of Platonic truth. More important was the fact that the rank and file of Christian converts looked on the universe with the same eyes as the heathens around them. All that they asked of these was to believe that the dimly realized deities whom the heathens regarded

rather with fear than love, were in reality powers of evil; while above the Oriental additions so often made to the pantheon was to be superposed one ultimate divinity, alone beneficent, and alone to be adored.

The hierarchy of an unseen universe must needs be a somewhat shadowy and arbitrary thing. And to those whose imagination is already exercised on such matters a new scheme of the celestial powers may come with an acceptable sense of increasing insight into the deep things of God. But to one who, like Marcus, was learnt to believe that in such matters the truest wisdom is to recognize what we cannot know, in him a scheme like the Christian is apt to inspire incredulity by its very promise of completeness,—suspicion by the very nature of the evidence which is alleged in its support.

Neither the Stoic school in general, indeed, nor Marcus himself, were clear of all superstitious tendency. The early masters of the sect had pushed their doctrine of the solidarity of all things to the point of anticipating that the liver of a particular bullock, itself selected from among its fellows by some mysterious fitness of things, might reasonably give an indication of the result of an impending battle. When it was urged that on this principle everything might be expected to be indicative of everything else, the Stoics answered that so it was, but that only when such indications lay in the liver could we understand them aright. When asked how we came to understand them when thus located, the Stoic doctors seem to have made no sufficient reply. We need not suppose that Marcus participated in absurdities like these. He himself makes no assertion of this hazardous kind, except only that remedies for his ailments "have been shown to him in dreams." And this is not insisted on in detail; it rather forms part of that habitual feeling or impression which, if indeed it be superstitious, is yet a superstition from which no devout mind, perhaps, was ever wholly free; namely, that he is the object of a special care and benevolence proceeding from some holy power. Such a feeling implies no belief either in merit or in privilege beyond that of other men; but just as the man who is strongly willing, though it be proved to him that his choice is determined by his antecedents, must yet feel assured that he can deflect its issue this way or that, even so a man, the habit of whose soul is worship, cannot but

see at least a reflection of his own virtue in the arch of heaven, and bathe his spirit in the mirage projected from the well-spring of its own love.

For such an instinct, for all the highest instincts of his heart, Marcus would no doubt have found in Christianity a new and full satisfaction. The question, however, whether he ought to have become a Christian is not worth serious discussion. In the then state of belief in the Roman world it would have been as impossible for a Roman emperor to become a Christian as it would be at the present day for a czar of Russia to become a Buddhist. Some Christian apologists complain that Marcus was not converted by the miracle of the "thundering legion." They forget that though some obscure persons may have ascribed that happy occurrence to Christian prayers, the emperor was assured on much higher authority that he had performed the miracle himself. Marcus, indeed, would assuredly not have insisted on his own divinity. He would not have been deterred by any Stoic exclusiveness from incorporating in his scheme of belief, already infiltrated with Platonic thought, such elements as those apologists who start from St. Paul's speech at Athens would have urged him to introduce. But an acceptance of the new faith involved much more than this. It involved tenets which might well seem to be a mere reversion to the world-old superstitions and sorceries of barbarous tribes. Such alleged phenomena as those of possession, inspiration, healing by imposition of hands, luminous appearances, modification and movement of material objects, formed, not, as some later apologists would have it, a mere accidental admixture, but an essential and loudly asserted element in the new religion. The apparition of its founder after death was its very *raison d'être* and triumphant demonstration. The Christian advocate may say, indeed, with reason that phenomena such as these, however suspicious the associations which they might invoke, however primitive the stratum of belief to which they might seem at first to degrade the disciple, should, nevertheless, have been examined afresh on their own evidence, and would have been found to be supported by a consensus of testimony which has since then overcome the world. Addressed to an age in which reason was supreme, such arguments might have carried convincing weight. But mankind had certainly not reached a point in the age of the Antonines,—if, indeed, we

have reached it yet, — at which the recollections of barbarism were cast into so remote a background that the leaders of civilized thought could lightly reopen questions, the closing of which might seem to have marked a clear advance along the path of enlightenment. It is true, indeed, that the path of enlightenment is not a royal road, but a labyrinth; and that those who have marched too unhesitatingly in one direction have generally been obliged to retrace their steps, to unravel some forgotten clue, to explore some turning which they had already passed by. But the practical rulers of men must not take the paths which seem to point backwards until they hear in front of them the call of those who have chosen that less inviting way.

An emperor who had "learned from Diognetus not to give credit to what is said by miracle-workers and jugglers about incantations and the driving away of demons, and such things," might well feel that even to inquire into the Gospel stories would be a blasphemy against his philosophic creed. Even the heroism of Christian martyrdom left him cold. In words which have become proverbial as a wise man's mistake, he stigmatizes their Christian contempt of death as "sheer party spirit." And yet — it is an old thought, but it is impossible not to recur to it once more — what might he not have learned from these despised sectaries! the melancholy emperor from Blandus and Potheina, smiling on the rack.

Of the Christian virtues, it was not *faith* which was lacking to him. His faith indeed was not that bastard faith of theologians, which is nothing more than a willingness to assent to historical propositions on insufficient evidence. But it was faith such as Christ demanded of his disciples, the steadfastness of the soul in clinging, spite of doubts, of difficulties, even of despair, to whatever she has known of best; the resolution to stand or fall by the noblest hypothesis. To Marcus the alternative of "gods or atoms" — of a universe ruled either by blind chance or by an intelligent Providence — was ever present and ever unsolved; but in action he ignored that dark possibility, and lived as a member of a sacred cosmos, and co-operator of ordering gods.

Again, it might seem unjust to say that he was wanting in love. No one has expressed with more conviction the interdependence and kinship of men.

"We are made to work together, like feet, like hands, like eyelids, like the rows of the

upper and lower teeth." "It is peculiar to man to love even those who do wrong: and thou wilt love them if when they err thou be-think thee that they are to thee near akin." "Men exist for the sake of one another; teach them then, or bear with them." "When men blame thee, or hate thee, or revile thee, pass inward to their souls; see what they are. Thou wilt see that thou needst not trouble thyself as to what such men think of thee. And thou must be kindly affectioned to them; for by nature they are friends; and the gods too help and answer them in many ways." "Love men, and love them from the heart." "'Earth loves the shower,' and 'sacred æther loves;' and the whole universe loves the making of that which is to be. I say then to the universe: Even I, too, love as thou."

And yet about the love of a John, a Paul, a Peter, there is the ring of a note which is missing here. Stoic love is but an injunction of reason and a means to virtue; Christian love is the open secret of the universe, and in itself the end of all. In all that wisdom can teach herein, Stoic and Christian are at one. They both know that if a man would save his life he must lose it; that the disappearance of all selfish aims or pleasures in the universal life is the only pathway to peace. All religions that are worth the name have felt the need of this inward change; the difference lies rather in the light under which they regard it. To the Stoic in the West, as to the Buddhist in the East, it presented itself as a renunciation which became a deliverance, a tranquillity which passed into an annihilation. The Christian, too, recognized in the renunciation of the world a deliverance from its evil. But his spirit in those early days was occupied less with what he was resigning than with what he gained; the love of Christ constrained him; he died to self to find, even here on earth, that he had passed not into nothingness, but into heaven. In his eyes the Stoic doctrine was not false, but partly rudimentary and partly needless. His only objection, if objection it could be called, to the Stoic manner of facing the reality of the universe was that the reality of the universe was so infinitely better than the Stoic supposed.

If then the Stoic love beside the Christian was "as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine," it was not only because the Stoic philosophy prescribed the curbing and checking of those natural emotions which Christianity at once guided and intensified by her new ideal. It was because the love of Christ which the Christian felt was not a laborious

duty, but a self-renewing, self-intensifying force; a feeling offered as to one who forever responded to it, as to one whose triumphant immortality had brought his disciples' immortality to light.

So completely had the appearance of Jesus to the faithful after his apparent death altered in their eyes the aspect of the world. So decisive was the settlement of the old alternative, "Either Providence or atoms," which was effected by the firm conviction of a single spirit's beneficent return along that silent and shadowy way. So powerful a reinforcement to faith and love was afforded by the third of the Christian trinity of virtues — by the grace of hope.

But we are treading here on controverted ground. It is not only that this great prospect has not yet taken its place among admitted certainties; that the hope and resurrection of the dead are still called in question. Much more than this; the most advanced school of modern moralists tends rather to deny that "a sure and certain hope" in this matter is to be desired at all. Virtue, it is alleged, must needs lose her disinterestedness if the solution of the great problem were opened to her gaze.

Pour nous [says M. Renan, who draws this moral especially from the noble disinterestedness of Marcus himself], pour nous, on nous annoncerait un argument péremptoire en ce genre, que nous ferions comme Saint Louis, quand on lui parla de l'hostie miraculeuse; nous refuserions d'aller voir. Qu'avons nous besoin de ces preuves brutales, qui n'ont d'application que dans l'ordre grossier des faits, et qui gêneraient notre liberté?

This seems a strong argument; and if it be accepted it is practically decisive of the question at issue, — I do not say only between Stoicism and Christianity, but between all those systems which do not seek, and those which do seek, a spiritual communion for man external to his own soul, a spiritual continuance external to his own body. If a proof of a beneficent Providence or of a future life be a thing to be deprecated, it will be indiscreet, or even immoral, to inquire whether such a proof has been, or can be, obtained. The world must stand with Marcus; and there will be no extravagance in M. Renan's estimate of the Stoic morality as a sounder and more permanent system than that of Jesus himself.

But generalizations like this demand a close examination. Is the antithesis between interested and disinterested virtue a clear and fundamental one for all stages

of spiritual progress? Or may we not find that the conditions of the experiment vary, as it were, as virtue passes through different temperatures; that our formula gives a positive result at one point, a negative at another, and becomes altogether unmeaning at a third?

It will be allowed, in the first place, that for an indefinite time to come, and until the mass of mankind has advanced much higher above the savage level than is as yet the case, it will be premature to be too fastidious as to the beliefs which prompt them to virtue. The first object is to give them habits of self-restraint and well-doing, and we may be well content if their crude notions of an unseen power are such as to reinforce the somewhat obscure indications which life on earth at present affords that honesty and truth and mercy bring a real reward to men. But let us pass on to the extreme hypothesis; on which the repudiation of any spiritual help for man outside himself must ultimately rest. Let us suppose that man's impulses have become harmonized with his environment; that his tendency to anger has been minimized by long-standing gentleness; his tendency to covetousness by diffused well-being; his tendency to sensuality by the increased preponderance of his intellectual nature. How will the test of his disinterestedness operate then? Why, it will be no more possible then for a sane man to be deliberately wicked than it is possible now for a civilized man to be deliberately filthy in his personal habits. We do not wish now that it were uncertain whether filth were unhealthy in order that we might be the more meritorious in preferring to be clean. And whether our remote descendants have become convinced of the reality of a future life or no, it will assuredly never occur to them that, without it, there might be a question whether virtue was a remunerative object of pursuit. Lapses from virtue there may still be in plenty; but inherited instinct will have made it inconceivable that a man should voluntarily be what Marcus calls a "boil or imposthume upon the universe," an island of selfishness in the mid-sea of sympathetic joy.

It is true indeed that in the present age, and for certain individuals, that choice of which M. Renan speaks has a terrible, a priceless reality. Many a living memory records some crisis when one who had rejected as unproved the traditional sanctions was forced to face the question whether his virtue had any sanction which

still could stand; some night when the foundations of the soul's deep were broken up, and she asked herself why she still should cleave to the law of other men rather than to some kindlier monition of her own:—

Doch alles was dazu mich trieb,
Gott, war so gut! ach, war so lieb!

To be the conqueror in such a contest is the characteristic privilege of a time of transition like our own. But it is not the only, nor even the highest conceivable, form of virtue. It is an incident in the moral life of the individual; its possibility may be but an incident in the moral life of the race. It is but driving the enemy off the ground on which we wish to build our temple; there may be far greater trials of strength, endurance, courage, before we have raised its dome in air.

For after all it is only in the lower stages of ethical progress that to see the right is easy and to decide on doing it is hard. The time comes when it is not so much conviction of the desirability of virtue that is needed, as enlightenment to perceive where virtue's upward pathway lies; not so much the direction of the will which needs to be controlled, as its force and energy which need to be ever vivified and renewed. It is then that the moralist must needs welcome any influence, if such there be, which can pour into man's narrow vessel some overflowing of an infinite power. It is then, too, that he will learn to perceive that the promise of a future existence might well be a source of potent stimulus rather than of enervating peace. For if we are to judge of the rewards of virtue hereafter by the rewards which we see her achieving here, it is manifest that the only reward which always attends her is herself; that the only prize which is infallibly gained by performing one duty well is the power of performing yet another; the only recompense for an exalted self-forgetfulness is that a man forgets himself always more. Or rather, the only other reward is one whose sweetness also is scarcely realizable till it is attained; it is the love of kindred souls; but a love which recedes ever farther from the flatteries and indulgences which most men desire, and tends rather to become the intimate comradeship of spirits that strive towards the same goal.

Why then should those who would imagine an eternal reward for virtue imagine

her as eternally rewarded in any other way? And what need there be in a spiritual law like this to relax any soul's exertion, to encourage any low content? By an unfailling physical law we know that the athlete attains through painful effort that alacrity and soundness which are the health of the body. And if there were an unfailling spiritual law by which the philosopher might attain, and ever attain increasingly, through strenuous virtue, that energy and self-devotedness which are the health of the soul, would there be anything in the one law or in the other to encourage either the physical or the spiritual voluptuary—the self-indulgence either of the banquet-hall or of the cloister? There would be no need to test men by throwing an artificial uncertainty round the operation of such laws as these; it would be enough if they could desire what was offered to them; the ideal would become the probation.

To some minds reflections like these, rather than like M. Renan's, will be suggested by the story of Marcus, of his almost unmingled sadness, his almost stainless virtue. All will join, indeed, in admiration for a life so free from every unworthy, every dubious incitement to well-doing. But on comparing this life with the lives of men for whom the great French critic's sympathy is so much less—such men, for instance, as St. Paul—we may surely feel that if the universe be in reality so much better than Marcus supposed, it would have done him good, not harm, to have known it; that it would have kindled his wisdom to a fervent glow, such as the world can hardly hope to see till, if ever it be so, the dicta of science and the promises of religion are at one; till saints are necessarily philosophers, and philosophers saints. And yet whatever inspiring secrets the future may hold, the lover of humanity can never regret that Marcus knew but what he knew. Whatever winds of the spirit may sweep over the sea of souls, the life of Marcus will remain forever as the normal high-water mark of the unassisted virtue of man. No one has shown more simply or more completely what man at any rate must do and be. No one has ever earned the right to say to himself with a more tranquil assurance—in the words which close the "Meditations"—"Depart thou then contented, for he that releaseth thee is content."

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

From Fraser's Magazine.

CHARLES LAMB AND HIS FRIENDS.

THERE are few authors of the present century whose names are dearer to the lover of literature than that of Charles Lamb. And our affection for his books extends to the writer. There are men who publish invaluable works which we esteem for their wisdom, their learning, their logic, or their accuracy, but while appreciating the books we care nothing for the authors. This indifference has its advantage, for it makes a reader impartial; it has its disadvantage also, for it prevents the sympathy of mind with mind, which makes a writer and reader friends for life. Lamb asks, in the first place, for this sympathy. We must know the man before we can appreciate his genius. Shy though he was in company, he is communicative as an essayist, and like Montaigne, though in a different way, takes the reader into his confidence. His life must be read in his letters and essays, and on these his literary reputation rests. Lamb failed as a dramatist, had but small success as a poet, and less as a story-teller. His genius, resembling in this respect his taste for literature, was confined within a narrow range. In that, however, he was supreme. He put his heart into "Elia," and it is no exaggeration to say that its pulsation may be felt there still. The tragedy of Charles Lamb's life is universally known. It exceeds in pathos even that of Cowper. At the age of twenty-two the young clerk in the India House, who had himself been temporarily insane, undertook the charge of an imbecile father, who happily did not long survive, and of a mad sister ten years older than himself. Mary Lamb, whom Hazlitt considered the most sensible woman he knew, was liable all her life long to fits of frenzy. After the fatal calamity of 1796 the elder brother John, who kept apart from the family troubles, desired that Mary should be confined for life in an asylum. Charles, however, obtained permission to be her guardian, and the two lived together in what Wordsworth finely calls dual loneliness, until death divided them thirty-five years afterwards. His sister, as John Forster observes, was but another portion of himself. The noble constancy and unselfish affection of Charles Lamb, and the constant love he received from Mary in return, supply a lesson as beautiful and touching as any contained in the history of heroic deeds. Charles, be it remembered, did

LIVING AGE. VOL. XXXVIII. 1966

not nerve himself to bear his awful charge for a month or for a year; he endured his cross through life, conscious that there was no escape from its burden and from its pains. There were premonitory symptoms, but both knew that Mary's insanity might return any day. When they travelled she carried a strait-waistcoat in her trunk, and a friend of the Lambs has related how on one occasion he met the brother and sister weeping bitterly and walking hand-in-hand across the fields to the old asylum. This was the lot Charles had to face, and once only did his courage fail at the prospect.

My heart is quite sunk [he writes to Coleridge] and I don't know where to look for relief. Mary will get better again, but her constantly being liable to such relapses is dreadful; nor is it the least of our evils that her case and all our story is so well known around us. We are in a manner *marked*. . . I am completely shipwrecked. My head is quite bad. I almost wish that Mary were dead.

Five years later Mary writes:—

It has been sad and heavy times with us lately. When I am pretty well, his low spirits throw me back again; and when he begins to get a little cheerful, then I do the same kind office for him.

And again she says:—

Do not say anything when you write of our low spirits—it will vex Charles. You would laugh or you would cry, perhaps both, to see us sit together, looking at each other with long and rueful faces, and saying, How do you do? and How do you do? and then we fall a crying and say we will be better on the morrow. He says we are like toothache and his friend gumboil, which, though a kind of ease, is but an uneasy kind of ease, a comfort of rather an uncomfortable sort.

It is less to be wondered at than deplored, that this "terribly shy" and sorely tried man should have sometimes sought to forget his sorrow by drinking. It brought him companionship and temporary oblivion.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing, Drinking late, sitting late with my bosom cronies,

was a confession Lamb had to make in sober prose many a morning, and to make with profound sadness. Procter says he never knew him drink immoderately; but he was speedily affected, and wine, by removing his nervousness, gave for the moment freedom to his genius. It is stated, on the authority of Mr. Crossley,

one of the few friends of Lamb still living, that on a certain evening,

when in manner, speech, and walk Lamb was obviously under the influence of what he had drunk, he discoursed at length upon Milton with a fulness of knowledge, an eloquence, and a profundity of critical power, which left an impression never to be effaced.

But there is another side to the picture, due also doubtless to the same influence, for we are told that to those who did not know him, or could not appreciate him, Lamb "often passed for something between an imbecile, a brute, and a buffoon," a fact which may account for Mr. Carlyle's grossly disparaging estimate of the brother and sister. We have learned recently, what many readers suspected years ago, that the Chelsea sage was more frequently influenced by prejudices than befits a philosopher; but Mr. Ainger,* Lamb's latest critic and biographer, thinks there may have been substantial justice in the contemptuous epithets of Carlyle in this case, and

that the presence of the austere and dyspeptic Scotchman (one of that nation Lamb had been trying all his days to like) made him more than usually disposed to produce his entire stock of frivolity. He had a perverse delight in shocking uncongenial society.

In the vivid character he has drawn of himself in "Elia" Lamb admits that he gave himself too little concern what he uttered, and that some senseless pun—not altogether senseless perhaps if rightly taken—has stamped his character for the evening. In congenial society, and with men who were "on the top scale of his friendship ladder," no one could have been more delightful. His smile, says Procter, was as sweet as ever threw sunshine upon the human face, and all who knew him testify to his sweet and noble countenance. "In point of intellectual character and expression," says Mr. Patmore, "a finer face was never seen," and Leigh Hunt said he had a head worthy of Aristotle. Lamb had no pretension of any kind, cared nothing for appearances, and kept house in the homeliest fashion. No government clerk in our day would be content to fare as he fared; but if there was plain living in his London lodgings there was also high thinking, and when Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge were received, not as guests alone, but as dear friends, had he not good reason to be proud?

It was at Christ's Hospital that Lamb's earliest and warmest friendship was formed. "Coleridge and Lamb," says Mr. Ainger, "were schoolfellows for the whole seven years of the latter's residence, and from this early association arose a friendship as memorable as any in English literature." Nor was this all, for through Coleridge Charles gained the friendship of Lloyd, of Southey, and of Wordsworth. Lloyd is now solely remembered as the literary associate of greater men; but to become, as Lamb became, the intimate friend of the two greatest poets of the age, and of a man so richly endowed with moral and intellectual gifts as Robert Southey, was no small stimulus to his intellectual life. In the early days of their friendship, and especially in the darkest hour of his life, Lamb looked to Coleridge, who was three years his senior, for counsel as well as sympathy; but in his admiration for the poet there are no symptoms of the somewhat abject reverence that Boswell felt for Johnson. Modest though he was, Charles Lamb knew his own worth. He met Wordsworth and Southey on terms of equality, and his criticisms of Coleridge were sometimes humorous and always outspoken. On one occasion he called Coleridge an archangel a little damaged; he advised him to cultivate simplicity; and when the poet, who in his early days mounted Unitarian pulpits, asked Lamb if he had ever heard him preach, "I never heard you do anything else," was the reply. At a later period, after a visit to Highgate, Leigh Hunt, whose feminine creed allowed him only to believe what he found it pleasant to believe, uttered his surprise at the warmth of Coleridge's religious observations. "Ne-ne-never mind what Coleridge says," stuttered Lamb, "he's full of fun." The friends published their first poems together; but there are signs, as Mr. Ainger has pointed out, that the early years of their life-long friendship were not wholly without cataracts and breaks. Lamb winced at being apostrophized as gentle-hearted Charles, and showed irritation at a message from Coleridge that must surely have been intended as a joke: "If Lamb requires any knowledge, let him apply to me." But there was a union of heart between the two that could not be broken by slight misunderstandings. In the earlier days there was much literary correspondence between the friends; but, unfortunately, in a perverse moment, Charles destroyed Coleridge's letters. Many of Lamb's let-

* English Men of Letters. "Charles Lamb," by Alfred Ainger. Macmillan.

ters are published, and there are indications in them of great critical sanity, although, like most generous and youthful critics, he is apt to overpraise, as, for instance, in the extravagant eulogium of the "Religious Musings." Men of genius, however, often see more in a poet's words than is really contained in them, and perhaps there is nothing stranger in the history of literature than the influence exercised by a gentle versifier like Bowles on the splendid intellect of Coleridge. Lamb felt that influence also, but with him the feeling was evanescent, and he soon learnt to see the immeasurable superiority of Burns.

And he seems early to have discovered the weakness in Coleridge which ultimately wrecked his life.

I grieve from my very soul [he writes] to observe you in your plans of life veering about from this hope to the other and settling nowhere. Is it an untoward fatality (speaking humanly) that does this for you—a stubborn irresistible concurrence of events—or lies the fault, as I fear it does, in your own mind?

In one letter Lamb regrets he cannot write a poetical address to Coleridge in their joint volume, but he adds:—

You dwell in my heart of hearts; I love you in all the naked honesty of prose.

What one of the friends expressed in these simple words was felt by both. Talfourd, who observes that of all celebrated persons he ever saw Coleridge alone surpassed the expectations created by his writings, tells how Lamb used to speak, sometimes with a moistened eye and quivering lip, of Coleridge when young, and how he wished his friends could have seen him in the spring-time of his genius in the little sanded parlor of the old "Salutation" hostel. The same writer remarks that the poet's love for Charles and Mary Lamb continued to the last one of the strongest of his human affections, and as a proof of this he relates that in a volume of his "Sibylline Leaves" he inscribed against a poem written when the Lambs had been his guests nearly forty years before, the following memorial:—

CH. and MARY LAMB,
Near to my heart, yea,
as it were, *my heart*.
S. T. C. Æt. 63. 1834.

1797
1834

37 ! years.

In this year it will be remembered Coleridge died, and Lamb, faithful to his dearest friend save one, never recovered the loss.

There had been two persons in the world [says Mr. Ainger] for whom he would have wished to live—Coleridge and his sister Mary. The latter was now for the greater part of each year worse than dead to him. The former was gone, and the blank left him helplessly alone. In conversation with friends he would suddenly exclaim, as if with surprise that aught else in the world should interest him, "Coleridge is dead!"

The separation he felt so keenly was of short duration, and about five months later he rejoined his friend.

From Coleridge it is natural to turn to his and Lamb's intimates, Wordsworth and Southey. Both of them loved Lamb, as such good men needs must, for the heroic virtue which made his life so beautiful; and both appreciated his genius. The lack of humor in Wordsworth, however, would prevent him from sympathizing as Southey could with the quaint drolleries of the essayist, with the uproarious fun to which he sometimes gave vent, and there is a wild story told of Lamb at an evening party, in which we seem still to hear the solemn protest of Wordsworth, "Charles! my dear Charles!" Distance in the days before railroads kept men apart. Lamb was chained to his desk in Leadenhall Street; Southey lived in his library at Greta Hall; and Wordsworth, whose study was out of doors and in the shadow of his beloved mountains, seldom visited London. But absence did not mean forgetfulness, and what Wordsworth felt when Lamb died he has testified in the tribute paid to his "most dear memory," and especially in the simple line, —

O he was good, if e'er a good man lived.

The names we have mentioned stand upon the topmost heights of our century's literature; but of Lamb's friends many moved in lowlier positions, and some, like Manning, to whom several of his brightest letters are written, were not literary men. Godwin and Hazlitt, Talfourd, Leigh Hunt, and Sheridan Knowles are names a little faded by time, but still familiar to us all. They met at Lamb's homely board, and enjoyed his cold meat and porter, joining in the rare talk that seasoned both. But Lamb had friends less known to the world but more beloved than some of these. To the eccentric, absent-minded George Dyer, who one day

walked into the New River, he was attached for his goodness and innocence; but he did not scruple to take advantage of his simplicity. Thus he told him one day in strictest confidence that the *Waverley Novels* were the works of Lord Castlereagh, whereupon, as Talfourd tells us, George rushed off to Maida Hill to inform Leigh Hunt of the startling fact. On another day Lamb asked the absent-minded bookworm if it were true, as reported, that he was about to be made a lord. "Oh dear no, Mr. Lamb," responded he with earnest seriousness, but not without a moment's quivering vanity, "I could not think of such a thing; it is not true, I assure you." "I thought not," said Lamb, "and I contradict it wherever I go; but the government will not ask your consent. They may raise you to the peerage without your even knowing it." To love good George Dyer was one of the virtues with which Lamb credits Rickman, the friend of Southey, for whom his admiration was extreme. He was the finest fellow, he said,

to drop in at nights about nine or ten o'clock — cold bread and cheese time — just in the wishing time of the night, when you wish for somebody to come in without a distinct idea of a probable anybody. Just in the nick, neither too early to be tedious nor too late to sit a reasonable time. He is a most pleasant hand . . . has gone through life laughing at solemn apes; himself largely literate, oppressively full of information in all stuff of conversation, from matter of fact to Xenophon and Plato; can talk Greek with Porson, politics with Thelwall, conjecture with George Dyer, nonsense with me, and anything with anybody.

Then there was Burney, who lives forever in his friend's saying, "Oh, Martin, if dirt were trumps, what a hand you would hold!" and Norris, so faithful in his friend's hour of sorest need, and faithful to the end. "Old as I am," Lamb writes on hearing of his death, "in his eyes I was still the child he first knew me. To the last he called me 'Charley.' I have none to call me 'Charley' now."

Other names occur to us of friends and acquaintances who, in a measure, shared Lamb's thoughts and love — notably Henry Cary, "pleasantest of clergymen," and translator of Dante; Thomas Hood, true poet and humorist, who found in "Elia" a kindred spirit; Moxon, who married his adopted daughter, wrote sonnets, and won a fair name in *Dover Street* as poets' publisher; and Procter, better known as Barry Cornwall, whose recollections of Lamb, written in his seventy-

seventh year, give us the most vivid impression of the essayist, recorded by a personal friend. It is a book to put by the side of "Elia;" and on the same shelf, too, Mr. Ainger's charming narrative, which garners up in masterly style all that is known of Lamb, deserves a lasting place. This, however, is not all the merit of the little volume. It is easy for a skillful writer to arrange facts; but it is not so easy to exercise an independent judgment upon a humorist who belongs to the classics of his country. Mr. Ainger's criticism is not an echo, but is the fruit of independent thought and taste, and his portrait of Lamb is a proof, if one be needed, that no literary topic, however familiar, can be accounted stale when looked at with fresh eyes and with intelligent sympathy. This is, perhaps, a digression, but it would be impossible to say less of a volume which has revived our affection for an author whose claims amidst the accessions of fresh literature are apt to be forgotten.

Lamb was pre-eminently a bookish man, and a fine critic of authors he loved, but his love was not expansive. He liked books best that were marked by the mellowness of age, and was shy, except in the case of friends, of acknowledging contemporary genius. He sneered at Goethe's "Faust," which he knew only from a translation, declared he could not understand Shelley, who showed by his praise of "Rosamund Gray" how well he understood him, and spoke contemptuously of Byron. There are no indications that he cared much for the immortal novels of Scott — a fault in taste which it is difficult to pardon — and he was probably more influenced by Sir Thomas Browne than by all modern writers put together. But he loved well the "divine chit-chat" of Cowper, and shared with that poet his admiration of Vincent Bourne's Latin poems. "Bless him!" he exclaims, "Latin wasn't good enough for him. Why wasn't he content with the language which Gay and Prior wrote in?" So deep, too, was his admiration of Burns that Barry Cornwall relates he would chant his poems aloud, and "sometimes, in a way scarcely discernible, he would kiss the volume, as he would also a book by Chapman or Sir Philip Sidney, or any other which he particularly valued;" and he adds, "I have seen him read out a passage from the 'Holy Dying' and the 'Urn-Burial,' and express in the same way his devotion and gratitude." Books, he used to say, served him instead of friends. He loved "to lose

himself in other men's minds." He thought a grace should be said before reading the "Faerie Queene," and that Milton "almost requires a solemn service of music to be played before you enter upon him." This tender reverence for the "ragged veterans" marshalled on his bookshelves is surely one of the most beautiful traits in the character of Lamb. "No one," says Barry Cornwall, "will love the old English writers again as he did," and he adds:—

He had more real knowledge of old English literature than any man I ever knew. . . . The spirit of the author descended upon him, and he felt it! With Burton and Fuller, Jeremy Taylor and Sir Thomas Browne he was intimate. The ancient poets—chiefly the dramatic poets—were his especial friends. He knew every point and turn of their wit, all the beauty of their characters; loving each for some one distinguishing particular, and despising none.

And he was the acutest as well as most tolerant of critics. Not even Coleridge, though covering larger ground in literature, has surpassed Lamb in his special department of poetical criticism. His comments on the English dramatic poets of the Elizabethan age are, indeed, unequalled in suggestiveness and masterly appreciation of character. "That Lamb was a poet," writes Mr. Ainger, "is at the root of his greatness as a critic." This is true; but he was a poet in feeling rather than in accomplishment, and if we except a few sweet occasional verses, which bear a charmed life, cannot legitimately be classed with the poets of his country. Of this, indeed, he was aware. "I reckon myself a dab at prose," he said; "verse I leave to my betters."

We shall not attempt to fix Lamb's position as a humorist. The quality of humor is estimated differently by different minds. Mr. Trollope seems doubtful whether Fielding and Smollett possessed it; some of the poet's admirers have discovered it in Shelley; and a critic of no mean repute has expressed his opinion that it was lacking in Jane Austen. The broad humor of Charles Dickens, touching almost always the verge of farce, is evident to every reader, but the subtle mirth of Lamb is less obvious.*

* Both in talk and letters Lamb indulges sometimes in the most wayward fancies. Instances of this will occur to every one. "And how do you like babies, Mr. Lamb?" inquired a fond mother. "Boi-boi-boiled, ma'am," was the immediate reply. When it was suggested that he would not sit down to a meal with the Italian witnesses at the queen's trial, he asserted he would sit with anything except a hen or a tailor. And

It is like the more delicate charms of nature, which escape the hasty traveller, and are felt only by those who have leisure for delight. It is the growth of meditation, not the ebullition of animal spirits. Lamb's jests, it has been said, were exercises of mind; and yet they are not labored, but seem the natural fruit of a rich and quaint intellect that found its choicest aliment in books. Addison, Steele, and Lamb ought to have been contemporaries. They would have loved each other, and loved without jealousy. Steele's generous nature would have felt its inferiority, while sympathizing, as few men could, with the genius of his brother humorists; and Addison, though the dramatic gift made his scope wider, would have acknowledged his equal in Elia. Addison's humor is, however, confined to his essays; Charles Lamb scattered pearls about in his correspondence with friends. Let us draw out a few of them from the volumes that contain his letters, promising that their lustre must inevitably be impaired by the process. They will serve to illustrate his idiosyncrasies as well as his humor. Lamb's attachment to London was as strong as that of Dr. Johnson. He loved the "sweet security of streets;" he loved the roar of the great city, and enjoyed better than the sound of mighty waters the endless on-rush of its traffic. "I often shed tears in the motley Strand," he writes to Wordsworth, "from fulness of joy at so much life." He does not envy the poet his mountains, and indeed would pity him did he not know that the mind will make friends of anything.

My attachments are all local, purely local. I have no passion (or have had none since I was in love, and then it was the spurious engendering of poetry and books) for groves and valleys. The room where I was born, the furniture which was before my eyes all my life, a bookcase which has followed me about like a faithful dog (only exceeding him in knowledge) wherever I have moved, old chairs, old tables, streets, squares where I have sunned myself, my old school,—these are my mistresses,—have I not enough without your mountains?

don't we all remember how Lamb once knew a young man who wanted to be a tailor, but *hadn't the spirit*; and how, speaking of the water-cure, he observed that it was neither new nor wonderful, for it was at least as old as the Flood, when, in his opinion, it killed more than it cured; and how he told a tedious fellow-passenger, who asked him what prospect there was for the turnip crop, that it depended, he believed, upon boiled legs of mutton. Such sayings are humorous enough when read in what may be called cold print, after the sudden fire that prompted them is extinguished; yet the best of such sayings, of which many more might be quoted, do not contain the rarest quality of a humor that, like that of Sir Thomas Browne, has its source in meditation.

He felt, indeed, the power of the mountains upon visiting Southey and climbing Skiddaw, but consoled himself with the thought that Fleet Street and the Strand are better places to live in. And here we may note that considering Lamb's strong feeling of local attachment, it is remarkable that he should have changed his residence, after leaving his father's house, ten or eleven times. In the true sense of the word, owing to Mary's unhappy condition, he can never be said to have had a home. Yet how eagerly and affectionately he clung to every prop that might seem like a support in his passage through life! He could not strongly realize what he did not see.

I am [he writes] a Christian, Englishman, Londoner, Templar. God help me when I come to put off these snug relations and to get abroad into the world to come! I shall be like the *crow on the sand*, as Wordsworth has it; but I won't think on it—no need, I hope, yet.

There is a freakishness about Lamb which finds vent sometimes in what may seem irreverence, but this was but a surface humor, not indeed to be commended, but easily to be forgiven when we remember the tension of spirits under which he labored. The mind when greatly strained finds oftentimes relief in jests that are apt to shock unimaginative people. Did not Sir Thomas More jest upon the scaffold? But Lamb, like More, was not the less conscious of the solemnity of life. He could never have called it a jest, as Gay called it; he had, as he said, the stamina of seriousness within him, and one can imagine the sincerity of emotion which prompted him to stammer out on one occasion, with a suffused eye and quivering lip, a reference to the name he would not utter. "If Shakespeare were to come into the room," he said, "we should all rise to meet him; but if *That Person* were to come into it we should all fall down and kiss the hem of his garment," which reminds us of the reverent lines uttered by the tender-hearted Dekker.

Lamb was not generally fond of travel, but he acknowledged at one time to his friend Manning a strong desire to visit "remote regions." His first impulse was to go and see Paris, his next to visit the Peak in Derbyshire, "where the Devil sits, they say, without breeches;" but this his "purer mind rejected as indelicate," so he went instead to see Coleridge at Keswick. Manning's own views of travel were more extensive. He resolved

to visit China, and accomplished his purpose in spite of Lamb's humorous dissuasion. He trembles for his Christianity, hints at cannibalism, and pictures a Tartar-fellow eating his friend, and adding the cool malignity of mustard and vinegar. He is afraid Manning has been misled by reading the foolish stories about Cambuscan and the ring, and the horse of brass; but the darling things of which Chaucer sings are all tales, and the Tartars are really a cold, smouchy set.

You'll be sadly moped, he adds (if you are not eaten), among them. Pray try and cure yourself. Shave yourself oftener, eat no saffron, for saffron-eaters contract a terrible Tartar-like yellow. Pray to avoid the fiend. Shave the upper lip. Read no books of travels (they are nothing but lies); only now and then a romance to keep the fancy under. Have a care, my dear friend, of Anthropophagi! their stomachs are always craving. 'Tis terrible to be weighed out at fivepence a pound. To sit at table not as a guest, but as a meat. God bless you! Air and exercise may do great things. Talk with some minister. Why not your father? God dispose all for the best. I have discharged my duty.

After the last fist had been shaken and Manning had left England, Lamb writes in a different strain.

We die many deaths before we die, and I am almost sick when I think that such a hold as I had of you is gone. I have friends, but some of them are changed. Marriage, or some circumstance, rises up to make them not the same. But I felt sure of you.

He seemed to think he might write what nonsense he pleased to his far-distant friend, and in one "lying letter" he describes, with much particularity, the pretended changes that have occurred since he left England.

Mary has been dead and buried many years. She desired to be buried in the silk gown you sent her. Rickman, that you remember active and strong, now walks out supported by a servant-maid and a stick. Coleridge is dead, having lived just long enough to close the eyes of Wordsworth, who paid the debt to nature but a week or two before. It is said that he has left behind him more than forty thousand treatises in criticism, metaphysics, and divinity, but few of them in a state of completion.

And then, with mock gravity, he goes on to say that he has left the India House and has a snug cabin small and homely in the Fishmongers' Almshouses. He hated, or pretended to hate, the everlasting dead desk in Leadenhall Street—"how it weighs the spirit of a gentleman down,

this dead desk instead of your living trees"—but when his young Quaker friend Bernard Barton—whom Hood dubbed "Busy B"—talked of leaving his bank and trusting for support to the booksellers, Lamb tells him he had better throw himself from the Tarpeian rock.

Sit down, good B. B., in the banking office. What! is there not from 6 to 11 P.M. six days in the week, and is there not all Sunday? Fie! what a superfluity of man's time if you could think so! Enough for relaxation, mirth, converse, poetry, good thoughts, quiet thoughts. Henceforth I retract all my fond complaints of mercantile employment; look upon them as lovers' quarrels.

Sometime afterwards Barton begins to find office work unhealthy, but Lamb will not admit it.

It is the mind, good B. B., and not the limbs, that taints by long sitting. Think of the patience of tailors, think how long the lord chancellor sits, think of the brooding hen!

The Quaker poet was about to publish a volume called "Poetic Vigils," and asked Lamb to suggest a motto. He replies that he does not like mottoes unless they are singularly felicitous, and observes that a wag would recommend the line of Pope, —

Sleepless himself, to give his readers sleep.

Again he asks for a motto to his pious verses, and Lamb sends a title instead.

What do you think of "Religio-Tremuli" or "Tremebundi"? There is "Religio-Medici" and "Religio-Laici." But perhaps the volume is not quite Quakerish enough, or exclusively so, for it.

He has fatherly counsel, too, for Barton, and on the execution of Fauntleroy reminds him that he is a banker, or the next thing to it.

I feel the delicacy of the subject; but cash must pass through your hands sometimes to a great amount. If in an unguarded hour—but I will hope better. Consider the scandal it will bring upon those of your persuasion. Thousands would go to see a Quaker hanged that would be indifferent to the fate of a Presbyterian or an Anabaptist. Think of the effect it would have on the sale of your poems alone, not to mention higher considerations. I tremble, I am sure, at myself when I think that so many poor victims of the law at one time of their life made as sure of never being hanged as I in my presumption am ready, too ready, to do myself. What are we better than they? Do we come into the world with different necks? Is there any distinctive mark

under our left ears? Are we unstrangeable, I ask you? Think on these things.

There is no direct connection between this humorous letter to Barton and the still more humorous essay "On the Inconvenience of being hanged;" but it is impossible to read the one without recalling the other.

There was a dog which Thomas Hood had given to Lamb, which proved more of a trouble than a pleasure, for Dash followed his own fancy on their long rambles, and Lamb felt bound to follow the dog. It was transferred to Mr. Patmore, and his former master writes inquiring after the animal's sanity.

The first illogical snarl he makes, to St. Luke's with him! Try him with hot water; if he won't lick it up, it is a sign—he does not like it. Does his tail wag horizontally or perpendicularly? That has decided the fate of many dogs in Enfield. Is his general deportment cheerful? I mean when he is pleased—for otherwise there is no judging. You can't be too careful. Has he bit any of the children yet? If he has, have them shot, and keep *him* for curiosity, to see if it was the hydrophobia.

And so he runs on for a page or two with most excellent fooling.

The mirth of the letters is in the essays also, and a great deal that is better than mirth. The wealth of Lamb's mind was expended upon "Elia," and that unique book must forever preserve his fame as a poetical humorist. To quote from it in *Fraser* would be impertinent, for it is familiar to all lovers of literature. When once we yield to it, the charm of these essays is irresistible. We enjoy their flavor as the epicure enjoys his feast, and like to taste them leisurely. No one cares to read "Elia" off as he might read a modern novel, and perhaps the book is not always seasonable. In certain moods of mind it may fail to find us, may be too good for us; but when we are in our better "frames" "Elia" comes to us as a friend, and we welcome with open mind the delightful humor, the sweet philosophy, the tender confidences, the large humanity of its incomparable author.

JOHN DENNIS.

From The Argosy.

AUNT MONA.

My Aunt Mona, if her own words might be believed, had hardly been well for a day throughout her life, certainly not for one during the last twenty years. She

walked the earth a bundle of unstrung nerves, an incarnation of aches and pains, a living sufferer of all the disorders that poor mortals are liable to, a specimen of utter misery and living martyrdom. From the crown of her smooth brown head down to her pretty feet, there was no sound health in her. So she would assure us ten times a day.

How is it, I wonder, that people who have every essential good in life to make them comfortable, must create discomfort for themselves? Some do it. One will seek it in fretfulness, another in jealousy, a third in wearing anxiety about nothing. I suppose that, as a certain amount of suffering is, and must be, the lot of all, while they inhabit this world, those upon whom Heaven has not inflicted it, must needs inflict it on themselves. Aunt Mona found hers in health. That is, you understand, in the lack of health.

And she might have been so bright and happy! The wife of Thomas Butterfield, substantial yeoman and farmer, whose crops never seemed to fail, and whose house was filled with plenty, Aunt Mona had every substantial good, in their plain way, that she could have. Her children were hearty, her friends true. But that health of hers ruined everything. Any husband, less sunny-tempered than Uncle Butterfield, would have become morose ere this. Mr. Whale, the parson, talking of it one evening to my father, when he had called in and stayed supper, and they became confidential over their whiskey-and-water, declared he should have shaken her long ago were she his wife, and been fit to turn her out of doors afterwards.

Aunt Mona did not sit patiently down and endure her suffering; she had too much spirit for that. I don't believe there was a doctor within a hundred miles who had not heard the dismal story of her manifold and ever-increasing ailments.

She had tried allopathy, homœopathy, hydropathy; she had consulted various kinds of practitioners: botanic, electric, magnetic, and mesmeric. She once travelled to London to consult a renowned spiritual medium. She had fully tested all the patent medicines of the day, including Holloway's ointment, and Cockle's pills, and Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup, and somebody's chest-expanders; and yet—here she was still, not cured; worse than ever. Papa would call her on the sly "my sister Moaner."

But now a wonderful thing occurred. There came into the village hard by a

man of medicine, and he set up his tent there for a day or two. He called himself the great "Physio-Eclectic-Magnetic Healer," and he came heralded by a mighty flourish of trumpets, and by bills as large as life, professing to cure everything. Aunt Mona was in a flutter of hope; she wrote to him to say she was coming, and she took me with her. Her own children were not old enough, and Uncle Butterfield would as soon have paid a visit to the moon.

The great Magnetic Healer was a tall man with a black beard. He solemnly bowed aunt into a big chair, and me to a smaller one.

"I have enjoyed poor health for twenty years," began Aunt Mona in a sighing tone, while the great doctor, sitting before her, looked and listened attentively. "Some of the medical men I have consulted say it must be the lungs, others the liver, others, again, say it is the heart. I say it is all three. They cannot find out any organic disease, they tell me, and they only recommend proper diet, air, and exercise. One of them went so far as to say that all I wanted was cheerfulness. I know better. And so would they if they felt as I feel. I told old Stafford so, our doctor, the other day. My opinion is, that I have a complication of diseases: my lungs are weak, my liver does not act, and I am often terribly pressed for breath, as my niece here, Miss Arkright, can testify to. That, of course, must be the heart."

"Of course," murmured the great Magnetic Healer. "Go on, madam."

"I am troubled perpetually with rheumatic and neuralgic pains, and I have something dreadful in my back. The spine, no doubt. One minute the blood will gallop up and down my veins like a streak of lightning, the next it seems to freeze as if it were so much ice. I have shiverings, and I have bad nights, and I have headache—and altogether I am sure no poor woman was ever so afflicted. Can you do anything for me, sir? I believe the heart's the worst."

"Madam," said the great Magnetic Healer pompously, "that particular form of heart disease has been of frequent occurrence in my practice, and I have been invariably successful in its treatment. Scientifically speaking, your complaint is malformation of the right auricle, and—there *may* be—something a little amiss with the left ventricle. I think perhaps there is. You feel out of spirits, now don't you, often; especially in damp,

gloomy weather; and a sort of distaste to everything?"

"Why, doctor, no one before ever told me this!" exclaimed Aunt Mona in ecstasy. "It is *exactly* how I do feel."

"Yes, yes, my dear madam, I could describe your every sensation just as well as though I myself were the sufferer. How is your appetite?"

"Well, it is not to be relied on; but it's mostly very poor. Some days I eat well enough; others I can't touch a thing, and I live then upon strong green tea, or perhaps coffee, and toast-and-butter."

"A most deleterious practice, my dear madam. 'Order is nature's first law,' and it behoves us to be regular in our diet. This capriciousness of appetite arises from the derangement I speak of, and can be easily remedied. Do you sleep well?"

"Good gracious, no, doctor! Not as a rule. How can you expect it? And if I do sleep, I dream. The other night I had a dreadful dream—I thought I saw the ghosts of my two dead brothers who were drowned ten years ago. They were beckoning to me. I awoke in the worst fright possible, screaming and crying."

"And had you gone to bed supperless that night—upon nothing but green tea?"

"Well, no. That night I had managed to eat a morsel of supper and drink a drop of our old ale. Hot pork chops and apple fritters we had, I remember."

The doctor coughed.

"Yes, they beckoned to me distinctly," continued Aunt Mona, returning to the ghosts of her two brothers. "It was a sign, I know, doctor; a warning that I must soon follow them. I feel that I am not long for this world."

"My dear lady, do not despair, I implore you. A life, valuable as yours, must not so early be lost to the world; a sun so brilliant must not go down ere it has attained its meridian splendor. In the hands of an ordinary physician your case would indeed be hopeless; but *my* skill may perhaps avail, even for *you*. I fear, madam, that you are inclined to hysteria. In simpler phrase, that you are nervous."

"No, doctor, I cannot say that I am. I *should* be, if I gave way to my feelings, but that is what I never allow myself to do. My husband at times tells me I am hysterical; but, when I'm dead and gone, he'll know better. He will realize *then* that I was the patientest, uncomplainingest mortal woman that ever breathed. Being so hearty himself, he cannot understand that other people have ailments;

and so—and so—all I know is, that I am frightfully ill and get no sympathy." And, with the last words, Aunt Mona covered her face with her handkerchief, and sobbed aloud.

Much affected, the great Magnetic Healer turned away, as if to conceal his emotion. Then, returning to his chair, he spoke in a consoling tone.

"Dry your tears, dear lady; I have the gift of prescience, which assures me that you will live and not die. Although my great reliance in the cure of disease is my wonderful mesmeric and magnetic power; yet, in addition to this, I am possessed of an unrivalled medicine, the secret of whose preparation was communicated to me while in the spiritual-trance state, by the great Galen himself. Take heart. It shall cure you."

"Oh, *if* it could!" cried aunt, dropping her handkerchief. "What medicine is it?"

"It is called the 'Elixir of Life and Universal Panacea.' This small bottle of medicine which I will give you," he added, producing a little white phial filled with a lemon-colored liquid, "is sufficient to cure any mortal disease, and —"

"It don't look much of it," interrupted aunt.

"My good lady, it will last you your lifetime. You may take one drop on rising in the morning, one drop at noon, and one drop before retiring at night. Continue this course for a fortnight, then one drop only every other day, until you are cured, will be sufficient."

Pocketing his fee of two guineas, the renowned Magnetic Healer bowed us out, my aunt clasping the treasured bottle.

"What a mercy I went to him!" she cried. "If he had but come here a few years ago! What do you think of him, Maria?"

Now the truth was, I did not think much of him. My impression was, he had been fit to burst out laughing all the time: but it would not do to say so.

"If it cures you, Aunt Mona, it will be a good thing."

Uncle Butterfield took an opportunity of tasting the "Elixir," and privately assured his friends, amidst bursts of laughter, that he could testify to the truth of its being elixir—paregoric elixir, much diluted and flavored; but that, and nothing else.

But now, a dire misfortune befell this golden remedy. Some few days later Johnny, the youngest of the little ones, aged seven, saw the phial on his mother's

dressing-table, got hold of it and drank the whole at a draught.

No evil ensued to Johnny; but his mother was frightfully put out, and Johnny got a whipping. This wonderful Elixir could not have *failed* to cure her; and now it was gone! The great Magnetic Healer was also gone, which made things the more distressing. Our village had not patronized him as he might have expected, considering the wonderful announcement bills, and he had packed up his traps and started, the good genius that presides over the interests of travelling quack doctors alone knew where. For three days Aunt Mona sat on the hearthrug, sobbing.

"It would have been the saving of my life! I see it; I feel and know it. I had confidence in that Elixir. And it must be next to a miracle that that wicked Johnny is not dead! I was *so* much better for the few days I took it! And now I must bear the return of all my old ailments and die! Woe's me!"

And the old ailments did return—as Aunt Mona said; and she made life a burden to herself and everybody about her.

Upon the morning of one of those perfect days, cloudless, serene, and balmy, which only the month of June can bring to earth, I took my sewing, and started over to my Aunt Mona's. We lived nearly half a mile distant, in the old Manor House. As I tripped lightly over green meadows, past fragrant orchards and blooming gardens, laden with the perfumes of "incense-breathing June," I said to myself, "Surely, upon such a day as this, even Aunt Mona must be well and happy."

Ah, vain delusion! The idea of health and happiness connected with Aunt Mona was simply ridiculous. "Mamma is never happy unless she is perfectly miserable," said her eldest daughter one day, saucy Kate; and no words of mine could better express the state of things.

Passing through the garden, I found Louisa and Kate, sitting under the arbor of roses and honeysuckles, shelling a dish of early green peas for dinner, and chatting and laughing very merrily. Phillis, the dairymaid, was churning in the out-house and keeping time to the rise and fall of her churn-dasher with the most blithesome of soft melodies. The cat lay in the warm sunshine, purring with satisfaction; the canary chirruped gleefully in his cage, and little Johnny came running

to meet me with sparkling eyes and a merry laugh, and a handful of June roses. All this peace, this rural content, this bright happiness found an echo in my own heart.

"Where is your mistress?" I said to Sarah, who sat in the best kitchen—for I had gone in the back way.

"Groaning and moaning somewhere about—as she always is, Miss Maria," replied the old nurse, who had lived with them for years, and had a habit of saying what she pleased.

In a little room opening from the dining-parlor I found Aunt Mona, an old woollen shawl around her shoulders, and crouching disconsolately over the grate, in which roared a fire more befitting January than June.

"How do you do, aunt?" I said. "Are you any worse than usual?"

She turned towards me a face of despair and woe. Really it was enough to give one the blues only to look at it.

"Ah, my dear, don't ask. I am *miserable*."

"But what makes you so?"

Aunt Mona gave a deep sigh and bent over the fire again. On the trivet stood a porcelain saucepan, whose contents she was languidly stirring with a spoon.

"Why, aunt, what are you doing there? Is that a witch's caldron?"

"It is a decoction of herbs, to be taken inwardly," meekly sighed she. "I got the recipe from the old herb-doctor. I sent for him here yesterday, and he gave it me. I am going to try it," she added resignedly; "and if it does not cure me, I shall just give up medicine, and lie down and die."

"Give up medicine, and arise and live," I answered. "I firmly believe, aunt, that medicine is killing you; medicine and groaning together."

This aroused Aunt Mona. "Maria, how *can* you talk so, when nothing *but* medicine has kept me alive these twenty years?" she exclaimed, in righteous indignation.

"You have lived *in spite* of medicine, Aunt Mona, and because your constitution is so thoroughly good. Papa says—"

"I don't want to hear what your papa says, Maria. Brothers always choose to be rude; even when I was a child he'd hurt my feelings. He is so healthy himself that he has no pity for me."

"You have no pity for yourself, Aunt Mona. Who, but you, would sit over a fire this lovely June day?"

"I am cold, Maria."

"Get up then, aunt, and run about out of doors in the sunshine."

"It's cruel of you to talk so," she whined. "How *can* I stir that awful spine in my back? I *can* stand it from your uncle — *he* talks to me so, like your papa — but I *can't* from you. Men are so hard-hearted! Don't you ever marry one of them, Maria?"

She tapped her foot on the ground, and stirred on, and sighed. Chancing to look out at the window, I saw Uncle Butterfield coming down the garden path with that pretty widow, Mrs. Berrow, who was one of aunt's great friends, and had no patience with her. Aunt looked up also.

"There's your uncle, Maria, with that Widow Berrow as usual! If he *is* settling up her husband's property, it's no reason why she should be running after him always. If I wasn't the most unsuspecting woman on earth, I *should* be jealous. But I shall not be in the way long; that's one comfort."

A burst of clear, ringing laughter at this moment reached us. It was soon followed by that most comely woman's entrance, "fair, fat, and forty." As she stood by Aunt Mona's side, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, in the exuberance of health, and the prime of a beauty which time had improved rather than impaired, the contrast was too painful. I think my uncle must have felt it, for he sighed as he turned away.

"Mrs. Butterfield," said the widow, in her soft, musical voice — that "excellent thing in woman" — "I was hoping, upon this beautiful morning, to find you better."

Aunt Mona gave no immediate reply, save a glance that was not a friendly one. It said as plainly as glance could say, "You don't hope anything of the sort; you want me to die and be out of the way."

"My wife seems to be growing worse," said Uncle Butterfield. "That two-sovereign fee, paid to the great magnetic what-d'ye-call-him, a month ago, didn't seem to do you much good, did it, Mona? It had better have been put into the church poor-box."

"A kind, loving husband ought not to speak of money paid to relieve the sufferings and to save the life of his poor, dying wife," replied Aunt Mona reproachfully. "You know that Johnny, dreadful child, drank the Elixir up. But I shall not be a trouble or expense to you long, Thomas: I feel that my days are numbered."

"They have been numbered ever since I knew you," smiled uncle. "The days of all of us are, for that matter."

His wife did not condescend to notice the words. Every now and then she had these mournful fits, and liked to talk them out.

"And when I am gone, Thomas, you can marry some strong, healthy woman, whose ailments won't trouble you. One that's got money too," she added, significantly and spitefully. "Yes, money to make up for all you've had to pay for me."

"I am glad to see you in so desirable a frame of mind," said Mrs. Berrow, laughing merrily. "You show a truly noble, unselfish nature, in providing, even before your death, for your husband's second marriage."

"Now, Caroline Berrow, I think you had better not say more," spoke aunt. "I know how unfeeling *you* can be. It is not the first time you have made game of my illness. As to you, Thomas, you can be looking out for somebody to replace me. I and my sufferings will soon be released from this world of trouble."

"Have you any particular person in view?" asked uncle gravely, "any one you would like as a mother to your children? Of course I should have to think a little of them in choosing a second wife."

I don't much think Aunt Mona expected the ready acquiescence; she looked startled. Mrs. Berrow ran out to Kate and Louisa, who were coming in with the basin of peas, and uncle followed her. Presently the two girls came in. Aunt Mona was then growing hysterical.

"Listen, children," she cried — and proceeded to tell them what had passed. "You see, your father is so anxious on your account," she added sarcastically, "that he can't even wait for me to die before providing you a step-mother. I will let *you* choose. How would you like Mrs. Berrow?"

"Very much indeed," said Kate.

"I think she is just as good, and sweet, and pretty as she can be!" cried Louisa. "Mamma, I like Mrs. Berrow almost as well as I like you. But I suppose this is all nonsense," broke off the girl, laughing.

"To tell you the truth, Mona," interposed my uncle, who had again come in, "I *have* thought of Caroline Berrow. It is impossible to keep such ideas away when one's wife is in your state of health," he added with deprecation. "She would make a most excellent stepmother."

"Yes, I see you have been thinking of

her," returned Aunt Mona, rising from her chair in a fever of hysterical anger. "You have got your plans well laid out, husband, and you have infected the children with them. Oh, that I should live to be insulted like this! Maria, you are a witness to it. It is cruel, cruel! And I will live a hundred years if I can, just to spite you."

With the tears streaming down her still pretty face, Aunt Mona, leaving her decoction of herbs to its fate, sailed away. I felt most uncomfortable. The young girls must have been jesting, but for the first time I thought my uncle heartless. Mrs. Berrow, standing now outside the open window, had partly heard what passed.

"Mona only told me yesterday that she could not live a week," quoth she.

"She kissed me last Sunday when I was going to church and said she should not live to see another," spake uncle.

"Yes, and she has not yet bought us new dresses, or hats, or ribbons this summer," chimed in Kate. "She said it would be useless, we should so soon have to go into mourning for her. It is too bad for mamma to be so melancholy."

"And now she is going to live a hundred years," sighed Mrs. Berrow, in anything but a pleasurable tone. "But I must wish you all good-morning. I have not ordered my dinner at home yet."

"Uncle Butterfield," I said, feeling indignant, as the echo of her light footsteps sounded on the path and the two girls ran after her, "I—I have no right, I know, to speak so; but do you not think you are heartless to Aunt Mona—unfeeling?"

"I am sorry for it, if I am," replied my uncle, "but I'm only taking your aunt at her word. For years she has been telling me she was going to die, and that I had better be looking out for a second wife. I don't see that I could choose a nicer one than Mrs. Berrow."

"Has she bewitched you, Uncle Butterfield?"

"I don't think so, my lass. All the world recognizes her for a delightful woman. The children must have a mother, if their own is taken from them. What should I do without a wife in a house like this? As to planning-out beforehand—you must thank your aunt for that."

He set off down the garden with his long strides to overtake Mrs. Berrow. Sending the girls back, he accompanied her home. I could have beaten them both.

Upstairs ran I, somehow not caring to face the girls, to Aunt Mona's room, expecting to find her drowned in hysterical tears, and sorely in need of consolation. Not a bit of it. She sat before a mirror, arranging her still abundant and beautiful hair, which, during these years of illness, real or imaginary, she had worn plainly tucked under a cap. There was a fire in her eye, a flush upon her cheek, and a look of determination in her face, which augured anything but well for the prospects of the widow Berrow.

"I've heard every word you have been saying below," she exclaimed angrily, glancing at the open window. "I thank you for taking my part, Maria. You seem to be the only friend I have. The idea of that mean, low-lived, contemptible Widow Berrow being here in my place, and the mother of my children! If I were dead and buried, and she came as Thomas's wife, I'd rise from my grave and haunt her. But *I'm not dead yet*; no, and I don't intend to be, while that miserable jade walks the earth. I suppose she paints and powders to make herself look young and fair, for she's every day as old as I am; and when we were girls together, she was not half as handsome as I was. Mark you that, Maria."

"She does not paint or use powder, aunt; I am sure of that; though she does look so fresh and young."

"She is eight-and-thirty this summer, and she does not look eight-and-twenty," snapped Aunt Mona. "And I, with my years of suffering, look eight-and-forty."

"Yes, aunt, and your perpetual sufferings have brought on the look of age. If I were you, I'd throw them off and grow young again. You might, if you would. I remember how fresh and pretty you used to be, and how proud Uncle Thomas was of you."

"I *will* be so again," cried aunt resolutely, in an access of temper, "if it's only to disappoint that upstart woman. I'll throw off all my ailments, though I die in the effort, and be as young as she is."

"Aunt—Aunt Mona—I want to ask you not to be offended at some plain truths I am going to tell you. Your illness, during all these years, has been more imaginary than real; your natural nervousness has rendered you an easy prey to quack doctors and patent medicine vendors, who have had no regard to your health, but only to your husband's money. You have given way to your fancies and gone about like an old woman, the great-

est figure imaginable. Look at your gown this morning; look at the cap you have now put off! You might be well if you would."

"Perhaps, after all, old Stafford may be right when he tells me I have no organic disease," said she sadly.

"Yes, indeed he is; and now I want you to promise me never to take another drop of medicine unless prescribed by him."

"I never will."

"And oh, Aunt Mona, try to be cheerful, and to make home a happy place for your husband and children. Think how terrible it would be to lose their love."

"It seems to me that I have lost their love," was the despairing reply.

"No, I hope not; no indeed, Aunt Mona. They are just a little tired of your constant complainings — and I must say I don't wonder at it. Even the servants are tired. Think how long it is since you had a cheerful word upon your lips or a smile upon your face! If you would only be the loving wife and mother again, things would come right."

"All the same, Maria, you cannot deny that Caroline Berrow has turned out a deceitful crocodile. Think of her display of friendship for me, up to this very morning! Think of her setting her ugly widow's cap at your uncle before I am dead!"

"But you know, aunt, you have been as good as dead — in speech. Telling them, week in, week out, that you shall be in your coffin the next!"

"Well, child," she said, rather faintly, "I have been ill, I *have* suffered."

"Put your sufferings off, aunt; you can, I say, if you like; and circumvent — pardon the word — the widow and her cap-setting. Think how much you owe to God for all the many blessings he has showered down upon you, and how ungrateful it is to return him nothing but repinings."

Aunt Mona, brushing out her still beautiful hair, paused. A flush stole over her face.

"I never thought of it in that light, Maria," she softly said. "I will think of it; I will try."

And she began forthwith. That very evening she dressed herself up and went to the penny-reading concert, taking Kate and Louisa. Uncle Butterfield was there, sitting beside Mrs. Berrow. My mother, all unconscious of the treason, crossed the room to sit with them; I went to Aunt Mona. We all went home together

as far as our several ways led us; and though uncle did see the widow home, aunt did not begin moaning again.

How wonderfully from that time her appearance and manner changed, you would hardly believe. She grew young again; she grew cheerful; cheerful and more cheerful day by day. Her dress was studied, her servants, household, and children were actively cared for. She took to visit again and to go to church on Sundays; she invited friends to little parties at home. The pills and herbs and physics and decoctions were pitched away, and the bottles sold by old Sarah. Uncle Thomas was charmingly sunnily-tempered in the house, as he always had been — but he did not give up his visits to the widow Berrow.

"But he will in time, Maria," said aunt privately to me, a world of confident hope in her voice. "Only yesterday, he smoothed my hair down with his gentle hand, and said I looked as young and pretty in his eyes as I did the day we were married."

"Yes, aunt, you are *winning* him back, you see. I knew it would be so."

"And oh, child, I am so much happier than I used to be, with all my pains and my nerves and my lowness of spirits gone!"

It was a month or two after this, all things having been going on in the nicest possible way, that Mrs. Berrow one cold morning for December had come in, presented herself in Aunt Mona's parlor, a smile on her ever-pleasant face. I was there, helping aunt with the things intended for the Christmas-tree. She had not had a tree for years. Not been "able" to have one, she used to say. Uncle Thomas had told her laughingly this year not to spare the money over it.

Mrs. Berrow, coming in, I say, with her bright face, went straight up to aunt, and kissed her. Aunt Mona did color a little at that.

"I am come to ask you to my house for the 6th of January," she said. "You, Mona, and your husband, and the two girls. Your mamma has already her invitation, Maria, and yours too," she added, nodding at me.

"Is it a tea party?" questioned Aunt Mona stiffly.

"No: a breakfast. And I hope you will attend me to church beforehand — and see me married."

"Married!" I cried, staring at her.

"Yes, my dear. I have been engaged these many months past," she answered

with equanimity. "It is to my cousin Stanton—a very distant cousin as you know. We should have been married before, but for that business which took him to Spain. And when he got there, he found he was obliged to go on to Valparaiso. There he was detained again. Altogether it is nearly six months since he left England, but he is back now."

"And—you have been engaged to marry him all that while!" gasped aunt in her surprise.

"All that while, and longer. Since last April. Your husband has known it from the first."

"Oh, Caroline!"

"And has been transacting all kinds of business for us both, preparatory to the marriage."

"Why did you not tell me?"

Caroline Berrow laughed.

"Then—was that—that nonsense that you and Thomas talked together—about—about your succeeding *me* a joke?"

"Why, of course it was, you silly thing. As if your husband could have cared for me, or I for him—in that way. He has never cared, he never will care, for any one but his wife, Mona."

Aunt Mona burst into happy tears, and put her face down upon her old friend's neck to sob them away.

We all went to the wedding on the sixth, and Uncle Butterfield, looking so bright and sunny, gave the bride away. But neither of them told Aunt Mona what I learnt—that the plot was concocted between them to bring her to her senses.

And it did it, as you have seen. And there never was a woman more free from "nerves" and imaginary aches and pains than Aunt Mona is now. "I thank God for it every day of my life, Maria," she whispers to me sometimes. And I think we all do.

From The Contemporary Review.

THE LAST KING OF TAHITI.

AMONG the recent changes that have occurred in the South Pacific, none appear so likely to exercise a permanent influence on the trade of the future as the annexation by France of all the finest isles in the immediate vicinity of the Isthmus of Panama.

This great step has been accomplished so quietly as to excite little more than a passing comment from the world in gen-

eral, and no word of remonstrance from any of the great powers, who seem to consider the annexation of the Society Isles as merely the natural result of the "protectorate" which was established with so high a hand in 1843, when France virtually possessed herself of the Marquesas, the Paumotu, or Low Archipelago, and the Society groups.

To these she has still more recently added the Gambier Isles, which lie to the south-west, in the direction of Pitcairn's Isle, and has thus secured a very admirable semicircle of the four finest groups in the eastern Pacific. Here she can now consolidate her strength, and await the influx of commerce which must of necessity pass through this *cordon*, when M. Lesseps shall have opened the Panama Canal for the traffic of the world.

Here French ships will touch, on their way to and from the Loyalty Isles and Cochin China (the principal colonies of France in the western Pacific); and ships of all nations, plying between Europe and Australasia, will necessarily pass the same way and contribute their quota to the wealth of the French republic in the East, finding magnificent harbors, and now even arsenals, where much may be done in the way of refitting, if necessary.

Hitherto, the trade of the isles has been shackled by various restrictive commercial regulations, and official interference has tended in many ways to hinder the progress of these, as of all other French colonies. Now, however, that the farce of a protectorate, with separate and very confusing laws, has been abolished, and that the Code Napoleon reigns supreme, greater freedom of action seems to be allowed, and the foreign residents find their position better defined and altogether more satisfactory.

France seems, however, to aim at still wider dominion in the South Seas. That the independent isles of Raiatea, Bora Bora, and Huahine should share the fate of Tahiti, seems almost a natural sequence. But the tidings which have now reached England of French action in regard to the Hervey and Austral Isles indicate that our Gallic neighbors seek a still wider range of dominion.

The inhabitants of these isles, all peaceful Christians, happy and prosperous, and governed by their own chiefs, were recently startled by the arrival of a French man-of-war, whose captain informed them that their trade must henceforth be diverted from New Zealand to Tahiti, as Great Britain had agreed to leave France

undisputed mistress of all isles lying to the east of Samoa.

The people, who had at first received their French visitors with cordiality, at once took the alarm, and returned all presents which had been made to them; whereupon the captain informed them that the French admiral was then on his way to the Austral Isles, and would compel them to submit to a French protectorate. Great, therefore, is the alarm of all the islanders, who remember with terror every detail of the appropriation of the neighboring groups.

As an illustration of how the thin end of the wedge was applied, it may not be uninteresting at the present moment to recall the circumstances under which this protectorate was established.

In 1837 the French sent out an exploring expedition, commanded by D'Urville, whose somewhat remarkable official orders were "*d'apprivoiser les hommes, et de rendre les femmes un peu plus sauvages!*"*

The result of his report was, that the French decided on establishing themselves in the Marquesas, Society, and Paumotu Isles. Accordingly, in 1842 an expedition sailed from Brest to effect this purpose, its destination being a secret known only to its commander. The Marquesas were selected as the centre of operations.

A squadron of four heavy frigates and three corvettes, commanded by Rear-Admiral du Petit Thouars, accordingly astonished the natives by suddenly appearing in the lovely harbor of Nukuheva, and very soon these simple folk learnt the full meaning of the gay tricolored flags and bristling broadsides. The ostensible pretext for this invasion was that of reinstating Mowanna, the friendly chief of Nukuheva, in what was assumed to be his ancestral right—namely, that of ruling over the whole group of twelve isles, each of which had hitherto considered itself as a distinct world, subdivided into many antagonistic kingdoms. However, a puppet king was the pretext required, and Mowanna furnished it, and was rewarded with regal honors, and a gorgeous military uniform, rich with gold lace and embroidery.

Of course, he and his tribe of Nukuhevans were vastly delighted, perceiving that they had gained omnipotent allies, and when five hundred troops were landed

in full uniform, and daily drilled by resplendent officers, their delight knew no bounds. They recollected how, when in 1814 the U. S. frigate "*Essex*," commanded by Captain Porter, had refitted at Nukuheva, she had lent them a considerable force of sailors and marines to assist their own body of two thousand men, in attacking a neighboring tribe. The latter had offered a desperate resistance, and repulsed the allied forces, who, however, consoled themselves by burning every village they could reach, thus giving the inhabitants good cause to hate the white men's ships.

Now, with the aid of these warlike French troops, the Nukuhevans thought themselves sure of victory, with the prospect of retaining the supremacy. But when fortifications were commenced, and the troops surrounded their camps with solid works of defence, making it evident that the occupation was to be a permanent one, a feeling of detestation, mingled with fear of the invaders, gradually increased, and was certainly not lessened by several sharp encounters, in one of which a hundred and fifty natives are said to have been slain. However, the reign of might prevailed, and the tricolor has floated over the Marquesas unchallenged from that time to this present, when a French governor and staff rule in the isles; a French bishop, priests, and sisters, endeavor to counteract the teaching of the American Protestant mission; and French *gens d'armes* strive to keep order among a race who have not wholly forgotten their old intertribal feuds, and the joys of an occasional cannibal feast.

This appropriation of the Marquesas was immediately followed by that of the Society Isles, whither Admiral du Petit Thouars proceeded in the "*Reine Blanche*" frigate, leaving the rest of the squadron at the Marquesas. He anchored in the perfect harbor of Papeete, and sent a message to Queen Pomare to the effect that unless she immediately agreed to pay somewhere about thirty thousand dollars as an indemnity for alleged insults to the French flag, he would bombard the defenceless town. The said insults were very much like those offered by the lamb to the wolf in the old fable—the pretext raked up being simply that Queen Pomare and all her people, having already become staunch Christians according to the teaching of the London Missionary Society, had positively refused to allow certain French priests to settle in the isles and found a Roman Catholic mis-

* To tame the men, but induce the women to become a little more timid.

sion, with a view to proselytizing. These, proving obstinate in their determination to remain, had, with all due honor, been conveyed on board a vessel about to sail for some distant port, with a sensible recommendation to pursue their calling on some of the many isles which were still heathen.

The French admiral insisted that, in addition to paying the indemnity demanded, the people of Tahiti should, at their own expense, erect a Roman Catholic church in every district where they had built one for their Congregational worship.

The unhappy queen, terrified lest the arrogant Du Petit Thouars should commence bombarding her helpless capital, yet utterly incapable of complying with his unjust demands, fled by night, in a canoe, to the Isle of Moorea, knowing that no decisive action could be taken in her absence. Her best friend and adviser throughout these troubles was the British consul, Mr. Pritchard. The admiral perceiving this, caused him to be arrested and imprisoned. After being kept for ten days in solitary confinement, he was put on board an English vessel out at sea, and forcibly sent away from the islands without a trial or investigation of any kind.

On his arrival in England, the British government naturally demanded an explanation of such proceedings. M. Guizot replied, that the French authorities at Tahiti found they could make no progress there, because of Mr. Pritchard's great influence with the queen — in other words, his determination, if possible, to see fair play. The French government, therefore, approved the action of its officials, but promised to indemnify Mr. Pritchard for what they themselves described as his illegal imprisonment and pecuniary losses. We have, however, Mr. Pritchard's own authority for the fact, that in the year 1880 he had never received one single *sou* of the promised indemnity, and England apparently considered it the part of wisdom, if not of honor, to let the subject drop.

So the pirates (for certainly, in this matter, the French acted as such) compelled poor Queen Pomare and her chiefs to yield to their demands. Some, indeed, strove to make a brave stand, and drive the invaders from their shores; but what could these unarmed islanders do against artillery?

They retreated to their mountain fastnesses; but French troops pursued them

thither, built scientific forts, and remained masters of the position. It was a South Sea version of

The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold.

But in this case the lamb found no deliverer.

The good, sensible queen, who had proved herself so wise a ruler of a happy and peaceful people up to this terrible November, 1843, was now declared incompetent to govern. The French protectorate was established, and the "Reine Blanche," having saluted the protectorate flag, desired the queen and chiefs to do likewise — an order which they were unable to obey till the admiral politely offered to lend the necessary gunpowder.

Thus was the buccaneering expedition carried out, and the French established as rulers in the three groups.

Sorely as Queen Pomare's proud, independent spirit must have chafed under their tutelage, she contrived to endure it for thirty-five years. Born on the 28th of February, 1813, she succeeded her brother, Pomare III., in January, 1827, and reigned supreme till 1843. On the 17th of September, 1877, this loved mother of her people passed away, and with her all that was truly representative of their ancient independence.

I happened to arrive in Tahiti just at that period.*

A large French man-of-war having been sent on a special mission to Fiji (where I had for some time been living as a member of the governor's household), I was most courteously invited to go on a cruise through the Tongan, Samoan, and Society Isles. The crowning point of delight, to which all on board were looking forward, was that we should arrive at Papeete in time for the joyous festival held on the anniversary of the protectorate, when crowds of the light-hearted people — ready for mirth on any pretext — would assemble at the capital.

Like most things to which we have greatly looked forward, our first impressions of Tahiti were sadly disappointing.

We arrived in a gray, howling storm, and everything looked dismal. Though we coasted all along the beautiful isle of Moorea (formerly called Eimeo), the envious cloud capped its lofty ranges, only

* "A Lady's Cruise in a French Man-of-War," by C. F. Gordon Cumming. Published by Messrs. Blackwood & Son, Edinburgh.

showing a peak here and there. Certainly such glimpses as we did catch were weirdly grand: huge basaltic pinnacles, of most fantastic shape, towering from out the sea of billowy white clouds which drifted around those black crags; and below the cloud canopy lay deep ravines, smothered in densest foliage, extending right down to the gray, dismal sea, which broke in thunder on the reef.

With strong wind and tide against us, as we crossed from Moorea to Tahiti, it was a great relief when, passing by a narrow opening through the barrier reef, we left the great tossing waves outside, and found ourselves in the calm harbor, which lay sullen and gray as a mountain tarn. At first we could see literally nothing of the land; but after a while it cleared a little, and through the murky mist we discerned the fine, massive mountains rising from a great gorge beyond the town of Papeete — a pleasant little town, with houses all smothered in foliage, which in fine weather is lovely, being chiefly hybiscus and bread-fruit. But the former is of that very blue-green tint which in rain looks as gray as an olive grove, while each glossy leaf of the bread-fruit is a mirror which exactly reflects the condition of the weather — glancing bright in sunlight, but in storm reflecting the dull hue of the leaden clouds.

And on the dreary day of our arrival, sea and sky were alike dull and colorless — all in keeping with the sad news with which the pilot greeted us as he came on board, namely, that Queen Pomare had died a fortnight previously, and that the people were all in deepest dule. Instead of all the great rejoicings, and balls, and *himené*-singing (the national music), and all the varied delights of a Tahitian festival — the sunlight, the flowers, the gay dresses of all rainbow hues — we beheld crowds pouring out of the native church (for it was Sunday), all dressed in the deepest mourning, from their crape-trimmed black hats to their black, flowing robes, which are all, without exception, cut on the pattern of the old English *sacques*, worn by our grandmothers — that is, a yoke on the shoulders from which the skirt falls to the feet and trails behind. The effect is very easy and graceful. It would be impossible to devise a cooler dress, as it only touches the neck and shoulders, and (very loosely) the arms. The one under-garment is low-necked, short-sleeved, and of such a length as to form a sweeping skirt, thus combining chemise and petticoat in one

cool article of raiment. The dress is the same as that worn in the Sandwich Isles; but there it is worn shorter and fuller, and, like everything else in that group, loses the grace and elegance which appear to be inherent in Tahiti. Now all looked sad and sombre. There were no flowers, no fragrant wreaths, no arrowroot crowns, no snowy plumes of *reva reva*; even the beautiful raven tresses of the women had all been cut off (so at least, we were told, and certainly none were visible). This was mourning indeed; and the *Court Circular* had ordained that the whole nation should wear the garb of woe for six months! I confess I bewailed the ill-luck that had brought me to Tahiti at so inauspicious a moment, and just too late to see the fine old queen, heroine of so many of my earliest dreams of South Sea romance.

After a while, however, I found, as usual, that my luck was not altogether bad. About two months previously the French Admiral Serre had arrived, bringing a new French governor. Very grievous domestic affliction had befallen the latter, and had so shattered his nerves as to render him utterly unfit for the post.

The person who would naturally have succeeded him in office, had unfortunately made himself so obnoxious to the queen, that she informed the admiral that, should he be appointed governor, she would at once retire to Moorea, thereby bringing all business to a deadlock. Thereupon the admiral promised that her will should be respected, and announced that he would himself assume the office of governor till such time as a fresh appointment could be made in Paris. M. La Barbe remonstrated. The admiral bade him be silent. He persisted, and was immediately placed under arrest for fourteen days; at the end of which time his sword was restored to him, and he had to put it on and go to thank the admiral formally for his goodness in restoring it! But, as his presence in the isles would henceforth have been unpleasant, he and his family were shipped on board a big transport, which was about to sail for France, and were deported without further question.

At this moment Queen Pomare died suddenly, to the exceeding grief of her people. Great was their anxiety to know what course the French would next adopt, there being good reason to fear that even the semblance of the ancient rule would now be dispensed with — a course which appeared the more probable as Queen

Pomare's sons had not been remarkable for their steadiness, and the royal family was in a somewhat disjointed condition. The admiral, however, devoted his whole energies to bringing together its various branches, healing their breaches, and inculcating sobriety, and generally getting them into a satisfactory condition.

He then proclaimed Ariiaue, the eldest son, and his handsome young wife, Marau, aged seventeen, to be king and queen, under the titles of Pomare V. and Marau Pomare, a ceremony of which the *Messenger de Tahiti* gave full particulars, under the heading, "Le prince royal, Ariiaue, est salué roi des Iles de la Société et dépendances," and told how the Legislative Assembly of Tahiti had been convened by "M. le Contre-Amiral Serre, Commandant-en-chef, Commandant provisoire des Etablissements français de l'Océanie, pour reconnaître et acclamer le nouveau Souverain de Tahiti."

The Legislative Assembly received with acclamations the decisions of the omnipotent admiral, who not only proclaimed Ariiaue king, but further settled the succession for two generations to come. Queen Marau being half English (daughter of Mr. Salmon, an English Jew, married to one of the highest chieftainesses of Tahiti), any child to which she might give birth was excluded from the throne in favor of the little princess Teriivaetua, daughter of the king's brother, Tamatoa, and the charming Moë — ex-king and queen of Raiatea — thus securing the pure Tahitian blood-royal.

Failing issue of the little princess Vaetua, the succession was secured to her cousin, Prince Terihinoiatua, commonly called Hinoi, a very handsome boy, son of the third royal brother.

These decisions gave great satisfaction to the Tahitians, who, though well aware that all real power had been taken from their chiefs, still valued its nominal possession. It was, therefore, with a general feeling of pleasure that they hailed the announcement that this modern king-maker intended to escort the royal couple on a grand tour of their dominions, in order to receive in person the homage of all their people.

Greatly to my delight, Admiral Serre most kindly arranged that I should be of the party — a most exceptional piece of good luck, as under no other circumstances could I have seen either the country or the people to such advantage. It was really like a bit of a fairy-tale — in every respect a most delightful trip —

good weather, good roads, and most agreeable company. Besides the royal party there were about twenty French officers from the flag-ship "Magicienne," and also their excellent brass band, consisting of twenty sailors, admirably trained by one of the officers, himself an excellent musician. Though we were so large a party, everything in the whole expedition was admirably arranged, and there was always good accommodation provided, and everything was done comfortably.

Each district possesses a very large *cheferie* or district-house, built for public purposes. Like all the native houses they consist chiefly of a heavy thatch roof, rounded at both ends, supported on a mere frame-work of posts, and leaving the sides all open, save at night, when they are curtained. They generally have good wooden floors, often smooth enough to dance upon. In these our feast was generally prepared, and always gracefully served. Our night quarters were also most comfortably arranged, and I was especially charmed by the beds provided for us — very large and soft, stuffed with the silky tree-cotton; abundant pillows, real musquito nets and light curtains tied back with gay ribbons, and such pretty coverlets of patchwork — really triumphs of art-needlework; those most in favor have crimson patterns on a white ground; the designs are highly effective. It seems that a Tahitian housewife prides herself on her snowy linen and downy pillows — a very happy adaptation of foreign customs.

The island of Tahiti is divided into twenty districts, and it was arranged we should visit two each day. So each morning our procession of fifteen wheeled vehicles started at 7 A.M., preceded by native outriders carrying the gay district flag, which made a pretty bit of color as we passed along the green glades. A drive of seven or eight miles brought us to our halting-point, where we found masses of people assembled to sing himenés of welcome — all, however, dressed in black, relieved only by wreaths and handkerchiefs of yellow, or else by a wreath or hat of snowy white bamboo or arrowroot fibre, and in their hair soft plumes of snowy *reva reva* — a filmy ribbon extracted from the cocoa-palm leaf. I was delighted to discover that many of the women, who were supposed to have cut their beautiful long hair in mourning for old Queen Pomare, had only shammed, and their glossy black tresses were allowed to reappear.

Having halted and feasted at the morning district, we started again about two o'clock, drove seven or eight miles further — always through lovely country, and by a wide road of firm green turf, which follows the course of the shore — and so we reached our night quarters, when we were again received by assembled multitudes and congratulatory himenés. Then the band played — as it had done at our noon-day halt — to the great delight of the people, and we strolled about, and found enchanting bathing-pools in some of the many crystalline streams, of which we crossed one hundred and fifty in a drive of one hundred and sixty miles! I need not say that bathing in the tropics is one of the chief delights of daily life. At sunset we reassembled for a great dinner, served European fashion, for each district possesses its own crockery, glass, knives, forks, spoons, etc. The admiral provided French wines and bread. Then followed more himené-singing, while we sat listening, entranced, either in the great house, or on the beautiful seashore, in the perfect moonlight.

This was the outline of each day; but, of course, in every district we found special incidents of interest, and the exquisite beauty of the scenery was an ever-varying delight. The weather was perfect — not too hot, yet sunny. A brisk trade-wind brought the sea roaring and tumbling in heavy breakers on the coral reef about a mile from the shore where our road skirted the calm lagoon, so blue and peaceful and still. We drove through districts which seemed like one vast orchard of mango, bread-fruit, banana, faes, large orange-trees, lemons, guavas, citrons, papawas, vanilla, coffee, sugar-cane, maize, and cocoa-palm, together forming a succession of the richest and most varied foliage it is possible to conceive. Sometimes we amused ourselves by counting such few trees as were *not* fruit-bearing, but even they were, for the most part, fragrant with blossom. Here and there the broad grass roads are edged with avenues of tall plantains, very handsome in a dead calm, but too delicate to endure the rough wooing of the riotous trade-winds, which tear the huge leaves to ribbons, and give the avenues an untidy look. It was on the 15th of October, 1877, that we started on this grand tour. Ariiaue, or rather Pomare V., led the procession, accompanied by his brother Tamatoa, and his little nephew Hinoi. Then followed the admiral, with his aide-de-camp and myself, in a comfortable open carriage, with ex-

cellent horses and a great half-caste driver. Queen Marau came next, with her lovely little sister, Mahnihinihi, and little Vaetua, who is next in the succession. Sundry and divers vehicles followed, containing the French naval officers, and some others. A few of the party preferred riding. The luggage had already been despatched in heavy *fourgons*, and the band, filling a couple of *char-à bancs*, likewise preceded us.

We halted at various points, where deputations had assembled to welcome the king, and about eleven o'clock reached Punavia, a lovely spot on the seashore, at the mouth of a beautiful valley, above which towers a grand mountain peak. A ruined French fort on the shore, and two small forts further up the valley, recalled the days when Tahiti made her brave but unavailing struggle for independence. Breakfast was prepared for us in a native house, which was decorated in most original style with large patchwork quilts, in lieu of flags, and relieved with graceful fronds of tree-fern.

Here, as at most other feasts, there was a considerable consumption of raw fish, which is considered a very great delicacy, and one for which many foreigners acquire a strong liking. There is no accounting for tastes! King Ariiaue, who took great care of me at meals, tried hard to teach me this enjoyment, and on my objecting, declared it to be mere prejudice, as, of course, I ate oysters raw — he might almost say alive. To this I could answer nothing, well remembering the savage delight with which I have often knocked oysters off rocks and branches, and swallowed them on the instant. But then they are so small, and some of these fish are so very large. Perhaps one's instinctive objection is to their size. Those most in favor are of a most exquisite green color.

During breakfast and afterwards, the glee-singers of the district sang himenés, — most strange and beautiful part songs. Afterwards dancing was suggested, and I, recollecting the wonderful grace and picturesque charm of the very varied dances of Fiji, which are like well-studied ballets, looked forward to seeing those of Tahiti. But they proved very disappointing. Neither here nor anywhere else did we see any dance except the *upa upa*, which a few men volunteered to perform as a specimen of the old national dance. It is the identical dance which we have seen at Arab weddings, and in other lands — merely an exceedingly ungraceful wriggle,

involving violent exertion till every muscle quivers, and the dancer retires panting, and in a condition of vulgar heat. In heathen days it was the distinguishing dance of an atrocious sect called the Areois — religious fanatics and libertines of the vilest order, who were held in reverent awe by the people, and allowed every sort of privilege. They travelled from village to village in very large companies, sometimes filling from fifty to eighty canoes. Wherever they landed great sacrifices were offered to the gods, and for so long as they chose to remain in one place they were the guests of the chief, and had to be provided for by the villagers, whom they entertained by acting pantomimes and reciting legends of the very unholy gods, wrestling, gesticulating, and dancing, till they worked themselves up to a pitch of frenzy which was considered religious, and the night was spent in the wildest orgies. Their dress on these occasions consisted only of a little scarlet and black dye, the seeds of the vermilion plant and charcoal furnishing the materials.

Such being the associations connected with this most unattractive dance, it was for many years discountenanced by the chiefs, in their determination to put away every trace of heathenism. But under French influence it has been in a measure revived, and though the more respectable natives consider it objectionable, a certain number of dancers crop up at every village. Their position, however, appears to be no higher than that of strolling jugglers at an English fair.

In the afternoon we resumed our drive by the soft turf road, where the wheels glide so smoothly and silently, no jarring sound disturbing the harmony of nature. Here, as on each succeeding day, our path was one continuous panorama of delight. On the one hand, endlessly varied foliage, and great green hills towering in strange fantastic form, seamed by dark valleys and crystal streams; and on the other side lay the calm, glittering lagoon, reflecting, as in a mirror, the grand masses of white cloud, and bounded by the long line of breakers, flashing as they dashed on the barrier reef. Beyond these lay outspread the vast Pacific, its deep purple, dashed with white crests, telling how briskly the trade-winds blew outside. And, far away on the horizon, the rugged peaks of Moorea rose clear and beautiful, robed in ethereal lilac.

We halted for the night at Paea, a charmingly situated hamlet of clean, com-

fortable houses, only divided from the white coral sand by a belt of green turf and fine old iron-wood trees. (The iron-wood of the Pacific is a very different tree from that bearing the same name in America. In the Pacific it always means the casuarina, and has dark, hair-like, pensive foliage. It is a mournful tree, and is generally planted near graves. It is the *noko noko* of Fiji, where, in common with the crimson *drœcina*, it is consecrated to the dead.)

The pride of Paea is its very large house for public entertainment. Here we found dinner laid, in European style, for three hundred guests. At one end was an upper table, where the chiefs of the district entertained the royal party, while the other tables were ranged down the sides of the building; each family in the neighborhood having undertaken to provide for one table, and there assemble their own friends. The whole great building was beautifully decorated in Tahitian style, with palm-leaves and tree-ferns, and festoons of deep fringe made of hybiscus fibre, all dyed either yellow or white. There must have been *miles* of fringe used in decorating that house. Yellow is happily admitted in court mourning, so most of the people wore at least a yellow necktie, a symptom of mitigated affliction, to express the pleasure that now mingled with their grief for the good queen: —

Le Roi est mort — Vive le Roi !

We went to dinner in most orthodox fashion, the admiral conducting Queen Marau, and Ariiaue taking me. The table decorations were most curious and effective. At the first glance there appeared to be a series of white marble centre vases, which on close inspection proved to be graduated lumps of the thick, fleshy banana stalk near the root. In these were inserted branches of the thorny wild lemon-tree, and on each thorn were stuck artificial flowers made of colored leaves, or of the glossy white arrow root fibre, or bamboo fibre, such as are used in making hats; and from some there floated a silvery plume of the lightest silky film, like fairy ribbons. This is the snowy *reva reva* extracted from the interior of young cocoa-palm leaves — a difficult operation, requiring the neatest hand and long practice. The worker keeps a split stick, stuck in the ground beside her, and into its cleft fastens on end of each ribbon as she peels it, otherwise the faintest breath of air would blow

it away. It is the loveliest gossamer you can imagine.

At the end of the feast, Tamatoa gave the example of adorning his own hat, and those of his neighbors, with these lovely plumes and all the pretty, fanciful flowers. Then we adjourned to the grassy shore, and watched the clear full moon rise from the calm sea, while the glee-singers sang their soft, beautiful choruses.

I wish it were possible to describe Tahitian *himenés*, so as to give others the faintest idea of their fascination. But the thing is impossible — they are a new sensation, utterly indescribable. No music of any other country bears the slightest resemblance to these wild, exquisite glees, faultless in time and harmony, though apparently each singer introduces any variations that occur to him or her. The musicians sit on the grass, on mats, in two divisions, arranged in rows so as to form two squares. A space is left between these, where the "conductor" (should there chance to be one) walks up and down, directing the choruses. But very often there is no leader, and all sing apparently according to their own sweet will, introducing any variations that occur to them. One voice commences — others strike in — here, there, everywhere, in liquid chorus. It seems as if one section devoted themselves to pouring forth a rippling torrent of Ra! — Ra! ra-ra-ra! while others burst into a flood of La! — La! la-la-la-la! Some confine their care to sounding a deep, booming bass in a long-continued drone, somewhat suggestive, to my appreciative Highland ear, of our own bagpipes. Here and there high falsetto notes strike in, varied from verse to verse, and then the chorus of la and ra comes bubbling in liquid melody, while the voices of the principal singers now join in unison, now diverge as widely as it is possible for them to do, but all combine to produce the quaintest, most melodious, most perplexing wild, rippling glee that ever was heard. Some *himenés* have an accompaniment of measured hand-clapping, by hundreds of those present. This is curious in its way, chiefly as a triumph of perfect time; but I do not think it attractive. The clear, mellifluous voices need no addition, and as they ring out suddenly and joyously in the cool evening, I can imagine no sound more inspiring. Yet none can be more tantalizing, for however often you may hear the same fascinating tune it somehow seems impossible to catch it. The air seems full of musical voices, perfectly

harmonized — now lulled to softest tones, then swelling in clear, ringing tones, like most melodious cathedral chimes heard from afar on a soft summer night.

In many instances the singers compose their own words, which sometimes describe the most trivial details of passing events, sometimes are fragments of most sacred hymns, according to the impulse of the moment. Probably the last fact gives us a clue to the origin of the word *hymn-ené*, but I fancy that the words are often those of much older and less seemly songs than the hymns taught by the early missionaries. Some of the airs, too, are really old native tunes, while others were originally imported from Europe, but have become so completely Tahitianized that no mortal could recognize them; which is all in their favor, for the wild melodies of the isle are beyond measure attractive and characteristic.

At every stage of this royal progress, we were greeted by these bands of glee-singers at least twice a day, and often three times; they sang as though they could never weary.

I, a guileless stranger, accepted this delight as a matter of course, supposing that music was the life of these happy people, and that they warbled like birds, really because they could not help doing so. But it was all a delusion. It appears they only sing on occasions, and though I remained six months in the Society Isles, all the *himenés* I heard were crowded into the first fortnight. After that I only heard one, and that a very poor one. But the hideous dancing, which is the only ugly thing in Tahiti, and which was reduced to a minimum during the stay of the paternal admiral (who strove so hard to inculcate the practice of all virtues), received so great encouragement after his departure, that all its votaries assembled at Papeete, and their evening revels took the place of the pleasant gatherings at the band, which were among the marked features of the early part of my visit. Consequently, the more respectable section of the community were conspicuous by their absence, and an atmosphere of peace, amounting to stagnation, took the place of the stir and bustle which figured so largely in my first impressions of Tahiti.

But to return to the royal progress round the isles. On the following morning we were all astir by five A.M., and started immediately after early coffee — every one cheery and good-tempered — on every side hearty greetings, "Yarra-

na! Yarra-na!" and sounds of careless laughter and merry voices. There is certainly a great charm in the pretty, liquid language and in the gentle, affectionate manner of the people, who seem to be overflowing with genial kindness. Two hours drive us to Papara, where a grand reception awaited the young king and queen, Mrs. Salmon, the queen's mother, being chieftainess of the district. Her true native name is very long, and I fear I cannot write it correctly, so my readers must be content with that of her husband. She had assembled all her vassals in most imposing array, and a double row of himené-singers lined the road singing choruses of congratulation, taken up alternately on the right hand and on the left with very pretty effect. Many relations of the family had also assembled to greet their royal kinsfolk, including two more of Mrs. Salmon's pretty daughters, and her handsome sons, fine, stalwart men. Very quaint ceremonial garments were presented to the king and the admiral. They are talled *tiputa*, and are the ancient Tahitian dress of great occasions. They are precisely similar in form to the Spanish *poncho*, being passed over the head and falling over the back and chest, to the knee. They are made from the fibre of bread-fruit bark, and covered with flowers and twists of the glossy arrowfoot fibre, each stitched on separately. To the queen, the admiral, and myself, were presented the most lovely crowns of the same silvery arrowroot, while for the gentlemen were provided garlands and necklaces of fragrant white or yellow blossoms, and charming hats of white bamboo fibre, manufactured by the ladies and their attendants.

The house was most tastefully decorated with great ferns and bright yellow banana leaves, plaited to form a sort of fringe. Wild, melodious himenés were sung all the time of the feast, and afterwards the band played operatic airs, till it was time for us to resume our journey.

In that district much cultivation has somewhat impaired the beauty of wild nature, large tracts of land having been laid out for scientific planting of cotton and coffee, and, after all, the fields have been abandoned; the crops, left to run wild, are now rank, straggling bushes, struggling for life with the overmastering vines or with the wild guava, which, having once been imported as a fruit tree, has now become the scourge of the planters, from the rapidity and tenacity with which it spreads and takes possession of the

soil. At the same time, a scrub, which yields wholesome and abundant food for men and beast, cannot be said to be altogether an evil.

It is not often that civilization improves the picturesque beauty of a country, but assuredly the lovely hills and valleys of Tahiti and Moorea have greatly gained in richness by the introduction of the fruit-bearing trees which now form so important a feature in the general wealth of foliage, the dense thickets of orange-trees having all grown from those brought from Sydney by Mr. Henry, one of the early missionaries. Strangely enough, the most healthy trees are those which have grown, self-sown, from the seed carelessly thrown about by the natives, when they retired to some quiet valley to brew their orange rum in secret. These trees have thriven far better than those much cared for and transplanted.

The splendid mango-trees, whose mass of dark foliage is now so prominent a feature on all sides, were introduced less than twenty years ago by the French, who have taken infinite trouble to procure all the very best sorts, and have succeeded to perfection, for in no other country have I tasted any to compare with the mangos of Tahiti. In the Sandwich Isles they are very inferior fruit, with a flavor of turpentine, and in most groups of the Pacific they have scarcely been introduced yet. Once even indifferent stocks have taken to the soil, it is a comparatively simple matter to graft good sorts. The difficulty lies in conveying them alive. I took an immense amount of trouble, while in Tahiti, in the endeavor to introduce this valuable tree to Fiji. With infinite toil I myself collected, carefully dried, and packed upwards of ten thousand fine mango stones, and despatched one case *viâ* New Zealand, another *viâ* New Caledonia. Imagine my regret on hearing that on the cases reaching their destination, after their three months' detention on the way, every seed was found to have sprouted and died!

A pleasant afternoon drive, through fragrant orange-groves, brought us to Papeooriri, where Queen Marau offered me a share of the house assigned to her (which, being purely Tahitian, and not built of wood as so many now are, felt like living in a bamboo cage), exceedingly airy and transparent, but lined with temporary curtains of white calico to screen us from the general public. We strolled along the coast till we found a delightful bathing-place, where the Anapu River

flows into the sea. The two pretty girls, of course, bore us company, as also the queen's handmaid, who was laden with *pareos* and towels; the *pareo* being simply a couple of fathoms of bright-colored calico, which, knotted over one shoulder, forms an efficient and picturesque bathing-gown.

We returned just in time for such a fish dinner as Greenwich never surpassed. Fish of all sorts and kinds, cooked and raw to suit all tastes, excellent lobsters and crabs, huge fresh-water prawns, delicate little oysters which grow on the roots and branches of the mangrove which fringes some muddy parts of the shore. But most excellent of all is another product of the briny mud, altogether new to me, a hideous, but truly delicious, white cray-fish, called *varo* or *wurrali*. We all registered a solemn vow never to lose a chance of a *varo* feast. The tables were decorated in a manner quite in character, having pillars of the banana root stem, white as alabaster, with a fringe of large prawns at the top, and a frieze of small lobsters below—a very effective study in scarlet and white.

On the following day we crossed the ridge which connects the peninsula with the main isle. We journeyed to one end of it, slept there, then retraced the road to the isthmus, and went down the other side, as there is no passable road round the further end. The scenery here was, if possible, lovelier than on the great isle, and we spent delightful days strolling about the beautiful shore, and living in villages of bird-cage houses with kindly people, who seemed never weary of warbling like thrushes, nightingales, and larks, all in chorus. The very best hymenés of Tahiti were those we heard on the peninsula. The houses are embowered in large-leaved bananas and orange-groves, and gay with rosy oleanders and crimson hybiscus.

On the two following days we repeated much the same story, as we made our way round the other side of the isle, always by the same delightful grass road, with days of calm sunlight, followed by clear moonlight. At Tiarei we were heartily welcomed by a kind old chieftainess, who kissed us all on both cheeks, down to the aide-de-camp, when the queen's laughter stopped her proceeding to the remaining eighteen officers.

A most lovely drive along a basaltic shore (the road being cut on the face of the cliffs) brought us to Papenoo, which is close to a broad, clear river, where, of

course, we bathed, then rambled in the warm moonlight, and sat on the shore, where the rippling wavelets murmured on a pebbly beach. The chief gave the half of his large house to the queen, who shared it with me, he and his family occupying the other end. Of course, it was really one large room, but travellers soon learn the art of rigging up curtains, and so improvising separate quarters.

On the night of our return a very pretty surprise awaited us. The Tahitians had determined on a grand demonstration in honor of Admiral Serre, to prove their gratitude for the good he has done in many ways and his sympathy with the people, especially as shown in the support of their ancient rulers. It had been arranged that we should remain at Point Venus till evening, and drive back to Papeete after sunset. It is a distance of twelve miles, and the moon being late we knew that a few torches would be necessary for the last part of the way. Instead of this, we were met, nine miles from the town, by crowds, and a large body of splendid, stalwart men, bearing torches, twelve feet long, of cocoa-palm leaves. These, some on horseback, some on foot, headed the procession, and were continually joined by new comers, till at last there were fully a thousand torches blazing, throwing a ruddy glare on the rich glossy foliage of bread-fruit and palm, while the smoke gave a dreamy, mysterious look to the whole scene. The effect was altogether very striking, and as the procession was only allowed to advance at a foot's pace for the sake of those on foot, the band fell into the spirit of the thing, and played cheery tunes, such as the Tahitians love. At the entrance to the town all lights were extinguished, to avoid all danger of fire, for the air was full of sparks from the cocoa-torches, and the dry wooden houses are too combustible to run any risk. So we came in in the dark, a great crowd, but all quiet and orderly.

A week later, a French man-of-war took the same large party to the island of Moorea, there to repeat the ceremony of visiting each district. Of all the multitude of beautiful isles I have visited, Moorea undoubtedly deserves the palm. Such marvellous basaltic needles and pinnacles, gigantic dolomite forms, like vast serrated shark's teeth, towering in mid-air, apparently rising from above the clouds, and the lower mountains and valleys clothed with vegetation of the same rich character as that of Tahiti. Here

our transit from one village to another was by boat, all in dead calm water, within the coral reef, giving us the very best opportunity of seeing the coast to perfection.

Our first night's halt was at Haapiti, where the king and queen were magnificently received by Mrs. Brander, the queen's eldest sister, herself the great chieftainess of the isle. A large and very pretty temporary building had been erected for the great feast. It was built of palm and bamboo, and entirely thatched, with large, glossy fronds of the great bird's-nest fern. It did seem cruel to sacrifice thousands of these beauties for one day's feast. However, it might well be said of them here, —

In wasteful beauty showered, they smile unseen,
Unseen of men ;

for each of those valleys and ravines is a mine of hidden loveliness, which few care to explore, save those adventurous spirits who climb like goats in search of the wild banana — the faes, which, unlike others of that family, carries its huge cluster of fruit upright instead of pendant, and grows most richly in the most inaccessible nooks.

The interior of the hall of feasting was lined with tree-ferns and oleanders, and festooned with miles of yellow hibiscus fibre. It was lighted with Chinese lanterns. Here were assembled a very large number of Mrs. Brander's relations and retainers — each with a shawl of yellow native cloth thrown over the black dress to express mitigated mourning. She herself wore only black, with a most becoming crown of arrowroot fibre, and plume of reva reva. I ought to record her native name, which is of a preternatural length — namely, Tetuanuiyeiaiteruiatea. The pretty name by which she is known to her friends is Titaua, and the two baby daughters who accompanied her are Paloma and May, the youngest of a pretty flock of nine sons and daughters, the eldest of whom was born when her mother was but fifteen ! After her in the procession came several gentlemen, wearing very handsome tiputas of bread-fruit cloth bark, richly ornamented with fibre flowers, and fringed with reva reva. The labor expended on making them must have been very great. They made the usual address to the king and the admiral, and the people sang joyous himenés of welcome. Then the chiefs presented their tiputas, and all present threw their yellow scarfs and their pretty hats and plumes at the

feet of the royal party. I noted this with especial interest, having so often witnessed the same form of homage among the Fijians, who, at the close of their dances, invariably deposit their finery at the feet of the principal persons present.

Many picturesque incidents in the course of our beautiful expedition round Moorea rise to my memory, and visions of such beauty of scenery as could hardly be surpassed in the most enchanting of dreams. One splendid grove of glossy-leaved tamanu trees* remains especially impressed on my mind, in connection with the very best himenés we heard in all our travels, some of the women having very fine falsetto voices. That tamanu grove, and a few noble old casuarina trees close by, mark the spot where, in heathen days, many a human sacrifice was offered to the cruel gods. Now a Christian church occupies the site of the ancient Marai, and all is peaceful and happy.

About two miles inland from that village of Tiaia lies a lake about a mile long. It is not attractive, its waters being brackish and its banks muddy, but it contains good fish, and wild duck haunt its sedgy shores.

At a later period I returned to this isle of beauty, on a visit to the French *pasteur* (the Protestant Mission having found it necessary to send French clergy to the assistance of the missionaries of the London Society, in order to be able to claim their rights as French citizens, and so counteract the government tendency to show great favor to the priests).

About the same period I had the pleasure of again forming one of an expedition to the atoll group of Tetiaroa, where Pomare was duly recognized as sovereign. Altogether his position was apparently secure, and all save a very favored few in Papeete were taken by surprise, when one fine day in June, 1880, it was suddenly announced that the king and his native governors had ceded the kingdom to France, and that same afternoon the protectorate flag was hauled down and the tricolor run up.

What influence was brought to bear on Pomare V. is not known, but doubtless the certainty of a life pension of twelve thousand dollars a year (to be enjoyed in peace, in his own fashion, free from the incessant tutoring which made his kingly rank a burden, devoid of all honor) was a very strong inducement. The annexation of Tahiti was formally proclaimed in

* Tamanu : Tahitian chestnut.

Papeete on the 24th of March, 1881, and was made the occasion of a brilliant festival, such as the light-hearted crowd are ever ready to welcome.

Great were the official rejoicings. From every ship in the harbor, and every corner of the town, floated the tricolor, which, being freely distributed, likewise adorned the tresses of the women and the button-holes of the men. Great was the noise of big guns, and the amount of powder expended on salutes. An imposing column of all branches of the service — sailors and marines, marine artillery, with their guns, infantry and *gens d'armes*, marched round the town, headed by the band. "A Tahiti, comme en France, on aime à voir passer les soldats," says the *Messenger de Tahiti*.

So the lovely little town was *en fête*. Every himené-chorus had arrived from every corner of the isles, making the whole air musical. Thousands of natives, all in their brightest, freshest dresses, kept up incessant movement in the clear light or cool shade. Everywhere games and feasting were the order of the day. In the governor's gardens a brilliant banquet, for upwards of a hundred persons, was served in a great tent, all as graceful as the combined taste of France and Tahiti could make it. Then followed a lovely garden festival — games, music, waltzing, with a night of brilliant illuminations and fireworks. All these, combined with lovely surroundings and perfect weather, made the great official festival of Tahiti a day which the French naval officers very naturally consider one to be remembered forever, but which, perchance, may have caused some of the older inhabitants an angry and bitter pang for the independence of their country, thus lost forever. C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

From All The Year Round.
CECILY.

"It's the fault of there being such a large family, dear, that's all."

"And a very bad fault too."

"Dick! Don't you like the family?"

"Not as I like you, child, and not enough to like them to monopolize you and take up all your time and thoughts and interests so that I, whom you are going to marry, can hardly get so much as a word or look from you."

"Who is with you now, Dick?"

"Yes, for three minutes at the garden

gate, because if I come inside you will be surrounded by the whole lot of them next moment; and for anything we may want to say to one another we might as well be at opposite poles. You mayn't mind it, Cecily — you don't seem to do so, at any rate; but, upon my soul, it's hard lines on a man who loves you."

It is an evening in April. The land is all aflush with the pink blossoms of the almond and the white blossoms of the pear. Behind the low brown hills the sun is sinking slowly in a primrose sky. The west wind stirs the tender bristles of the green-plumed larch, and bears sweet violet whispers on its breath; and propping our four elbows on the mossy gate which bounds the vicarage garden, we two lean looking into each other's eyes, my lover and I.

He is very handsome always, rather angry just now, my lover; but I know that the anger comes from love, and so I think more of the first fact than the second, as I look up smilingly into the brave blue eyes, bright with a passionate gleam, and mark how well the broad, square-cut shoulders and shapely head stand out against the golden glory of that evening sky. I am so proud of him in my heart, my Dick, with the warm heart and hot tongue and clever brain, so proud of his caring for me that at the mere touch of his hand my heart goes leaping like a singing brook, and it is only silly shyness which makes me answer his earnestness with a laugh.

"And pray, sir, do you expect me to be always at your beck and call? I'm sure you get your fair share of attention."

"Do I?" he says gravely. "When I wait a whole week for the chance of one walk with you; and when the promised day comes you coolly send me word that you've got something else to do, and are too busy even to see me!"

"And don't you think it was any disappointment to me to have to do so?" I exclaim with a touch of indignation. "Why I — I nearly cried when the Wheel's invitation came for that day. I knew Kitty had set her heart on going; and as she loves tennis so, and it was the first time they had asked her —"

"But what had that to do with you? You didn't go."

"No, but don't you know Thursday is mothers' meeting and coal-club day; and then there are the children. Some one had to see to them all."

"And that 'some one' must be you?"

"Who else is there but Kitty and I,

now dear mother is gone? Dear Dick, do be reasonable. Of course it is very pleasant to be with you, but these duties must be done, and surely, surely, while a girl is at home, her first duty is to her home people. Afterwards," with a shy, upward look, "it will be different. I shall belong to you then and can do as you like; but now — now I belong to them, and they have the right to come first."

"Then I wish to Heaven the right was mine, as it should have been a long while ago; and that brings me to the point I want. Cecily, will you marry me in June? No, don't start away as if I were saying something dreadful. Haven't we been engaged for years already, with the full consent of your people, and on the promise that as soon as I could make a comfortable home for you we should be married? I might have claimed that promise two summers ago, and again last autumn when I was offered the making that new Canadian line. I refused it, only because I knew you wouldn't leave home so soon after your mother's death, and I could not bear to go away without you; but now there is this other job of the same sort in Perthshire and they say I can have it for the asking. The works are to begin in July, and if we are married in June — dear Cecily, my own darling love, do say that we shall be; do give me what I ask. Think how long I have waited for you already and how badly I want you, and come to me. Cecily, dearest, if you love me say you will. Say it now."

"In June!" I repeat, my eyes wide with dismay, and drawing myself still further back; for he has caught both my hands in his, would have caught me into his arms altogether but for the gate which is between us; and I am afraid lest one of "the others" should come suddenly upon us. "June! Only two months off! Dick, Dick, what nonsense, and Frank at home in disgrace, and papa and he getting on so badly, and the children still without a governess! Why, we couldn't even think of such a thing till after Christmas at the soonest, and then — well, Kitty will be a little older then, and Frank will have been up for his second exam. If he does pass that, it will cheer papa up a little, and he may feel better able to spare me; but June! — Dick, you promised not to be in a hurry."

"I never promised anything of the sort; but if I had done so I should have kept my promise over and over again. Cecily, will you ever find a lover who has waited as long as I have done already?

and yet you talk of my waiting on for another year still! If you loved me in the least you would be as tired of these delays as I am; but you don't, and I see it only too plainly. You don't even know what love is. You —"

"Hullabullero, hullabulloo! Cecily, Cis, where are you?" shouts a boy's voice from the laburnum bushes behind. "There's the tea-bell ringing like mad, and Teddy's spilt the milk all over his pinafore, and — my eye, Dick, is that you spooning with Cissy?"

"Don't be silly, Dick. Let me go. Please let me go," I stammer out hurriedly; but I have no need to repeat the request. At the first sound of my rough-tongued little brother's voice Dick has dropped my hands and stepped back.

"Let you go? Oh, certainly," he says with a strange, bitter accent in his voice. "For good if you like. I expect it will come to that some day. Good-bye," and off he goes, striding over the dewy grass and under the milk-white blossoms of the thorn-trees without another word or look.

I cannot run after, or plead with him, because schoolboy Tom, with his quick ears, and terrible sense of fun, is already at my side. I can only call out, "Dick, won't you come in to tea," and, when he doesn't look back or answer, make a pretence of believing he had some other engagement, and hurry back to the house to see after Teddy and the tea-table. It does not take me very long to endure the former with a clean pinafore and reduce his chubby face and hands to cleanliness; but hasten as I may, the babel of tongues which reaches me through the dining-room door shows me that the family are gathered there already; and on entering the room I find the whole of them, father excepted, assembled about the table: the twins playing an Irish jig with the handles of their knives against the urn. Maude is pouring out milk into a teaspoon for the kitten which is perched on her shoulder; Frank leaning back in father's arm-chair by the fire, and dividing his attention between the last number of the *Cornhill* on his knee, and the anathemas he is freely bestowing on the turmoil around; and Kitty, who might be of some help in appeasing it, laughing and listening to Tom, who is giving her an absurd and highly colored description of the "spoon scene" at the gate, Dick represented as striding away in a fury, while I on my knees and dissolved in tears implore him to remain.

It is too bad. Of course they don't

really mean to hurt me; but it is too bad; and the worst of it is that I dare not show my vexation. The twins, who are Indian children under father's guardianship, are saucy and riotous enough at all times; and now they are in fits of laughter, and looking eagerly at me with their little sharp eyes in hope of discovering sufficient signs of confusion or distress in my face to give them a hold over me for future occasions; while even Frank condescends to join languidly in the joke and ask "Had Cissy then been lamenting for her Dick, and did he bully her and spoil her appetite for tea? Better dry her tears before it got cold, and send him about his business altogether."

Well, I do my best to meet the attack. I should like to deny all grounds for it; but that mischievous Tom has got poor Dick's final words too patly by heart for me to be believed; so I face them on their own grounds, laugh instead of crying (it is rather difficult, for I have a decided lump in my throat), and declare Dick may go to Hong-Kong so long as I may have my tea in peace. At the same moment Maude creates a happy diversion by a little shriek and the announcement that "a thief is in the garden."

Of course she is assailed by a volley of questions and exclamations, and there is some incredulity when she avers that she saw a tall, dark man in the verandah staring in at us, and that he slunk away directly he caught her eye. Still, there was a burglary in the village about two months ago; and as, thanks to the loveliness of that primrose sunset, the venetians have not been closed when the lamp was lit, any one lurking in the dusk without could have had an excellent view of our tea-table, with its solid silver teapot and cream-jug and the minor articles of value scattered about. Francis and Tom therefore sally forth to search the garden; and though they fail to find any one there, and return very angry with Maude and incredulous of her story, it has had one good effect. Poor Dick's spurt of temper is forgotten, and tea proceeds without further allusion to him.

I can think of him instead, and I do so at my own time, the only time I can really call my own, when the little ones are all in bed and asleep and the mending-basket closed for the night, and even the long effort at making something like congenial conversation between father and Frank has been terminated by the latter going out for a smoke, and the former shutting his big book on divinity with a bang, and

ordering me to light the candles and go to bed. It is then that I can think of Dick; and as I do so my heart grows so sore and tender that the foolish tears of which Tom falsely accused me before rise in reality to my eyes, and I even indulge myself with a little sob at the thought of the angry parting of which I pretended to make so light a few hours since. I cannot bear Dick to be angry with me, Dick, who for all his quick, fiery nature, is gentle as a woman in general with those he loves, and who has been so tender and true to me all these years, that at times his very generosity makes one forget that those who give much have a right to expect much in return.

A long engagement is a very trying thing. Not that it diminishes the mutual love of those most concerned; but that it is apt to lessen the outward expression of it, and bring about unintentional slights and apparent coolnesses, and it is trying too from the fact that the longer it lasts the less consideration or sympathy it seems to elicit from those even most nearly allied to the lovers; and who, when the first *éclat* of the affair is over, are apt to regard its lengthened existence with something of impatience, not to say contempt. Dick and I have been engaged an immense while, four years before mother died; and he was ready and waiting for me when she was first taken ill nearly a year before that. I remember what a disappointment it was to him when the first postponement of the marriage occurred then, and how dear mother sympathized with us and promised to make haste and get well; but I don't think the rest of the family gave a thought to it at all; and when, instead of getting well, she died, and my presence as the eldest became more necessary than ever, the home party seemed to agree to look on me as quite as much of a fixture as the old clock in the hall, and to regard poor Dick as an unauthorized and somewhat tiresome interloper, whose rare demands on my time and attention could be either laughed at or ignored by even the youngest of his sweetheart's home belongings.

And I fear that long custom has almost inured me to this, and, dearly as I love my lover, to giving a tacit assent at any rate to the theory that whoever's wishes are to come first with me, his, and of course mine, must inevitably be last.

I don't see him often. He is a civil engineer and too busy to pay frequent visits to our quiet village; but during this one his patience has been tried more than

usual. We have hardly been together ten minutes; and when I look back to this evening and recall how cavalierly I met and dismissed his tender, passionate pleading for the fulfilment of that old promise, I feel that, even though I could give him no other answer in the main, he has a right to feel hurt and angered, and I meditate a more loving greeting to him in the morning, and a *tête-à-tête* walk to be stolen somehow out of household duties. It will not be difficult to make friends with him. He is very forgiving always, my lover.

How beautifully that morning dawns! Is there anything more lovely than those early April days when the sun rises in a turquoise sky through the feathery rifts of rose and silver clouds, when the furred white buds of the chestnut and the glossy brown buds of the beech are opening on every side, and the tender green leaves parting and fluttering on the wanton breeze?

When daisies pied and violets blue,
And lady smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight.

When the "roaring moon of daffodil and crocus" is hardly gone and catkins swing on every hazel bough, and down in bosky woods the golden palm glitters like a fairy tree above a purple sheet of violets; when the lark goes trilling, trilling above the fields where the young green wheat slopes down in emerald waves, and lambs are leaping and linnets pairing and

Beehives wake and whirr,
And rabbit thins his fur.

And golden in the sun
Rivulets rise and run
And lilies bud, for springtime is begun.

Is there ever a gayer, gladder time in all the year; or a gayer, gladder morning than this when I rise and look, across the frothing snow of pear-blossoms and meadows paved with golden buttercups, to the red roof of the village inn, half hidden in elm-trees, beneath which Dick lodges? Perhaps he may be striding across those meadows now to pay us an early visit and bring me a bunch of violets. He has done so once or twice; but father doesn't like visitors at breakfast and I'm afraid Dick has found it out; at any rate he does not come to-day and so I go down to breakfast, give the orders for dinner, set the twins to their studies, and am just going to assist Maude through

her laborious efforts at wading up the scale of D, when the maid brings me a letter which she says has just come from the inn, and I see it is from Dick.

How thankful I have been since then that I left Maude and went away to read it by myself; for even the first words seem to daze and dazzle me! It begins, "My dear Cecily," and then I sit and read and re-read the rest over and over again, how long I never knew, with eyes that see yet see not, and a heart which beats, yet refuses to comprehend. How can it? The sun is still shining, the birds singing, the daffodils nod their golden-chaliced heads to the whispering wind. How can I, poor little Cecily Vernon, understand that the sun that has shone over my life so long has gone out of it all at once and forever, that I may never hear again those tender whispers which have been sweeter than any music to me since my childish days! For Dick is gone, and this is what he tells me.

When he went back to the inn he found a letter awaiting him from the contractors for that Canadian railroad of which he had told me before. The man who had been appointed in his place had turned out utterly incompetent, the works were barely commenced, and the directors now wrote to offer him again the post he had refused with a larger salary than before; but with the added proviso that he must sail within the week. It was a liberal offer, and he was still very hot and angry. On the spur of the moment he sat down and accepted it; and then in the act of sealing the letter repented him of what he had done. Perhaps he remembered how long we had loved one another and what bitter pain parting would be; at any rate he put the letter in his pocket and came up to the vicarage to tell me again that if I would marry him in June he would still accept the smaller appointment in lieu of this; or if that were really impossible would arrange to come back from Canada in the autumn, make me his wife, and take me back with him.

Well, you guess what he found? A whole family laughing and making game of him, mocking at the pain which had driven him away, the love which had brought him back; my laugh — Heaven help me, mine! — the loudest in the party, my hand aiding in the jest which was amusing a set of thoughtless boys. "And so," he wrote, "I went away, and I write this now to bid you good-bye. My eyes have been opened at last, and I see only too plainly that the years which have only

intensified my love for you have withered yours at the root, that my visits have been a weariness, my fidelity a jest. Perhaps some day I may live to be thankful that I have learnt this lesson even so late, but I cannot do so yet; nor can I bring myself to the useless pain of meeting you again. I go back to my old lodgings at once, and sail for Canada this week. Would to Heaven you had told me the truth which sends me from you before, but I do not blame you for not doing so. You were always gentle at heart, and I believe you could not bear to hurt me to my face." And then he bade God bless me, and signed himself, "Yours ever faithfully, Richard Meredith."

What do other people do or say when such a blow falls on them? How do they feel? I seem to feel nothing, to think nothing. I am crushed, that is all, and like a crushed creature I sit there crouched up with the letter on my knees, deaf and blind and dead to all around me; and the hours go by and people call me; but I don't hear; and some one comes in and speaks, but I don't understand, and when the words are repeated startle them by breaking into a short, harsh laugh. "Dinner, and the young gentlemen making a noise, and will I go down and carve?" Dinner and carving! and Dick, my Dick gone away, gone — unless God be merciful and help me to keep him — gone forever! Are they mad that they who have brought me to this expect me to go down to them, when my heart is breaking and my whole soul one wild ache to get him and put my arms round his neck, and beg him, pray him to forgive me! Are they mad or stones?

Well, I go down. I cut the meat and serve the pudding; and though I cannot say one word, and there must be something in my face which frightens the boys, for they stare at me with wondering eyes and are strangely good and quiet, I never break down once, or rise until the meal is quite ended; and then at last I escape, and as I write to Dick the tears which have been frozen till now break forth like rain and blot the words as fast as they are penned.

For of course I answer him. I have read — in novels — of girls who when they have hurt or angered their lovers are too proud to write or say one word for pardon; but I am not like that. I love him too dearly, ill as I may have proved it, and stupid and shy as I have been of showing my affection by outward signs, I am too conscious of the depth of his

love for me to let any false shame or misunderstanding rest between us; and so I write and just tell him the whole truth about that luckless scene, tell him how dear he is to me and beg him humbly and with tears to forgive me and love me still; not to give up his journey (if he has accepted the post I know that cannot be), but at least to come to me before he goes and say good-bye; and to take my promise that at whatever time he wants me I will be ready to be his wife whether he can come back for me, or I have to go out to him. Other women have done that much for men who love them, and why not I for Dick, who has waited for me longer than many lovers already and signs himself mine "faithfully" still?

So my letter is finished at last, and I walk across the fields myself (I will not trust it to any other hand) to put it in the post. I do not do so in our own village. I started with that intention; but a remembrance of my swollen eyes and pale, tear-blotted face deters me. I dare not show myself in the little street where every man, woman, and child knows "Miss Cecily and her lover," and will make their comments on my woe-begone appearance; so I walk on briskly to a hamlet two or three miles off, and I dare say the fresh air and exercise do me good; for though my hand trembles as I drop the missive into the worm-eaten slit of the rustic post-office I feel better already when it is done; and as I turn slowly homewards I fall to counting the hours that must pass before it is in Dick's hands, and again those other hours before I can get his answer. If he writes by return I can't hear till the morning of the day but one following; but he may not be able to write even so quickly, and on the other hand if he comes instead of writing — ah, God grant it! that would be good indeed — he might be with me as early as to-morrow afternoon. With that thought it is impossible to be utterly down-hearted, and I reach home with my mind braced to wait, if not cheerfully, at least with patience.

And I do wait, wait patiently indeed, but with a daily lessening hope, a daily failing heart; for Dick does not come, nor is there any answer to my poor, tear-blotted letter. Suns rise and suns set. The daisies ope their red-tipped petals to the morn, the wood-sorrel folds her emerald leaves at dusk. The swallows that dipped and shot like living arrows through the sunlight of the early day hie to their nests beneath the eaves at night; but neither by day nor night comes there any

answer to my prayer for pardon. Gradually, gradually the bitter truth creeps into my heart that those words "yours faithfully" meant, not what my foolish trust believed, but the brief signature of stern formality. Dick has left me. His love, tried perhaps before to stretching, snapped before the forced merriment of that foolish laugh; and because he had not the heart to say so he has held his peace and gone; gone for good.

It is astonishing to see how little the family seems to think of his departure. To be sure they know nothing of the cause. How should they unless I told them? and that, somehow, I cannot bring myself to do. After all, the most of them are only children, and they did not mean to hurt me; besides, while there is any hope of his coming or writing, I would not have them guess we had quarrelled at all; and afterwards — afterwards it is too late. Words may embitter, they cannot heal a broken heart; and so I hold my secret close and only wince in silence when I hear them talking lightly of Dick's going to Canada; or when Francis, to tease me, asks if I ever expect to see him back again and what I will bet that he doesn't find a new flame on the voyage out. Even little Teddy invests in a toy-boat to play at "Cissy's Dick sailing away," and father calmly says it was a good thing he went. He thought the lad an utter fool to refuse such a berth the first time it was offered; and though it was a pity he hadn't time to come and say good-bye, it would never have done to risk losing it by farewells that can be said just as well on paper. That is all; and after a while even that sort of talk dies out, and except for an occasional question or remark, Dick might almost be forgotten, and no one notices how pale and silent I have grown, or how resolutely I shrink from even the few gaieties which crop up in our quiet neighborhood. "Cecily was always quiet," "Cecily likes staying at home," "What a much more sociable girl Kitty is!" that is what the family, and the little world outside say; and it is true enough. There is only one thing I want now, and that is to be let alone to drudge away at those household duties which once came between my Dick and me, but which are all I have left now to help me to carry on my cross from day to day, and to keep me from that "sorrow's crown of sorrow, remembering happier things."

It is spring again now: the second

spring since my lover left me. Twice already have the fields been red with poppies, and the deep woods brown with falling leaves. Twice have we dressed the church with ivy and holly, and hung big bushes of mistletoe in the vicarage hall. Francis has "passed" long ago and got his commission. Tom is at Rugby; and the mother of the twins has come home from India and taken her offspring away; and now it is spring once more, and instead of being in the country to watch the ferns uncurl their furry green fronds, or to wade ankle deep among the lush grasses of the water-meadows for the marsh-marigold's golden blossoms, I am making my way slowly, and with the nervous air of a country girl unused to noise or crowds, through the narrow streets and dingy squares of one of the most closely-packed districts in the heart of London. I have come up to town to buy summer dresses for Kitty and Maude, and on other domestic business; but these duties have been achieved; and now, before I go home again, I am bound on an errand which though I would not dare own it to any one (for indeed I know it to be both vain and foolish) has been pressing on my heart ever since I left home, with a yearning persistence to which, even though it be unmaidenly, I cannot choose but yield.

It is to visit Dick's lodgings, where he always lived when he was in London; and the address of which I have known by heart this many a year. Perhaps they may be occupied by other people, in which case my journey will have been in vain; but, if not, I feel as if it would be a comfort to me afterwards just to have breathed the air he breathed, to sit in the chair where he must have sat and read my letters many a time and oft; and I have no fear of meeting him. He is in Canada still, that much I learnt only a little while ago from a line in a Montreal paper, sent me by a friend who knew us both; and perhaps I have a faint idea in my mind that the landlady (Dick used to say she was a kind, motherly old woman) may tell me something more of him.

I go there accordingly, and make my little excuse about wanting to see the rooms for a friend — I hope it is not very wrong to say so — and even manage to get out his name as the person who once recommended them to me. That proves an "open sesame," however, for Mrs. Brown beams with smiles on the instant, and begs me to walk up-stairs, "which fortunately the rooms are vacant, and just

as they were when Mr. Meredith was there himself, for times and again he'd said to her: 'Now, Mrs. Brown, don't you go doing nothing to these rooms; for comfortabler couldn't be, and if ever I returns to London it's back to them I shall come and nowhere else.' And, by the way, ma'am, if so be you're a friend of that dear gentleman's, perhaps you can give me his address. There's a letter been lying 'ere for him this ever so long. It come about six months after he left, enclosed in a note to 'the owner of the 'ouse,' saying as whoever posted it had dropped it into a gap between the post-box and the inside of the wall, and there it had stuck, no one finding it till a few days before. My son said as how they ought to ha' opened it, an' sent it back to the writer; but maybe (as it come from some little country place) they didn't know; and 'twasn't for me to take such a liberty. Besides, I've been thinking all along as Mr. Meredith might turn up any day. I'm sure when he went away he looked that miserable as I shouldn't ha' wondered to seen him home by the next mail, and—but, dear heart, miss, how deadly white you be! Is it the stairs as was too much for you? Sit 'ee down a minute, do 'ee sit down while I run for a glass of water. You do look ill to be sure."

Do I? But I cannot answer or protest. I am standing there in Dick's own room, the room where he sat and worked and wrote many and many a letter to me in the happy days of old; the last room perhaps in which he ever ate a meal or rested before he sailed away from me and England together; and yet I cannot look at it. I cannot think of it. A haze has come before my eyes, and a numbness over my brain, for there on the table before me lies my letter, the very letter, blotted with tears and soiled and crumpled with age, which I posted with my own hand two years ago, and which—ah! I see it all now, how could I think him so hard, so unforgiving, I who ought to have known his nature better!—which he never received at all.

I must be very weak, or the shock is too great; for as Mrs. Brown leaves the room I sit quietly down and faint away.

It is only for a minute, however. The sunbeams which were shining on a pot of yellow crocuses in the window have not moved a hair's-breadth; and faintly on the clear cool air I can still hear the bells from some distant church which were calling the people to a saint's-day service

when I came in. Even Mrs. Brown has not returned with the water, and there is a buzz of voices down-stairs, hers and some of her lodgers' perhaps who have delayed her; but I am not sorry for it. I want a moment or two to rally my scattered senses and steady my shaken nerves. I have been bold enough in coming here at all, I who bade my lover go without one tender word or kiss for fear of a school-boy's laugh, but all my courage is gone now before the sight of that soiled and yellow envelope, and the thought of those long, long, weary months of waiting, those longer, wearier months of disappointment and abandonment which have robbed the roses from my cheeks and the brightness from my eyes, and sent Dick away, a lonely and embittered man, to a foreign land. And there is no recalling them, no going back; for who knows where he is now, or if he has not forgotten me altogether, perhaps learnt to love some one better— There is a step at the door; but though I know it is Mrs. Brown I cannot look up, or raise my head from the hard deal table where it is bowed. All my long self-restraint, all my painful, pitiful efforts at womanly reticence and bravery have broken down at last in a burst of childish grief; and the tears so long held back break forth in a blinding rain, and my face is hidden in my hands. So it happens that some one coming in sees me before I see him, or can so much as dry my eyes, and utters an exclamation of surprise.

"I beg your pardon," he adds very quickly. "I only came in because my old landlady has been telling me something about a letter, and a lady—" And there he breaks off, for I have lifted my head, and as our eyes meet there is a cry.

"Cecily! Cecily! Is it you? Oh, my darling, my love, what good angel brought you here to give me the sight of you!" and somehow, somehow, in one moment, all the pain and grief and weariness, all the bitter bravery of days when "the burden laid upon me seemed greater than I could bear" are gone, blotted out like breath from a glass; and there is nothing but joy and peace and rest, rest perfect and serene to mind and heart and body; for I am in my lover's arms, and my tired head is drawn down upon his breast; and I hear his voice, the dear, tender voice of old, murmuring prayers for forgiveness mingled with such words of love and fondness as I never thought would greet my ears again on this side of the grave.

The bells have ceased to chime. The

yellow crocuses bend and shiver before the sharp cold breeze, but we two stand in the April sunshine, and the light, which falls on Dick's bronzed head and kisses the crushed white hyacinths in my breast, is no brighter than that which brightens our two hearts on this the sweetest spring-tide of our lives.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
"POOR WHITE TRASH."

CHRONOLOGY is no test of antiquity. Wherever we see progressive, restless men, politicians, artists, men of affairs and society, like our beloved Periklean Greeks, we feel that they are men of to-day, our own inspiring and instructive companions. Wherever we see stationary, contented men, who plough with a stick, and fight with a club, think the earth to be flat and their ancestors gods, there are your ancient, outgrown generations, whatever their date. Thus the primitive ages of bronze and stone still linger among Patagonian and Oceanic savages; Homeric races exist in Russia and Africa; you can see what feudalism was if you hasten to Japan before the race it there has reared passes away; and yes, you may even see your own ancestors in the heart of the Appalachians of the eastern United States.

I have made personal experience of these truths lately, in a visit of two months to the mountain region of Kentucky. I was there so shut off from the nineteenth century that it was like a dream to think that out beyond the mountain barrier, existed a contemporaneous world, full of ideas, projects, motion. And now, how like a dream it is, to think that in the heart of *this* world exists that other, of men who have never heard the shriek of an engine, the click of the telegraph, the whirr of machinery; of men who, in many cases, neither read nor write, who never take a newspaper, and who often can barely count ten. These are the "no account" people, the "poor white trash."

They are attached to the land in two relations: they are either tenants of some large landholder, and pay their rent in produce; or, more rarely, they are independent owners of little "patches." In either case, they raise an easy living of maize and bacon, and are therewith content. They all live in log-houses, with a great chimney at one end, into which a mighty

fireplace, fit for a yule-log, opens from the interior. I was quite startled, a few days ago, by seeing identically such a chimney in the vicinity of Ely. The wide chinks between the badly-fitting logs are plastered up in winter with mud, which is knocked out in summer to let the breezes in. Many of these houses have no window, and depend for light on the door or the fire, according to the season. I once had occasion to need a candle in the night, but I was seventeen miles from a match, and had to send to a neighboring house, whence my wants were supplied by a pine torch, lit from the embers on the hearth. I have never seen more than three rooms in a house, and frequently there is but one. In this the whole household sleep, and the "stranger within their gates" shares with them the floor and fire.

My Kentucky hostess was the owner of something like three thousand acres of land, and in her company I visited many of the "poor white trash," tenants on her own or neighboring farms. One Saturday, we went to see a "foot-washing" at a little church several miles away. Soon after breakfast, my friend and I were in the saddle and on the way—a charming way, through the bright American air of an October morning; up-hill and down-hill, through woodland and clearing, now by rough and stony paths, now by bits of half-made road, and over the creeks by primitive fords. It needed but a change of costume and one wild bugle-call, to change us all to mediæval times. Rounded mountains stretch away from the rough, wooded knolls close by to the soft, purple curves in the horizon. Ragged cultivation varies the scene with interest, if not with beauty. Here, the wild verdure of a square of woodland has been all burned away; the tall trunks, stripped and blackened, stand gaunt in the midst of rank, uneven maize or sweet potatoes. There, the whole valley lies open to the sun and rich in corn. Every mile or so, a little log-cabin sits in a varied growth of beans, potatoes, maize, and tobacco; over its fence sprangles a squash-vine in ungainly joy, and the precious melon-patch has not yet lost all its melons, prime resource of Kentucky hospitality in these autumn days. The cabin has for its roof-tree, perhaps, two or three tall stalks of sorghum, waving about their dried-up, long, yellowish pennons; but more likely it has a high-grown castor-oil bean, whose palmate leaves and dead-red, clustered fruit give a tropical sense to the

eye. Doubtless, too, it has a "piazza," emulating the stately pillared coolness of the southern villa by a shaggy roof of bark, upheld by crotched saplings, fresh cut from the wood. Under it stands the water-pail, a dry gourd floating about in it to serve as a glass; under it hang the saddles and brooms, the gear of house and cattle; under it, perhaps, an old woman sits spinning or weaving.

Often we pass by groves of young paw-paws, whose long leaves already cover the ground with a yellow carpet. Here and there a solitary fruit clings to the twig, but for the most part they have fallen to the children and pigs, who have a great appetite for this small, insipid, banana-like fruit. The pigs have not given up hope yet, and still haunt about, rustling the dry leaves, and every now and then suddenly running forth into the road, to the terror, which seems half playful, of our horses, who veer at every appearance of the black little beasts.

Occasionally we meet a woman slowly jogging along on horseback, a child behind her, lightly holding by her dress, while another sits in her lap. In some mysterious way she seems to manage with perfect ease the horse, the baby, the switch, and the umbrella she holds above her. Passengers are few, however; those we do meet pass us with a bow and an indistinct greeting, unless, as is generally the case, they know my friend, when they say, "How do you make it, Miss Laura?" to which she cheerfully replies, "Very well, thank you."

When we reach the last creek, the horses wade into the deepest middle, and there stop to drink, while we look up and down. It is a pretty scene — the broad, clear stream overhung with rich foliage, sun and shadow and reflection playing in its waters, green mosses glinting brightly here and there where a rough root or boulder lifts them into morning light. And over the stepping-stones down at the turn of the creek, in her brilliant white sun-bonnet, goes a Kentucky maid, bare-foot and slender, with a water-melon under her arm.

A pull up the steepish bank, a moment's ride in a noble native avenue of oaks, and we are at the church. It is a rough structure of hewn logs; at one end, a huge outside chimney rises, made of stones picked from the field or the stream, and unshaped by any tool. Just six logs make the side wall. From one of these logs, a longish section has been cut, and into this a rude window fitted, two panes high and several

long. Below it flaps a board which serves as a blind at night. Thus Kentucky gains that necessary "dim religious light." The ragweed grows undisturbed up to the walls on every side, and a row of saddled horses stands tied to the "snake-fence" close by. These two facts alone indicate that this rough cabin is a church. It must be admitted, however, that it is built far more solidly and carefully than most houses in this region.

Within, two or three rough benches stand about at every angle, as they may; one or two seats are made of boards, laid across stones that are equal neither in stability nor height. A rough kind of scaffolding serves as a pulpit, on which now stand a water-pail, a rusty tin basin, and two or three straw hats.

Like house, like audience; the women are all in sun-bonnets, the plainest of calico gowns, and great aprons — the men in homespun or jeans, and mostly in homespun. They sit about as it chances; a great dog lies sleeping in the middle of the floor; a little boy tries a somersault once in a while over the back of a bench; a bareheaded woman with her hair down her back, sits nursing her child on the floor, with two or three half-grown girls in slouchy sun-bonnets for company; others walk about as the spirit moves them; but as for the preacher — like Tennyson's brook, —

Men may come and men may go, but he goes on forever.

At last, a short intermission is announced, in which the people sit around on the grass outside and eat great lunches, which they have brought in carpet-bags hung to their saddlehorns. Presently, a sort of discordant wail sounds forth from the church; it is intended for the singing of a hymn, and the people slowly put up their ancient carpet-bags and return to the service. The communion proper now begins. There is at first nothing unusual about it except its style. During our absence a rough little table, unsteady in the legs, has been set out and covered with a coarse but clean white cloth. Upon this stand a bottle of wine and two glasses, and two plates of unleavened bread. After the latter is passed, what is left is tumbled off upon the table, and a glass of wine set on each plate. When this returns its remaining contents are carefully poured back into the bottle through a funnel, an operation which absorbs the whole interest of the congregation. Without waiting for the end of the services, nor in fact for

anything else, a woman immediately comes up and hustles the whole "plunder" into her carpet-bag. Meanwhile her "back-hair" falls down, but nothing disturbs the preacher, who goes right on, solemnly and regularly.

The peculiar part of the communion, the foot-washing, now followed, for this sect believes that we are bound to obey the command to wash one another's feet as literally as the other commands given in regard to the sacrament. The preacher, telling them to prepare by taking off their shoes, pulled off his coat, tied a towel about his waist, took the basin and washed the feet of the nearest man; he, in turn, washed his neighbor's feet, and so on, the last man washing the preacher's feet. The women did not join in this part of the ceremony. After it was over, the preacher tried to turn the water out of a broken window-pane, but, not succeeding, he set down the basin with great deliberation as though he had attempted nothing.

Now followed a hymn. There was but one hymn-book in the whole church. This the minister and three men, chosen for their stentorian powers, held between them after the fashion of one of Luca della Robbia's groups. The minister read a line, then every one sang it independently, coming to a sudden stop at the end and waiting for the next line. Thus they worked their way through to the end of four stanzas; the whole congregation then stood until the minister, with much seriousness, shook hands with each one. The "foot-washing" was over. The women climbed into their saddles with the help of the snake-fence or of the stout hand of some friend, and all were off.

The dignity of these later proceedings had been no less striking than their simplicity. These people had been present at what was, to them, a rare and impressive ceremony, and their feeling for it made an atmosphere which any sensitive visitor must feel, in spite of the dog, the rusty basin, the sun-bonnets, and the logs; the human spirit makes its own drama. This had been a sacred place and a sacred time to these hearts; to them there had been no incongruities. To us, doubtless, fresh from Boston Trinity, its congregation and its pastor, this rough cabin, this rude pastor and his ruder flock, seemed foreign enough to all our ideas of worship; but these people had no such standard; church and service alike were in perfect harmony with their whole life and with all their ideas; *we*, indeed, were the

incongruous element, with our outside manners and fashions.

As we were leaving the church, the preacher invited us, and nearly half his congregation beside, home to dinner. He himself belonged to rather the better class of "poor whites." He had three rooms in his house, sent his children to school, sometimes even taught school himself. The room into which he first introduced us was furnished with two great feather-beds, a spinning-wheel, and a table; his water-pail had a tin dipper in it instead of a gourd. I laid my hat aside on the bed, when it was speedily, though with some shyness, seized on by the women, who presently began to "try it on." The men meanwhile sat and talked, rocking their chairs back and forth. I was pleased to hear the preacher close a discussion upon the dogma of foot-washing in the following liberal words: "I read the Book that we should wash feet; the early disciples practised it as much as they did the rest of the sacrament, and ez for those who say we have no record of it, neither have we any record of the practise of the rest of the sacrament. But if anybody reads the Book differently, let him believe it, and *all be friendly*." He was a man of breadth in his own range. The talk then ran off to politics, the grand question being—if a man might carry "concealed weapons." The majority of the company were of the decided opinion that he should be allowed to carry them, but be "brought up right smart," if he used them for anything but self-defence.

Dinner was now ready; although about a dozen great water-melons had already been eaten; but the Kentuckian never counts water-melons. On our first arrival, a dog had been sent out to catch the chickens, while the two daughters ground maize for fresh meal, between two mill-stones! We had for dinner everything that the land and the season could produce—chicken, bacon, green maize, beans, sweet and Irish potatoes, honey and baked apples, biscuit, "cookies," cake, and a jovial apple pudding. We could barely catch a glimpse of the tablecloth, and we sat crowded up between a door and a bed behind us, and the feast before us. The meat was passed on great platters, from which we helped ourselves, with our own knives and forks; and butter was served in the same style.

But if we had neither napkins nor pie-plates, still we had a fly-flap; for a small boy hovered behind us, wearing the most preposterous hard round hat that civiliza-

tion can produce, or barbarism admire — the only thing of the kind I ever saw a "poor white" have — and he waved above us a long pawpaw switch with the hand that happened to be out of his pocket.

Here again, as at the church, we were struck with a certain dignity arising from self-respect, content, an easy hospitality, and unconscious ignorance.

I do not need to multiply proofs of the status of this people in material civilization; every traveller in the southern United States can tell scores of stories to illustrate it. Their ideas and their morals are co-ordinate with their habits and their manners. Their crimes are not the cool, calculating crimes of the intellect; but the hot, quick crimes of the passions are common — one even hears of murder with startling frequency.

One of the most striking characteristics of the "poor white trash" is content: I mean by that, an utter lack of emulation and ambition. They care neither for better houses, schools, nor churches, nor even for better clothes or more money. They indeed "let the world wag on as it will," with little care and less thought.

How came men so ancient in their type, so indifferent to progress or "style," to exist in the heart of the nineteenth century, in the United States, at that? Slavery and isolation have done it. They sprang from slavery and will continue, until the railroad breaks the spell of the mountains, their simple, peaceful life. In former times they had no money with which to buy slaves, machinery, and land, and so could not compete as farmers; on the other hand, there was no room for them as farm-laborers. So they settled down on unoccupied lands, and became in time the contented owners of little patches that supported them. Slavery, to be sure, no longer exists; but the habit continues wherever the new life does not penetrate; and the new life does not penetrate readily over roads varied by the deepest of ruts and the largest of stones, and changing their course from season to season, now to get around a fallen tree, and now to avoid the effects of a flood.

So they go on, all by themselves, jogging along on horseback, clad in homespun, content with the primitive plenty of maize and bacon, pleased with the luxuries of water-melons and the entertainments of the "meeting-house," buried at last on the sunny hillside. The world without asks nought of them, nor they ought of the world without.

As soon as the railroads enter, all will

change. First of all, they will bring a market; at once with them will come a sense of a wider world, a motive to labor for more than daily bread. Their very existence will carry a motion and a thrill to the heart of every region within hearing-range of their shrieking engines; they will teach what education and business are worth — the ideas of men and the use of the world.

But, one is tempted to ask, why not let these Arcadians alone? Why should we wish them to exchange their simple, easy, assured living, their contented, quiet minds, their hospitable hearts, for the complex conditions of a high civilization, for anxious, driving ambitions, for the hard selfishness of a life-and-death competition?

There is an old saga of a king and queen to whom a fair son was born. Twelve fairies came to the christening, each with a gift. A noble presence, wisdom, strength, beauty — all were poured upon him until it seemed he must excel all mortal men. Then came the twelfth fairy with the gift of discontent, but the angry father turned away the fairy and her gift. And the lad grew apace, a wonder of perfect powers; but, content in their possession, he cared to use them for neither good nor ill; there was no eagerness in him; good-natured and quiet, he let life use him as it would. And at last the king knew that the rejected had been the crowning gift.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE PEPYSIAN LIBRARY.

THE "Diary" of Samuel Pepys, written between the years 1660 and 1669, is more or less familiar to every reader; but comparatively few are aware of the treasures contained in that unique collection, the Pepysian Library at Cambridge. A curious document is still extant, namely, that part of the will of Pepys which refers to the disposal of his literary treasures. In accordance with the provisions of that will, the "new building" in the second court of Magdalene College bears upon its outer wall the motto and armorial bearings of Samuel Pepys, with the legend, *Bibliotheca Pepysiana*.

Let us cross the threshold, reader, and ascend the staircase — always supposing we are accompanied by the master, or one of the fellows of Magdalene; for not otherwise could Hercules himself obtain

admittance into this literary garden of the Hesperides. We have not far to go, only a few stone steps; and our conductor pauses before a quite ordinary-looking door, unlocks it, and behold we are in the *Bibliotheca Pepysiana*! It is quite a little room, as libraries go — fireproof, by the way — with three or four windows, whence we get a charming glimpse of sunny meadow-land and silvery stream. The exquisitely polished floor reflects the ruddy glow of the firelight; the glass fronts of the eleven mahogany bookcases — Pepys's own — shine again; and if a speck of dust is anywhere to be found in the whole room, it pertains to our own shoes, and in nowise to the Pepysian Library. Verily, I believe that if the shade of old Pepys could come sauntering in some sunny afternoon, marshalled, of course, by the indispensable — and most courteous — fellow, it would do his heart good to see the care that is taken of his collection. But in a sort of sense, Pepys is always present there, for over the mantel-piece he beams forth from the canvas of Sir Godfrey Kneller, in a voluminous periwig, "very noble," to use his own most favorite term of eulogy. (A far finer portrait of Pepys, however, by Sir Peter Lely, hangs in the Hall at Magdalen.)

As I have already had occasion to mention, the bookcases are Pepys's own. They are of mahogany, handsomely carved, with handles attached at the sides. The doors are formed of small panes of glass, those in the lower divisions being made to lift up. The books are almost all arranged in double rows, the smaller in front of the larger, so that the lettering upon each book in both rows is clearly visible. The advent of these bookcases from the cabinet-maker, Mr. Sympson, is mentioned in the "Diary" under date August 24, 1666.

But perhaps the most interesting thing about this library is the fact that its three thousand volumes are all arranged upon the shelves exactly as Pepys left them. They were classified by him according to size, No. 1 being the smallest, and No. 3000 the largest. This arrangement is apt to be amusing, as, glancing round the shelves, we perceive, say, a volume of the fiercest polemical theology flanked on one side by a collection of "Loose Plays," and on the other, maybe, by a book of "pithie and profitable riddles, right pleasant and delectable to the reader." All the books — with a few exceptions in morocco and vellum — are bound in Pepys's

regular livery of black and gold; and wherever a volume happens to be in the least degree shorter than its neighbors, it is elevated upon a small block of wood, painted exactly to resemble the binding. Suppose we unlock one of the cases, and take out a folio volume bearing the simple lettering "Chesse Play." Upon the first board is inscribed, as on all the books, a device in gold — the two anchors of the Admiralty, of which Mr. Pepys was at one time secretary, crossed behind a shield, bearing a legend. This shield is surmounted by his crest. On the last board are his arms and motto. And so, having examined the outside, we turn to the inside also, and find that this simple-looking volume is none other than "The Game and Playe of the Chesse, translated out of French and imprinted by W. Caxton; fynnysshed the last day of March, the yer of our Lord God a thousand four hundred and lxxiiij." This is said to be the first book printed in England. The Pepysian Library is peculiarly rich in Caxtons, Wynkyn de Wordes, Pynsons, and other early-English printed books. Among the most interesting are the "Polychronycon," 1482, folio; "The Chronicles of Englonde, emprinted by me W. Caxton in thabbey of Westmynstre by London the V day of Juyn the yere of thincarnacion of our Lord God M.CCCC.L.xxx," folio; "Thymage or Mirrour of the Worlde," 1481, folio; "The Book of the Ordre of Chyvalry or Knyght-hode [one of the very rarest volumes from Caxton's press]; translated out of Frensshe into Englysshe at a Request of a Gentyl and Noble Esquier by me W. Caxton." It is supposed to have been printed in 1484. The first and second editions of the "Tales of Cauntyrburye," and "The Proffyttable Boke for Mānes Sovle, and right comfortable to the Body, and specyally in Adversite and Tribulacyon; whiche Boke is called The Chastysing of Goddes Chyldren," are also printed by Caxton.

Walking slowly round the shelves, our eye is very probably arrested by a small duodecimo volume bearing the interesting lettering "Old Novels." We take it down; and find that it contains various curious pieces purchased separately, and afterwards bound up together, as, "The Worthie Historie of the most Noble and Valyaunt Knight Plasidas, otherwise called Eustas, who was martyred for the Profession of Jesus Christ. Gathered in English verse by John Partridge in the yere of our Lord 1566;" black-letter, and

supposed to be unique. Evidently a novel for Sunday afternoons! The following piece of prose, also in black-letter, and also supposed to be unique, entitled "The Goodli History of the most Noble and Beautiful Ladye Lucres of Siene in Tuscan, and of her Lover Eurialus, very pleasant and delectable to the Reader," MDLXVII., was possibly for week-day perusal, and approximates more closely to the novel of modern times. Another of these "Old Novels" is entitled, "The Mirror of Martyrs, or the Life and Death of that thrice valiant Capitaine and most Godly Martyre Sir John Oldcastle, Knight. Printed by V. S. for William Wood, 1601." I wish that some of our "new novels" were anything like such improving reading. Passing on, most of us will experience something of the delight of meeting an old friend when we come upon a quarto entitled, "A Parable of the Spider and the Flie: made by John Heywood: imprinted at London in Flete Strete, by Thomas Powell, 1556." There is another copy of this work in University Library.

Four curious little duodecimo volumes — printed for the most part in black-letter — containing from one thousand to fifteen hundred pages respectively, are entitled (1) Penny Merriments; (2) Penny Witicisms; (3) Penny Compliments; (4) Penny Godlinesses. Here are a few of the titles from one of the volumes: "The History of Friar Bacon," poetry; "The History of the Valyaunt London Apprentice Aurelius, written for the encouragement of Youth," prose; "A brief Sum of Certain Wormwood Lectures:

Which women used to sing and say
Unto their husbands every day,

translated out of all languages into Billingsgate Dialogue, by Matthew Parker," 1682, prose (confuse not, O reader, this Matthew Parker with the venerable archbishop of that name); "The Delightful History of Dorastus and Fawnia," in black-letter, is familiar to all students of Shakespeare as the groundwork of the "Winter's Tale;" "The True Tryal of Understanding or Wit newly revived, being a Booke of Excellent New Riddles," by S. M., 1687, poetry; "Variety of Merry Riddles," by Laurence Price, 1684; "The Book of Merry Riddles," 1685, black-letter, prose. In one of which books, by the way — I fancy in Price's book, but cannot be certain — I stumbled upon my old nursery friend: "Two legs sat upon three legs, with one leg in his lap; in came

four legs, caught up one leg," etc. I had never imagined it so venerable, and shall look upon it in future with the greater reverence.

And now let us turn to the five folio volumes of old ballads, for which this library is chiefly famous. The first volume contains the following note in Pepys's handwriting: "My collection of ballads, begun by Mr. Selden, improv'd by the addition of many pieces elder thereto in time; the whole continued to the year 1700." The earlier ones are in black-letter with pictures, and the later ones in white-letter without pictures. They were classified, and indexed by their purchaser under the following heads: (1) Devotion and morality; (2) History true and fabulous (would that I had Pepys's eye for discovering the boundary-line between these two extremes); (3) Tragedy, namely, murders, executions, judgments of God; (4) State and Times; (5) Love pleasant; (6) Love unfortunate; (7) Marriage, etc.; (8) Sea: love, gallantry, and actions; (9) Drinking and good-fellowship; (10) Humor, frolics and mirth. The greater number of these ballads are familiar to most readers, for the *Bibliotheca Pepysiana* was one of the chief sources from which Bishop Percy obtained his "Reliques of Old English Romance Poetry," while very many of those omitted by Percy have been printed by Evans in his collection of old ballads. At the end of the fifth volume is a copy of the "adjustment and settlement of the ancient ballad warehouse, with the propriety and right of printing the same, between William Thackeray, John Millet, and Alexander Milbourn in 1689."

Foremost amid the manuscript treasures, the six volumes of Pepys's own short-hand "Diary" are probably to most people of the greatest interest. The short-hand employed is that known by the name of Shelton's System, a copy of whose "Tachygraphy," with other works on short-hand, is to be found in the library. The "Diary" was first deciphered by the Rev. John Smith, of St. John's College, and a manuscript copy made in plain English, which is still preserved in the *Bibliotheca Pepysiana*. The various editions of the published "Diary" consist only of extracts from this work, many portions of which are wholly unfit for publication. Second only in interest to the above is the original narrative of the escape of Charles II. after the battle of Worcester, taken down by Pepys in short-hand, from the king's own mouth. This

manuscript having been likewise deciphered and published, is well known to most readers. The "Maitland Manuscripts," two precious volumes of ancient Scottish poetry, have furnished the principal portion of the published collections of Pinkerton and others. But perhaps the most delightful volume among the manuscripts is a folio containing nothing but letters—Henry VIII.'s love-letters to Anne Boleyn, very neatly copied, by an English traveller, in 1682, from their originals in the Vatican; a number of letters to and from the Earl of Leicester, the Regent Murray, and other great men of the sixteenth century, many of them in Spanish; more than one letter from Oliver Cromwell; a letter of Charles II., dated from the Hague, shortly after the execution of his father; and very many others, the exact particulars of which have passed out of my memory.

Two thick folios contain "The Original Libro de Cargos as to the Provision, Ammunition, etc. of the Provedor of the Spanish Armada." They are written in Spanish, and have a hole pierced through, for the purpose of hanging them up in the ship.

Pepys appears to have been the first to collect pictures, prints, etc., illustrative of the city of London; two deeply interesting folio volumes in the Pepysian Library are entirely filled with them. Mr. Jackson, by the way, is known to have added to this branch of the collection. I remember also with great pleasure a French fashion-book of the seventeenth century, infinitely more interesting than the fashion-books of modern days (*biblia à biblia* with a vengeance, these), inasmuch as each plate was the portrait of some celebrated man or woman. The costumes, very interesting from the historical point of view, nevertheless struck me as peculiarly frightful and unmeaning, especially the ladies in riding-habits—long skirts, men's doublets and *periwigs*—"an odde sight, and a sight that did not please me," as Pepys himself remarked in the "Diary," upon meeting certain of the "Ladies of Honour" so attired in the galleries at Whitehall. But it was not sufficient for the maids of honor to array themselves in periwigs, the gentlemen must needs betake themselves to muffs.

And last, not least, we have to look through those four priceless folios of prints, sketches, and engravings, portraits for the most part of celebrities famous and forgotten. I remember being

struck with a deeply thoughtful head of Spinoza, also a picture of Michel de Montaigne—which, by the way, I have seen elsewhere—a dashing young cavalier, not as yet done sowing the wild-oats which bore fruit in those wonderful "Essays." Sir Thomas Challoner, by Hollar—suspected by Dr. Dibdin to be a proof—is an exceedingly fine head. Over it is written in pencil, probably either by Pepys or Jackson: "Bravo, sixty-one guineas for my Lord Buckingham." Rather a large print represents Sir Thomas Overbury in a sitting posture; over it is the following inscription in pencil, apparently by the same hand: "Bravo, fifty guineas for Lord Buckingham." A print of Devereux, Earl of Essex, on horseback, has a pencilling of "fifty guineas" over it. Lady Castlemaine, with wavy hair, occurs more than once; also "pretty, witty Nell Gwynn," usually represented amid lambs garlanded with daisies, in her favorite rôle of innocence. Then come a series of "forgotten worthies"—Drake and Gilbert and Frobisher, and Fenton and Raleigh and Grenville, with others whose names are less familiar. "Charles Kingsley's page," it has come to be called in the college, from his continual and loving study of it. (It is almost unnecessary to say that Kingsley was a Magdalene man).

A large oval print of Sir Edward Spragge is stated by Dr. Dibdin to be very rare. There are also some spirited sketches of heads in Indian ink, one especially I remember of Newton before he was Sir Isaac; also a sketch of Sir John Hotham; and another of Tarlton the jester.

Such is the Pepysian Library. A little chamber where Time stands still as in the palace of the Sleeping Beauty, where we have only to cross the threshold to enter the seventeenth century. Only, be sure, reader, I have not described one quarter of the rarities which, if you make a pilgrimage to Magdalene, you will without doubt discover for yourself.

From The Spectator.

IN MEMORIAM—DR. JOHN BROWN.

EARLY in the morning of Thursday, May 11th, Edinburgh lost its best-known and best-loved citizen, Scotland her son of finest genius, and thousands, wherever the English language is spoken, one towards whom, though they had never

seen his face, they felt as to a friend. Dr. John Brown had fulfilled the appointed threescore years and ten, and had entered on his seventy-second year, before the end came. He was descended from a long and remarkable line of Presbyterians ministers of the seceding Church, his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather being all men of a stamp rare in any Church. He was, as he himself used to say, "a Biggar callant" (boy), his birth-place being that remote village, where his father had his first charge, Biggar lying alone amid its dusky moors, and looking towards the Border hills. His childhood was passed within daily sight of Coulter Fell and Kingle doors ranges, and almost within hearing of the Tweed. Though he went to Edinburgh at an early age, when his father was removed to an important charge there, the lonely moorlands and the meek pastoral hills hung about him throughout life, and colored all his thoughts. Theirs was the scenery he always turned to with most affection, and their grave, stalwart shepherds, "with their long swinging stride," were especially dear to him. These scenes laid in the first ground-colors, and Edinburgh wove the threads they dyed into warp and woof. His youth, manhood, and age were spent in Edinburgh, to which he gave the fulness of his active powers and interests. With most parts of Scotland he became familiar, and entered into their local traditions and peculiarities with characteristic zeal and insight. Rare and brief visits to London, and short Continental tours, made up all his experience to the south of the Tweed. When his medical education was nearly completed, he apprenticed himself to the famous surgeon, the late Professor Syme, whose character he has more than once depicted. From first to last, he gave to that grave, preeminent man, his revered teacher—who, as he was wont to say, "never wasted a drop of ink or of blood"—an amount of faithful love such as few men can give. Entering life as a physician, Dr. Brown in time obtained a practice, moderate in range, but of a peculiar kind. To each family which he attended, he could not come merely as a medical functionary, feeling their pulses and writing out prescriptions; but he must visit them as a friend, entering into their joys, their cares, and their sorrows, and giving them the full sympathy of his most tender heart. To his patients, this was soothing and delightful; but to himself, it involved a heavy draught on his sensitive spirit. When to any of

these families calamity or death came, he took it home to himself as a domestic affliction. But even when most sorely tried, he kept his troubles to himself, and gave the world his sunshine. As he left his house and walked along Prince's Street, with nods and greetings, his presence was felt like a passing sunbeam by old and young alike. When he entered a room where a conclave of grave directors were met for business, each cased in that armor of self-defence and vigilance which men on such occasions will put on, at one remark from Dr. Brown, in which good-sense, kindness, and humor were blended, the armor of priggishness fell off—one touch of nature had made all kin—and they went about the work in hand restored to their natural selves. No house he visited, but the humblest servant there knew him, and for each there was a gentle look or a kind word of recognition, touched with humor. When some wanderers entered a retired moorland farmhouse, to see the Covenanting banner that had waved at Bothwell Brig, at first there were reserve and suspicion, till one genial word from Dr. Brown, followed by the discovery that this was he who wrote "Rab and his Friends," set all right, and the reserve at once gave place to rejoicing hospitality.

An altogether peculiar and delightful personality, a nature in which the elements were most kindly mixed, a spirit finely touched, and to fine issues,—all this his familiar circle had long known, but the world did not know it, till Dr. Brown had reached his eight-and-fortieth year. Then the appearance of "Rab and his Friends" revealed it. Men and women everywhere were thrilled as they had never been before—few could read it dry-eyed, even when alone—hard-nerved must they be who would venture to read it aloud. Brief as the story is, and simple in its outlines, it was felt that Scotland had produced nothing like it, nothing so full of pure, pathetic genius, since the pen dropped from the hand of Scott. So long—nearly fifty years—he had kept silence, observing, reading, thinking, feeling, but speaking no word in print. Like a still mountain loch, on a calm autumn day, that receives into its bosom the surrounding hills, pearly clouds, and blue sky, and renders all back more beautiful than they are, his mind had been taking in all the influences of nature, all impressions of men and manners that he saw, and of the finest poetry and literature that he read, and now the time was come

that he must reproduce something of these, mellowed and refined by his own beautifying personality. His writings have been said to be egotistic. There is not a word of egotism in them; but they are pervaded by the writer's personality, as all the finest literature is. Indeed, this is that which distinguishes literature from mere information and science, and lends to it its chief charm. Egotism fills a man with thoughts about himself. The personality which is present in Dr. Brown's works is full of thoughts and sympathy for others, it has a magic touch which makes him free to hearts and affections most unlike his own. He had, beyond all men, that true insight which sympathy gives. Keenly discriminative of character, he read the men he met to their inmost core, but with such forbearance, such large charity, that though he saw clearly their foibles and faults, he took hold of these on the kindly side, saw the humorousness of them, passed them by, if possible, with a joke, and was not stirred to hatred or satire.

This personality, which was the charm alike of his society and of his books, would have lain unknown to all save a few friends, had he not been gifted with that fine literary expression which enabled him to diffuse it abroad, to the delight of his fellow-men from the highest to the lowliest. No need to regret that his writings are merely occasional, brief essays and sketches of character, and that he did not concentrate his powers on some large work. They are such as his nature prompted and his circumstances allowed, the result of leisure hours snatched from a busy life, the overflow of his genuine self. They thus escape the formality and sense of effort that beset big books, the work of men whose trade is literature. Indeed, how much of the best literature of England has been thrown off by busy professional men, in their few spare hours! As they stand, those three volumes, which now contain all that he has left to the world, embalm whatever has been best in the life of Scotland during the last half century. Whatever was most worth knowing in the Scotland of his time he knew,—he had seen Scott, knew Chalmers, was the friend of Thomas Erskine of Linlathen, and received his last words; was familiar with Thackeray, Dean Stanley, and with Mr. Ruskin. Vernacular as his writings are, full of local incident and coloring, they are, at the same time, as broad and catholic as humanity. Whatever there was of beauty, or nobleness,

or truth anywhere, he freely welcomed it. His strong love of home and country had nothing exclusive in it, but only made him more open to understand and feel with all men. He seemed to have in himself the key to all the arts. Painting and music, too, as in his "Halle's Recital," were regions familiar to him. His criticisms on these go to the quick, to use a phrase of his own. As for poetry, in everything but the accomplishment of verse he was a poet born. Had he acquired this art in youth, his exquisite feeling for language and his fine ear for melody of words would have made him one of the most genuine of poets. Some of his brief sketches, as "Queen Mary's Child Garden" or "Minchmoor," and many passages inlaid in his essays, are small prose poems.

It may easily be imagined that Dr. Brown, though natural piety kept him to the Church and the politics of his fathers, instinctively stood aloof from all controversy, political or ecclesiastical. These matters he left to men of another mould. His was too fine a nature, too wide, too sympathetic, to be confined within any bounds of politics or sect. His friendships overwent all such limits, and included men of every party and Church. But the race of divines from which he came left with him their goodness, and nothing of narrowness. It has been said — and there is, perhaps, some truth in the saying — that Scotchmen who have been nurtured in the national Calvinism, when they afterwards take in modern thought and literature, are apt to throw overboard the whole of their early teaching, and to be left without faith. And the reason given for this is that the system is so in-expansive that, like cast-iron, it will break, but not bend. It was not so with Dr. Brown. The darker features of the ancestral creed, no doubt, fell into the shade, but the essence remained. A strong background of reverence, devoutness, and humble trust in God and Christ were the support of his life.

Some years ago, his health declined, and he retired, in a great measure, from active practice and public life, and lived only in the society of his more immediate friends. These observed that, as life went on, he grew more than ever meek, humble, and contrite. During the last eight months, his health seemed to improve, and he interested himself much in the recent reissue of his works, adding new touches to them as late as April 12th last. He did not covet the praise of author-

ship, but he highly prized the sympathy of his fellow-men; and the reception which his third volume — in some ways, the most vivid and characteristic — met with, greatly pleased him. His last illness — an attack of pleurisy — was only of five days' duration, and the end came to him as he would have wished it to come, surrounded by those he most loved, with his powers entire to the last, and waiting the change in peace.

While he lived, his was a reconciling spirit, wherever he went, — healing to the spirits, not less than to the bodies, of men. Would that the country he loved so well, rent as it is by discords, political and ecclesiastical, might, while it laments his loss, drink in more of his gentle and loving spirit! How many now mourn, and long will mourn him, and cherish his pure memory as one of their dearest possessions! The most delightful companion, the most sympathetic friend, one of the sweetest spirits of the sons of men, —

O! blessed are they who live and die like him,
Loved with such love, and with such sorrow
mourned.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE CONVENT OF MONTE OLIVETO, NEAR SIENA.

IN former days the traveller had choice of two old hostelries in the chief street of Siena. Here, if he was fortunate, he might secure a prophet's chamber, with a view across tiled houseroofs to the distant Tuscan campaign — glimpses of russet field and olive-garden framed by jutting city walls, which in some measure compensated for much discomfort. He now betakes himself to the more modern Albergo di Siena, overlooking the public promenade La Lizza. Horsechestnuts and acacias make a pleasant foreground to a prospect of considerable extent. The front of the house is turned toward Belcaro and the mountains between Grosseto and Volterra. Sideways its windows command the brown bulk of San Domenico, and the Duomo, set like a marble coronet upon the forehead of the town. When we arrived there one October afternoon the sun was setting amid flying clouds and watery yellow spaces of pure sky, with a wind blowing soft and humid from the sea. Long after he had sunk below the hills, a fading chord of golden and rose-colored tints burned on the city. The cathedral bell-tower was glistening with recent rain, and we could see right

through its lancet windows to the clear blue heavens beyond. Then, as the day descended into evening, the autumn trees assumed that wonderful effect of luminousness self-evolved, and the red brick walls that crimson after-glow, which Tuscan twilight takes from singular transparency of atmosphere.

It is hardly possible to define the specific character of each Italian city, assigning its proper share to natural circumstances, to the temper of the population, and to the monuments of art in which these elements of nature and of human qualities are blended. The fusion is too delicate and subtle for complete analysis; and the total effect in each particular case may best be compared to that impressed on us by a strong personality, making itself felt in the minutest details. Climate, situation, ethnological conditions, the political vicissitudes of past ages, the bias of the people to certain industries and occupations, the emergence of distinguished men at critical epochs, have all contributed their quota to the composition of an individuality which abides long after the locality has lost its ancient vigor.

Since the year 1557, when Gian Giacomo de' Medici laid the country of Siena waste, levelled her luxurious suburbs, and delivered her famine-stricken citizens to the tyranny of the grand duke Cosimo, this town has gone on dreaming in suspended decadence. Yet the epithet which was given to her in her days of glory, the title of "Fair Soft Siena," still describes the city. She claims it by right of the gentle manners, joyous but sedate, of her inhabitants, by the grace of their pure Tuscan speech, and by the unique delicacy of her architecture. Those palaces of brick, with finely-moulded lancet windows, and the lovely use of sculptured marbles in pilastered colonnades, are fit abodes for the nobles who reared them five centuries ago, of whose refined and costly living we read in the pages of Dante or of Folgore da San Gimignano. And though the necessities of modern life, the decay of wealth, the dwindling of old aristocracy, and the absorption of what was once an independent State in the Italian nation, have obliterated that large signorial splendor of the Middle Ages, we feel that the modern Sienese are not unworthy of their courteous ancestry.

Superficially, much of the present charm of Siena consists in the soft opening valleys, the glimpses of long blue hills and fertile country-side, framed by irregular brown houses stretching along the slopes on which the town is built, and losing

themselves abruptly in olive-fields and orchards. This element of beauty, which brings the city into immediate relation with the country, is indeed not peculiar to Siena. We find it in Perugia, in Assisi, in Montepulciano, in nearly all the hill towns of Umbria and Tuscany. But their landscape is often tragic and austere, while this is always suave. City and country blend here in delightful amity. Neither yields that sense of aloofness which stirs melancholy.

The most charming district in the immediate neighborhood of Siena, lies westward, near Belcaro, a villa high up on a hill. It is a region of deep lanes and golden-green oak woods, with cypresses and stone-pines, and little streams in all directions flowing over the brown sandstone. The country is like some parts of rural England — Devonshire or Sussex. Not only is the sandstone here, as there, broken into deep gullies; but the vegetation is much the same: tufted spleenwort, primroses, and broom tangle the hedges under boughs of hornbeam and sweet-chestnut. This is the landscape which the two sixteenth-century novelists of Siena, Fortini and Sermini, so lovingly depicted in their tales. Of literature absorbing in itself the specific character of a country, and conveying it to the reader less by description than by sustained quality of style, I know none to surpass Fortini's sketches. The prospect from Belcaro is one of the finest to be seen in Tuscany. The villa stands at a considerable elevation, and commands an immense extent of hill and dale. Nowhere, except Maremma-wards, a level plain. The Tuscan mountains, from Monte Amiata westward to Volterra, round Valdelsa, down to Montepulciano and Radicofani, with their innumerable windings and intricacies of descending valleys, are dappled with light and shade from flying storm-clouds, sunshine here and there cloud-shadows. Girdling the villa stands a grove of ilex-trees, cut so as to embrace its high-built walls with dark continuous green. In the courtyard are lemon-trees and pomegranates laden with fruit. From a terrace on the roof the whole wide view is seen; and here upon a parapet, from which we leaned one autumn afternoon, my friend discovered this *graffito*: "*E vidi e piansi il fato amaro!*" — "I gazed, and gazing, wept the bitterness of fate."

The prevailing note of Siena and the Sienese seems, as I have said, to be a soft and tranquil grace; yet this people had one of the stormiest and maddest of Italian histories. They were passionate

in love and hate, vehement in their popular amusements, almost frantic in their political conduct of affairs. The luxury, for which Dante blamed them, the levity which De Comines noticed in their government, found counterpoise in more than usual piety and fervor. S. Bernardino, the great preacher and peacemaker of the Middle Ages; St. Catherine, the worthiest of all women to be canonized; the blessed Colombini, who founded the order of the Gesuati or Brothers of the Poor in Christ; the blessed Bernardo, who founded that of Monte Oliveto, were all Sienese. Few cities have given four such saints to modern Christendom. The biography of one of these may serve as prelude to an account of the Sienese monastery of Oliveto Maggiore.

The family of Tolomei was among the noblest of the Sienese aristocracy. On May 10, 1272, Mino Tolomei and his wife Fulvia, of the Tancredi, had a son whom they christened Giovanni, but who, when he entered the religious life, assumed the name of Bernard, in memory of the great abbot of Clairvaux. Of this child, Fulvia is said to have dreamed, long before his birth, that he assumed the form of a white swan, and sang melodiously, and settled in the boughs of an olive-tree, whence afterwards he winged his way to heaven amid a flock of swans as dazzling white as he. The boy was educated in the Dominican cloister at Siena, under the care of his uncle Cristoforo Tolomei. There, and afterwards in the fraternity of S. Ansano, he felt that impulse towards a life of piety, which after a short but brilliant episode of secular ambition, was destined to return with overwhelming force upon his nature. He was a youth of promise, and at the age of sixteen he obtained the doctorate in philosophy and both laws, civil and canonical. The Tolomei upon this occasion adorned their palaces and threw them open to the people of Siena. The republic hailed with acclamation the early honors of a noble, born to be one of their chief leaders. Soon after this event Mino obtained for his son from the emperor the title of Cæsarian Knight; and when the diploma arrived, new festivities proclaimed the fortunate youth to his fellow-citizens. Bernardo cased his limbs in steel, and rode in procession with ladies and young nobles through the streets. The ceremonies of a knight's reception in Siena at that period were magnificent. From contemporary chronicles and from the sonnets written by Folgore da San Gimignano for a similar occasion, we gather

that the whole resources of a wealthy family and all their friends were strained to the utmost to do honor to the order of chivalry. Open house was held for several days. Rich presents of jewels, armor, dresses, chargers were freely distributed. Tournaments alternated with dances. But the climax of the pageant was the novice's investiture with sword and spurs and belt in the cathedral. This, as it appears from the record of the year 1326, actually took place in the great marble pulpit carved by the Pisani; and the most illustrious knights of his acquaintance were summoned by the squire to act as sponsors for his fealty.

It is said that young Bernardo Tolomei's head was turned to vanity by these honors showered upon him in his earliest manhood. Yet, after a short period of aberration, he rejoined his confraternity and mortified his flesh by discipline and strict attendance on the poor. The time had come, however, when he should choose a career suitable to his high rank. He devoted himself to jurisprudence, and began to lecture publicly on law. Already at the age of twenty-five his fellow-citizens admitted him to the highest political offices, and in the legend of his life it is written, not without exaggeration doubtless, that he ruled the State. There is, however, no reason to suppose that he did not play an important part in its government. Though a just and virtuous statesman, Bernardo now forgot the special service of God, and gave himself with heart and soul to mundane interests. At the age of forty, supported by the wealth, alliances, and reputation of his semi-princely house, he had become one of the most considerable party-leaders in that age of faction. If we may trust his monastic biographer, he was aiming at nothing less than the tyranny of Siena. But in that year, when he was forty, a change, which can only be described as conversion, came over him. He had advertised a public disputation, in which he proposed before all comers to solve the most arduous problems of scholastic science. The discourse was great, the assembly brilliant; but the hero of the day, who had designed it for his glory, was stricken with sudden blindness. In one moment he comprehended the internal void he had created for his soul, and the blindness of the body was illumination to the spirit. The pride, power, and splendor of this world seemed to him a smoke that passes. God, penitence, eternity appeared in all the awful clarity of an authentic vision. He fell upon his knees

and prayed to Mary that he might receive his sight again. This boon was granted; but the revelation which had come to him in blindness was not withdrawn. Meanwhile the hall of disputation was crowded with an expectant audience. Bernardo rose from his knees, made his entry, and ascended the chair; but instead of the scholastic subtleties he had designed to treat, he pronounced the old text, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

Afterwards, attended by two noble comrades, Patrizio Patrizzi and Ambrogio Piccolomini, he went forth into the wilderness. For the human soul, at strife with strange experience, betakes itself instinctively to solitude. Not only prophets of Israel, saints of the Thebaid, and founders of religions in the mystic East have done so; even the Greek Menander recognized, although he sneered at, the phenomenon. "The desert, they say, is the place for discoveries." For the mediæval mind it had peculiar attractions. The wilderness these comrades chose was Accona, a doleful place, hemmed in with earthen precipices, some fifteen miles to the south of Siena. Of his vast possessions Bernardo retained but this, —

the lonesome lodge,
That stood so low in a lonely glen.

The rest of his substance he abandoned to the poor. This was in 1313, the very year of the emperor Henry VII.'s death at Buonconvento, which is a little walled town between Siena and the desert of Accona. Whether Bernardo's retirement was in any way due to the extinction of immediate hope for the Ghibelline party by this event, we do not gather from his legend. That, as is natural, refers his action wholly to the operation of divine grace. Yet we may remember how a more illustrious refugee, the singer of the "Divine Comedy," betook himself upon the same occasion to the lonely convent of Fonte Avellana on the Alps of Catria, and meditated there the cantos of his Purgatory. While Bernardo Tolomei was founding the order of Monte Oliveto, Dante penned his letter to the cardinals of Italy: *Quomodo sola sedet civitas plena populo: facta est quasi vidua domina gentium.*

Bernardo and his friends hollowed with their own hands grottoes in the rock, and strewed their stone beds with withered chestnut-leaves. For St. Scolastica, the sister of St. Benedict, they built a little chapel. Their food was wild fruit, and their drink the water of the brook. Through the day they dived, for it was in their mind to turn the wilderness into a

land of plenty. By night they meditated on eternal truth. The contrast between their rude life and the delicate nurture of Sienese nobles, in an age when Siena had become a by-word for luxury, must have been cruel. But it fascinated the mediæval imagination, and the three anchorites were speedily joined by recruits of a like temper. As yet the new-born order had no rules; for Bernardo, when he renounced the world, embraced humility. The brethren were bound together only by the ties of charity. They lived in common; and under their sustained efforts Accona soon became a garden.

The society could not, however, hold together without further organization. It began to be ill spoken of, inasmuch as vulgar minds can recognize no good except in what is formed upon a pattern they are familiar with. Then Bernardo had a vision. In his sleep he saw a ladder of light ascending to the heavens. Above sat Jesus with Our Lady in white raiment, and the celestial hierarchies around them were attired in white. Up the ladder, led by angels, climbed men in vesture of dazzling white; and among these Bernardo recognized his own companions. Soon after this dream, he called Ambrogio Piccolomini, and bade him get ready for a journey to the pope at Avignon.

John XXII. received the pilgrims graciously, and gave them letters to the Bishop of Arezzo, commanding him to furnish the new brotherhood with one of the rules authorized by holy Church for governance of a monastic order. Guido Tarlati, of the great Pietra-mala house, was bishop and despot of Arezzo at this epoch. A man less in harmony with cœnobitical enthusiasm than this warrior prelate, could scarcely have been found. Yet attendance to such matters formed part of his business, and the legend even credits him with an inspired dream; for Our Lady appeared to him, and said: "I love the valley of Accona and its pious solitaries. Give them the rule of Benedict. But thou shalt strip them of their mourning weeds, and clothe them in white raiment, the symbol of my virgin purity. Their hermitage shall change its name, and henceforth shall be called Mount Olivet, in memory of the ascension of my divine Son, the which took place upon the Mount of Olives. I take this family beneath my own protection; and therefore it is my will it should be called henceforth the congregation of St. Mary of Mount Olivet." After this, the Blessed Virgin took forethought for the heraldic design of her monks, dictating to Guido Tarlati

the blazon they still bear; it is of three hills or, whereof the third and highest is surmounted with a cross gules, and from the meeting-point of the three hillocks upon either hand a branch of olive vert. This was in 1319. In 1324, John XXII. confirmed the order, and in 1344 it was further approved by Clement VI. Affiliated societies sprang up in several Tuscan cities; and in 1347, Bernardo Tolomei, at that time general of the order, held a chapter of its several houses. The next year was the year of the great plague or black death. Bernardo bade his brethren leave their seclusion, and go forth on works of mercy among the sick. Some went to Florence, some to Siena, others to the smaller hill-set towns of Tuscany. All were bidden to assemble on the feast of the Assumption at Siena. Here the founder addressed his spiritual children for the last time. Soon afterwards he died himself, at the age of seventy-seven, and the place of his grave is not known. He was beatified by the Church for his great virtues.

At noon we started, four of us, in an open wagonette with a pair of horses, for Monte Oliveto, the luggage heaped mountain-high and tied in a top-heavy mass above us. After leaving the gateway, with its massive fortifications and frescoed arches, the road passes into a dull, earthy country, very much like some parts — and not the best parts — of England. The beauty of the Sienese *contado* is clearly on the sandstone, not upon the clay. Hedges, haystacks, isolated farms — all were English in their details. Only the vines, and mulberries, and wattle wagons drawn by oxen, most Roman in aspect, reminded us we were in Tuscany. In such *carpenta* may the vestal virgins have ascended the Capitol. It is the primitive war-chariot also, capable of holding four with ease; and Romulus may have mounted with the images of Roman gods in even such a vehicle to Latian Jove upon the Alban hill. Nothing changes in Italy. The wooden ploughs are those which Virgil knew. The sight of one of them would save an intelligent lad much trouble in mastering a certain passage of the Georgics.

Siena is visible behind us nearly the whole way to Buonconvento, a little town where the emperor Henry VII. died, as it was supposed, of poison, in 1313. It is still circled with the wall and gates built by the Sienese in 1366, and is a fair specimen of an intact mediæval stronghold. Here we leave the main road, and

break into a country track across a bed of sandstone, with the delicate volcanic lines of Monte Amiata in front, and the aerial pile of Montalcino to our right. The pyracanthus bushes in the hedge yield their clusters of bright yellow berries, mingled with more glowing hues of red from haws and glossy hips. On the pale grey earthen slopes men and women are plying the long Sabellian hoes of their forefathers, and ploughmen are driving furrows down steep hills. The labor of the husbandmen in Tuscany is very graceful, partly, I think, because it is so primitive, but also because the people have an eminently noble carriage, and are fashioned on the lines of antique statues. I noticed two young *contadini* in one field, whom Frederick Walker might have painted with the dignity of Pheidias form. They were guiding their ploughs, along a hedge of olive-trees, slanting upwards, the white-horned oxen moving slowly through the marl, and the lads bending to press the ploughshares home. It was a delicate piece of color—the grey mist of olive-branches, the warm, smoking earth, the creamy flanks of the oxen, the brown limbs and dark eyes of the men, who paused a while to gaze at us, with shadows cast upon the furrows from their tall, straight figures. Then they turned to their work again, and rhythmic movement was added to the picture. I wonder when an Italian artist will condescend to pluck these flowers of beauty, so abundantly offered by the simplest things in his own native land. Each city has an *Accademia delle Belle Arti*, and there is no lack of students. But the painters, having learned their trade, make copies ten times distant from the truth of famous masterpieces for the American market. Few seem to look beyond their picture-galleries. Thus the great democratic art, the art of life and nature and the people, waits.

As we mount, the soil grows of a richer brown; and there are woods of oak where herds of swine are feeding on the acorns. Monte Oliveto comes in sight—a mass of red brick, backed up with cypresses, among dishevelled earthy precipices, *balze* as they are called—upon the hill below the village of Chiusure. This Chiusure was once a promising town; but the life was crushed out of it in the throes of mediæval civil wars, and since the thirteenth century it has been dwindling to a hamlet. The struggle for existence, from which the larger communes of this district, Siena and Montepulciano, emerged at the expense of their neighbors, must have been tragical. The *balze* now grow

sterner, drier, more dreadful. We see how deluges outpoured from thunderstorms bring down their viscous streams of loam, destroying in an hour the terraces it took a year to build, and spreading wasteful mud upon the scanty cornfields. The people call this soil *creta*; but it seems to be less like a chalk than a marl, or *marna*. It is always washing away into ravines and gullies, exposing the roots of trees, and rendering the tillage of the land a thankless labor. One marvels how any vegetation has the faith to settle on its dreary waste, or how men have the patience, generation after generation, to renew the industry, still beginning, never ending, which reclaims such wildernesses. Comparing Monte Oliveto with similar districts of cretaceous soil—with the country, for example, between Pienza and San Quirico—we perceive how much is owed to the perseverance of the monks whom Bernard Tolomei planted here. So far as it is clothed at all with crop and wood, this is their service.

At last we climb the crowning hill, emerge from a copse of oak, glide along a terraced pathway through the broom, and find ourselves in front of the convent gateway. A substantial tower of red brick, machicolated at the top and pierced with small square windows, guards this portal, reminding us that at some time or other the monks found it needful to arm their solitude against a force descending from Chiusure. There is an avenue of slender cypresses; and over the gate, protected by a jutting roof, shines a fresco of Madonna and child. Passing rapidly downwards, we are in the courtyard of the monastery among its stables, barns, and outhouses, with the forlorn bulk of the huge red building, spreading wide, and towering up above us. As good luck ruled our arrival, we came face to face with the Abbatte de Negro, who administers the domain of Monte Oliveto for the government of Italy, and exercises a kindly hospitality to chance-comers. He was standing near the church, which, with its tall, square campanile, breaks the long, stern outline of the convent. The whole edifice, it may be said, is composed of a red brick inclining to purple in tone, which contrasts not unpleasantly with the lustrous green of the cypresses, and the glaucous sheen of olives. Advantage has been taken of a steep crest; and the monastery, enlarged from time to time through the last five centuries, has here and there been reared upon gigantic buttresses, which jut upon the *balze* at a sometimes giddy height.

The abbate received us with true courtesy, and gave us spacious rooms, three cells apiece, facing Siena and the western mountains. There is accommodation, he told us, for three hundred monks; but only three are left in it. As this order was confined to members of the nobility, each of the religious had his own apartment—not a cubicle such as the uninstructed dream of when they read of monks, but separate chambers for sleep and study and recreation.

In the middle of the vast sad landscape, the place is still, with a silence that can be almost heard. The deserted state of those innumerable cells, those echoing corridors and shadowy cloisters, exercises overpowering tyranny over the imagination. Siena is so far away, and Montalcino is so faintly outlined on its airy parapet, that these cities only deepen our sense of desolation. It is a relief to mark at no great distance on the hillside a contadino guiding his oxen, and from a lonely farm yon column of ascending smoke. At least the world goes on, and life is somewhere resonant with song. But here there rests a pall of silence among the oak groves and the cypresses and *balze*. As I leaned and mused, while Christian (my good friend and fellow-traveller from the Grisons) made our beds, a melancholy sunset flamed up from a rampart of cloud, built like a city of the air above the mountains of Volterra—fire issuing from its battlements, and smiting the fretted roof of heaven above. It was a conflagration of celestial rose upon the saddest purples and cavernous recesses of intensest azure.

We had an excellent supper in the visitors' refectory—soup, good bread and country wine, ham, a roast chicken with potatoes, a nice white cheese made of sheep's milk, and grapes for dessert. The kind abbate sat by, and watched his four guests eat, tapping his tortoise-shell snuffbox, and telling us many interesting things about the past and present state of the convent. Our company was completed with Lupo, the pet cat, and Pirro, a woolly Corsican dog, very good friends, and both enormously voracious. Lupo in particular engraved himself upon the memory of Christian, into whose large legs he thrust his claws, when the cheese-parings and scraps were not supplied him with sufficient promptitude. I never saw a hungrier and bolder cat. It made one fancy that even the mice had been exiled from this solitude. And truly the rule of the monastic order, no less than the habit of Italian gentlemen, is frugal in the mat-

ter of the table, beyond the conception of northern folk.

Monte Oliveto, the superior told us, owned thirty-two *poderi*, or large farms, of which five have recently been sold. They are worked on the *mezzeria* system, whereby peasants and proprietors divide the produce of the soil, and which he thinks far inferior for developing the resources to that of *affitto*, or lease-holding.

The contadini live in scattered houses; and he says the estate would be greatly improved by doubling the number of these dwellings, and letting the subdivided farms to more energetic people. The village of Chiusure is inhabited by laborers. The contadini are poor: a dower, for instance, of fifty *lire* is thought something; whereas near Genoa, upon the leasehold system, a farmer may sometimes provide a dower of twenty thousand *lire*. The country produces grain of different sorts, excellent oil, and timber. It also yields a tolerable red wine. The government makes from eight to nine per cent. upon the value of the land, employing him and his two religious brethren as agents.

In such conversation the evening passed. We rested well in large, hard beds with dry, rough sheets. But there was a fretful wind abroad, which went wailing round the convent walls and rattling the doors in its deserted corridors. One of our party had been placed by himself at the end of a long suite of apartments, with balconies commanding the wide sweep of hills that Monte Amiata crowns. He confessed in the morning to having passed a restless night, tormented by the ghostly noises of the wind, a wanderer, "like the world's rejected guest," through those untenanted chambers. The olives tossed their filmy boughs in twilight underneath his windows, sighing and shuddering, with a sheen in them as eery as that of willows by some haunted mere.

The great attraction to students of Italian art in the convent of Monte Oliveto is a large square cloister, covered with wall-paintings by Luca Signorelli and Giovannantonio Bazzi, surnamed Il Sodoma. These represent various episodes in the life of St. Benedict; while one picture, in some respects the best of the whole series, is devoted to the founder of the Olivetan order, Bernardo Tolomei, dispensing the rule of his institution to a consistory of white-robed monks. Signorelli, that great master of Cortona, may be studied to better advantage elsewhere, especially at Orvieto and in his native

city. His work in this cloister, consisting of eight frescoes, has been much spoiled by time and restoration. Yet it can be referred to a good period of his artistic activity, the year 1497, and displays much which is specially characteristic of his manner. In Totila's barbaric train, he painted a crowd of fierce emphatic figures, combining all ages and the most varied attitudes, and reproducing with singular vividness the Italian soldiers of adventure of his day. We see before us the long-haired followers of Braccio and the Baglioni; their handsome savage faces; their brawny limbs clad in the particolored hose and jackets of that period; feathered caps stuck sideways on their heads; a splendid swagger in their straddling legs. Female beauty lay outside the sphere of Signorelli's sympathy; and in the Monte Oliveto cloister he was not called upon to paint it. But none of the Italian masters felt more keenly, or more powerfully represented in their work, the muscular vigor of young manhood. Two of the remaining frescoes, different from these in motive, might be selected as no less characteristic of Signorelli's manner. One represents three sturdy monks, clad in brown, working with all their strength to stir a boulder, which has been bewitched, and needs a miracle to move it from its place. The square, powerfully outlined design of these figures is beyond all praise for its effect of massive solidity. The other shows us the interior of a fifteenth century tavern, where two monks are regaling themselves upon the sly. A country girl, with shapely arms and shoulders, her upper skirts tucked round the ample waist to which broad sweeping lines of back and breasts descend, is serving wine. The exuberance of animal life, the freedom of attitude expressed in this, the mainly interesting figure of the composition, show that Signorelli might have been a great master of realistic painting. Nor are the accessories less effective. A wide-roofed kitchen chimney, a page-boy leaving the room by a flight of steps, which leads to the house door, and the table at which the truant monks are seated, complete a picture of homely Italian life. It may still be matched out of many an inn in this hill district.

Called to graver work at Orvieto, where he painted his gigantic series of frescoes illustrating the coming of Antichrist, the destruction of the world, the Resurrection, the Last Judgment, and the final state of souls in Paradise and Hell, Signorelli left his work at Monte Oliveto unaccom-

plished. Seven years later it was taken up by a painter of very different genius. Sodoma was a native of Vercelli, and had received his first training in the Lombard schools, which owed so much to Lionardo da Vinci's influence. He was about thirty years of age when chance brought him to Siena. Here he made acquaintance with Pandolfo Petrucci, who had recently established himself in a species of tyranny over the republic. The work he did for this patron and other nobles of Siena brought him into notice. Vasari observes that his hot Lombard coloring, a something florid and attractive in his style, which contrasted with the severity of the Tuscan school, rendered him no less agreeable as an artist than his free manners made him acceptable as a house-friend. Fra Domenico da Leccio, also a Lombard, was at that time general of the monks of Monte Oliveto. On a visit to this compatriot in 1505, Sodoma received a commission to complete the cloister; and during the next two years he worked there, producing in all twenty-five frescoes. For his pains he seems to have received but little pay — Vasari says, only the expenses of some color-grinders who assisted him; but from the books of the convent it appears that two hundred and forty-one ducats, or something over 60*l.* of our money, were disbursed to him.

Sodoma was so singular a fellow, even in that age of piquant personalities, that it may be worth while to translate a fragment of Vasari's gossip about him. We must, however, bear in mind that, for some unknown reason, the Aretine historian bore a rancorous grudge against this Lombard, whose splendid gifts and great achievements he did all he could by writing to depreciate. "He was fond," says Vasari, "of keeping in his house all sorts of strange animals: badgers, squirrels, monkeys, cat-a-mountains, dwarf-donkeys, horses, racers, little Elba ponies, jack-daws, bantams, doves of India, and other creatures of this kind, as many as he could lay his hands on. Over and above these beasts, he had a raven, which had learned so well from him to talk, that it could imitate its master's voice, especially in answering the door when some one knocked, and this it did so cleverly that people took it for Giovannantonio himself, as all the folk of Siena know quite well. In like manner, his other pets were so much at home with him that they never left his house, but played the strangest tricks and maddest pranks imaginable, so that his house was like nothing more than a Noah's Ark." He was a bold rider, it

seems; for with one of his racers, ridden by himself, he bore away the prize in that wild horse-race they run upon the Piazza at Siena. For the rest "he attired himself in pompous clothes, wearing doublets of brocade, cloaks trimmed with gold lace, gorgeous caps, neck-chains, and other vanities of a like description, fit for buffoons and mountebanks." In one of the frescoes of Monte Oliveto, Sodoma painted his own portrait, with some of his curious pets around him. He there appears as a young man with large and decidedly handsome features, a great shock of dark, curled hair escaping from a yellow cap, and flowing down over a rich mantle which drapes his shoulders. If we may trust Vasari, he showed his curious humors freely to the monks. "Nobody could describe the amusement he furnished to those good fathers, who christened him Mattaccio (the big madman), or the insane tricks he played there."

In spite of Vasari's malevolence, the portrait he has given us of Bazzi has so far nothing unpleasant about it. The man seems to have been a madcap artist, combining with his love for his profession a taste for fine clothes, and what was then, perhaps, rarer in people of his sort, a great partiality for living creatures of all kinds. The darker shades of Vasari's picture have been purposely omitted from these pages. We only know for certain, about Bazzi's private life, that he was married in 1510 to a certain Beatrice, who bore him two children, and who was still living with him in 1541. The further suggestion that he painted at Monte Oliveto subjects unworthy of a religious house, is wholly disproved by the frescoes which still exist in a state of very tolerable preservation. They represent various episodes in the legend of St. Benedict; all marked by that spirit of simple, almost childish piety which is a special characteristic of Italian religious history. The series forms, in fact, a painted *novella* of monastic life; its petty jealousies, its petty trials, its tribulations and temptations, and its indescribably petty miracles. Bazzi was well fitted for the execution of this task. He had a swift and facile brush, considerable versatility in the treatment of monotonous subjects, and a never-failing sense of humor. His white-cowled monks, some of them with the rosy freshness of boys, some with the handsome, brown faces of middle life, others astute and crafty, others again wrinkled with old age, have clearly been copied

from real models. He puts them into action without the slightest effort, and surrounds them with landscapes, architecture, and furniture, appropriate to each successive situation. The whole is done with so much grace, such simplicity of composition, and transparency of style, corresponding to the *naïf* and superficial legend, that we feel a perfect harmony between the artist's mind and the motives he was made to handle. In this respect Bazzi's portion of the legend of St. Benedict is more successful than Signorelli's. It was fortunate, perhaps, that the conditions of his task confined him to uncomplicated groupings, and a scale of color in which white predominates. For Bazzi, as is shown by subsequent work in the Farnesina Villa at Rome, and in the Church of S. Domenico at Siena, was no master of composition; and the tone, even of his masterpieces, inclines to heat. Unlike Signorelli, Bazzi felt a deep, artistic sympathy with female beauty; and the most attractive fresco in the whole series is that in which the evil monk Florentius brings a bevy of fair damsels to the convent. There is one group in particular, of six women, so delicately varied in carriage of the head and suggested movement of the body, as to be comparable only to a strain of concerted music. This is, perhaps, the painter's masterpiece in the rendering of pure beauty, if we except his St. Sebastian of the Uffizi.

We tire of studying pictures, hardly less than of reading about them! I was glad enough, after three hours spent among the frescoes of this cloister, to wander forth into the copses which surround the convent. Sunlight was streaming treacherously from flying clouds; and though it was high noon, the oak-leaves were still a-tremble with dew. Pink cynamens and yellow amaryllis starred the moist brown earth; and under the cypress trees, where alleys had been cut in former time for pious feet, the short, firm turf was soft and mossy. Before bidding the hospitable padre farewell, and starting in our wagonette for Asciano, it was pleasant to meditate a while in these green solitudes. Generations of white-stoled monks who had sat or knelt upon the now deserted terraces, or had slowly paced the winding paths to Calvaries aloft and points of vantage high above the wood, rose up before me. My mind, still full of Bazzi's frescoes, peopled the wilderness with grave, monastic forms, and gracious, young-eyed faces of boyish novices.

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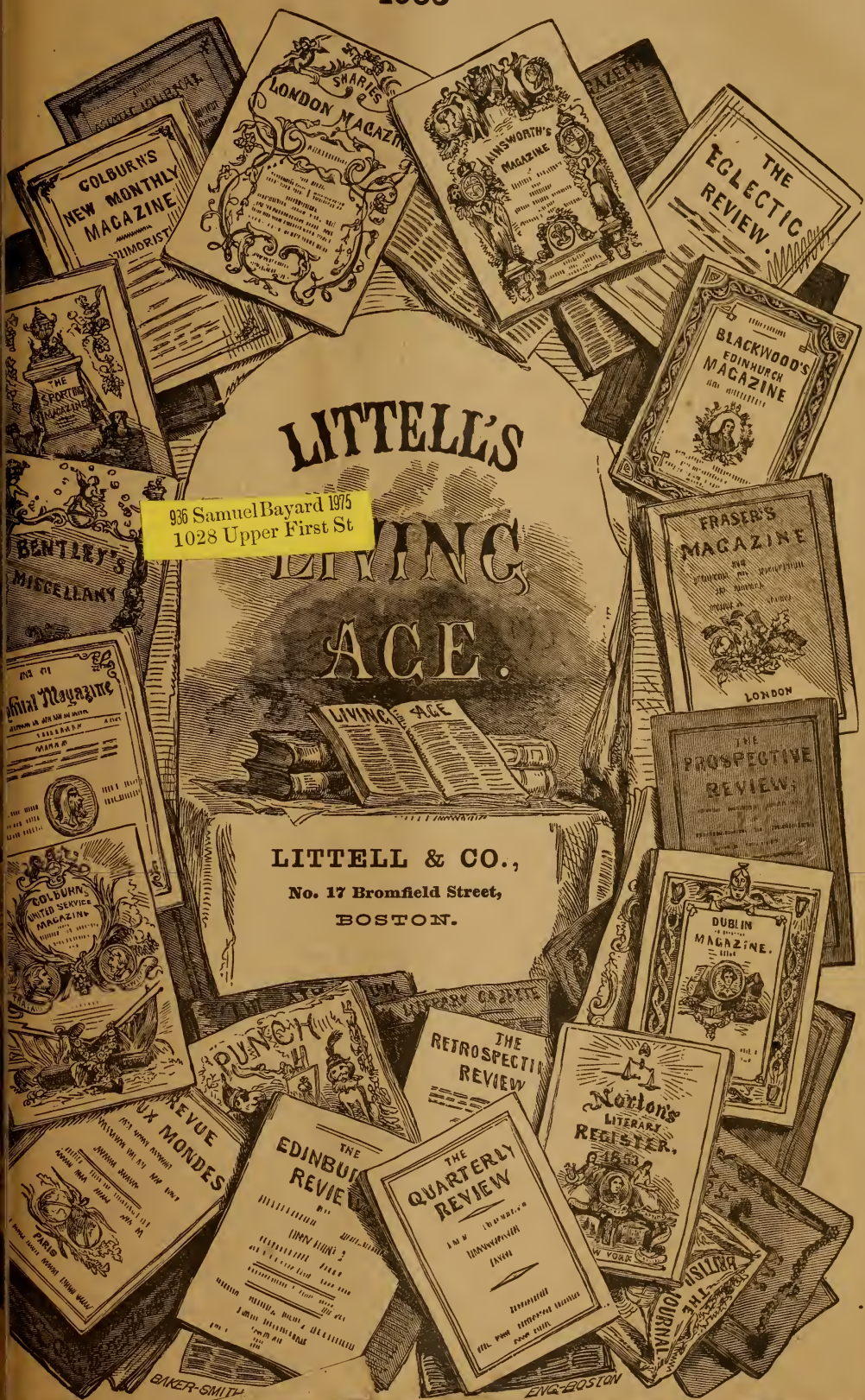
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Fifth Series,
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{ From Beginning,
Vol. CLIII.

CONTENTS.

I BRITISH NORTH BORNEO, OR SABAH,	<i>Contemporary Review</i> ,	707
II. BARNEY'S NEIGHBOR,	<i>Sunday Magazine</i> ,	720 •
III. SAMOTHRACE AND ITS GODS: A NEW EX- PLORATION,	<i>Contemporary Review</i> ,	730
IV. ROBIN. By Mrs. Parr, author of "Adam and Eve." Part IX.,	<i>Temple Bar</i> ,	742
V. SCOTCH FUNERALS,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> ,	753
VI. THE JEWS IN GERMAN LITERATURE; OR, WHAT GERMAN LITERATURE OWES THE JEWS,	<i>Temple Bar</i> ,	757
VII. GREAT PAUL,	<i>Saturday Review</i> ,	760
VIII. THE EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE,	<i>Saturday Review</i> ,	762
IX. MODERN FIFTH-MONARCHY MEN,	<i>Saturday Review</i> ,	765

POETRY.

IN MEMORIAM,	706	THE MOON AND I,	706
TEMPORA MUTANTUR,	706	THE ANCHOR OF THE SOUL,	706
MISCELLANY,	768		

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IN MEMORIAM.

THOMAS HILL GREEN.

(Obiit March 26, 1882.)

HUSHED be the bells of all his native towers,
 We need no sound to swell the deep "alas!"
 Let Isis move unsobbing thro' the grass,
 The sun shine still upon the Nuneham flowers!
 He was of those rare hearts whom Nature
 dowers

With unassuming quietude, his glass
 Turned all reflection inwards, men might
 pass

Nor know the depth and splendor of his powers.

Hew him of granite, granite was his mind,
 Give him the sword, for trenchant was his
 thrust,

And cast these pithless late philosophies
 Prone at his feet who trod them into dust.
 Then write him "Patriot that no bribes could
 blind,
 Prophet of Truth, sure Teacher of the Wise."

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

(Obiit April 9, 1882.)

GONE down to take Proserpina the flowers
 Those "daffodils let fall from Dis's wain,"
 The grey old Bard* who bound, as with a
 chain,

By simple song his Western home to ours
 Waits haply for thy guidance to the bowers
 Where—guests long time of thy mysterious
 brain—

The singers sit right glad to entertain
 Thee with thy later song of Florence towers.

Painter and poet, careless of the bay,
 With woman's grace to make thy brothers
 thine!

Dreamer of dreams too wondrous for the tale!
 Didst thou not craving quittance from thy day
 Haunt the pale past in hope of anodyne?
 Sing happier now, melodious nightingale!

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

* Longfellow.

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

SING, Poet, sing!
 The sun uprises now,
 The darkness falls away,
 Pink flush on mountain brow
 Declares the birth of day.
 Sing, Poet, sing!

No song sing I;
 The sun sings songs of light;
 Man must go forth to toil,
 Till dusk brings down the night,
 His song the furrowed soil.
 No song sing I.

Rest, Poet, rest!

The night is now at hand,
 The darkness falls apace,
 See, over all the land
 The shadows interlace!
 Rest, Poet, rest!

No rest need I;
 Sweet silence bids me sing,
 The heavens are all a-hush,
 I hear them listening;
 Now let the songs out-gush,
 No rest need I.

Spectator.

C. A. GOODHART.

THE MOON AND I.

A GOLDEN moon that leans her gentle face
 On the blue darkness of the summer sky—
 We watched her steal aloft a little space,
 My love and I.

Parting the opal clouds, upward she rose
 To wander lonely 'mid the stars on high:
 We thought our world as bright as one of
 those,
 My love and I.

Dear love, the moonlight smote your rippling
 hair
 And made you smile you knew not how nor
 why;
 My heart beat strangely as we lingered there,
 My love and I.

I asked her, fooled by the bewildering light,
 If she would try to love me by-and-by:
 She rose and left me—I stood in the night—
 The moon and I.

Good Words.

A. MATHESON.

THE ANCHOR OF THE SOUL.

O GALILEAN! art thou, too, forlorn,
 Who wouldst the ruin of the world repair?
 Art thou a failure as thy foes declare,
 Who fain would crown thee still with barren
 thorn?
 Shall generations evermore be born
 To hopes deferred that wither to despair?
 Shall sorrowful humanity still wear
 The grievous yoke that it has ever worn?

Oh, folly! whatsoe'er of good or great
 Rules in this world o'er what is base and
 vile,
 This is His work, which he will consummate
 At his good pleasure; therefore, with a
 smile,
 We, who believe in him, can calmly wait
 His triumph, knowing all is right the while.
 Good Words. ISAAC SHARP.

From The Contemporary Review.

BRITISH NORTH BORNEO, OR SABAH.

THE incessant comment and criticism, during the last few years, of the English, Continental, and Eastern press have testified to the interest felt in an undertaking which, over and above its intrinsic importance, possessed no small dash of the romance of Eastern adventure. The story of the British North Borneo Company had, however, been very imperfectly told in these fragmentary chapters. Neither the nature and extent of its grants from the native princes, the diplomatic questions to which they gave rise, nor the condition and capabilities of the country and its inhabitants have been well understood; while an undefined capacity for involving us in future trouble has been attributed to the charter of incorporation, which has been freely discussed from this and other standpoints. The papers recently laid before Parliament throw a flood of light on the subject, and the complete explanation they afford of the company's position and prospects will be generally welcome.

The idea of developing the northern portion of Borneo by foreign energy and enterprise seems to have originated in the mind of a former United States consul at Brunei, who, so long ago as 1865, obtained from the sultan concessions of territory of a very similar scope and nature to those with which the British company is now dealing. This gentleman proceeded to form a commercial partnership, having its headquarters at Hong Kong, to carry out the design. But the enterprise did not flourish, chiefly from want of sufficient capital. The American Trading Company of Borneo, as it was called, entered upon some trading operations on the coast, and, with the assistance of Chinese workmen and coolies imported from Hong Kong, formed a settlement on the Kimanis River. But this broke up, after a few years' struggling existence; and the scheme had practically collapsed when, about 1876, it was suggested to Mr. Alfred Dent, the head of a British commercial house in London and China, that it might be worth while to buy up the lapsing rights and start the

undertaking afresh on a broader and firmer footing. Satisfied with the result of his inquiries, and of the willingness of the sultan to continue and transfer the grants in question, Mr. Dent formed a private association to acquire the rights they conferred; and to him and Baron von Overbeck as representing this association, all the rights, titles, and interests of the American partnership were shortly afterwards transferred; the native princes readily acquiescing in the change, and formally confirming to their new vassals the grants of territory, powers, and privileges which have since been recognized in the royal charter. These grants practically delegate to the association, in the person of its chief representative, complete sovereign powers over the whole northern section of the island (known by the local designation of Sabah), down to the Kimanis River on the west, and the Sibuco on the east coast, with the immediately adjacent islands, — a territory comprising in the aggregate some twenty or twenty-five thousand square miles, with a population variously estimated at from one hundred to one hundred and fifty thousand souls, — in consideration of the annual payment of \$12,500, or, roughly speaking, about £2,400.

There are in all five distinct leases. Two, from the sultan of Brunei, relate to districts in the north-west; another, from his prime minister and heir apparent, to a tract in the same neighborhood declared to be his private property; while a fourth, also from the sultan, leases the territory on the east coast from the river Paitan to the Sibuco. The Brunei grants, in fact, convey the whole territory now in possession of the company; and comprise, as we have said before, the northern portion of the island, from the Kimanis River (in about 5° 25' N.) on the west, to the Sibuco (in about 4° N.) on the east, with the exception of a few small and unimportant districts which, it is apprehended, can be obtained without difficulty when desired. The sultan of Brunei, however, if the chief, was not the only potentate concerned. The sultan of the neighboring archipelago of Sulu claimed a rival, if in some degree subordinate, right over

the same territory; and this brings us to the fifth document, which we shall shortly find of special interest, as affording the key to an animated contention by Spain. At some period, apparently about the end of the sixteenth or beginning of the seventeenth century, the then sultan of Brunei, having to contend with a serious rebellion, applied for help to the sultan of Sulu, and, in return for the assistance given, ceded to the latter more or less complete sovereign rights over the very district now granted by his successor to Mr. Dent. These rights have, in fact, been recognized by European powers in various dealings with the Sulu sultan, and were found by the company to be active over at least the eastern portion of the ceded districts, while the western seemed to have more or less fallen back under the influence of Brunei. However this might be, the Sulu claim was sufficiently real and comprehensive to make it necessary to obtain a grant also from this potentate, in order to substantiate their position; and during a visit to Sulu, in which he had the unofficial assistance of Mr. Treacher, then H.M. consul-general for Borneo, Baron von Overbeck seems to have had no difficulty in attaining this object. In a document bearing date the 22nd of January, 1878, the sultan of Sulu, on behalf of himself, his heirs and successors, and with the consent and advice of his *datoos* in council assembled, assigned to Messrs. Dent and Overbeck as representatives of the association, his rights and powers over the territories tributary to him on the mainland of Borneo, with the islands off the coast, in consideration of an annual subsidy of \$5,000, which was taken to be a fair equivalent of the revenue they were yielding him in their then undeveloped condition.

In order formally to complete the transfer, each sultan now issued a supplementary document explaining and delegating the powers and privileges to be exercised by the company in the granted territory, and conferring certain local titles on their chief representative in Borneo. Both these instruments, which are similar in purport and very nearly so in language, recite first the grant and the boundaries

of the granted territories, and go on to enumerate the powers conferred in the following exhaustive terms:—

Now, therefore, know ye that we, the Sultan . . . have nominated and appointed, and hereby do nominate and appoint . . . Supreme Ruler of the above-named territories, . . . with power of life and death over the inhabitants, with all the absolute rights of property vested in us over the soil of the country, and the right to dispose of the same, as well as the rights over the productions of the country, whether mineral, vegetable, or animal, with the rights of making laws, coining money, creating an army and navy, levying customs rates on home and foreign trade and shipping, and other dues and taxes on the inhabitants, as to him may seem good or expedient, together with all other powers and rights usually exercised by and belonging to Sovereign Rulers, and which we hereby delegate to him of our own free will.

And, in order further to convey to the inhabitants information of the grants, each of the sultans deputed a high officer to accompany the representative of the association on a voyage round the coast. At each of the places touched at, these officers assembled the chiefs and people, and read to them a solemn proclamation announcing the grants and exhorting and commanding them to obey the new authorities. This, we are informed, was done at six different places, and everywhere the news was received without mark of opposition and in a friendly spirit.

So far as the native princes were concerned, then, the title of the grantees and the transfer of authority were complete. In addition to the four grants from the sultan of Brunei and his prime minister and heir apparent, they had a grant from the sultan of Sulu of what rights soever he possessed; and the grants had been published and explained with all possible emphasis. They proceeded accordingly, without further delay, to give effect to their powers by stationing residents at various places on the coast, to cultivate friendly relations with the natives, administer justice as far as practicable, and gradually acquire information regarding the country and its resources. And, having thus definitely asserted their position,

they applied to the Marquis of Salisbury, at the close of 1878, for the formal recognition which they deemed essential to the success of their undertaking. Nearly three years were to elapse before they fully gained their point, in the grant of the charter; and the opportunity is convenient for glancing at the political questions to which their scheme gave rise, in the interval.

It was not to be supposed that the advent of the new rulers would escape jealous criticism by other powers interested in the great archipelago of which Borneo is the centre. For nearly three hundred years, Holland, Spain, and England have been asserting and exerting, more or less directly or indirectly, and with ebbing and flowing energy, rights of suzerainty, of possession, and of exclusion over these fertile islands; and neither Spain nor Holland was willing to see pass under English influence the most fertile portion of the largest island of the group. Remonstrances against the alleged annexation were promptly formulated, and a correspondence ensued in which records of almost forgotten adventure come quaintly to relieve the dry record of treaties made, broken, and lapsed, begun, abandoned, and disputed, which furnish the chief materials of the tangled story. Fortunately the contentions raised at the Hague and at Madrid were entirely distinct in their nature and origin, and it is possible to deal with each case separately, without mixing up the other in the narrative.

We need not, in the case of Holland, go farther back than a treaty negotiated at London in 1824, which was designed to settle all differences arising out of our occupation of the Dutch possessions in Asia during the Napoleonic wars, and to effect a final division and demarcation of territory in Malayan waters. Nor is it necessary to quote more than the twelfth article of this agreement, which, after recognizing the cession of Singapore, goes on to stipulate that "no British establishment shall be made on the Carimon Isles, or on the islands of Battam, Bintang, Lingin, or any of the other islands south of the Straits of Singapore, nor any treaty con-

cluded by British authority with the chiefs of those islands." There seems to have been an inclination at the Hague to include Borneo among the "other islands south of the Straits of Singapore" from which we are thus specifically excluded; but the pretension has always been emphatically resisted by Great Britain, and a glance at the map certainly justifies our contention. The islands specially named are situated close to and round about the entrance to those straits, and immediately on the highway to the Dutch colony of Java; whereas Borneo does not lie to the south of Singapore, but some three hundred and fifty miles to the east, and a full half of the island is north of the parallel on which Singapore is situated.

Borneo is now practically divided into four separate governments. The Dutch hold the whole southern portion of the island as far, on the west coast, as the frontier of Sarāwak, while a resolution of the governor-general of Java in Council, passed in 1846 (their last official declaration prior to 1877), declares the river Atas, in lat. 3° N., to be their northern boundary on the east. The remainder is divided between the State of Sarāwak and the independent sultan of Brunei, on the west coast, and Sabah, the ceded territory of the British Borneo Company, in the north. Holland has, in fact, never claimed any political rights over the territory under discussion. On the contrary, the Resolution of 1846 expressly states that she does not claim to exercise any influence over the territory belonging to the sultan of Sulu, which is there defined as having for its boundaries the river Kimanis on the west, and the river Atas on the east. Nor has she seemed disposed to press too closely the argument that Borneo was one of the "other islands" contemplated in the Treaty of 1824 which we recently quoted. The contention of her government during the recent controversy has rather been the general one, that the starting-point of that treaty was the principle that it would be desirable to avoid any mixed possession by Great Britain and the Netherlands of one and the same island in the Indian Archipelago, and that the latter would therefore have the right

to object to the establishment of a settlement under British authority in the island of Borneo. Even in Holland, however, public opinion was by no means unanimous on the point. We find, for instance, in the course of a debate in the States-General in December last, M. Van der Hoeven, whose voice carries weight in colonial matters, not only denying that the Treaty of 1824 was at all intended to exclude England from Borneo, but affirming that Holland had quite enough territory already, and that "he considered it fortunate England should have established herself directly or indirectly in Borneo, thereby shutting out other foreigners." It is unnecessary to enter further into the course of the discussion between the two Cabinets, which eventuated in a perfectly friendly solution, in the disclaimer by England of any desire of annexation; Lord Granville, however, reaffirming, in what is virtually his final despatch, that the Netherlands government would not, "as a matter of international right, have any ground whatever" to object to our annexing north Borneo, were such a project in contemplation; while Baron Rochussen repeats his contention, equally as a matter of principle, that, "the Treaty of 1824 having for its object to prevent any conflict of influences in the Indian Archipelago, it is not compatible with the bearing of that arrangement that the authority of Great Britain should be established over the island of Borneo, a great part of which is subject to the Netherlands." He accepts, however, Lord Granville's assurance that the contemplated measure is in no sense a measure of annexation, but that the territories ceded to Mr. Dent will be administered by the company under the suzerainty of the sultans to whom they have agreed to pay a yearly tribute; finds in the consistency of these assurances "a sure guarantee that the provisions of the charter will always be carried out in the same spirit; and trusts that the new undertaking may contribute to the happiness of the native population, and be fruitful in useful results, without causing trouble or prejudice to the neighboring districts subject to the domination of the Netherlands."

The contention raised by Spain was of a totally different character, and turns upon the claims of the Sulu sultan which we explained in relating the grants under which the company holds its territory. The Madrid Cabinet, in short, affirms that north Borneo belongs to Sulu, that Sulu belongs to Spain, and therefore north

Borneo belongs to Spain also: whereas Great Britain having always declined to recognize Spanish sovereignty over Sulu, and still less over its north-Bornean dependencies, repudiates altogether the claim of Spain to any right of interference in the matter. There could be little hope, from the outset, of reconciling views so utterly divergent; and the chief purpose served by the correspondence which ensued between the two governments is the thorough elucidation of their respective cases. The position taken by the Madrid Cabinet is concisely expressed in a despatch from Señor Calderon Collantes, dated the 14th of November, 1876:—

Since the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, during which Spain took possession of those territories, and more especially since the solemn stipulations of the 23rd September, 1836, 30th August, 1850, and 19th April, 1851, she has the right to treat as her subjects the Sultan of Sulu, as well as the inhabitants of the Archipelago submitted to his authority. By the first of the said Treaties, the Protectorate of Spain over the whole Archipelago in which the Sultan exercises authority was recognized; by that of 1850 the anterior one was explained and amplified, it being laid down that the Sultan could not, either by himself or by agreement with his "Dattos" or other principal men, cede to any foreign power any portion of the territory which constitutes the extent of islands which are situated within the limit of Spanish rights; and finally, by that of 1851, the sovereignty of Queen Isabella II. and her successors over the said Archipelago was expressly recognized, the Sultan and the Dattos promising solemnly to maintain the integrity of the territory of Sulu and its dependencies as part of the Archipelago belonging to the Spanish Government. By the third Article was recognized the incorporation of the "Island of Sulu with all its dependencies into the Crown of Spain, and its inhabitants as forming part of the great Spanish family which peoples the vast Philippine Archipelago," and other Articles of the same Treaty confirm the same, the Spanish flag, according to the fifth Article, being adopted thenceforward in Sulu as the only and exclusive flag of that territory.

This despatch was written before the North Borneo Company's entrance upon the scene, and has reference to the protests which were then being made by England and Germany against the interference of the Spanish authorities with trade in the Sulu group. The point raised, however, is the same, and it will at once make clear the drift of the whole controversy if we quote Lord Derby's prompt reply:—

It should be borne in mind that the Spanish claim to sovereignty is utterly repudiated by

the Sultan of Sulu, and that it has never been established, the Sultan still enjoying practical independence and exercising authority over all but a very small portion of the Archipelago. Until the last expedition the Spaniards had no footing whatever in any of the islands, their operations having been confined to bombardments and occasional raids. Even now, if Her Majesty's government are correctly informed, the Spaniards only hold one small fortified post in the Island of Sulu itself, and they exercise no authority in any part of the Archipelago beyond the range of the guns of that post, and of their ships of war. For these reasons Her Majesty's Government have never felt bound to recognize the sovereignty of Spain over the Archipelago,—and they do not recognize it,—although they are not desirous to raise the question unless they are forced to do so by the conduct of the Spanish Government.

The Sulu Islands, which thus form the kernel of contention, stretch in a continuous chain over a distance of some two hundred and fifty miles, from the north-east corner of Borneo to the south-east corner of Mindānao, the southernmost of the Philippines; Sulu itself, the residence of the sultan, being situated nearly in the centre of the group. It is easy to understand, from this geographical position, that the islanders should have been considerably mixed up with the affairs of Borneo on the one hand, and been subject to the frequent attacks of Spain on the other. It is equally clear, however, that these attacks have been constantly resisted, and that a state of intermittent warfare has prevailed, culminating ever and anon in the imposition of fresh treaties, to be broken and repudiated directly pressure was withdrawn. If mere paper claims were to be taken as evidence of right, England could put forward an excellent title to the very territory in dispute. For when, in 1762, we captured Manila and obtained control over the Philippines, we released the sultan of Sulu, whom we found there in prison, and replaced him on the throne, on the distinct understanding that the whole of the territory in north Borneo which had then recently been ceded to him, together with the south of Palawan and the intermediate islands, should be transferred to the English East India Company. And a treaty embodying these terms, which were willingly agreed to, was duly signed the following year. But, as Lord Derby admits, that treaty, together with others concluded in 1761 and 1769, must be considered as having lapsed for want of *de facto* assertion. And, if the language of the Spanish

treaty of 1836 permitted the most shadowy claim of territorial right to be founded on it, precisely the same objection might be urged to it also, with equal force. The extent, however, of the sovereignty there asserted is an offer by Spain and (we presume compulsory) acceptance by Sulu of the friendship and "protection" of the Spanish government—from which protection, however, "Sandākan and the other countries tributary to the sultan on the continent of Borneo" are, in the very first clause, specially excepted. Thirteen years later the English again appear upon the scene; and, in ignorance it appears even of the existence of the Spanish treaty of 1836, and in the absence of any sign of Spanish protection or occupation, negotiate with the sultan a treaty dated May, 1849, by the seventh article of which, "in order to avoid all future occasions of difference, he engages not to make any cession of territory within his dominions to any other nation, or subjects or citizens thereof, and not to acknowledge the suzeraineté of any other State without the consent of Her Britannic Majesty." But this treaty, although duly signed and sealed at the time by the sultan and by our then consul-general, Sir James Brooke, did not come into force owing to a delay in the exchange of ratifications. The mere fact of its having been concluded, however, again to quote Lord Derby's language in 1876, "seems to have induced the Spanish governor of the Philippines to fit out an expedition to punish the people of Sulu for having attempted to elude their engagements"—which expedition resulted in the signature at Sulu, in April, 1851, of a fresh document, wherein the claims of Spain are quite unmistakably asserted. The treaty itself is styled "An Act of Re-submission;" and in it "the island of Sulu and its dependencies" are declared "an integral part of the Philippine Archipelago which belongs to Spain." This document affords the only ground on which, at the time of the Borneo grants, Spain could possibly base a claim to interfere in the affairs of "Sulu and its dependencies;" and we find Lord Derby admitting, in the course of his correspondence with the German government, that if the Spanish government had, "in virtue of that treaty, established settlements there and made proper provision for the government of the islands and for the encouragement of trade under reasonable regulations, her Majesty's government might perhaps not now be disposed to dispute the sover-

eighty claimed by Spain." So far from that being the case, however, the "Spaniards had never, at any time since the treaty of 1851, been able to exercise the rights claimed by them or to obtain any footing in the Sulu archipelago. All they had done to maintain their right of sovereignty had been to despatch from time to time expeditions to chastise the inhabitants for alleged acts of piracy, and to issue orders prohibiting foreign trade." Treaty or no treaty, in fact, they seem to have been no nearer the possession of real sovereignty than before; and a painful picture is drawn, in reports which were then reaching our government from its officers in that quarter, of the cruel nature of the hostilities being carried on by the Spanish gunboats. "Numbers of fishing and trading boats had been destroyed, and their crews sent to Zamboanga and Manila to labor on the public works for life; the villages near the coast had been frequently fired upon, and the town of Sulu had been twice bombarded." It was the complete interruption of trade caused by these proceedings which led to the emphatic interference by England and Germany to which we have before referred. But it would seem, to judge from the indignant language used by Lord Carnarvon in moving the Foreign Office on the subject, that a desire to put an end to these "atrocities" in the interests of humanity was nearly as potent as the desire to restore freedom of trade and have redress for grievances, in prompting that intervention.

This, then, was the position of affairs when Mr. Dent appeared on the scene. A protocol from which the question of sovereignty was excluded had been agreed on between the three governments in 1877, recognizing the principle of absolute freedom of trade for their ships; and the Spanish gunboats seem to have been temporarily withdrawn from the waters of the archipelago. The lease to Mr. Dent was granted by the sultan in January, 1878. A renewed attack was made on Sulu by a powerful expedition from Manila a few weeks later; and in July of the same year the sultan was compelled to sign a fresh treaty, acknowledging unreservedly the sovereignty of Spain over the archipelago and its dependencies, and accepting a pension at her hands. Whether steps were taken this time to make the occupation effective, it is beyond our purpose to inquire. Bearing date six months later than the cession to Mr. Dent, the new treaty would obviously

not be recognized in bar to his claim when an attempt was made to appeal to its provisions. It is sufficient to note that the same assurance which had been given to the Cabinet of the Hague was given to Madrid: her Majesty's government had no intention of establishing any British dominion or rights of sovereignty over any portion of Borneo; but they declined with equal emphasis to admit the sovereignty of Spain. It is seldom, even in cases where the data are less complicated, that either party to a controversy can be persuaded he is in error. In cases such as the present, where points are brought to light of almost forgotten history, and issues based on some record of almost forgotten adventure, there must be still greater difficulty in imposing conviction. As Lord Granville remarked to the Marquis de Casa Laiglesia, in reference to the Spanish protest against the issue of the charter, "there was on either side a denial of the validity of the titles and arguments advanced by the other, and it was difficult under the circumstances to see how a continuance of the discussion could lead to any satisfactory conclusion." A speech made by the Marquis de la Vega de Armijo in the Spanish Senate, a few days later, seems practically, even if somewhat unwillingly, to accept this view; and an exhaustive despatch from Lord Granville to Mr. Morier ably winds up the discussion in the following words:—

North Borneo lies in the fairway of an immense British maritime trade between China, Australia, India, and the United Kingdom. Its occupation by a foreign power would be a source of disquietude to this country, and for that reason clauses were inserted in the British Treaties of 1847 and 1849 with the sultans of Sulu and Brunei, under which they respectively engaged not to make any cession of territory to any other nation than Great Britain without the consent of Her Majesty's Government.

Thirty years ago, in consequence of a report that Spain laid claim to some portion of the north-east coast of Borneo, under a recent convention with the Sultan of Sulu, Lord Howden, then Her Majesty's Representative at Madrid, was instructed, in a despatch dated the 11th May, 1852, to remind the Spanish Government that as early as the years 1761, 1764, and 1769, Treaties of Friendship and Commerce were entered into by Her Majesty's Government with the Sultan of Sulu, and that by one of those treaties cessions of territory were made to Her Majesty's Government, including the Island of Balambangan and the several dependencies of the Sulu Empire on the eastern coast of Borneo; and that on repeated occasions some of those ceded territo-

ries had been militarily occupied by British troops.

No record can be found of the claim of Spain to this territory having since been renewed, but on the contrary, in January, 1877, shortly before the signing of the Protocol of Madrid, the Spanish Foreign Minister declared to Her Majesty's Representative that his Ministry had no designs on Borneo, and limited the claims of Spanish sovereignty to Sulu and the adjacent islands. It was therefore with feelings of no little surprise that in the following year Her Majesty's Government received the announcement of the claim of Spain to sovereignty over the north-east coast of Borneo, under the new Treaty of 1878, and reports of attempts on the part of the Spanish authorities at Manila to plant their flag in that territory.

Diplomacy, however, generally succeeds in finding some outlet from an apparent deadlock; and we observe in one of Lord Granville's latest letters a hint that a more complete solution may yet be found, in the recognition of Spanish sovereignty over Sulu, subject to the stipulations of the protocol of 1877, in return for the formal withdrawal by Spain of her pretensions on the mainland of Borneo.

To return, now, from our survey of the political questions which its formation had conjured up, to the dealings of the company itself in its new territory. Two years elapsed between the date of the application to Lord Salisbury and the receipt of an intimation that the request would be favorably entertained. Mr. Dent's agents had, in the mean time, been gradually acquiring a knowledge of the country, gaining the confidence of the natives, and establishing the elements of civilized government. Their success seems to have been rapid and remarkable. Their presence had been everywhere welcomed, and their authority admitted. Supported by no force, but by mere personal influence, they had succeeded in evoking comparative order out of chaos, in laying the foundations of commerce, and in establishing a degree of security for life and property long undreamed of in Bornean philosophy. So long ago as March, 1880, less than two years after their settlement in the island, Admiral Coote specially remarked upon "the influence for good manifestly possessed by them over the natives."

The people [he wrote] apparently look up to the agents as their lawfully constituted governors, and seem most willing to be led by them into the paths of industry and commercial enterprise. Should the political aspect of the question permit of Her Majesty's Gov-

ernment recognizing at an early date the status of Messrs. Overbeck and Dent in the country, I am of opinion that it would add materially to the prosperity and security of the people, to the development of the country, and open up new markets for our home and colonial produce.

In September of the same year, and in February and again in May, 1881, visits were paid by our cruisers to the new settlements, and the reports made were each time satisfactory and encouraging. The testimony thus given confirms that of the agents themselves, to the steady improvement of the districts under their rule — an improvement so marked that, without this independent confirmation, we might fancy the reports tinged by the sanguine disposition of the writers. A letter from the company's agent at Sandakan to the governor of Labuan, dated June, 1880, draws a striking picture of the change effected even at that early date; and may well be quoted at length, both for its intrinsic interest and for the light it sheds on the actual condition of the country and its inhabitants:—

When I arrived here in 1878 I found the only place in this bay to be a small village hidden away in an obscure corner in the far end of the bay. The entrance was frequently blockaded by pirates, and the reason I had assigned to me for the small trade with surrounding islands was the danger of the navigation caused by them. There were two Chinese traders only. The important River Kina Batangan was blocked by a jealous and suspicious chief.

The knowledge of and trade with the interior of the country was virtually nil. The coast-line was in the hands of the rapacious Sulus, by whom the Indians of the foreshore (Bajows) were ground down and oppressed in every way. The Indians of the forest (Boolydopies) were forced to yield to their exactions to such an extent that but very few years more would have witnessed the extermination of large sections of them. They had all but abandoned their fields and orchards. (The Indians of the interior, Dyaks, of whom virtually nothing was known, did their best to keep themselves to themselves, as far from the Sulu's creese as possible.) As for the trade of the districts at that time, the little "Far East" left intervals in her calling here sometimes of two or three months' duration, and when she did come brought very little cargo, and once none at all, and took away nothing to speak of except the bird-nests from one locality alone. Slavery was rampant, slave-boats containing cargoes of unfortunate, starved wretches, in such a state that it turned one's stomach to look at them, covered with sores and ulcers, and many of whom certainly died, were frequently to be seen here or in the

Kina Batangan; robbery was rife, creeses were drawn upon the slightest occasion, there was no security for either life or property, debts were unrecoverable, slaves were used in the most atrocious way, being occasionally cut down or thrashed, and afterwards having mashed green chillies rubbed into the wounds. The rich soil of the country was all but entirely uncultivated, as the proceeds would certainly have been taken by the nearest man with any power when ripe; and, in fact, it is simply difficult to say in what way matters could have been in a more deplorable condition.

Now, Elopura, placed on a commanding and carefully selected site, at the very entrance of the harbor, monthly gains in population and importance. Over a dozen Chinese traders do an increasing trade with all the rivers of the coast; the Kina Batangan, opened by me to traffic in 1878, sends away ten thousand bundles of rattans a month, besides other produce. I have communicated with the chiefs of the interior, who are anxious to receive the new government, to send their goods down for sale on an open, free market. The Indians of the foreshore, freed from their Sulu oppressors, and consolidated, as far as their habits allow them, into a powerful body, offer to place a hundred creeses at my disposal for any emergency. The Boolydoopees, able to cultivate their crops in peace now, have wide and every season increasing paddy-fields. Slave-boats are a thing of the past; two steamers call regularly monthly. The price of rice is reduced to less than half what it was. Crime is simply unknown; the Chinese do not even require to fence their kitchen gardens. The now hard-working Sulus are beginning to clear away the forest for farms, with the knowledge that they can sit down in their houses without fear of being kidnapped in the middle of the night and sold as slaves, or, at the best, that a considerable part of their crops will be taken by some one else. As to the pirates, the people of these parts, disgusted with the state of anarchy, and finding a strong helping hand behind them, put such pressure upon them that they have moved off, bag and baggage, to Palawan.

Having, then, satisfied itself of the validity of the native grants; having brought to an issue the elaborate correspondence with Spain and Holland, and having ascertained through its own and the company's agents the results of the first experimental years of rule, her Majesty's government resolved to grant the charter sought. The 2nd December, 1878, is the date of Mr. Dent's first application to Lord Salisbury. On the 16th December, 1880, he learned that, "after a careful consideration of his statement and of all the conditions of the proposed undertaking, her Majesty's government were disposed to recommend his application to the favorable consideration of the queen;"

and on the 1st November, 1881, the charter was at length signed and issued. By it (Baron von Overbeck having in the mean time retired from the undertaking) the then members of the association, Messrs. Alfred Dent, Sir Rutherford Alcock, Richard Biddulph Martin, Richard Charles Mayne, and William Henry Macleod Read, were erected "into one body politic and corporate by the name of the British North Borneo Company," with perpetual succession, a common seal, and all the various powers, privileges, and responsibilities set forth in the subsequent clauses. The company is to be and remain British in its character, and the directors are to be British subjects. None of its grants and commissions are to be transferred without the consent of the secretary of state. In case of differences with the sultans of Brunei or Sulu, the difference is to be submitted to the secretary of state. The dealings of the company with any foreign power are to be subject to the control of the secretary of state. The company is to discourage to the best of its power, and abolish by degrees, any system of domestic servitude existing among the natives, and no foreigner is to be allowed to own slaves of any kind in its territories. The religion of the people is to be respected. Careful regard is to be had to their existing customs and laws, in the administration of justice. The secretary of state may interfere in respect to the treatment of the natives at any time he thinks fit. In case at any time the government wishes to make provision "for the exercise and regulation of its extra-territorial jurisdiction and authority in Borneo, and to appoint any of the company's officers to discharge judicial or other functions thereunder," the company is to provide court-houses and bear all incidental expenses. The appointment of the company's principal representative is to be subject to the approval of the secretary of state. It is to give all requisite facilities for British ships of war in its harbors, and to hoist such a distinctive flag as the secretary of state and the Admiralty may approve. The company may extend its possessions; and acquire by purchase, cession, or other lawful means further powers over the lands it already holds. General and detailed powers are given for doing all things necessary to the administration of the country. A deed of settlement is ordered to be prepared. And the usual order is addressed to all her Majesty's officers whom and where soever, "to rec-

ognize and be in all lawful things aiding to the company and its officers."

It was inevitable that a document of so much importance should be made the subject of inquiry and debate in both Houses of Parliament, and equally certain that objection would be taken to some of its provisions. It would be foreign to our purpose to review in detail the criticisms which have been passed upon it. The papers we have quoted are in themselves a sufficient answer to many of the strictures; and the whole official correspondence justifies the resolve to foster an enterprise which had already proved itself effective for good, and promised, in the words of the charter itself, to "be productive of much benefit to her Majesty's dominions and to many of her subjects." It was fitting that, if such an undertaking were to be launched, it should be placed on a footing commensurate with its scope and purpose. Nor, indeed, beyond protest against the extension of our responsibility, has the policy of recognition been seriously disputed. The cry of finality is always raised when the extent of our colonial possessions and the weight of responsibility they entail are brought by circumstances into prominent notice; and there can be no doubt of the general feeling that the load is as great as we care to bear. But to elevate that principle into an absolute maxim is to presuppose that Englishmen have altogether lost the spirit of energy and enterprise which formerly characterized the race; and this is a supposition decidedly opposed to fact. As Mr. Gladstone remarked, Englishmen will not be restrained within prescribed limits; they will push forward and onward in search of new fields for enterprise and adventure; and, whatever may be said, the will of their countrymen at home is that they should be protected when these undertakings seem likely to redound to the national credit and advantage. The government therefore wisely decided to recognize and control at the outset an enterprise commendable in itself, and from which it would have been extremely difficult to keep altogether aloof. Instead of increasing our responsibility by this recognition, we have more probably lessened it by forestalling and restricting within diplomatic lines questions that were certain to arise, and with which it might hereafter have been more difficult to deal. The enterprise was likened by one speaker to that of the French in Tunis. The remark hardly deserves serious notice, except to indicate one

feature of marked difference. The rule of the British Company has been established in north Borneo with the free assent and good will of the inhabitants, and without a blow struck or threatened. This is a sufficient contrast to the experience of the French in north Africa; and the fact is noteworthy because it meets another objection which has been raised, namely, the danger of collision with the native races, in which our troops would be required to sustain the intruders. So far from this being the case, the natives appear only anxious for the confirmation and extension of the new rule. We have already noted the willing submission shown to the company's agents on their arrival, and on their inland journeys; and a message received not long ago from the chief of Sibutu (an island on the east coast, lying about eighty miles south of Sandakan), begging to be allowed to place himself and his people under their authority, shows the continued good-will with which their presence is regarded.

There seems, then, little danger of our being entangled in Borneo in one of those colonial wars at which we have so often had occasion to chafe. The new territory seems, indeed, more likely to be a source of convenience and strength. As pointed out by Lord Granville, Borneo lies in the fairway of an immense British maritime trade between China, India, Australia, and the United Kingdom. Its occupation by a foreign power would be such a source of disquietude to England that we should have been impelled to avert such a contingency; while its possession by a British company constitutes it a neutral territory and useful place of resort for our ships as well as for those of other nationalities. The bays of Gaya on the west, Maruda on the north, and Sandakan on the east, are as spacious and commodious as their geographical position is convenient and strategically important. Midway between Singapore and Hong Kong, on the one hand, and between China and Australia on the other, these harbors, or the one of them which may be selected, will form a valuable coaling station and place of call for our ships, either in time of peace or war. The want of such an intermediate station was the chief incentive to the acquirement of Labuan, while there was the further hope that the coal found on that island would form a local source of supply. But ships have to refit at times, as well as take in stores of fuel; and Labuan has the disadvantage that our ironclads and larger ships cannot get near

the shore, so that not only have the coals to be carried out a considerable distance in lighters, but it fails in other important respects to meet the requirements of a naval station. Even the coal has proved a disappointment. Nearly £1,000,000 has been sunk in the mines, and three companies have been successively ruined by the great cost of working, with the result, we believe, that the works are at present deserted, and English coal has to be sent for the use of our steamers. To equal or greater advantages than Labuan in point of situation, the harbors of north Borneo add those of infinitely greater commodiousness. That of Kudat especially, an inlet on the western side of Maruda Bay, seems to fulfil every requirement in depth of water, convenience of access, and perfect shelter in all weathers. The position is, in fact, one which policy would have compelled us to assume under more difficult conditions, had it been sought to effect a settlement in north Borneo by other than British enterprise. Whatever additional responsibility, therefore, the charter may be held to involve, seems to be of a moral rather than a political nature. We make ourselves responsible for the right exercise by the company of the great powers with which it has been invested. But the convenience of the harbors to which we gain access will fully compensate for our implied promise of protection and support.

The North Borneo Company is, then, an established fact. It has emerged from the difficulties and troubles of its infancy, and is launched with powerful support upon its future career. It becomes interesting now to see what information is before us regarding the future prospects of the territory it has acquired. In a despatch to the Foreign Office, dated January, 1878, Mr. Treacher, then acting consul-general for Borneo, wrote of it in the following terms:—

This portion of Borneo at the present time, from want of a settled Government, is very sparsely inhabited, and for the most part still clothed with jungle, much of which, however, would become valuable as timber for exportation; but the soil in many places, notably up the Kinabatangan River, is known to be of excellent quality, and well adapted for tropical produce, while everything, reports of natives and the character of the country, etc., is in favor of the existence of valuable mineral resources, and the trade in birds' nests, rattans, camphor, seed pearls, has been ascertained to be valuable, and only to require development. Such being the case, and a settled Government being established, in no long time Chinese and

others would flock into the country; and if the British Government gave its moral support, there need be no fear of any great difficulty in dealing with the natives, who, from the operations undertaken by Her Majesty's naval forces in the time of Sir James Brooke, have been taught the power of Europeans, so that the way is in a measure prepared for a Company undertaking the development and the civilization of the country.

Subsequent experience has tended fully to confirm the accuracy of this estimate, and Mr. Treacher has given proof of his confidence in the prospects of the enterprise by accepting the post of governor under the Borneo company's rule. The territory whose development he has thus undertaken to promote is estimated, as we have already shown, at from twenty to twenty-five thousand square miles—an area somewhat larger than that of Ceylon, somewhat less than Ireland. It is sparsely populated, and almost totally undeveloped, but we have evidence, in its previous history and in the testimony of recent explorers, of its high natural capacity. It has a coast-line five hundred miles in extent, with several excellent harbors. A range of mountains varying from five to eight thousand feet in height traverses the western portion of the country, and culminates near its northern limit in the lofty eminence of Kina Balu, which the natives regard with superstitious reverence, thirteen thousand seven hundred feet above the level of the sea. The slopes of these hills are fertile, and we have the testimony of Mr. Dobree (a Ceylon planter, who visited the country shortly after its acquisition), since substantiated by others, that they are suitable for the cultivation of tea, coffee, and cinchona.

The range forms a watershed in which numerous rivers take their rise. Those on the west coast are small and navigable only for a few miles, as might be expected from the proximity of the hilly country to the coast: the principal are the Pappar, the Tampassuk, and the Kimanis, which latter forms the southern boundary in this direction of the company's concession. The Bongon and the Benkoka may be named among those which fall into Maruda Bay on the north; while on the east we find the Paitan, the Sugut, the Kina Batangan, and the Sibuco watering large tracts of country and capable of becoming useful channels of trade. The Kina Batangan, which appears to be the principal of the four, has been ascended by Mr. Pryer, and found navigable for river steamers, for upwards of two hundred

miles, into the heart of the country. The Sibuco, which marks the southern limit of the company's territory in the east, has not yet been explored, nor its situation well defined. The rivers appear, on this side of the island, to run through large tracts of virgin forest, broken by oases of cultivation. The natives grow rice, millet, tapioca, sago, Indian corn, sugar-cane, tobacco, cotton, and pepper; and for these products, as well as for cocoa, the soil is declared to be eminently suitable. The forests promise, however, to become in themselves sources of wealth: they are full of valuable timber, some of which is declared equal to teak in quality. Camphor, ebony, and gutta-percha are among their products; and edible birds' nests, a valuable article of commerce with China, and beeswax, are also procured in their recesses. The east coast of Borneo has for many years been famous for the export of these birds' nests, immense caves of which have been found near the Kina Batangan River. Gutta-percha, too, promises to become an especially valuable item of trade. Recent returns for the neighboring state of Sarawak give \$320,000 as the value of one year's export; and the fact that such a quantity is still being collected, after the jungles have been worked between thirty and forty years, gives some idea of the great value of the practically unworked forest in the new territory.

The company has had little opportunity, as yet, of developing these great natural resources. There has been enough to do in laying the foundations of settled government, and preparing the way for future operations. It is interesting, however, to note, in some figures obtained by Captain Meade, of H.M.S. "Modeste," during a recent visit to Sandakan, the gradual beginnings of a future commerce. The total exports from Elopura, as the settlement at that port is now called, were valued in 1878 at \$25,000, and the imports at \$18,000. These figures rose in 1879 to \$39,000 and \$25,000 respectively; in 1880, the exports had reached \$99,912, and the imports \$54,733; while we are informed that the latest report received places the aggregate value of the whole trade for one month alone (August) last year at \$25,000. The exports appear to be chiefly gutta-percha, tortoise-shell, rattans, and birds' nests — principally, in fact, what is locally known as "jungle produce;" and this is made to pay a royalty to the government of ten per cent. *ad valorem*, while imports are charged five per cent.

on the east coast, and admitted free for the present on the west. Rice, as a staple of food, is free. Opium is farmed out, so far as regards the manufacture and sale of the drug; but this applies only to the imported article, as we understand that there is no opium cultivation carried on within the company's territory.

The oppressive taxes formerly levied by the native chiefs, where their hold was firm enough to exact them, have been abolished, and the above are the only imposts at present in force. These, however, must of course be regarded as purely tentative, in the present elementary condition of trade; it will be time, when the resources of the country are far better developed, to elaborate a fiscal system. There appears, as pointed out by Mr. Treacher, good reason to suppose the existence in the interior of considerable mineral wealth. Gold and diamonds of good quality are found in other parts of the island; but their existence within the company's territory, however probable, has yet to be discovered. There are, however, pearl fisheries on the north-east coast which promise under proper management to be richly productive. At present, the natives are content to dredge for them in a very primitive way; but they occasionally obtain handsome and valuable specimens. An excellent oil has been discovered at the mouth of the Sekuati River on the west coast, specimens of which have been chemically investigated at South Kensington with favorable results. It burns well, and is commonly used by the natives for lighting purposes. A peculiarity is, that there is a slight camphoric odor. Coal is understood to exist, but only surface specimens have yet been examined, and it remains to be seen whether the main supply is of sufficiently good quality.

But, whatever mineral or other treasures may be disclosed by further exploration and research, the principal source of future wealth is looked for in the fertility of the soil; and with this object in view the company purpose holding out every inducement to immigration. The country is much too sparsely peopled for the natives themselves to be able to supply the necessary labor. Intertribal fighting, poverty, and disease have reduced the population till it is estimated there remains a proportion of not more than six to the square mile of soil; whereas Java, under the influence of settled government and careful cultivation, supported at the time of the last census (in 1865) no fewer

than three hundred and sixty-eight. A great part of the east coast of north Borneo, which has been most subject to the ravages of the Sulus, is practically uninhabited — a fact, by-the-by, illustrated by the frequent presence of the ourang-outang, which is said always to retire before civilization. The condition of the people in the districts which have been explored is very variable; at some spots in the interior have been found tolerably settled communities; at others they are almost in the condition of savages. In one respect the company's experience is certainly more favorable than that of Sir James Brooke, on his first coming, in Sarāwak. However uncivilized, the people show none of the ferocity which once made the name of Dyak a byword; on the contrary, it is remarkable that, wherever the company's officers have penetrated, they have been well received and their administration has been willingly accepted. It seems, however, more than doubtful whether they can be relied on for the steady work required in systematic cultivation. In Ceylon, as is well known, the planters have to import all their coolies from India; and, like the Cingalese, the north Borneans, though well-disposed and amenable to authority, do not promise to take kindly to regular labor. This difficulty, then, is another reason, besides the sparseness of population, for looking to China to supply the want. Sir Spencer St. John, when her *Britannic Majesty's* consul for Borneo in 1862, wrote: —

There is but one people who can develop the islands of the Eastern Archipelago, and they are the Chinese. They are a most industrious and saving nation, and yet liberal in their households and free in their personal expenses. They are the only people to support an European government, as they are the only Asiatics who will pay a good revenue. In Sarāwak there are not above three thousand Chinese, and yet they pay in indirect taxes more than a quarter of a million of Malays and Dyaks pay all together. There is room within the Sarāwak territories for half a million of Chinese cultivators, without in any way inconveniencing the other inhabitants; and these Chinese could pay without difficulty £2 a head in indirect taxes, as those levied on opium, spirits, tobacco, and other articles. I believe if England were to try the experiment of a Chinese colony, where they had room to devote themselves to agriculture, to mining, and to commerce, the effects would be as great in proportion as those displayed in our Australian Colonies. The Indian Isles are not far distant from China, and emigrants from them are always ready to leave on the slightest temptation. I have lived so many years in the

Archipelago that I hope my information may be found correct. I certainly expect much from the future of Borneo if the experiment be aided or adopted, as it possesses the element of wealth and prosperity, and can obtain what is essential to success — a numerous and industrious population.

The British North Borneo Company is about to make the experiment here advocated, and looks, we believe, to attract not only Chinese labor but Chinese capital to the country. Sir Walter Medhurst, late H.B.M. consul at Shanghai, has been induced to proceed to China as their agent, to explain the position and objects of the new undertaking, and introduce a regular system of free emigration. With the example of the Straits Settlements and Sarāwak before their eyes, the company cannot be accused as sanguine for hoping the best results from his mission. When, in 1819, Sir Stamford Raffles hoisted the British flag at Singapore — an island two hundred and twenty-four square miles in extent — the site of the present capital was only a fishing village; it has now a population of one hundred and twenty thousand, of whom the greater part are Chinese, and a yearly revenue of £255,000. The Straits Settlements altogether, containing a total area of only twelve hundred square miles, have a population of four hundred and twenty-three thousand five hundred and a revenue of £472,000. Sarāwak, founded only in 1841, has now a trade of \$4,000,000 annually, a population of some two hundred and forty thousand (of whom eight thousand are Chinese), and a revenue of £50,000. Even Labuan, with an area of only thirty square miles, has gathered, under thirty-five years of British rule, a population of four thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight, and yields a revenue of £7,500 a year; while Hong Kong, which at the time of its cession to Great Britain was only a barren rock, has now a population of more than one hundred and forty thousand and a yearly revenue of £250,000. The English are well liked by the native races in the East. They have confidence in our fairness, and in our ability and our will to maintain order and security. There is no reason to doubt that the Chinese will flock as readily to north Borneo as they have to the other colonies we have named, and will be as useful as elsewhere in developing and contributing to the resources of the country. It will not be the first time in their national history that they have fulfilled this task. When the Portuguese

first visited Borneo in 1520, the whole island is said to have been in a most flourishing condition; and it is to Chinese trade and Chinese industry that this prosperity was mainly ascribed. We might, indeed, call in etymology to our aid, if its help were needed to sustain the report of the visitors. The word *Kina* in the Malay language means "Chinese;" and we have in the words *Kina Balu*, the name of the principal mountain, and *Kina Batangan*, that of the principal river in the company's territory, a sufficiently clear proof of the deep impression the Chinese had at one time made in districts where this nomenclature survives as a record of their presence. In an official paper communicated to Sir Stamford Raffles in 1812, Mr. J. Hunt writes: "The number of Chinese that had then (in the sixteenth century) settled on her shores was immense; and the products of their industry and extensive commerce with China in junks, gave her land and cities a far different aspect from her dreary appearance at this day; while her princes and courts displayed a magnificence which has long since vanished." We will not enter on a review of the causes by which the decay was brought about. Suffice it to say that the Dutch had not yet adopted the system of administration which has made Java a garden, nor had the Portuguese been circumscribed within the island of Timor, which is the sole relic remaining to them of their early possessions in these seas. Commerce was ruined by violent interference. Industry died out under oppressive exactions. The native princes, finding their revenues dwindling away, tried piracy and extortion to fill their depleting coffers. Rebellions, Sulu intervention, piracy and intertribal fighting completed the work; and the country sank back from the high level of prosperity it had reached, to the condition in which we find it at the present day. Yet every visitor who has attempted to describe north Borneo seems to fall under a local fascination. From Mr. Dalrymple in 1763, to Spencer St. John a hundred years later, the tale is always the same. No language seems glowing enough to describe the natural capabilities of the soil and the beauty of the scenery. Mr. Hunt is no exception to the rule:—

Should [he exclaims in the paper from which we have just quoted] so fortunate an occurrence ever fall to the lot of Borneo,—should a strong and wise government ever be established on her shores; a government that will religiously respect property and secure to industry the fruits of her labor; that will, by a wise system of laws, protect the peaceable, and punish the violator of the laws of a well-organized society; that will direct the industry of the people to useful purposes, and check their propensities to violence and plunder,—such a government, in a short series of years, would behold, as if by magic, a paradise burst from her wilds, see cultivation smile upon her jungles, and hail a vast and increasing population, blessing the hand that awoke them to life, to happiness, and to prosperity.

The words were penned at a time when English power had temporarily superseded the rule of Holland in these Eastern seas, and there appeared no immediate likelihood of our surrendering the position we had gained. The whirligig of fortune has once more brought a section at least of Borneo under English influence, and, once again the words become appropriate of Mr. Hunt's closing aspiration. Now that her destinies are once more transferred to Englishmen, let us "hope that a happier order of things will speedily restore these extensive shores to peace, to plenty, and to commerce." The company has undertaken a great task, and there is reason to suppose it may have a great future. It has undertaken great responsibilities towards the people placed under its sway; but there is every reason to suppose, from the information before us, that its agents are dealing with them wisely and kindly. It found a government, if government it could be called, powerless to maintain order, and capable only of harm. By the influence of their presence, and the respect and liking they have acquired, its agents have done much to establish a degree of peace and security which the natives seem to appreciate in proportion to its novelty. Judging therefore from the past, and with the example of Sarawak before us to show what can be done by a wise and firm administration under even more difficult circumstances, there seems fair reason to anticipate for north Borneo an era of peace and prosperity to which it has for centuries been a stranger.

R. S. GUNDRY.

From The Sunday Magazine.
BARNEY'S NEIGHBOR.

BY C. BIRLEY.

"Great gifts can be given by little hands,
Since of all gifts Love is still the best."
A New Mother. — ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

CHAPTER I.

CHILD'S PLAY.

"My duty towards my neighbor is to love him as myself, and to do to all men as I would that they should do unto me."

So, for about the fifteenth time, murmured little Barney Fielding, as he sat upon the table in the schoolroom at Elmhurst Rectory, conning over a portion of the catechism which his mother had given him to learn, while she and his father were away from home for a few days.

It was a wild March morning. Great gusts of wind blew up the dust in an unpleasant manner, which had helped their nurse Sarah to decide that none of her four charges should go out of doors; and Barney's two sisters were in the same room with him, pressing up against the window in a melancholy mood. Their parents had gone off to London directly after breakfast, and were not expected to return till Friday night; and the three elder children knew that the object of this journey was, that their father, who was a clergyman, and the rector of Elmhurst, might see a clever doctor about the cough and weakness which had troubled him all winter, and which grew worse instead of better as the spring advanced. Daisy, and Barney, and Elly sometimes noticed for themselves how pale and thin he looked, and how the noise they made in playing seemed to weary him; though Elly thought it very odd that as jumping about and shouting did not tire her own sturdy little legs and piercing little voice, any one else could be fatigued by sitting still in an armchair like father, and just seeing and hearing other people do it. It was only Barney who almost always remembered to be quiet for his sake.

Daisy was the eldest of the Fielding children, a bright, strong girl of nine, rather short for her age, and with her bones well covered, though she was not such a round, fat dumpling as the five-year-old Miss Elly, whose red cheeks, her father told her, were like two big rosy apples which the cook had forgotten to put inside. Both the sisters had fair hair, Elly's clustering in short curls about her head, while Daisy's hung in golden rip-
ples down her back. She, Daisy, was a

quick, imperious child, affectionate and eager, and a great favorite with her companions.

Still, Barney was the one to look to for good-humor. It overspread his countenance like sunshine, beamed out of his brilliant dark-brown eyes, and lurked in his two dimples; and Daisy, and Elly, and even the little brother Pascoe, who was only two years old, were not slow to take advantage of his sweetness, and coolly put aside his wishes whenever they happened to clash against their own.

"Oh! I want to go out," said Elly piteously, leaning her curly head against the window-pane, and thus as far as possible defeating Sarah's purpose of guarding her from cold, by getting all the draught which came in through the badly-fitting framework.

"And so do I!" said Daisy, from her heart. "But as we can't, I am wishing more than anything that we had some more toys."

And she stared dejectedly at the row of shelves on which the children were supposed to keep their playthings. Yes, they certainly were not so well filled as they might have been, if Mr. and Mrs. Fielding had had a little more money to spend upon their family's unnecessary wants.

"If only you didn't get tired of playing at *my* game," began Barney, shutting up his Prayer-book, and putting it carefully away; but of course no one listened to him, and he meekly gave place to the usual speaker.

"Yes, I do wish one of us could have a birthday, or be ill, or do anything that would get us something fresh to play with," proceeded Daisy, who was quite as ready to sacrifice her own health to the public good as that of her brothers and sister. "Let me see, yours is the next birthday, Barney:

Barnaby bright, Barnaby bright,
The longest day and the shortest night;

and that's such a very long way off. There is nobody with a loose tooth, is there?" she added, trying her own white rows with a thumb and finger, and looking greatly disappointed by the absence of result. "Mine are all quite firm, or else that would have been a penny. How are yours, Barney?"

"I think perhaps one of them is a *little* loose, if you pull it very hard," said Barney hopefully. "You try, Daisy; your fingers are the strongest, and I sha'n't mind if you hurt."

"No, it's no good! It's firmer than mine even! It wouldn't be fair," pronounced Daisy, after a test which brought the tears to Barney's eyes. The little Fieldings were given a penny for each tooth of theirs which came out of their heads, but they were bound in honor never to give them the first shock, for the sake of getting the reward.

"Feel mine, Barney," said Elly, who did not like to be left out of anything in which her big brother and sister were concerned. "Not you, Daisy, you're so rough."

"What's the good?" said Daisy. "You're too little for it even to be worth while trying yours for another year."

But Barney seized on the suggestion.

"Yes, sit down in that chair, Elly, and put your feet upon a footstool, and pretend to be a lady coming to the dentist. I'll just get my case of instruments," and he reached down from his shelf an old box-lid on which were carefully arranged two magnets, a stiletto from which the point was gone, a carpet-needle, a broken bodkin, and three large rusty nails. It was a formidable collection, even without some poisonous lead-paper which represented silver stopping; but Elly did not seem afraid, and opened her mouth with the composure of a model patient.

"That's so like you, Barney," said Daisy. "You're always wanting somebody or something to be ill, or hurt, or broken, that you may mend them up again. I think it's very unkind."

For a moment Barney looked staggered by this view of his amusement. "But I don't want them to *be* ill, only to pretend," he said, "and that can't do them any harm. And then, you know, I am the doctor who is kind to them and makes them better. Doctors are always kind," he added with conviction, "and that's the reason people are so glad to see them."

"Oh, are they?" said Daisy scornfully. "Then why did mother look so bothered when she told Cousin Annys the other day that Dr. Ashton was never out of the house now, and she was sure that he came oftener than he need."

"That was the money," said Barney sagely.

"Well, then," said Daisy, shifting her ground a little, "I don't think it is so very kind of people to do things just for money. No one calls it kind of father to preach sermons, because that's what he has got to do, or of Sarah to wash and dress us every morning, or of shop-keepers to let

you have the things you pay for. And I don't see that it is a bit different with doctors. They make sick people better because that's their business, and if they didn't do it they couldn't get on. Kindness is the doing things for nothing."

"Oh, do stop talking, Daisy, and let Barney play with me," sighed poor little Elly. For her dentist, instead of attending to his appointment, was standing stock-still beside her chair, screwing up his eyes until they were almost lost to sight, in his difficulty to express his meaning; but, though words wouldn't come to him, he had his idea pretty clearly in his mind.

For within the childish form of Barney Fielding, lay the germs of one of those strong, great, and tender souls to which the fact of human suffering is like a cry for help; and going, as he did go, with his mother into cottages, and hearing upon all sides from the poor, of the gentleness, and cleverness, and patience of the good old parish doctor, it was no wonder that the little fellow learned to think such loving service was the noblest work which manhood had to offer, and that he already looked forward to the time when he too would be able to shower the gifts of healing on his kind. Ah, it was no hope of getting money which made his heart swell with the thought. How was it Daisy didn't understand?

"I wish I were a man," he began impatiently, but then he stopped, and smiled, and changed his sentence. "When I am a man, I will tell you what I mean, Daisy," he ended in his usually slow and placid way.

But Daisy wasn't listening. She was gazing through the window.

"Look!" she said, "here's Cousin Annys coming to the door, and she's got a great big parcel in her arms. Perhaps it's another present for you, Barney. She does give you things like the fairy god-mothers in story-books, doesn't she? only they're mostly too useful to be nice; and she is like the pictures of them too."

This remark did credit to Daisy's powers of observation. When two minutes afterward Miss Annys Maynard came into the schoolroom, any one must have admitted that there was a resemblance to the ordinary design for beneficent fairies in her tiny figure, which even high-heeled boots hardly raised above five feet, and in her shrewd, clever little face with its big arched nose, bright eyes, and a pointed chin, which, in spite of the owner's youth, was already inclining to nutcrackeriness.

She wore the appropriate costume of a short and brightly-colored petticoat, long cloak, and stiff black beaver hat; and with her smiling, animated countenance, looked a very pleasant visitor to have on a dull day.

At the time of her godson Barney's birth, Annys Maynard was living near the rectory, at Elmhurst Hall. Soon afterwards, however, her father died, and she went away to a house called Methby Grove, in Surrey, and lived alone, coming only to Elmhurst Hall once or twice a year. Mr. Fielding, Barney's father, was her distant cousin, and Mrs. Fielding her great friend, while for her little godson she cherished a very deep affection, though, to tell the truth, when they were together she felt a little puzzled how to talk to him, and look at things from his childish point of view. If she might have him to herself at Methby she fancied they would get on better, but his father and mother had never yet been able to send him for a long-promised visit there. Daisy, Barney, and Elly clustered round her, holding up three chubby faces to be kissed.

"Well, children," she said cheerily, "what are you doing with yourselves this dismal day? Nothing, Daisy? That's not a very exciting occupation."

"I am a dentist, and these are my things," observed Barney, complacently putting his hand upon his treasures in the box-lid; and Cousin Annys examined them with interest.

"Neither wise men nor fools
Can work without tools,"

she repeated to him gravely. "But still, Barney, judging from the look of these, I should pronounce you pretty nearly independent of such helps. Now fetch Pascoe, Daisy, if he hasn't gone to bed yet; and you shall see what I have brought in this parcel to console you poor deserted chicks."

Daisy ran away, and soon came back again with her pretty little brother clinging to her hand, and roguishly pretending to be shy. *Real* shyness was not a failing of the Fielding family.

That was a delightful parcel. There was a soft, fur-coated monkey in it for Pascoe, a doll for Elly, a set of quartette cards for Daisy, a box of dominoes for Barney, and a good supply of chocolate and barley-sugar and tiny story-books besides, to be shared among them all. Cousin Annys stood by the table, enjoy-

ing the children's pleasure, as she distributed her gifts in this properly lavish fairy style. "There, you needn't thank me any more," she said at last, hushing their eager gratitude. "Only, as my old nurse used to say to me when I was in the nursery, 'don't you ever say that I never gave you anything!'"

"There's one thing that I wish you hadn't given me," said Barney, looking up at her with twinkling eyes.

"What's that, Barney?"

"Such an ugly name as Barnabas," said the boy, repeating it in a disgusted tone. "When mother asks me in the catechism, 'Who gave you that name?' she says of course I must say, 'My godfathers and godmothers in my baptism,' but really and truly my godfathers had nothing at all to do with it, and it was only *you*. Why did you choose it, please? And don't you wish now that you had thought of a nicer one?"

Cousin Annys shook her head. Her love, and prayers, and interest had been bespoken for this child at a time when the weight of coming sorrow was pressing heavily upon her, and she had begged to give him the name of the saint upon whose festival he came, as a token of the comfort that she trusted he would prove to her some day.

"No, Barney," she said, looking at him tenderly, "for I chose it for its meaning — the son of consolation. Have you any idea what consolation means?"

"I *know*," said Barney confidently. "Joe Dixon told me. It means something for somebody that hasn't got anything."

"Pretty nearly — sometimes," said Cousin Annys, smiling, and Daisy hastened to explain.

"He is thinking of the prize for the Consolation Race in the athletic sports at Joe's big school. Joe said it was only for the boys who hadn't won anything before."

Barney nodded, and then moved a little nearer to Miss Maynard. "Cousin Annys," he said, "what do you think the London doctor will say to father?"

"Ah, Barney, I wish I knew," she answered earnestly, struck by his wistful seriousness of manner; but again Daisy interposed.

"Oh, never mind him, Cousin Annys! Please come and play quartettes. Mother will tell him all about it when she comes home again, and he only wants to know that he may play at it with Elly!"

CHAPTER II.
CHILD'S EARNEST.

THE London doctor's prescription worked a greater change in the rectory household than one written merely in mysterious symbols upon half a sheet of letter paper. He said that Mr. Fielding must go abroad to the south of France as soon as possible, and a clergyman had been found to come and take the duties at Elmhurst while its rector was away.

The doctor had, however, spoken so hopefully of the good effect which a warm climate was likely to have upon Mr. Fielding's health, that both he and his wife would have been quite glad to go, but for the sad necessity of leaving three of their four children. It would be too great an expense to take the whole family, and soon it was decided that only little Pascoe should accompany his parents.

"And when will you and father come back again, mother?" Barney asked, when Mrs. Fielding told the children of these plans. "And are we to stay here with Sarah all alone?"

"No, dear," said Mrs. Fielding. "We can't tell yet how long we shall be away; and perhaps if your father likes France very much, he will try and get a chaplaincy out there, and send for you all to come and join us. But in the mean time, here is an invitation for you, Daisy and Elly, to stay in Devonshire with grand-mamma and Aunt Margaret; and they are very sorry, Barney, that it is not possible to make room for you too in their tiny cottage. Who do you think wants you, my boy? I know you can guess if you try."

"Cousin Annys," said Barney, laying his soft cheek lovingly against his mother's as he stood with his arm about her neck, "Really, mother? Am I to live with her at Methby Grove?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Fielding; "you are to go back with her next Monday, and in another day or two, Sarah will take Daisy and Elly to Tor Cottage. You will all be very happy, I am sure."

"I wish we were all to be together, though," said Daisy. "Cousin Annys has been telling us about Methby, mother. It sounds such a queer place, made up, she says, of a lot of three-cornered bits of grass, just like each other, with flocks of geese and dirty children running about on them, and ever so many public-houses round. Oh dear, Barney! next Monday will be here rather soon!"

Mrs. Fielding sighed. Hard as it was

for her to part from any of her children, she knew that Barney was the one she should miss most of all. Not that she really loved him better than the others, but because he was more gentle and affectionate and thoughtful in his ways. As she once said to Annys Maynard, "Half my troubles seem to vanish when Barney looks up with his understanding gaze, and slips his little hand in mine."

She was thinking very sadly of their approaching separation when, the day before he was to leave her, she and Barney were alone together in the drawing-room. It was the custom at Elmhurst Rectory for the children to repeat the catechism to their father every Sunday afternoon, standing in a row before him, according to their ages, with their hands behind their backs. Even Pascoe had been taught already to stay quietly in his place by Elly, and answer the two questions, "What is your name?" and "Tell me how many commandments there be?" and the sight of her solemn little face was enough to keep his merriment in check. Mr. Fielding was always much displeased by the least sign of carelessness or inattention in this repetition, and so Barney, who was anxious to be perfect in his farewell lesson, had brought his Prayer-book to his mother directly after breakfast, asking her to hear if he could say, "My duty towards my neighbor" without a single fault.

"My duty towards my neighbor is to love him as myself, and to do to all men as I would that they should do unto me," began the little fellow in a reverent voice, but then his thoughts went travelling in much the same direction as his mother's, and he looked at her, and said, with a quiver on his lip, —

"I wonder what neighbors I shall have at Methby."

"I wonder, too," said his mother. "Come closer to me, Barney — yes, on my knee if you like — and let us talk a little. You remember how a certain lawyer came to Jesus, and when he was bidden to love God with all his heart and his neighbor as himself, he asked, 'Who is my neighbor?' And what was it Jesus said to him?"

"He told him about the poor man who fell among thieves," said Barney, "and about the good Samaritan who helped him."

"Yes," said Mrs. Fielding. "By means of that beautiful parable our dear Lord taught not only him but his whole Church throughout all ages, that our neighbors

are those who stand in need of us through trouble and sorrow and distress. Thus wherever you go, Barney, you will find no lack of them. There is always somebody in want of love and help and comfort, and even a child like you, if willing and unselfish, can in many ways show friendliness and kindness towards others not so favored as himself. If at Methby you look out for little opportunities of being helpful, you will soon begin to feel at home among the neighbors there."

"And when I am a doctor," observed Barney, "what a lot of neighbors I shall have—all the people who come to be taken care of in my hospital. You know I mean to build one, mother? and Elly is to be a nurse and help me, and wear a pretty white cap upon her head. Daisy won't. She says she thinks that she shall marry some one."

CHAPTER III.

MRS. LAURENCE.

THERE is no need to dwell upon the sad parting between Barney and his father and mother and brother and sisters on that Monday morning when he and his Cousin Annys set off together in the railway train. He did his best to be brave about it, however, and it was not until the village of Elmhurst and the last glimpse of the rectory chimneys were out of sight that, in spite of his pretence at still looking through the window, Cousin Annys saw large tears gathering in his eyes, and slowly rolling down his dear, fat, rosy cheeks. She guessed that he would rather that she took no notice of his crying, and in a little while his fists went up to his face for rubbing and drying purposes, and he turned to her with an April sort of smile.

"What shall we do to amuse ourselves?" he said; "shall we play at animals?"

"Oh! yes, certainly," said Cousin Annys, glad of anything to cheer him. "Only as I do not know the game, you will have to show me how to play. What am I to be? a roaring lion? a laughing hyena? or

This is the cock that crowed in the morn,
And wakened the priest all shaven and shorn?

If we are to make a noise about it, it is as well that we have the compartment to ourselves."

"But we needn't make a noise," said Barney, laughing. "The game is not a bit like that. I will sit on the other side

and look out of that window, and you must look out of this one; and we each count all the animals we see. And the one wins who gets up to five hundred first."

"Very well," said Cousin Annys, as Barney settled himself in a business-like manner in his corner; but presently he turned round with a start.

"I forgot to tell you," he said, as if the omission were important, "that a wheelbarrow counts *two*."

"But wheelbarrows aren't animals," observed Cousin Annys.

"They are in *this* game," said Barney with dignity and decision. "Not always, I dare say."

The two travellers arrived at Methby Grove too late in the evening for Barney to make acquaintance with the garden before dark; but the next morning, directly after breakfast, his godmother took him out upon the lawn. There was a flood of April sunshine over it, making everything look bright.

In the centre of the grass-plot, surrounded by a tangle of flowering plants and shrubs—white roses and the like, of course not now in blossom—was an artesian well. Here, in summer, yellow water-lilies bloomed, and their broad, green, glossy leaves formed little islands for the frogs, which occasionally hopped on to them, placidly surveying from those vantage grounds the shining gold-fish that floated up in quest of food. A great mulberry-tree, in solitary glory, stood farther down the lawn, which, at the lower end, was shut in by evergreens from the rest of the premises. There was, however, one narrow little opening in the middle, giving the vista of a rose-tree-covered archway and a short gravel path proceeding towards a quaint little wooden building, originally intended to combine the uses of a tool-house and an apple-store. There were two stories in it, a rickety outside staircase leading to the upper one.

"Now, Barney," said Cousin Annys, at this stage of their inspection of the grounds of Methby Grove, "go through this gap between the trees, and take a peep down the long avenue. Queen Elizabeth's avenue, we sometimes call it; for there is a dim tradition that she once walked there, when she came to Methby on a visit."

This avenue of elm and ash and poplar, and perhaps other kinds of trees, gave delicious shade in sultry weather, but was besides of little use. A large meadow

which lay behind that little building of which mention has been made, bounded it upon the right; and on the other side, and on a slightly lower level, were the back gardens of an ugly and commonplace set of villas. As Barney saw it, the walk stopped abruptly at a dark-green paling and somewhat shabby garden seat, but in reality there was a little gate at the corner which took one through the field and out at a door there, and was the quickest way to get to Methby Lower Green.

Barney glanced down the long avenue, and went back to his cousin. It looked dull and cheerless.

The lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf Round the elm-tree bole

might be "in tiny leaf," and there were some drooping catkins and a few stray tufts of golden daffodil or primrose, to relieve the general bareness; but nevertheless his first impression of the place which he was hereafter to associate with one of his very dearest interests, was simply of two dingy, straight, brown rows of trunks of trees, to the farther end of which he had no present wish to penetrate.

Yet as he crept back again, a sudden thought occurred. "Cousin Annys," he said gravely, pointing with his hand in the direction of the villas, "is it there that the neighbors live?"

"Well, I suppose so," she answered, smiling, "though I don't know that there are many children there that I can let you play with. They are rather a rough set, I am afraid."

The little apple-hut had taken hold of Barney's fancy, and perceiving how he seemed inclined to linger by it, Cousin Annys said, —

"As you seem to like this funny little house so much, my boy, I think it must be given up to you to make a play-room. We will go presently and look for William — the gardener, you know — and ask him to clear it out for you as soon as he has time."

"Oh, thank you! thank you!" said Barney, his cheeks crimson with delight. And after running up the stairs, and taking a good critical look round his future premises, he came out again with an air of great satisfaction, and stood upon the topmost step.

"Thank you again very much, Cousin Annys," he said to his godmother, who was waiting for him on the path below. "It is a perfect doctor's shop."

"Where did you get hold of *that* expression, Barney?"

"It's what Sarah said when she was clearing out the cupboard where she keeps the medicine bottles, in the nursery at home," explained Barney. "Just before I came away, it was, you know. When this house is my own, I shall make-believe it *is* a doctor's shop, and I shall be the doctor. Do you think, please, there are any old empty bottles I could have to put upon the shelves? And may I look in the rag-bag for some long bits of calico for bandages?"

"If you like," said Cousin Annys. "At least you can ask Jane. And see, Barney, you shall have this bit of border here as a garden for your drugs. Methby used to be quite celebrated for them long ago — camomile, rhubarb, liquorice, aniseed — all sorts of medicinal plants; and William must try and find you some to stock your doctor's shop. But first, my dear boy, give me your solemn promise that you will never either taste yourself, or let other people taste, one single drop of your decoctions. No, not even though, as you say, you would do like real doctors and put red labels on the poisons. The medicines might get mixed, you see; and I really daren't take the responsibility of trusting you to judge between them."

"When I'm big, then I may," said Barney cheerfully. "Cousin Annys, when you take me to the cottages, as you said you would, to see the people who are ill, I shall pretend they are my patients, and that I am 'on my rounds.' Dr. Ashton tells father that he just looks in upon him when he happens to be passing 'on his rounds.'"

So Barney, who from his cradle had borne a nursery reputation of being "a very good child at amusing himself," established himself in his mimic surgery; and gave so little trouble in the household that the servants — Jane the housemaid, Dinah the parlor-maid, and the cook — were all loud in his praise. When his lessons were over, Cousin Annys, sitting at her writing-table in the drawing-room, used to have stray glimpses of his happy little figure flitting in and out among the bushes in search of flowers or leaves to color the water in his physic bottles, or else working busily in his little plot of ground; and even when he was a long while out of sight, she never guessed that he could be engaged in any other way.

And she quite forgot a little conversation she had had with him, on the third day after he had come to Methby Grove.

"Cousin Annys, what is 'as mad as a hatter,' if you please? I mean what does it mean?"

"Well, it means quite mad, *very* mad, generally," she answered. "Why do you want to know?"

"Because I heard Cook telling Dinah that Mrs. Laurence was 'as mad as a hatter,'" said Barney. "Who is Mrs. Laurence?"

"Oh, that woman who has just come to live at one of the end villas," said Cousin Annys carelessly. "Yes, poor creature, I believe she really is insane. Only, Barney," she added, for she had a great dislike to gossip, "don't get into the habit of repeating to me whatever you chance to overhear the servants say. They wouldn't like it; and any way, it isn't a very gentlemanly thing to do."

Thus Cousin Annys heard no more of Mrs. Laurence, while Barney, whose curiosity had been roused respecting his new neighbor, set himself to work to get more information from the maids. As they, on their side, spared no pains in gathering up fresh details with regard to her in their fragmentary chats with "the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker," and representatives of other equally well-known and useful trades, he soon learnt, through these sources, the brief outline of her history. Heavy domestic trials, loss of husband and children, had brought on a terrible illness, and although she recovered her bodily health and strength, the balance of her mind was overthrown. She was mad.

There is — perhaps you know, children — great difference in madness. Mrs. Laurence's was of a kind which not only made her very queer and eccentric and unlike other people in her habits, but rendered her a prey to horrible delusions and suspicions concerning nearly every one about her. That is to say, she fancied that her friends and relations, and perfect strangers even, had evil designs upon her, and were wanting to kill her and rob her and injure her in all possible ways. So she had left her former home and every one she knew, to come to this little villa which her dead husband had happened to possess on a long lease. And the only person whom she really liked and trusted in her madness, or who had any influence over her, had come with her — Esther, her old faithful servant, who looked after her affairs and housekeeping, and did her utmost to control her poor mistress's wayward moods. Often, however, even she was powerless; and Mrs. Laurence would

take to pacing up and down in the back garden, muttering to herself, and strangely and very scantily attired.

Barney was not long in making personal acquaintance.

Methby was so near to London that Miss Maynard often went up for the day; and on one of these occasions Barney, finding that the maids were too busy with spring-cleaning to care for his society, strolled slowly down the avenue, wistfully regarding some boys and girls who were playing in the villa gardens. How he longed for Daisy and Elly and Pascoe! Somehow to-day he had an unusual hankering for companionship, but knowing that his Cousin Annys would not like him to join these villa children in their games, he only ventured upon giving them a shy, uncertain sort of smile. They took no notice of him, and he walked on.

Perhaps he should see Mrs. Laurence, and get a clearer notion of what madness was! People always spoke of it in such mysterious whispers, or else softly and gravely as if it were something for which to be very, very sorry. Should he know her when he saw her? He was not quite sure which of the three end houses was the one in which she lived. His heart beat quickly with excitement when, in one of the narrow strips of ground belonging to them, he noticed a strange figure — a woman no longer young, but who still would have looked handsome, but for the wild expression of her eyes, and the grotesque disorder of her dress and hair. Her white crumpled cap was scarcely paler than her face, but the wanness was relieved by a bright-hued shawl thrown crookedly about her shoulders, and over her night-gown she had slipped a linsey skirt. She was holding up a parasol in an affected way, and talking rapidly and indistinctly to herself. Yes — no doubt of it! this *must* be Mrs. Laurence.

Barney's heart went out to her in that first moment. Here was a neighbor to be kind to and to love! He was not afraid. His nerves were strong by nature, and had never been shaken by any special fright; but he felt thrilled and fascinated by this, his earliest insight into madness, and realized at once what an awful and piteous thing it is. He placed himself behind a tree, fancying that there she could not see him and think him rude for watching her; but when presently she turned abruptly in her walk, and he perceived from the direction of her eyes that she had spied him in his hiding-place, the little fellow, with instinctive courtesy,

began to gather a few sprays of the small-leaved ivy which was twining up the trunk, as if they, and they alone, had been the object of his coming to the avenue.

But Mrs. Laurence was in a mood for conversation.

"Boy," she said in a deep, startling voice, "boy, is it *you* who puts the poison berries in my coffee?"

Now Barney had grown so accustomed lately to being told by William and Cook and Jane and Dinah that he was certain to kill somebody with those nasty messes that he played with in his doctor's shop, that this suspicion did not seem quite so strange and monstrous to him as it would otherwise have done. All the same he felt anxious to clear himself from such an imputation, and there was a very serious look upon his little face as he stepped forward, and stood close up to the fence which divided him from her.

"Oh no!" he said, "indeed I haven't. I wouldn't think of such a thing. Cousin Annys let me gather leaves and flowers and things to play with, and put into bottles in my doctor's shop over there behind the trees, but she says I mustn't drink a drop myself, or give anybody else a drop, of any of the medicines even that I *know* aren't poison. And however much I had wanted to, I couldn't have put berries in your coffee, for there aren't any berries ripe yet, and besides, I have never been inside your house at all."

Mrs. Laurence looked him well over before she answered him, and on the whole seemed satisfied that he was speaking truth.

"No," she said, "I don't think it is you. But," and she lowered her voice to a tragic whisper, "how would you like to have people about you who are always trying to poison you, or shoot you, or strangle you? I dare not go to sleep sometimes for fear of them; and Esther won't tell me who they are."

She paused for some remark from Barney, who feeling that it wouldn't be good manners to tell her that he didn't quite believe in this sad state of affairs, was a little puzzled what to say.

"Perhaps Esther doesn't know," he hazarded.

For one moment Mrs. Laurence seemed to catch at the suggestion; but that passing gleam of brightness quickly faded from her face.

"She ought to know," she muttered gloomily. "Esther hasn't been ill like me, and got a weight up here." Then as she put her hand up to her head, the touch

of her nightcap suddenly turned her thought into another channel. "How do you like my nightcap, boy?" she said.

"It is very pretty—for a nightcap," answered Barney, whose feelings of propriety were, however, somewhat outraged by its substitution for a bonnet. "And please, if you don't mind, will you call me Barney instead of boy? My name is Barney Fielding."

The sound of an approaching footstep made Mrs. Laurence move uneasily, and hold up her hand with a gesture of secrecy.

"Hush!" she said. "There's Esther coming, and she won't always let me talk to people. But, boy, be sure you come back here again another day, and you shall help me to find out those wicked wretches that want to murder me. And then," she added cheerfully, "we'll buy up the 'Great Eastern'—the name of a big steamship—and send them out to sea in it, and sink and drown them all. Don't you tell any one, but come."

She turned and looked away from him with a prompt assumption of indifference as a tall, strongly-made woman came up to her in a respectful manner; and Barney could hardly believe his eyes and ears when his companion, who had lately been so friendly, began to point at him with a well-feigned expression of dislike.

"Who's that nasty boy there, Esther? And what does he mean by coming to spy on us like this?"

"Indeed, ma'am, I don't know," said Esther in her quiet, soothing voice. "But if you'll just walk on into the house, ma'am, perhaps I may be able to find out."

And as Mrs. Laurence assented, and walked on, Esther was free to linger for a word with Barney. She was neatly dressed in a simple, old-fashioned style, and she had a very grave and kindly face.

"Little master," she said anxiously, "I hope my mistress hasn't frightened you. She is a bit strange in her talk and ways now; though there's not a better, kinder lady in the land than she was when she was herself. And, please God, we shall see her that again one of these days."

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE AVENUE.

"The work of help which was his life."

Aurora Leigh. — E. B. BROWNING.

"I NEVER saw in any one such strong feelings of compassion. In most people that virtue does not appear to exceed the

limits of a sentiment; in 'him' pity became a passion."

These words were not written about him, but such, too, was the case with Barney Fielding. And this exceeding pity and sympathy with distress and suffering, left no room for the repugnance and disgust and horror which seems to be the natural attribute of the human mind towards madness, and which, alas! has caused much cruelty and neglect of its victims in uncivilized and unchristian ages. Barney did not speak of his new friendship. Children are rarely confidential; and he felt instinctively that no one would quite understand why, day by day, he found himself so powerfully attracted towards the villa gardens, that at length his intercourse with Mrs. Laurence became the reigning interest of his life. Perhaps, too, he had a lurking dread that, if he spoke about them, a stop might be put to his excursions down the avenue. Cousin Annys, who never gave a thought to the mad neighbor, had luckily not forbidden him to go; but then she was unaware of any motive that was at all likely to take him to the farther end. Early in May some savage cattle had been put in the big field, and the household at Methby Grove were warned, in consequence, not to use their ordinary short cut through that pasture to the Lower Green.

Happily for Barney, his strange affection was returned. Changeable and uncertain as her moods were apt to be, Mrs. Laurence never varied in her liking for the gentle, patient little fellow who cared so much for her; and nothing pleased her more than to meet him at the fence, and pour out to him long histories of her imaginary wrongs. Barney used to listen with surprising tact, never contradicting her or seeming conscious that many of her grievances were utterly impossible and absurd. On some points, however, she was not only rational, but even clever and acute, and talked often in a sensible and pleasant way.

Esther, too, gained the habit of coming out to speak to Barney, and of confiding some of her anxieties to him. She was very strict with the young servant under her, and would allow no gossip with the villa neighbors about their poor mistress's affairs; but even Esther saw no harm in being a little less reserved with Barney. She told him once that if anything were to happen to her, she couldn't think what in the world would become of Mrs. Laurence. There was just no one who would be really good to her.

"But, perhaps, I shall be a man by then, Esther," said Barney earnestly; "and then I could take care of her, you know."

"You would if you could, Master Barney, I believe," said Esther.

Poor Esther knew full well what a difficult task this care-taking was. Only a day or two before Mrs. Laurence had cunningly managed to elude her vigilance, and in the early dawn had gone out for a stroll on Methby Common, clad only in her night attire. Luckily the morning was warm and fine; and as Esther had soon afterwards awakened and missed her, and gone out in search, no harm came of the adventure; but this necessity of constant watchfulness, and the sense of having the whole responsibility on her own shoulders, was a terrible strain on Esther's nerves and health.

It was not that Mrs. Laurence had no relations living, but they were avaricious, grasping people, and would not interfere with her, for this reason. Mrs. Laurence was a very rich woman, and so long as there was the slightest chance of her recovering her senses and becoming sane enough to make her will, they did not choose to risk offending her. She had a great fear and dread of being carried off and shut up in an asylum, which would really have been the best thing that could happen to her; and her relations, one and all, believed that whoever had a hand in thus placing her under medical restraint, would assuredly never touch a farthing of her money. That was, of course, if she herself had the disposal of it.

Under these circumstances, then, it can readily be imagined that her frequent chats with little Barney made a pleasant variety in this poor woman's dreary life; and, with very few exceptions, he found daily opportunities of meeting her throughout the months of May, June, and July.

All this time the accounts of Mr. Fielding were very satisfactory. The climate of the south of France was doing all the good to him that had been hoped, and he and Mrs. Fielding and Pascoe were evidently enjoying themselves and getting on most happily. Only great care still was needful, and, for the present, he must not think of undertaking any settled work, or of tying himself down to live in a fixed place.

"And, therefore," as Barney's mother wrote to Cousin Annys, "much as we both miss and want our dear children, we can see no immediate prospect of having them to join us. How good of you to say that

you are willing to keep Barney until we are able to come back again to England! It is the greatest comfort to think how happy he is with you at Methby Grove, and really Daisy and Elly seem to be little less so at Tor Cottage."

Barney listened rather gravely to this letter when his godmother read it out to him, but his round face grew radiant as, a minute or two later, she drew him close to her, and said cheerfully: "Well, Barney, though your father is getting so much better, you see there is no talk of his coming home just yet, nor of you children going out to join him; but Daisy and Elly must be longing to see you, and a little change of air and scene will be a good thing for us all. So I have been thinking that you and I will go to Dawlish, a very nice seaside place in Devonshire, where Daisy and Elly can easily come to us from Tor Cottage, and we will spend the whole month of August together there. Ah, I thought that idea would please you, Barney! Dinah shall go too, to help me to look after such a party."

It would take too long to tell about that month at the seaside, and how very, very happy the little brother and sisters were to be once more together. Daisy was deeply interested to hear of Mrs. Laurence, and was favored by the repetition of some of her most startling remarks.

"You see, one never knows what she'll say next," said Barney, as, with Daisy's arm about his neck, they wandered on the Dawlish sands, while Elly, under Dinah's supervision, was pouring out sand puddings from her bucket, in preparation for a sumptuous dinner for them on their return. "And that makes it as odd as a fairy tale sometimes; and I always pretend to believe her, and agree, because — don't you remember — when old Mrs. Triggs was rambling, mother told me that I wasn't to contradict her, no matter what she said; for if *she* thought I thought she was talking nonsense, it would excite her. And Esther says that Mrs. Laurence mustn't be excited, so it is about the same, only that madness lasts much longer than just being ill like Mrs. Triggs. I think they will be glad to see me home again. They didn't seem to like me coming away."

"Home, Barney? Methby isn't home," said Daisy.

But indeed the thought of Mrs. Laurence did really make the going back to Methby appear home-like to the boy, and when the time came, helped him to bear the parting from his sisters. And the

very night of his return he heard news of her without the asking, for Cook and Jane happened to tell Dinah in his presence that Mrs. Laurence was more mad than ever, and had, in consequence of her increasing fear that people meant to murder her, managed to possess herself of an old revolver of her husband's.

"She's had it two days now," said Jane. "She durstn't load it for herself; but that's no safeguard, for there's a boy she has enticed in for the purpose, and he charges it for her, and fires it in the air too, to frighten people, when she bids him."

"That maid of hers has been so ill with rheumatism that she can hardly stir a foot," explained Cook, "or else things couldn't have come to such a pass. But any way, say I, it's a sin and a shame to let the poor creature go about with a loaded gun, when she'll be doing herself or other people a mischief with it, as sure as I'm alive. Some one *ought* to take it off her!"

"Who ought, Cook?" said Barney.

"Oh, I don't know, Master Barney. Any one as can. But them firearms is nasty things!"

Any one as can! Cook little thought of the sphere of usefulness which she was thus pointing out to Barney. No amount of modesty on his part could disguise the fact that Mrs. Laurence was very fond of him, and that at any rate next after Esther, he was the most likely person to be able to induce her to give up the gun. He lay awake in bed, longing for morning that he might begin to try his powers of persuasion; and though he was afraid it wouldn't seem very civil to have to coax her into making him a present, he was too anxious for her safety to shrink greatly from the necessary unpleasantness. What a proud moment it would be when he could carry the gun in triumph to Dinah, Jane, and Cook! and to-morrow would be such a splendid opportunity for getting it, for he would have a holiday, because his Cousin Annys was going up to town.

"And you don't seem very sorry to part with me," she said next morning, as Barney helped her to get ready, without as usual expressing his regrets that she would be away all day; and he answered, with the color rising in his cheeks, —

"No. But I expect I shall be very glad to see you back again."

Then directly she was gone, he set off to Queen Elizabeth's avenue, which was now looking very beautiful in its summer robe of green. There was, at first, no

sign of any one in Mrs. Laurence's domain, so Barney, according to custom, climbed up into the lower boughs of a tree which commanded a good view of it, ready to wait patiently until she should appear. She wouldn't be many minutes, he felt sure, for she was so fond of fresh air that, even in stormy weather, it was a difficulty to keep her in the house.

From The Contemporary Review.

SAMOTHRACE AND ITS GODS: A NEW EXPLORATION.

**Ἀντρα Καβεΐρων*

*Χαίρετε, καὶ σκοπία Κορυβαντίδες· οὐκέτι λείψω
Μητρώης Ἐκάτης νυχίην θιασώδεα πέκηνν.*

NONNOS, *Dionys.* iv. 183-5.

Kabeirian caves,
Farewell, and Korybantian rocks! No more
Hekátē's nightly torch I'll see; no more
The great mother's sacred rites.

I.

THE ARYAN ARARAT.

DAY after day rose before me unapproachable the great mountain between five thousand and six thousand feet high, which, with but one outjutting spur of level land, forms the holy island of Samothrace. Adverse were the deities of the isle. Winds blowing right from off it forced us to tack and tack perpetually; so that, with all our speed, we made hardly any progress. And once the squall menaced such a tempest that we were obliged to run for shelter into a cove on the Thracian mainland to the east of Abdera, birthplace of Protagóras, Anáxarchos, and Demócritos. There, however, besides supping with Bulgarians at a Turkish *tchiftlik*, some way inland, and breakfasting with Greeks at a Turkish fishery, I was, as a British Philhellene, kindly presented with a marble fragment bearing an inscription with the name ΗΡΟΔΟΤΟΣ. But thus my voyage from the Scala of Kasaviti, in the island of Thasos, was prolonged into more days than it should have taken hours. We ran out of food, and out of wine, if not out of water; and picturesque as the "Athená" (*Ἀθηνά*) might be at a distance with her two immense fore and main sails set like two wings, one had, at the best of times, rather to rough it on board of her. Still, the adventure was not to be given up. On a pilgrimage to all the three primitive sanctuaries of Greek religion — Samothrace, Olympos, and Dodóna — I had resolved. And as I had not been terrified

by tales of brigand corsairs — some fancied that the band that had just captured the Suters might take to the sea — I was certainly not to be balked even by the mystic Kábiri, though I really did almost begin to have a superstitious belief in their existence, and in their anger at my proposed invasion of their sacred isle.

There was thus, however, full time to recall and reflect on the legends of Samothrace. The earliest of these legends, preserved for us by Diodorus of Sicily,* makes of Samothrace a western Ararat, a western mountain of refuge, where the miserable fugitives from a flood, caused by the Euxine bursting a passage through what are now the straits of the Bosphorus and the Hellespont, escaped drowning, and, in their trembling gratitude, girdled all the isle with altars to the gods.† I do not know whether this local legend has been hitherto collated with geological records. But the result of such a collating seems of no small importance. It shows us, I believe, the original cause both of the consecration of Samothrace, and of the elevation of its local deities into great gods.

Discoveries in the European pleistocene strata of the bones of African and Asiatic mammals, together with the varying depths of the seas surrounding Europe, have, with other facts, led to the conclusion not only that the British Islands were in that age but a prolongation of the European continent, but that the Ægean islands were a similar prolongation of the Asiatic continent, and that, instead of the Mediterranean, there were two lakes to the east and west respectively of the isthmus that connected Italy, by way of Sicily and Malta, with Africa.‡ What, then, was the geological event of which the Samothracian legend was probably a reminiscence? It was a reminiscence of those vast subsidences, upheavals, and disruptions of which the result was the formation of the Mediterranean, and of the isles of Greece, of the North Sea, and of the isles of Britain. But the date of these great changes? Their date is beyond date — beyond dating otherwise than by saying that they took place at the close of the vast geological period that preceded the present. To what period, then, of human development did the deluge belong, of which a reminiscence

* v. 47-49; cf. Herodot. vii. 6; Strabo i. 49; Plin., *Hist. Nat.* ii. 205; Val. Flacc. ii. 617.

† Cf. Livy xlv. 5; and Juven. iii. 144.

‡ See Boyd Dawkins' Map of Pleistocene Europe, *Quart. Journ. of Geol. Soc.*, vol. xxviii, p. 436; and his "Cave-Hunting," and "Early Man in Britain."

was preserved in the Samothracian legend? To that anthropological era which corresponds with the close of the pleistocene, and the beginning of the alluvial age, the period of the first incoming of the neolithic tamers in Asia of what are now domestic animals, and conquerors in Europe of its cave-men, the last of the primeval and antediluvian races. I long ago suggested that the dragons, the ogres, and pygmies of nursery tales are probably all inherited reminiscences of actual ancestral contemporaries. And it would be in entire accordance with this wonderful unobliviousness of human memory, and particularly with the primitiveness and perennialness of ancestor-worship, that, as the scene of this great act of divine mercy, rescue, and deliverance, Samothrace should become holy ground to those, the western Aryans, who inherited the traditions of their conquered predecessors, the neolithic men of the Mediterranean deluge.

And so, poetic myths got accreted, as usual, around the core of historic legend. Gods and heroes visited, or established themselves in the island. Saon, the son of Zeus or of Hermes, the three children of Zeus, by the Atlantide Electra, Dardanos, and Iasfon, and Harmonia; and lastly, Kadmos.* And to the wedding of Kadmos and Harmonia came all the gods with gifts — Demeter, with an ear of corn, (καρπὸν τοῦ σίτου); and Hermes, with a lyre; and Athená with a necklace (ὄρμος); (but, in other legends, the fatal necklace was the bridegroom's gift; and Electra, with the relics (λεπὰ) of the mother of the gods.† And though even so late as 1000 or 900 B.C., Homer knows nothing of the mysteries of Samothrace, later writers assure us that they were established, or rather, indeed, restored by Iasfon, who was instructed in the secrets of initiation by Zeus himself; and that, among the heroes afterward initiated were Orpheus, the Argonauts, and the Dioskouri; nor only the Achaians, and Greek heroes, Odysseus, and Agamemnon; but also the Trojan and Roman hero, Æneas.‡

At last, on the fourth day of my voyage and after three nights of sleeping in my clothes, we were but a few miles from the shore. But there had fallen a dead calm on the glittering sea; and near though we thus tantalizingly were, at any moment, for all one could tell, a wind might sweep

down the craggy ravines that would blow us back to Thasos in fewer hours than it had taken days and nights to come from it. My skipper and his crew had begun seriously to attribute the delays we had met with to the annoyance of the gods at my having so often asked, and their having so often ventured to predict, when we should arrive. Such was now their frame of mind, that, to be blown off the island, without landing on it, would have seemed to them but a just punishment of such impieties. Infected by their superstition, I also feared some such malignant trick on the part of the gods, but meant to be up to them, if possible. And mindful of the treacherous calms and tempestuous squalls with which they had mocked pilgrims of old, from the Argonauts to Germanicus Cæsar, I was not to be amused into *laissez faire* by the shoal of dolphins that disported themselves around the becalmed "Athená." Apollo would not, for me, transform himself into one of them, and pull my ship to land as he did that of the Cretan mariners who became his priests at Delphi.* So I insisted on the boat being manned. It had been got out with surprising alacrity to catch a big fish that had been killed by a dolphin, and was quickly cut up, put into a pot, and swung over a fire by the men. But not without reason, as I could not but confess, my skipper hesitated about reducing his crew. One man, however, he spared me. And getting into the little cock-boat with my servant-friend, Demosthenes, we had a pull of an hour and a half, under the blazing noonday sun, to the beach of this island Ararat, "sacram hanc insulam, et augusti totam atque inviolati soli." †

II.

THE ISLAND-MOUNTAIN.

THE herbage ran down to the very brink of the translucent sea. But hardly visible was the green grass for the wonderful profusion of flowers. Their delicious odors were intoxicating. We were in the beginning of May. And the flower-garlanded Kora had returned from Hades to her mother Persephóné. A ravine opened above, running to the heart of the over-towering mountain. Nothing could exceed the wild grandeur of its precipices. Nor could anything surpass the wild luxuriance of the vegetation immediately around. A solitary goatherd appeared

* Dion. Halic., A. R. i. 61; Serv. ad Æn. iii. 167.

† Diod. Sic. v. 48.

‡ Diodor. v. 48; Schol. ad Apoll. Rhod. i. 917;

Serv. ad Æn. iii. 287.

* Homeric Hymn.

† Livy, xlv. 52.

to be the only inhabitant of the isle. To him we shouted 'Ε! πατριώτη! * that he might guide us to the single village of the island-mountain. Surprised at the rare landing of strangers, he yet saluted us courteously, *Καλῶς ὤρίσατε!* 'Ωρα καλῇ! And still as we advanced we breathed the flower-perfumes. And the scene was altogether magical.

Of old the city was on the seashore; now, the village is as far withdrawn as possible from the sea. So it is with almost all these islands of the Ægean. During the millennium-long age, after the triumph of Christianity and the fall of the old civilizations, all the coasts and islands of this inland sea were devastated by pirates, or the piratical fleets of Christian States. Hence it is that we find no human habitation, save of the most recent date, and even that rarely, on the shores of these islands, and all their villages hid in the recesses of their mountains. Thus, though a beautiful, it was a long and toilsome ascent of an hour and a half up the long and winding wooded ravine to the single village of some two thousand souls, in which are aggregated all the inhabitants of Samothrace. Picturesquely are its houses built in stage above stage round the head of the ravine. And in front, shielding, but sovereigning them, rises a grand rock squared like a vast pedestal, and surmounted by the ruined towers of a great Genoese castle — a monument of that civil war of Christendom, and Latin partition of the Greek Empire, which prepared the way for the victories of Mohammedan Ottomans over both Greek and Latin Christians.

The Greek May-day, the 13th of the month according to the Latin kalendar, first gave me some idea of how variable, wild, and terror-striking is the weather at Samothrace. It did not, however, prevent the celebration of the immemorial May-day rites of the eternal worship of nature. Before sunrise all were astir, men and matrons, but especially maids and boys. Out to the fields — the dales, and dells of the forested mountain-side — they trooped. There, little fires were lighted, and coffee made. The sun, rising over the plains of Troy, was long shut out by the great island-mountain. But as the dawn he pursued brightened the wild sky, songs were chanted, and, despite the stormily wanton wind, flowers were gathered, and garlands twined.

* 'Ἐπατριώτα! would have been more correct, but would have sounded to a Samothracian goatherd like high English to a Scottish shepherd.

Returning to the village, all who were not obliged to go out, kept the house for the rest of the day. But towards sunset I went for a walk. And no scene more sublime do I remember having witnessed. Great boulders were strewn all about, serving as refuges from the wind. The sea, far below, was white with foam. But over it, and over the clouds that belted the horizon, rose clear into the sunset splendor the dark peak of Mount Athos. And if I turned, there towered above me the vast mass of the mountain of Samothrace, its three summits hid in driving clouds, and its tremendous precipices fitly wreathed in now lifting, and now down-falling mists. One felt that a dark and mysterious creed was almost necessarily the response to such dark and mysterious aspects of nature. Nor, so sublime were these aspects of nature, was it otherwise than probable that the emotions they gave birth to would be so profound that the creed, in which they were expressed, would be long-enduring and world-famed.

Next day I made the ascent of this sacred and divine sea-mountain. The weather was splendid. But this only added the most picturesque beauty to the precipitous sublimity of the island, and thus showed that it needed not such driving clouds and sunset storm as enwrap it last night, to give to it impressive grandeur. Enchanting were the wild goat-pastures with their crags and corries; the shady nooks innumerable under rocks and branching trees; the fountains here and there of infinite refreshment to weary climbers, not only in the lower belting forests, but on the high brow of the mountain; the aromatic odors of shrubs and herbage; and the varied views, in our winding ascent, of the glittering Thracian Sea, with Athos on the horizon on one side, and Rhodópé on the other, and round the island, sudden spaces, now here, and now there, of foam, where the dolphins of Apollo were at play. And when one attained at last the summit, one's interest was divided, and one's eye glanced first at one, then at the other of two spectacles, each sublime. The one was the view of Asia and of Europe — the plains of Troy, the islands of the Ægean, and, on the far horizon, beyond Athos, can it be Olympus? The historical interest of this scene — recalling, as it did, that interaction of Asiatics and Europeans from which modern civilization has resulted — was inexpressible. But in more immediate relation to my special

object—to understand the character of the religious emotion excited by nature here, and hence to understand one origin at least of the gods of Samothrace—was the other sublime spectacle on which I looked from this height: the vast amphitheatre of tremendous precipices of which the summits were the jagged ridges and lightning-cleft peaks of this perennially awe-inspiring sea-mountain.

We propose to light a fire and have lunch in the Chapel of St. Elias, a narrow space enclosed by rough stones put together without mortar, and supporting no roof. But all the modern inventions for the creation of fire were of no use—the wind was so high. We were reduced to something like the primitive instruments of flint and iron pyrites.* But even when the tinder had been kindled, we were still far from the possession of flame and fire. And we were starving with cold and hunger. And anxiously did we watch the old shepherd guide as he nursed the infant Agni carefully in his hand, blowing on it in its swaddling-clothes of dried herbage. Yet nothing came of it but bitter, blinding smoke. And the clouds swept down on us, and all the glorious views of but a few minutes ago were hid in wreathing folds. Still, for all the bitter, blinding smoke, the old shepherd blew and blew on the divine infant he cherished in his hand. And suddenly, from out the blinding smoke, there leapt a splendid flame; instantly it was applied to the heap of dry sticks prepared for it; and our situation was utterly changed. Now we cared not for the storm. We had FIRE. We could, as Titans, defy the gods. With our glorious bonfire, and our little cooking utensils, we did, in fact, make ourselves amazingly comfortable in spite of them. And never, I thought, had I more vividly realized the miraculous character of man's first invention. Never before had I seemed so clearly to see both how the Vedic songs about Agni, and the Hellenic tales about Prometheus had arisen.† And never had the necessity of the expression, by imaginative fictions, of the emotions caused, in undeveloped man, by natural facts been more apparent than now it was, when I reflected on the wondrous tales which the old shepherd, before we started for the ascent, and on our way up, had told us about his island-mountain. Of this, however, in the sequel.

* See Dupont, *Les Temps Préhistoriques en Belgique*, p. 153. The more common instruments, however, were two pieces of wood of unequal hardness, of which one was worked rapidly in a hole of the other.

† See Kuhn, *Die Herabkunft des Feuers*.

But other phenomena of a still more awe-inspiring character than its sublime precipices almost necessarily made of Samothrace—sacred as, from its first existence, it had been by its deluge-traditions—one of the chief cradles and sanctuaries of religious emotion. Like the neighboring island of Lemnos, it is a centre of volcanic action. An earthquake did not, indeed, occur during my stay in the island; but earthquakes, of more or less severity, are, if the islanders are to be believed, of frequent occurrence; and it was by earthquakes certainly that the temples were reduced to their present ruins. And other volcanic phenomena there are, not merely occasionally, but permanently, awe-inspiring and wonderful—the fountains, rills, and deep, rocky pools of hot, yellow, sulphurous water, curing all diseases. And it is in the neighborhood of these miraculous fountains, on the north side of the island, and about an hour's, or hour and a half's distance from the temples, that the famous Zerinthian cave is, I believe, to be found, where Hecaté was worshipped, and dogs sacrificed on her altar.

*Ζήρηνθον ἄντρον τῆς, κυνοφαγοῦς θεῆς
Λιπῶν ἐρυμνὸν κτίσμα κυρβάντων Σάων.**

Descending from the ravines in which the temples are situated, we ride along a charming seashore path either on, or on the pebbly edge of, a narrow but gloriously flowery plain, filling all the air with sweetest perfumes, and over-towered by sublime mountains of Sinai-like precipitousness. We pass ancient vineyards, now marked only by lines of stones, and become the grazing-ground of wild Samothracian ponies. At length, we turn up into a jungle covering a long promontory. Coming to a stream in the midst of this jungle, we dismount near an overhanging rock. Clambering up, we find on the flat top of it natural cisterns, about six feet by three, of hot sulphur water which has flowed down by little rills from fountains too hot to keep one's fingers in more than a minute. But the great fountain and great pool are further on, and further up the mountain-side. This pool is a tank about fifteen feet by fifteen, and five feet deep of thick, hot, and perfectly opaque, yellow water. It is enclosed by walls, which do not, however, support a roof, and forms a bath famous in all the adjoining coasts and isles. Sending to a hut in the wood for a towel, I had a delicious

* Lycophon, *Cassandra*, 77.

hot sulphur-bath, nasty though the water looked. The scene was picturesque in the extreme: precipitous mountains above; woods around and below; and beyond the azure sea the Thracian mainland. And to this day it is holy ground. At the very season, as we have reason to believe, of the great festival of initiation into the mysteries of the Kábiri—the 22nd of the Greek July, and beginning of our August*—pilgrims still resort hither; camping in tents and huts in the woods; curing themselves of all diseases in the miraculous hot sulphur water; returning thanks still to the gods of the old Greek pantheon, though under new Christian names; and keeping the Feast of the Twelve Apostles.

And these pilgrims, as all others, must find in the sea surrounding Samothrace not the least of the awe-inspiring phenomena of this island-mountain. I have already described how the sea, swept by storm, looks from Samothrace. Even more terror-striking is Samothrace, wrapt in storm, and seen from the sea. Whether or not *squally* is the literal meaning of the Ægean Sea, squally it is, as no other, perhaps, on the globe. And never shall I forget the sublime grandeur of the storm that, one afternoon towards sunset, gathered its blackness about the peaks of this sea-mountain, and, there enthroned, flashed lightnings over the sea, and hurled thunders in a succession so quick that one peal had not ceased when another burst on the ear with its deafening crack, roll, and reverberation. In a moment the breeze rose into a gale; the waves suddenly swelled into vast rolling mounds that threatened to break on, and engulf us; and the rigging became like the strings of a lyre for the fierce song and whistle of the tempest. No time for reefing! The great fore and main yards, sails and all, were brought down, flapping and flying, on deck with an alacrity that only just saved us from being swamped, and even the jib had to be got in. Thus we rolled helpless save for our helm and helmsmen. But well worth the peril, even at the time, did I think it, to see Samothrace in a grandeur of storm comparable only to that in which I have seen Sinai enwrapped.

To Sinai, indeed, I found myself again and again comparing Samothrace, not physically only, but historically. For the Samothracian legends of the institution of the mysteries seem to parallel the Si-

naitic legends of the giving of the Law. It was Jerusalem, however, rather than Sinai, that was to the mediæval, what Samothrace was to the classic period, a sanctuary common to the whole Greco-Roman world. But more on this last point in the sequel. I would now offer some suggestions, at least, with respect to the vexed problem of the nature and origin of the gods of Samothrace.

III.

THE GODS OF SAMOTHRACE.

M. LENORMANT, the latest and most erudite writer on the Kábiri,* declares that what Freret said, more than a century ago, is still true. "What concerns the Kábiri is one of the points the most important, yet most complicated, of all Greek mythology. The traditions about them are so confused, and so often opposed one to the other, that analysis is almost impossible. And both ancients and moderns, in accumulating evidence with more of erudition than of criticism, have worse confounded confusion rather than at all cleared it up." Yet, after endorsing these remarks of Freret's, M. Lenormant, with somewhat inconsistent dogmatism, affirms that "the conception and worship of the Pelasgian Kábiri took their rise in the belief that fire under its three forms—celestial, maritime, and terrestrial—is the principle of things." But that Pelasgian barbarians had arrived at such a sweeping generalization, such a refined and abstract philosophical belief, as that fire is the principle of things; had further distinguished fire as of three forms, celestial, maritime, and terrestrial; and had then, for the purposes of worship, personified these three forms of fire in the Kábirian trinity—that this was the origin of the conception and worship of the Kábiri seems to me an hypothesis—well, an hypothesis that few scholars trained in the principles of physical evolution, and mental development, are likely to accept.† And I would now proceed to state, with the summary brevity here necessary, the principles and the results of that new inquiry concerning the gods of Samothrace into which I was led by my exploration of their sanctuary.

* See Daremberg et Saglio, *Diction. des Antiq. Grecques et Romaines*, *sub voce*.

† But as little as by Lenormant have these principles been applied to the solution of the problem before us, either by such men as Welcker and Preller, in their respective "Griechische Götterlehre" and "Griechische Mythologie," or by the amazing Rathgeber, in his "Gottheiten der Aioler."

* Conze, *Archæologische Untersuchungen auf Samothrake*, b. i., s. 39.

The first principle of the method of this new inquiry was this. The problem as to the origin and nature of the gods of Samothrace, like all such problems, can be solved only by an historical classification, and then, historical interpretation of the vast mass of complicated and apparently contradictory details that an erudition, more industrious than intelligent, has accumulated about them. Such a principle will, I believe, be now readily accepted by most scholars. The only question will be as to the historical theory that should guide this historical classification and interpretation of facts. Yet, even as to this, I would hope that historical science is now sufficiently developed to permit of a theory being stated that will find general acceptance as a principle of classification and interpretation.

The second principle, then, which I would suggest for the solution of this problem, is a statement of that historical theory which is thus needed to guide our classification and interpretation of facts. The general cause of the origin of religious emotion, and the cause, therefore, of the origin of the conception and worship of the gods of Samothrace, as of all others, is the impression made (1) by the *phenomena* of nature; (2) by notions of their causes; and (3) by the *processes* of nature. And if this historical theory is verifiable, we should find in naturian mythologies three classes of gods: (1) gods who primitively were, and who later anthropomorphically personified, the *phenomena* of nature; (2) gods who — having originally been feared or revered ancestors, kings, or discoverers — were conceived as, after their death, active through their spirits, and so causes of phenomena; and (3) gods who anthropomorphically personified the *processes* of nature, and particularly its deaths and re-births.

But for the explanation of these historical phenomena, a third principle must be stated — this: Regard must be had to the general character and influence of that great revolution of the sixth century B.C., which synchronously transformed all the great phenomena of civilization — the revolution which, in the general history of religion, gave rise to Confucianism in China, and Buddhism in India; inspired the armies of Cyrus the Great and of Cambyses with their iconoclastic zeal against polytheistic idolatry; elevated to apocalyptic visions the Hebrew prophets of the return from the Captivity; filled with prophetic ardor such monotheistic

rhapsodists of the Hellenic world as Xenophanes; and changed the worship even of conservative Egypt, substituting for Osiris, as the favorite object of popular devotion, the divine mother and child, Isis and Horus. It is in the facts of this revolution that will be found, I think, the explanation more particularly of the later development both of the gods and of the mysteries of Samothrace.

There is, however, no true understanding of religious origins in a consideration merely of their outward conditions. It is an essential feature of the method I suggest for the solution of the problems presented by such origins, that one should define the internal or mental factor in their causation, and attempt to realize the intellectual development of those among whom the beliefs in question originate. A definition of the internal factor would lead us into metaphysical considerations here unnecessary. But for a realization of intellectual, as of all other, origins we ever find means in the present. And I would now illustrate this in noting and remarking on those wondrous tales of our shepherd guide, which, as I have above said, seemed to me most instructive for a true realization of the intellectual conditions of the origin of religious fictions.

To him the mountain, in its simple natural facts, had no more beauty or sublimity than it had for any of the wild little Samothracian ponies that grazed in herds on the hill-pastures. But he was full of wonderful *fictions* about it. On the summit, where we kindled our fire, he had assured us that we should find a marvelous great marble sarcophagus. There was actually no such thing — only some common broken slabs, and a slight depression where there may have been a grave. Then there was a miraculous fountain under the precipices on which we looked, of which the water had properties the most extraordinary. Though of an intense coldness, it might be drunk, however heated one was, with perfect impunity; and forty mouthfuls of it drunk, or forty handfuls thrown over one, cured of all diseases. Then, not far from this fountain of miracles, there was a labyrinth, more wonderful apparently than ever was that of Crete, out of which Theseus found his way by the help of Ariadne, and to which our romancer was to guide us, but didn't. And not the mountain only, but the sea around it, was full of wonders. At a certain spot under the sea there was a church into which a diver had once penetrated; and he found

that it had been taken possession of by a great fish; and with this great fish he had a terrific combat, finally, of course, slaying him, and returning in triumph. Such were the old shepherd's stories of the sea-mountain on which he lived. And when I found that the marvellous sarcophagus, and the miraculous fountain, and the wondrous labyrinth, were all lies, or at least fictions with but the smallest basis of fact, I was inclined to be somewhat wroth with the old story-teller.

On reflection, however, these fictions assumed another aspect, and one that seemed highly instructive for the history of religion. It was true that the actual wonders of his sea-mountain neither this old shepherd, nor any other native of it, directly saw, or definitely felt. By no means, however, did it follow that these actual wonders—the actual beauties of its forest-belted sides, and actual sublimities of its precipice-built summits—had no effect on sight and sentiment. They did have a very powerful effect on impressive Greek souls. And the effect appeared just in these wild tales about wondrous sarcophagi, and fountains, and labyrinths. So it has been in the general history of religion. For a Kant, conscience and the starry sky were in themselves enough directly and definitely to excite religious emotion. But men in general have hitherto had nothing to say of what it is quite above and beyond them directly and definitely to feel—the wonder and the glory of the actual coexistences of individual existence—nature, and conscience, and progress, and that infinity and eternity that rounds all our little life. Yet they have had an effect produced on them by that wonder and glory. And this effect appears just in their stories of, and beliefs in, supernatural gods, and heavens, and hells. The gods have veiled GOD. And, unable as yet to look face to face on the actual coexistences of existence, men have expressed the vague wonder and awe with which they have been affected in such fictions and worships as that—of the gods of Samothrace.

And now, to give briefly the results of the application of the above principles to the chaos of archæological facts—passages from classic authors, statues, medals, and coins, amulets, paintings on vases, engravings on Etruscan mirrors, etc.—that have been so industriously heaped together about the Kábiri. At least a third of these facts is at once classified either as proving, or as illustrating, the

identification or association of the Kábirian trinity with the great gods who originally actually were, and later, anthropomorphically personified, the great *phenomena* of nature. And little more can be done than M. Lenormant has already accomplished, and particularly in the tables he gives of the gods corresponding to the Kábiric Axíeros, Axíókera, Axíókeros, and Kásmilos, in the way of co-ordinating the facts of this first class.

But our second and central principle leads us to suspect that traces, at least, may be found of the Kábiri having been originally but deified predecessors. This suspicion we find, in the most remarkable degree, verified. Out of the chaos of details about the Kábiri, another great class of facts is now separated, and a new and penetrating light is thrown on the whole problem of their nature and origin. We not only find the Kábiri praised in such terms as these,—

δαίμονες ἐσχαρεῶνος,

Θρηκίης δὲ Σάμοιο πυρισθενέες πολλῆται,

demons of the forge,

Fire-powerful inhabitants of the Thracian Samos;*

but on a great many Thessalonian coins we find a Kábiros holding in his right hand an object that has been variously designated, and in his left hand, or over his shoulder, a hammer, the sign of the metallurgist's craft. But Strabo† and other classic authors expressly associate with the Kábiri the Korybantes and Kurétes, the Dactyls, and Telchínes. We inquire, therefore, whether the characters given of the beings with whom they are associated confirm, or otherwise, our supposition that the Kábiri were originally deified ancestors, discoverers of, and workers in, metals. The result is that the Kábiri are found to stand the last but one in a series of deified metallurgists. First and second come the Korybantes and Kurétes, bronze-workers; thirdly, the Dactyls, discoverers of iron; fourthly, the Kábiri, clever and powerful workers in that metal; and lastly, the envied Telchínes, the supreme artists and first moulders of metal statues of the gods.‡

* Nonnos, Dionys. xiv. 22, and xxix. 193.

† x. v. 466.

‡ I hope elsewhere to develop at more adequate length this theory of the origin, nature, and relations of the Kábiri. But summarizing here the proofs of it, they may be divided into three classes: 1. Evidences of the anciently known metalliferous character of the countries with which the Kábiri and the beings associated with

Such was the origin of the Kábiri, though they alone of their fellow-craftsmen had the good fortune to be elevated to the rank of *θεοί μεγάλοι, δυνατοί, ισχυροί, χρηστοί*.*

The whole of the remaining facts about the gods of Samothrace will be found to illustrate the last stage of their development, namely, that in which they personify the *processes* of nature. To this class particularly belong the representations on Thessalonian medals, and on Etruscan mirrors,† of the death and resurrection of one of the Kábirian trinity. But these would all appear to date from the fourth and third centuries B.C.; and hence after that great moral revolution of the sixth century by reference to which, as I have above said, the later development of the conception of the Kábiri, and later character of the doctrines of their mysteries, are to be explained.

Such, then, is the solution I would offer of the vexed problem presented by the gods of Samothrace. Applying the historical method to the interpretation of the vast chaos of facts about them, these facts arrange themselves in three great classes. Considering the facts thus co-ordinated, I conclude that the Kábiri were originally men, discoverers of, and workers in iron, and that they were hence deified as the institutors of the iron age. Then — their worship having been established in an island-mountain already sacred by its deluge-traditions, and possessed, moreover, of every characteristic calculated to stimulate and sustain religious emotion, and attract pilgrims — “men’s exaggerated praises and compliments still swelled their ideas of them,”‡ and from being local *penates*, these metallurgic deities gradually became great gods, Chthonian deities, gods of the underworld. And lastly, under the influence particularly of the sixth-century revolution, there was attached to the Kábirian gods also a resurrection-myth; and the initiated in their mysteries had not only revealed to them the main secret of earlier

times, those sacred names, *Ἀξίερος, Ἀξιόκερσα, Ἀξιόκερσας*, and *Κύσμιλος*, that were divulged by Mnaseas of Patera; * but were shown those mystic representations of which the profound yet transparent import is hinted at by Cicero when he says in reference to them: “Quibus explicatis, ad rationemque revocatis, rerum magis natura, quam deorum, cognoscitur.” †

IV.

THE TEMPLE-CITY.

THESE general views are, I think, confirmed by an exploration of the temples. For we find ruins of sanctuaries that date from the earliest age of the Pelasgian immigration to the noblest period of Greek art. Impossible it must surely, therefore, be that any abstract notion, that anything but a definite theory of historical development, can rightly interpret a variety of moral and intellectual phenomena of worship certainly not less than that presented by the material phenomena of the sanctuaries of the worship.

These sanctuaries are on the north-west side of the island, fronting the Thracian mainland, and at about an hour’s distance from the ravine of the modern, that is, the mediæval, village. So we ride round the hillside to the south-east, unfortunately bare for the most part, the woods here having been burned down some three years ago in one of those “accidental” fires so shamefully common throughout Turkey. At length we dismount at Palæopolis, as the ruins are now called, and take a general survey of the position. Three ravines, with torrent-beds, uniting into one, and all within and below two high and grand mountain-sides; that on the east, or left hand, having on its ridge the Cyclopean walls of the Pelasgian city, running down from unscalable precipices about half a league to the sea — such, describing it in the simplest terms, are the general physical features of the site of the temples of the Kábiri. These temples, or rather ruins, are either on or overhanging the ravines that lie thus between the great, high, and broad mountain-sides on either hand. Singularly concentrated in these hidden ravines are all the aspects of nature most characteristic of Samothrace. And never, indeed, was a site better chosen, never was a site more marvellously adapted, for the celebration of the rites of a worship arising from such

them are connected. 2. Passages definitely ascribing to them metallurgic powers, and found in such authorities as Apollonius of Rhodes, Argonaut., and his Scholiast; Nonnos, Dionys.; Strabo; Diodorus of Sicily; Servius ad Æn.; Cicero; Pliny; Ovid; Seneca; Lucetius; Claudian; Clement of Alexandria, etc. 3. Coins and medals illustrative of such passages. I must add that in verifying this part of my general theory, I received great assistance from M. Rossignol’s “*Métaux dans l’Antiquité*.”

* Inscription of Altar at Imbros. Conze, *Reise auf den Inseln des Thrakischen Meeres*, s. 91.

† See Gerhard, *Ueber die Metallspiegel der Etrusker*, in his *Gesamm. Akad. Abhandl.*, v. ii.

‡ Hume, *Nat. Hist. of Religion*, Phil. Works, iv., p. 472.

* Schol. ad Apollon. Rhod., Argonaut. i. 917.

† De. Nat. Deor. i. 42.

impressions of awe, terror, and mystery, such impressions of beauty and sublimity, as nature must ever produce on this island-mountain of the Thracian Sea.

I will not weary the reader by dragging him with me through a long exploration of the vast field of ruins on or overhanging the three ravines within and below the broad mountain-sides of the forest on the one hand, and of the city on the other. I shall presently give, what may be more interesting, the result of this exploration in a description of this many-templed sanctuary with all its sacred edifices restored. One set of ruins, however, I must describe. For these I take to be the remains of the primitive Pelasgian sanctuary, though they do not appear to have been so regarded either by the French or German explorers who preceded me. But the reader shall judge for himself, and not only from the special facts which I shall first state, but from the general fact of the grand unity, the systematic plan, the balanced design, which, when I describe the temples as restored, reference to this primitive sanctuary will be found to give to all the multitude of later buildings.

After exploring the ruins on the high western platform between the second and third ravines and torrent-beds; passing the site of the winged statue of Victory on its pedestal of a sculptured ship's prow; and coming round the head of these three-fold ravines, and down to the middle torrent, this is what we find. As it issues from a gorge on the left, under tremendously precipitous rocky summits, this midmost torrent has been abruptly curved round into a straight course between a range of Cyclopean walls, keeping up the mountain, like the walls of a railway cutting, and a great mounded space of rocks and ruins about thirty feet wide. On the farthest side of this mounded space is another Cyclopean wall, and this adjoins the back of a great Doric temple in the floor of which is an opening, a *mundus*, which would appear to have been intended for the blood of the sacrifices which the earth itself, and the gods of the under-world, might thus drink. Now I venture to think that the primitive Pelasgian sanctuary lay between these two ranges of Cyclopean walls—the one, keeping up the mountain, and with the curved-round torrent at its base; the other, forming the front, as it were, of the mounded space of rocks and primitive ruins behind the new Doric temple.

For observe that these Cyclopean walls,

which we suppose to be the ruins of the ancient Pelasgian sanctuary, are situated at the mouth of such a gorge as we find everywhere associated, in ancient belief, with the entrance to Hades or the under-world. Such, particularly, is the gorge of the Sarandaporos, north-west of Olympos, from which issues a torrent, having its origin, according to Homer, in the waters of the Styx;* and such also is the gorge of the river of Suli, south-west of Dodona, and identified with the Achéron.† Strange as it may seem to us who generally differentiate our ideas from the material forms which are the signs and symbols of them, such precipitous, dark, and terror-striking gorges were not regarded merely as *like* what the entrance to the under-world *might* be, but as actually *being* entrances to the under-world. It is at the mouth of such a gorge that we find the most primitive of all the ruins of the sanctuary of Samothrace. And we know that, whether the Kábiri were or were not originally deified metallurgists, they became—as would, indeed, be a very natural development from such an origin—Chthonian gods, or gods of the under-world. Nor may it be irrelevant further to note that these Pelasgian ruins are on the midmost of three ravines, which unite into one. For a trinitarian doctrine was characteristic of the religion of Samothrace as of the religion of nature generally. It was but a form—and this is especially clear in Indian mythology—it was but a form of representing the actual three processes of nature—creation, preservation, and destruction. Thus the physical features of the position and site of the Pelasgian ruins seem to give a material expression to, and become a symbolical representation of, just such a worship of the powers of the earth and the under-world, as the worship of the Kábiri not only ultimately became, but must, even primitively, have more or less been, if they were originally as I have suggested, deified discoverers of, and workers in iron. And may we not, then, conclude that, standing in the torrent-bed between these most ancient walls and ruins behind the comparatively modern Doric temple, we stand at what was to the Pelasgians the very entrance to the under-world, and on a spot which, *as* the very entrance to the under-world, was consecrated by a primeval sanctuary, and sanctified by a traditional initiation?

* Il. ii. 753.

† Pausanias.

But the conclusive proof, as I venture to think, of my hypothesis as to the site of the primitive Pelasgian sanctuary is to be found, as I have above said, in that splendor of a great design with which all the multitude of buildings become informed when referred to those Pelasgian ruins at the mouth of the gorge, and at the head of the three ravines, as their point of unity. Let us suppose that our exploration has resulted in a mental restoration * of one after another of the sacred edifices. And now — supposing them all thus restored — let us approach the Kábirian sanctuary, not as we approached its ruins from the western mountain-side, and the mediæval village, but from the eastern mountain-side, and going down the ancient road of the *θεοπάται*, or processions, from the sacred gate in the Cyclopean walls of the Pelasgian city.

So deep do these mystic edifices lie that we do not see even their roofs till some minutes after we have left the sacred gate of the city. But gradually, as we descend, there bursts on our view a wonderful scene — three deeplying ravines, spanned with bridges, and crowned with propylons, and stoas, and temples, interspersed with niched, or columned, or pedestaled statues of the gods. The entrance to the holy ground of the three ravines, at the mouth of the gorge which was literally the gate of the under-world, we find fitly marked by a grand propylon, dedicated to the great gods by Ptolemy II., Philadelphos (285–247 B.C.), and carried over the easternmost of the three torrents by a massively constructed bridgeway. Through a portico with Ionic columns we pass into a great hall; then, through an intermediate central space in the propylon, into a second hall; and then, through another Ionic-columned portico at the further end, we step down on the holy ground.† The first of the sacred edifices to which we come is a circular building, which, though of mixed styles, Doric without, and Corinthian within, and with an Ionic frieze, is yet of an exquisite beauty that proves it of the best period of Greek art. It is dedicated to the great gods (300–276 B.C.) by that earlier Cleopatra, Arsinoë, the daughter of the

first Ptolemy, the half-brother of Alexander the Great. It may have been the circular edifice built by the architect Asklepiades, and it probably contained a statue of the variously named mother of the gods, Rhea, Kybéle, Hekátē, etc.,* who corresponded with the female member of the Kábirian trinity. Standing here, and seeing all the sacred edifices restored, one can have no doubt as to what is the holy of holies to which they all point, and reference to which gives the whole assemblage its unity. We see before us three great lines of buildings, and at the end of the central line of temples, is what I have designated the Pelasgian sanctuary. The outer range of edifices on our left, looking towards this sanctuary, consists of the propylon through which we have just passed, and probably another building of which there remains but part of the Cyclopean walls of its terrace or basement. On our right, on the high platform between the westernmost and the middle torrent, which is here crossed by a bridge, are two buildings. The first is a votive edifice, ingeniously conjectured to have been built by the same Eiréné, the Milesian, whose name is found on a votive tablet at Eleusis, and who was probably an Aspasia of the Egyptian court.‡ The second of the buildings on the western platform is an immense stoa, for the assembling of the pilgrims, and corresponding in architectural design, with the great propylon on the left.‡ And observe everywhere statues; and particularly those two ithyphallic naked men with hands lifted to heaven before the principal temple, the first said to have been called Adam, an abbreviation of Ἀδάμας and Ἀδαμῆστος, an epithet of Hades, but probably the two male Kábirian gods under the forms of Castor and Pollux;§ and those three also, by Skopas, representing the Kábirian trinity under its exoteric names of Phaethon, Venus, and Pothos.|| And now, after this general survey, let us proceed from the circular building of Arsinoë to the other greater temples enshrined, as it were, within those outer edifices just described. There are two such temples, both of the Doric order.¶ The first and

* The reader need not fear that this restoration is a mere feat of fancy. I have carefully compared my observations and conclusions with the remarks, photographs, and drawings of the Austrian "Archæologische Untersuchungen auf Samothrake." See particularly the "Schlussübersicht," b. ii., s. 105 ff., and the "Landschaftlicher Restaurationsversuch," Tafel lxxvi. † See the "Untersuchungen" above cited, Das Ptolemaion, b. ii., s. 35 ff.

* Untersuchungen, b. i., Der Rundbau von Arsinoë, s. 77 ff., and Schlussübersicht, b. ii., s. 111 ff.

† Untersuchungen, b. ii., s. 102 and 112 n.

‡ Untersuchungen, b. ii., Die Stoa, s. 47 ff.

§ Philosophumena, v. 8, p. 108, edit. Miller; and Servius ad Æn. iii. 12.

|| Plin., Hist. Nat. xxxvi. 25.

¶ Untersuchungen, b. i., Der Dorische Marmortempel, s. 45 ff.; and b. ii., Die beiden Kabirentempel, s. 19 ff.

smaller of the two is the older, and the only one probably of the Greek edifices existing in the time of Herodotos (fifth century B.C.). The second and later Doric temple is of the grandest style, and of unusual length, extending back, as we have, indeed, already seen, to those Cyclopean constructions which I take to be the remains of the primitive Pelasgian sanctuary. Arrived here, look up! Above, at the end of the western platform, and just beyond the stoa, is a magnificent winged statue of Victory, standing on a forward-rushing ship's prow, with a trumpet at his lips,* proclaiming — what? See where it stands! Above the Pelasgian sanctuary, the holy of holies, the vestibule of the under-world. What, then, did its trumpet-tongue proclaim triumphantly to the initiated? "O Death, thou art swallowed up in victory! There is re-birth and resurrection!"†

V.

THE GRECO-ROMAN SANCTUARY.

WE ascended again from the ravines of the temples to the broad mountain-side on the ridge of which are the Pelasgian walls of the city; along, and at length through, or rather over, these walls we passed; and then we descended through the green-mounded ruins of the city to its lower part, now for centuries colonized by the neighboring forest. But a scene more picturesque, more magical, than that under the great oak, by the fountain, where we spread our carpets and prepared to lunch, I never witnessed, and no painter could imagine. Behind, through the branches of grandly-spreading oaks

and planes, precipitous rocks; above, through the branches, on a rock overhanging the sea, the ruined tower of a great castle; and before, through green branches and shadowy spaces, all glorified by the through-breaking sun-rays that transform the green into gold, and the shadows into light — before us, at the end of a long vista, the narrow, pebbly beach, and far-extending silver sea, bounded by the Rhodópé mountains. But wine had been forgotten. Presently, however, the Hodja Bashi and Διδύσκαλος, who accompanied me, and who had quietly slipped away for a few minutes, returned to the fountain with a flagon of most excellent wine of Lesbos. Where and how had they procured it in a spot so remote from any human habitation? From a fisherman of Lesbos, a friend of theirs, whom they had found with his boat on the beach. A few minutes after, the Lesbian fisherman himself, and one or two of his crew, appeared, carrying a pot in which they had cooked us some fish on the fire of which we had a peep at the beach-end of the vistaed glade. So, with fish, eggs, chicken, and cheese, and a morsel of broiled octopus to enhance with its salt relish the flavor of their Lesbian wine, we made a most excellent *dejeuner*, concluding it, of course, with coffee and cigarettes.

Then, amid this magnificent scene, on the carpets under the shadowing oak, by the fountain, one recalled the long succession of classic pilgrims to that Greco-Roman sanctuary which we had just left. Among the first of the more distinguished, in historic times, of those initiated into the mysteries of the Kábiri, would appear to have been Herodotos.* And Samothrace was the scene of some of the most finely witty sayings of the youth of scepticism. When the *Kóns*, the purifying or absolving priest, required Lysander to confess his greatest crime — "Is it thou," said the Lacedæmonian general, "or the gods who require this?" "The gods," answered the priest. "Do thou, then, retire," said Lysander, "and if they ask me I will tell them the truth."† To a similar question Antalkidas more laconically replied, "The gods know it!"† And to one who asked Diagoras if he did not remark the number of votive offerings, and see in them proofs of the providence of the gods, he replied, "Ita sit, illi enim nusquam picti sunt, qui naufragia fecerunt, in marique perierunt." "In-

* Untersuchungen, b. ii., Das Anathem der Nike, s. 55 ff. "Das Motiv der Figur überrascht durch seine ungemeine Energie. Eine schlanke und doch mächtig geformte weibliche Gestalt, beflügelt, wie ein Rest von Federn in der Gegend der linken Schulter erkennen lässt, ist in hastigem Ausschreiten lebhaft vorgebeugt und in Folge einer begleitenden Action der Arme im Oberkörper höchst elastisch bewegt," s. 57. To the same effect Fröhner is quoted: "Cette admirable sculpture se rapproche tout à fait du grand style de l'école de Phidias," s. 67. See generally Rathgeber, "Nike in Hellenischen Vasenbildern."

† "Der eigenthümliche Aufbau," say the Germans (Untersuchungen, b. ii., s. 67), "der das ganze Denkmal auszeichnet, charakterisirt dasselbe als ein Weihgeschenk, welches den in Meeresgefahren besonders mächtigen grossen Göttern nach einem Seesiege dargebracht war." Such only it may have been for all we can certainly say. It is not, however, by any means the most commonplace interpretation that is always the truest. But it is not impossible that this Victory, placed where it is, or rather was, may have had both such an exoteric purpose as the Germans affirm, and such an esoteric significance as I suggest. And this is especially probable in such a great age as that fourth century B.C. to which the above authors refer the statue — the century, as it is, from which date the representations of the Kábiri death and resurrection.

* ii. 51.

† Plut. Apophth., p. 228.

‡ Ibid., p. 197.

deed I remark them — for those nowhere appear who have made shipwreck, and perished in the sea.”

And many are the stories of classic romance associated with Samothrace. I have already alluded to the mythic tale of the marriage of Kadmos and Harmonia. But, in historic times, here it was, amid the rites of initiation, that the beautiful, passionate, and enthusiastic princess of Epeiros, Olympias, and the no less similarly characterized prince of Macedonia, Philip, first met and fell in love with each other.* Wedded on the accession of Philip to his father's throne (359 B.C.), from their union sprang the godlike hero, Alexander the Great. And devotedly, though not blindly, attached as he was to his mother, her initiation into the mysteries of the Kábiri, and the circumstances of it, may have been one of the reasons of his not forgetting, at the close of his marvellous Eastern conquests, to erect altars to the gods of Samothrace. It was to this island of refuge that Arsinoë, daughter of Ptolemy I. of Egypt (an illegitimate son of Philip, and half-brother of Alexander), fled after the murder, in her presence, of her two younger sons by their stepfather, Ptolemy Keravnos, her half-brother and second husband. It was from Samothrace that this beautiful and bewitching woman — as the coins struck in her honor, and the number of cities given to, and called after her, by her first and third husbands show — from Samothrace that she sailed to Egypt (279 B.C.) to marry her full-brother, Ptolemy II., Philadelphos. And by him — though she had no children by him, and was now about forty years of age — she was so exceedingly beloved that, after her death, he commanded the architect Dinocháres to erect a temple in her honor, of which the roof was to be arched with loadstones, so that her statue, made of iron, might appear to float in the air.† And there are many other, though less romantic stories of refuge sought at Samothrace. It was here that Perseus, the last king of Macedonia, found an asylum after his defeat at Pydna (168 B.C.), by the Romans.‡ And it was here that, about the same time, Ptolemy VI., Philometor, retired after his defeat by Antiochus.§

By the Romans, Samothrace was regarded as nothing less than a national sanctuary. Its priesthood carefully en-

couraged the belief that the *penates* of Rome were the same as the gods of Samothrace, transported to Troy by Dardanos, and thence to Rome by Æneas. Thus, even in the time of their most trenchant division, the Greco-Kelto-Italic race was reunited by their common reverence for this primeval sanctuary. Very numerous inscriptions have been found commemorative of the initiation of Romans, and pilgrimages to Samothrace by the most important personages of Rome. Among such Romans initiated in the mysteries of the Kábiri, Cicero may, perhaps, be numbered.* Germanicus Cæsar, nephew of the emperor Tiberius, brother of the emperor Claudius, and father of the emperor Caligula, the Cæsar between whom and Alexander the Great, Tacitus suggests a comparison.† desired to be initiated (A.C. 18), but was prevented from landing by the violence of the winds which he took to be a forbiddal by the gods. And the emperor Hadrian, the pedestal of whose statue is among the ruins, would appear to have been actually initiated in these universally venerated mysteries.‡

But the Lesbian fishermen on the beach, and the anchorage beyond, recalled that great moral revolution that first gave to the mysteries of the Kábiri their higher character, and, in the end, swept them away. The Lesbian fishermen recalled their great countrywoman of old, Sappho; with her, the change from the old objective epic to the new subjective lyric poetry; and with this, all the other forms of that revolution of the sixth century B.C. which, in Europe as in Asia, broke up the ancient objective nature-worships, with a new development of subjective feeling and of conscience. And the anchorage beyond the beach where the Lesbian fishermen had kindled their cooking-fire — the anchorage recalled the night passed there by St. Paul carrying once more religion from Asia into Europe;§ a religion the culmination in hither Asia of the moral revolution of five hundred years before it; a religion, however, of which the central doctrine was still the old one taught in the mysteries of the Kábiri, though now, indeed, morally transformed out of all resemblance almost to the ancient myth, the perennial doctrine, in ever new-devel-

* De Nat. Deor. i. 42.

† Ann. ii. 73.

‡ See Flimner, De Itineribus et Rebus Gestis Hadriani Imperatoris.

§ “Setting sail, therefore, from Troas, we made a straight course to Samothrace, and the day following to Neapolis.” — Acts xvi. 11.

* Cicero, De Nat. Deor. iii. 37.

† Plut., Alex. 2.

‡ Livy xlv. 5 and 6; and Plut. P. Æmil., 26.

§ Polyb. xxviii. 17a.

oped forms, of death and resurrection. But of evil omen to Samothrace was the anchorage there of that Jew of Tarsus. The last recorded pilgrim to the shrine of the Kábiri, was the emperor Hadrian (180? A.C.). After Hadrian, who was received by the *Koes*, the priest-king of the island, Samothrace had no recorded pilgrim till Cyriacus Pizzicolti, of Ancona, full of all the enthusiasm of the Renaissance for classic antiquity, was received by the Genoese governor in October, 1444. Nor, since then, has Samothrace had a Western visitor till the recent imperially commissioned French and German travellers. But such commissions — would there were a British one! * — though they are important, are, after all, but lesser fruits of that new enthusiasm for classic antiquity which distinguishes — and, with the resurrection of Hellas, will still more distinguish — this nineteenth century by a new Renaissance.

J. S. STUART-GLENNIE.

* Were a British expedition organized for the exploration of Samothrace, I would venture to direct attention to three points: first, the clearing out of what I take to be the Pelasgian sanctuary; secondly, a closer identification, than I was able to arrive at, of the Zerinthian cave of Hecátis; and thirdly, the discovery of traces of iron mines, which would be a further confirmation of the theory I have suggested of the origin of the worship of the Kábiri. There is at least one classical passage which would seem to indicate the existence of iron at Samothrace (Lucret. vi. 1044): —

“Exsultare etiam Samothracia ferrea vidí.”

From Temple Bar.

ROBIN.

BY MRS. PARR, AUTHOR OF “ADAM AND EVE.”

CHAPTER XIX.

ONE of Jack Dorian's chief sources of regret while away, was the fear that he had forfeited the friendship of the Temples. His uncle he knew had misrepresented him to them, and he felt sore that they had believed him.

Not of a disposition to excuse himself — for he was well aware there were many instances in his conduct which called for indulgence — Jack allowed a gradual coldness to increase in their letters, which by degrees came less frequently, until, as before shown, they at length had ceased altogether.

Georgy, staunch in her friendships, at the risk of losing Mr. Chandos's good opinion, never ceased to stand up for her former playfellow.

“I don't care what any one may say of

him, I shall always maintain he was badly treated,” she would repeat to her mother, who, now that the chance of uniting these two seemed over, bewailed Jack's ingratitude as another proof of the ill-luck which ever dogged her.

Of a certainty — now that Jack had left him, and the house was shut up and he always away — the squire would marry, and the flavor of the fruit and the vegetables, which came from the manor during his absence, were spoiled by her constantly showing for how short a time they should enjoy them.

During the whole of those years since Jack had left, the Temples, and through them all Wadpole, were kept in a continual ferment of expectation. It was the standing dish always hailed with relish, these *on dits* about the squire. He was going to marry, he was not going to marry — he was married; there was nothing in it. Then as regarded Jack, fifty reports were circulated to be received or rejected, according to the disposition of the hearer: the uncle and nephew had cut off the entail, and because of the sum of money given in consideration to the latter, Mr. Chandos could not afford to live at Wadpole.

Jack Dorian — according to another account — had repelled with indignation this offer, and out of his refusal arose the displeasure of his uncle. Perhaps Mr. Chandos never heard one-half of these fabrications, assuredly the half he did hear did not annoy him; on the contrary he rather liked to mystify his neighbors, and was shrewd enough to feel he lost nothing personally by those about him believing he had gained the power of leaving what he possessed at will.

He was staying at Brighton — raising the fondest hopes in the breast of a very fair young lady, who was almost quite what he desired — when this illness attacked him; at first not considered serious, but gradually increasing, so that when the rector, for whom he had sent, arrived, he was past talking business with him; but only, as was thought, for a time, hope was far from extinguished as to his ultimate recovery, yet knowing how uncertain is life, his physicians recommended if there were any relatives he might desire to see that they should be warned of his danger and sent for immediately.

“I feel like a fish out of water here by myself,” wrote the rector, “I should like Georgy to come to me,” and Georgy went to him, and all Wadpole saw in her

going the certainty that it was she who was to possess the property.

"Now how shall we hunt out Jack?" was Georgy's first inquiry; "no matter what has passed between them, to find him and bring him here seems to me our duty."

"Then I had best write to old Clarkson," said the rector, who would not oppose his daughter's proposition although he would never have had the strength himself to act thus generously; and Mr. Clarkson written to, with a better knowledge of how affairs stood between the uncle and nephew, telegraphed to where he had sent Jack, giving orders that the message should be forwarded on to wherever he might be, and it was by these means that Jack Dorian was brought to England, only giving himself time before he started on his journey to write to Mr. Veriker.

A happy woman was Mrs. Temple that day when she went to the station to meet her husband, Jack, and Georgy. Mr. Chandos was dead. They were bringing back his remains to bury. Jack Dorian was Jack Dorian no longer; he was Mr. Dorian Chandos, the new squire of Wadpole. Every one thought him altered, a few thought him improved, and among the few was Georgy. Little wonder that Mrs. Temple's hopes again ran high when she saw the attention Jack paid readily accepted by her daughter. The two seemed instinctively to fall into their old ways, and though, by reason of his uncle's death, and the business it entailed on him, there was no opportunity to resume their amusements, the time they spent together was generally occupied in recalling reminiscences of them.

"As soon as I am settled down here," Jack would say; and, as time went on — for it took some months to arrange the necessary business — say rather pointedly, Georgy began to fancy. What did he mean about this settling down? She did not know why, but the sentence always conveyed that the meaning to be understood was "when I marry." But marry whom? He had never spoken — never even hinted of any attachment he had formed. Could he, she wondered, be married already? Sometimes, by his manner, she thought it possible. He was absent, preoccupied, talked about alterations in the house, the gardens, the furniture, always as if he had some one in his eye whose taste he was consulting. Georgy was puzzled rather over this, and, as had been her habit for more than a

year now whenever anything perplexed her, she took into her confidence Mr. Cameron.

"You don't think it's you?" said the curate simply.

"Me? No; what makes you ask that question?"

"Because it entered into my head, as it seems to have entered into the heads of a good many."

"Oh, really; has it? Well, and how do you like the notion?"

Mr. Cameron hesitated.

"Come, speak out — tell me."

"I don't know that I ought," he said.

"I have no reason to give, but I don't like the notion at all."

Georgy smiled amusedly.

"You are generally so full of reasons," she said.

"Yes; am I not? But I wouldn't say it for the world to any one but you; we are always frank together" — she smiled back at him encouragingly. "From the first evening I met the squire, I felt towards him a kind of antipathy."

"Yes; did you?"

"Do I pain you by saying so?"

"No, I don't know that you do, although being very fond of him I can't quite see the necessity."

"Nor can I either, and it is that that troubles me."

"You must try and get over it while he is away. He is going abroad again."

"Abroad? I thought it was but to London he had gone."

"So he has now, but after he comes back next week, he is going to Italy, I believe. He has talked of it to me for some time, only there was so much to do that he could not leave before."

"Not to *stay* — he is not going?"

"No, no, only about some business — business which seems to me a little mysterious, somehow."

"Oh — h, I understand," said Mr. Cameron, and his face beamed at the discovery he thought he had made. "When is he coming down? — to-morrow? — with the bride and bridegroom? — will he?"

"No; not until Thursday, and I'm not sorry, for he's taken an awful dislike to old Blunt, and might be a little stiff with your friend Christopher," and having reached the Green, where they were to part, the two bade each other good-bye, Mr. Cameron going his way, humming to himself softly — he felt so unaccountably light-hearted, he couldn't think why — Georgy, smiling, "If ever I make up my mind to break my mother's heart" —

Mrs. Temple had declared that if Georgy married as badly as Isabel had done, this calamity would most certainly occur — "I shall have to propose to him myself; it will never enter his head unless I put it there; of that I feel sure."

During the time while Jack was being installed as the new squire of Wadpole, he had written several letters, both to Mr. Veriker and to Robin, to which he had received no reply; within the last few weeks some of these had been returned, and, without seeing any immediate reason for it, Jack began to feel a little uneasy. Could anything have happened to Mr. Veriker? or were they still roaming, hidden away in some out-of-the-way spot which he had forgotten, or did not know? In that last letter, written, as Jack imagined, when they were on the point of leaving Venice, Mr. Veriker had dwelt much on seeking quiet and warmth; that was, he said, what he wanted for the winter—but the winter was past now, the spring had come, and no doubt at one of their old haunts he should find them; and oh, their surprise at hearing the news he had to tell! Jack often fed his love by picturing the delight of Robin, and fed his pride by the astonishment he knew Mr. Veriker would feel.

His *amour-propre* had never quite recovered the thrust dealt by the father, who had shown him he did not hold him worthy of his daughter.

"But there, I forgive him," he would say, "for if it had not been for him, I should never have written to Clarkson, and if I hadn't written to Clarkson they would not have known where to find me."

That he had seen his uncle again, confessed his repentance, received his forgiveness, was an unknown comfort to Jack. Standing strong and full of health beside the bed of the pain-racked, dying man, Jack was filled with compunction for everything that had happened between them; while Mr. Chandos, with the clearer-sightedness of approaching death, felt that he had wronged his nephew. Neither of them were men given to protestations. Only a word or two passed between them on the subject, but that word was sufficient. "Oh, for the time to come over again!" In each heart that wish found echo, a wish so mercifully for our failures never granted.

When later on Jack said to Mr. Clarkson that but for the last week he had spent with his uncle his inheritance would have been robbed of its value to him, he

but spoke the truth, and his old friend believed him; and the knowledge of the peace of mind he had gained through it, made him, whenever he thought of that week, grow very compassionate towards Mr. Veriker. He would act very liberally towards him, although of course it would not be quite possible to have him too much there. It might interfere with his training of Robin, for already Jack was indulging in many ambitious ideas, and although he would not have confessed it to himself—for oddly enough most of us have two natures, the loftiness of one despising the weaknesses of the other—he felt at times a sense of complacency that he should remain so constant to the memory of that little neglected child, that run-wild girl, when so many advantageous marriages were certain now to present themselves to him.

Already he had received congratulations and calls from every one worth knowing in the county, his tenants and neighbors had welcomed him, and with the exception of that vulgar brute old Blunt—between himself and whom there had been a dispute concerning some adjoining land which he proved he had the right to occupy—he was on good terms with everybody.

The one cause of regret, the new squire had been heard to say, was that his land should dovetail into that odious parvenu's property, and he reproached the Wadpole people for permitting a respectable estate, like Priors, to get into the hands of a money-grubbing tradesman.

"It deteriorates the place in the eyes of the whole county," he said, "to have people of that sort set down in the very midst of one. Once there, and how are you to get them away?—you can't do it, the thing's impossible: before the father dies the son marries; naturally he has a family, and there you are."

Considering the feeling he had towards Mr. Blunt, Mr. Dorian Chandos was very glad that he would not be at Wadpole when this expected son and his new wife should arrive; his immediate starting for Italy would relieve him of the necessity to call until he returned. Well, a good many things would have happened before then, on which, whether he included these people among those who had the *entrée* at the Manor, much would depend.

CHAPTER XX.

APPETITE—says the proverb—comes with eating, and a little excitement induces the desire for more. Thus the

inhabitants of Wadpole, having had their taste whetted by the death of the squire, the return of his nephew — whom, notwithstanding the rupture between them, he had left his heir — were ready to seize on the smallest opportunity which afforded scope for gossip and speculation. This was just now provided by the expected return of the bride and bridegroom — Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Blunt were coming home. Priors was being made ready to receive them; old Mr. Blunt had settled down there again, and was awaiting their arrival.

It was the middle of April; four months had gone by since the death of Mr. Veriker, time spent by Robin and Christopher in visiting the different places where in former days she had lived with her father. Shocked by the tragic coming to pass of an event which he had so often openly wished might occur, Mr. Blunt readily acceded to any plan which prevented his being brought face to face with Robin's grief. "I'd rather she got quit of it a little before you come home here," he said in writing to Christopher, "so don't mind the expense, go about as much as you like and let her see plenty to amuse her." Christopher had taken him at his word, and during the time which followed life had been Paradise to him.

How wonderful is love! with what patience it endures! Christopher never seemed to tire of listening to those rhapsodies, which Robin, in her early days of sorrow, kept repeating about her father, nay, rather because they seemed to lift her burden he would encourage her, and in so doing gained her trust and confidence as his reward. She leaned on him for support, spoke openly to him of her hopes and fears, and by degrees began to lend a more willing ear to the little things he said to ease her sorrow; that her father was at rest, free from suffering and pain. "Yes, but God could have made him well here." And then the hope that they would meet again, that they were not separated forever. "But I wanted to go with him then."

Alas, poor Robin! Christopher had need to love her. The poor bruised heart was well worth healing, and the husband was made in no way jealous because of the devotion the child bore to her father. Besides, Robin's sorrow was not morbid, she did not wear it on her sleeve to sadden every one around her. After the first few weeks, when struck down and helpless, time passed she knew not how;

brought back to life through the care of Christopher, she strove at control and would pass whole days seemingly pleased and even cheerful. Only from one eye she could not hide the unbidden tears which some passing sight or careless word would make flow, and then Christopher, taking her hand, would by a gentle pressure tell her she had his sympathy. Thus they became fast friends, constant companions, one of them entirely dependent on the other. To be watched, have her wishes forestalled, to be waited on, was something new to Robin; to be trusted in, leaned on, looked up to, equally new and far more delicious to Christopher.

Those former doubts whether he should gain her love did not oppress him now; daily he felt more secure in the happy certainty, and Robin without knowing it was steadily drifting to the same conclusion.

Love, in the sense in which she had once known it, no longer existed for her. Her father's death, and her consequent sorrow seemed to have killed outright every emotion which did not bear on grief for him. It did not even strike her as strange that she should feel utterly cold and indifferent about Jack, having no interest concerning him, except perhaps how and when he would hear of the sad event, and a grim satisfaction that he would be startled to be told the circumstances which had made it so tragic.

When Christopher had asked whether she would not like any friend written to, Robin had said resolutely, "No." What mattered it now who came or stayed away? it was all the same to her. The icy hand whose hold was laid on him she loved would not loosen its grip.

In spite of all that she had done, he was gone. He was dead. She was left alone. Let the living go their way — no one could ease her grief, no one could make her happy. Her father no longer with her, in those days Robin believed that happiness had fled from her forever.

Now that Time, with "healing in his wings," had begun to soften her sorrow, bitterness had also given way, and, bridging over more present memories, her thoughts would sometimes wander off to earlier days. What had become of her teacher, master, childish adviser? Would they ever meet again? A sigh would answer "Never," and slowly down her face the unchecked tears would roll. And Christopher, finding her, would take her

hand. Why was she crying? Robin could not answer him; hardly could she have made answer to herself, except that she was thinking of bygone days — of things that had happened long ago.

"We shall soon be home now," Christopher would say, hoping that fresh scenes, new faces, and new duties would prove for Robin the best distraction.

Already many plans had been mapped out of things they would do together, and Robin, by Christopher's description, had grown quite familiar with Wadpole and its people.

They, in their turn, were far more curious regarding the new arrival than Christopher dreamt of, or Mr. Blunt gave them credit for; and it would have surprised the two not a little could they have heard some of the conversations which about this time — whenever any gathering brought people together — went on in Wadpole concerning them.

"I wonder what she will turn out like — this Mrs. Christopher Blunt," each one began to say. Most of those who knew Christopher were well disposed towards him; the drawback was "that terribly vulgar father."

"But the son cannot help what is amiss with the father. Why should you punish one man for the failings of another?"

This was Mr. Cameron speaking — Mr. Cameron, the curate of Wadpole — and, because he was very fair, small, and boyish looking, his flock, mostly stout, able-bodied, well-to-do people, were rather given to laugh at him. They ridiculed his zeal, affected to be a little shocked by his principles, and rather resented the plain-spoken way in which he took them to task in his sermons. The vicar, Mr. Temple, though seeming to sympathize with this prejudice, secretly chuckled over the occasion of it, while Miss Georgy, his daughter, was openly the champion of Mr. Cameron, and wherever she was present he had a defender. Overflowing with animal spirits, health, vigor, a feature of her disposition was to take the part of every weaker creature; and Mr. Cameron, town-bred, worked beyond his strength, forced to come to the country — his chance of life to breathe a purer atmosphere — seemed to have a claim to protection from her. At first a little amused at his ignorance of sport, his nervousness about guns, and his timidity whenever he found himself on a horse — the awkward fashion in which he sat one sent her into fits of laughing — Georgy was quick to recognize the higher qualities of a man whose

courage knew no limit when bidden by duty to obey its call, and whom she saw go willingly and fearlessly to watch by bedsides of which most others shunned the danger. Added to this, Mr. Cameron was eminently conspicuous for the courage of his opinions, and, bashful as he might be in society, never failed to speak did necessity require it of him. Whatever his daughter cared for, Mr. Temple viewed with favor; therefore, though not so openly, in the rector the curate had another staunch partisan.

Mr. Temple was rector of two parishes — Wadpole, and, some three miles distant, Uplands. Before Mr. Cameron's time Uplands represented £100 a year, the curate's salary, in return for which every second Sunday a service was supposed to be held in the schoolroom there. But the people of Uplands were not great church-goers. A scattered parish on the outlying edge of a long stretch of common, the place was not viewed with favor: idlers, reputed poachers, bird-snarers, rat-catchers, all congregated there; the cottages were ill-smelling, their inhabitants evil-living. The Pharisees of Wadpole wondered that such a disgrace was permitted to exist so near.

A little down-hearted at sight of Wadpole — everybody seemed so moral and prosperous there — Mr. Cameron's heart leaped with joy at the account of Uplands; after all, there would be a field to labor in, and he might turn to profitable account the time he was forced to stay here; and going to reconnoitre, he fell in by the way with Christopher Blunt, they walked on together, and found that each enjoyed the other's company.

Mr. Blunt on being told of their meeting, with a view to step into the magic circle, proposed to strengthen the acquaintance by inviting the curate to a dinner-party, an invitation which the curate was prompt to decline.

"I shall be very glad to call and see you," he said frankly, "and if then, at any time when I could stay, you like to ask me to dinner, I should really feel obliged to you; but I'm not a diner-out, it's a waste of time, and a lot of dishes don't agree with me."

Mr. Blunt was disposed to be offended at this — Christopher, on the other hand, was pleased: the refusal was in keeping with the man, and consistent with much he had said. Frightfully sensitive about everything that savored of ostentation, it was not until a second chance meeting

had brought up the subject of Uplands that Christopher ventured to say he might assist in money, if he could not in any other way. Mr. Cameron readily accepted the offer; and just at the time of the arrival of Mr. Veriker's letter, these two men were slowly creeping on towards a steady friendship with one another.

Mr. Cameron had asked Christopher to come any evening and see him at his lodgings; Christopher had readily accepted the invitation to go. Mr. Blunt — disposed to think meanly of a man who refused a good dinner when he got the chance of getting one, and utterly opposed to his son being mixed up with anything that brought him in contact with a set of idle vagabonds who got their living God knows how — looked askant on the intimacy, and even went so far as to say as much to the rector.

"The vulgar old upstart," ejaculated Mr. Temple mentally; but outwardly he only laughed, as was his way when anything which might have called forth a rebuke was said to him. Taken to task sometimes by his straightforward daughter, he would tell her with a touch of irony that he had found it easier to become a parson than to become a hypocrite; and if, not satisfied, as she never was, with this reply, she continued the argument, it was only to draw a lot of banter from her father, ending with his oft-quoted aphorism, it would be all the same a hundred years hence. But would it be the same? Georgy Temple doubted. She was clear-sighted enough to see there were many duties left unfilled by the rector, and the sight of these troubled her. Sighing over them, she invariably felt a yearning pity for her father; and Mr. Temple was indeed much to be pitied, for he was a man with a spoiled life and a warped character. Nature had intended him for anything rather than a clergyman, which fate had destined him for. His godfather held in his gift the living of Wadpole, and when he had recommended that his godson should be brought up to the Church, the parents had regarded the boy as the most fortunate among their children; great sacrifices were made to send him to Eton and to Oxford, and this done, there was no use in protesting when he was involved in difficulties out of which there was but one way of escape: he must be ordained, accept the living, and marry his patron's daughter. Had ever any one heard of such a fortunate young man? The congratulations of all around him made the

draught none the sweeter; but George Temple swallowed it, and few ever suspected how much it cost him. It took him years to get rid of the bitterness, discontent, humiliation with which his duties filled him; a fine nature with such a battle to fight would have overcome or would have died. Mr. Temple did neither — he did not possess a fine nature, therefore he became gradually lowered by the contest, and now when he was a man on the wrong side of fifty, with a family grown up around him, he was chiefly distinguished by the eccentricities which arose from doing as he pleased, and letting things manage themselves as best they could without him. He did not commend the righteous, neither did he rebuke the sinner, this latter omission looked on as a great dereliction of duty, and, in his neighbors' eyes, one of the worse traits in his character — that screening of the poacher, the drunkard, the Sabbath-breaker, it was worse than wrong: it was encouraging them in their evil ways. Even Mr. Cameron had ventured to say something of this to him, and the rector bade the young man take them to task. "You're the right fellow to do it," he said, but as for himself, he held his tongue.

Partly on account of her having been the daughter of a former squire, and because she put forth a claim to sympathy from all who knew her, Mrs. Temple was viewed with great forbearance by her neighbors in Wadpole.

She was a woman in a chronic state of grievance, misfortune according to her own showing had never ceased to pursue her.

She had started in life by being of the wrong sex, and so had forfeited the inheritance to which she nevertheless continued to consider herself rightfully entitled.

For years after her marriage she had lived in constant hope of having a son; only daughters were born to her — her husband, more particularly viewed by the light she applied to him, had turned out a perfect failure, he did nothing to maintain their position in the county, pointedly avoided all contact with the bishop, and, devoid of ambition, declared that being rector of Wadpole, he intended to live and die there. Mrs. Temple had long ago ceased to recollect that the choice of her husband had been entirely her own, and that against the advice and wishes of her father she had insisted on marrying a very lukewarm lover.

Carrying on the chain of disaster, her eldest daughter, Isabel — now Mrs. Spencer — had married, oh, so badly! a poor man in a marching regiment with nothing but a soldier's pay to keep them on, and babies forever coming. Of course it was out of the question that they should have anything to give her, it was as much — indeed more than they could do to keep themselves, for, as Mrs. Temple frankly confessed — and here undoubtedly she spoke the truth — she was no manager, she had not been brought up as one, had never been taught to look at each penny before it was spent, and therefore could not do so now.

So with what — under ordinarily good management — might have served for a very sufficient living, the house was always in confusion and disorder: children — the young Spencers — who, first under pretext of a visit, prolonged their stay until they were left altogether there, running all over the house; dogs in every room; pets of all descriptions everywhere. The family came and went as they liked, each individual doing what he or she pleased.

There was a schoolroom virtually allotted to the Spencers and the youngest daughter, Dora, between whom and Georgy a gap of some years came.

In her growing up, Georgy Temple had had for a companion the late squire's nephew, Jack Dorian, the two in short had emulated each other, both pupils of the rector, at whose heels they constantly ran. As a boy, Jack invariably spent his holidays with the Temples; and it gradually unfolded itself to Mrs. Temple that the glory and honor of the family would be greatly restored if these two ever became one. The wish added to the interest she felt in Jack's favor — she cared for the boy on his own account, and in the general ways of life was by no means a schemer; but should the rector die, how little there would be to maintain them! and Georgy married to Jack, what more natural than to shift the burden of the younger children on to the shoulders of their sister — the Manor House was large enough to take them; the means, compared to what she had now, seemed ample.

So far then it was decided, there remained but one obstacle — the squire might marry; against that he must be guarded. So as long as Mr. Chandos lived Mrs. Temple continued to be, on that subject, his nettle. By reminding him of his age, the dangers at his time of life of changing his condition, she

strengthened his resolves, and they seldom separated from a *tête-à-tête* without his declaring to himself that could he but meet the exact person he wanted, if it was only to spite that woman, he would marry to-morrow.

CHAPTER XXI.

WHEN Christopher and Robin arrived at Wadpole Station, they found the carriage awaiting them, but not Mr. Blunt; he was deterred from coming, his man said, by a threatening of gout, from a bad attack of which he had but recently recovered. Unable during his son's absence to endure the tedium of home, Mr. Blunt had spent most of his time in London in the company of those few choice companions, who, for the sake of what they got by knowing him, listened to his bragging, and didn't mind his bluster.

Kept temperate and sober during his working life by a will which was strong enough to overcome desire, Mr. Blunt considered that he had earned the right to self-indulgence, and he acted accordingly, the habit of excess growing on him as he grew older. In presence of his son, and within eye-reach of neighbors whose lives were given up to the god respectability, Mr. Blunt felt compelled to put a restraint on his actions, eat of the dishes set before him, drink wine only in the measure that was good for him. Suddenly this strain would prove too great; he would one morning invent some business which necessitated a few days' absence, and at the end of a week perhaps he would return and take up again the daily life of dull routine. But Christopher absent — the house partly shut up — there was no necessity for coming back, and from a little before Christmas up to this present week in April, Mr. Blunt had been away living a life — according to the people he spent it among — by which every day he drove into his coffin a fresh nail. His continued debauch, for it had degenerated into little else, had at length pulled him up short by a very sharp attack of gout, from which he was only just recovered when he arrived at Wadpole.

With an impatience under pain, which he felt a man so prosperous ought not to be called upon to bear, and a nervous dread of death whenever he was ill, Mr. Blunt had a superstitious aversion to mourning, which Christopher conveying to Robin as delicately as he could, she had so far given in to his scruples as to lay aside all crape, and consent to appear

in black or in white as occasion might call for.

"That is the Manor — Mr. Chandos's place, Robin — there, where that clump of trees is — high up — do you see?"

Christopher was not sorry to have Robin to himself for this drive from the station, he wanted to be the first to point out the features of her new home — *their* home as it was now to be.

"What, on what looks like a hill, do you mean?"

"Yes; behind there, hidden from us, is the house; the ground slopes down from that into what is almost a wood, the right to which he has taken from my father, I hear."

"Oh, but that isn't very nice, is it? He's a new squire, too, isn't he, since you went away?"

Christopher had beguiled many an hour by picturing the place to which he was going to take her, and now that Robin had reached there she felt proud to air her knowledge and show him that his pains had not been thrown away.

The spread of her young affections lay all dressed, and like the fields by which they were passing, ready to receive the good seed of each new domestic tie. The house which they were nearing was to be her home, the old man awaiting them another father, the neighbors who would call she would make friends of.

"Oh! see, Christopher, how nice they look!"

The lodge gates were thrown open; clustered around them were the keeper's rosy children. Robin returned their salutations by touching her lips with the tips of her fingers; and the woman, looking after her with open-eyed admiration, for there was something very childlike and foreign in the movement she had made, said, "Pretty young creature, I wonder what th'ole brute up there'll say to her."

The same thought was filling Christopher's mind, causing his heart to flutter with sickening anxiety; he so hoped his father would speak kindly, say what he ought to her; and at the bare supposition of her being wounded creeping in, he was amazed at the rush of indignation which followed.

Looking up, his eyes met hers, and the sight of her fair young face vanquished his fears. Who could look at her and not love her? and Robin now was looking very fair — time had restored her strength, care and good living had brought back a healthy color to her cheeks, and Christopher's generosity enabled her to indulge

her taste so that her dress was in every way becoming.

Already she had carried by storm the admiration of the servants; most of whom had assembled in the hall and there stood watching her, as she hurried up the stairs after Christopher, to be taken by him into the presence of his father. Mr. Blunt had not thought it necessary to leave the room in which he sat, to come down stairs. A tribute to Robin was paid by the butler, who felt the omission, and tendered his master's gout as an apology.

"So here you are back again at last! Well! oh! this is Robin, is it, the wife you've brought back with you?"

It was not surliness, but a want of breeding which embarrassed Mr. Blunt at this moment, and prevented him speaking more graciously. He had all the desire then to welcome Robin, and when she, stretching out her hands, offered to kiss him on both cheeks, saying, "Uncle, thank you for all your kindness; I hope you'll like me," he kissed her heartily.

"I'm sure I shall," he said, "my dear, if you're only half as good as you're good-looking. I shall be very fond of you, you'll see, and make Christopher there jealous, I shouldn't wonder. Why, he's already twice the fellow he used to be — never saw anybody pick up so in my life; and what d'ye think o' me, eh?"

Robin got a little red. "You are not at all like Christopher," she said hesitatingly.

The answer did not displease Mr. Blunt. Of a robust stature, with florid face, dark, sharp eyes, hair which though grizzled was thick, and whiskers not altogether gray, he was very well satisfied with his appearance, considered he carried his age well, and thoroughly believed those who told him he didn't look a day older now than he did twenty years ago.

"Well, no; I s'pose not; can't give everything to your children, can ye?"

"Oh, but I like Christopher as he is; I don't want him altered."

"That's as it should be, take things as you find 'em, a very good motto. Only let him go on putting flesh upon his bones as he's done the last few months, and we'll put up with the rest, and the children can take after their mother, eh?"

What did he mean? Something funny, though what, Robin did not understand — for he chuckled and laughed and winked his eye to Christopher, who either failed like her to see the joke, or declined altogether to accept it.

"Which of the rooms has been made

ready for us, father?" he asked; and the tone of the question displeased the old man.

"Oh, the one at the end of the passage. I've given you the pick," he said a little huffily. "It's the best room in the house" — he seemed to address Robin — "barring mine. I don't turn out, you know, for anybody."

"Of course not." Robin was hasty to accept what she presumed was intended as an apology. "We should be very sorry for you to think of that on our account."

"Well, you see, I'm master here" — Mr. Blunt felt there was nothing like hitting the nail on the head at the right time — "I've always been, and I always mean to be."

"But, certainly. Christopher prepared me to consider you that."

"All right then," he said, intercepting his son's reply. "So long as that is understood I shall be very pleased to look on you as my missis."

"And I shall be very pleased to act as such, as long as you wish me to."

"That'll be so long as you behave yourself then" — and the old man laughed good-humoredly. "Promise to keep it up, and I won't bring no mother-in-law to worry you."

Christopher was standing by the door waiting. Robin got up and followed him. His heart felt heavy. Certainly his father had never before seemed to him so vulgar. What must she think of him? How did he strike her? Oppressed by his doubts, he put his arms round her — a rare event, for Christopher was very chary of thrusting forward his affection. He had a very just calculation of how they stood one in regard to the other, and even feared lest he might frighten away the new-fledged love he thought he saw hovering near.

"Robin" — the words of sweet caress which lovers use had been chilled in Christopher's speech, and he could not use them now, "I hope you will be happy here now you have come."

"But I must be happy. This is our home. We cannot go away."

Ah, there lay the sting! Christopher had never asked, never wanted anything beyond having his wants supplied, and the money — always more than he had needed — that his father gave him. His continual weak health had prevented him from even desiring an occupation, for which, from Mr. Blunt's affluent means, he was well aware there was no occasion. But marriage seemed to have effected a

revolution in his position. It was no longer fitting that a man with a wife should be dependent — himself and her — for every penny. He had not felt the gall while away; already it was beginning to chafe him sorely.

"Oh, but it will be all right." She saw he looked troubled. "I shall soon get accustomed to everything; do not fear for me."

"My father is a little — well, old people are sometimes —"

Poor Christopher; he did not know what to say.

"Yes, I know; but don't let that worry you. I shall get used to him. I did not expect to find him what you are. There can't, you know, be two such Christophers to spoil me" — and she lifted up her face for him to kiss her.

"Am I right," he said, "is it true what I sometimes think, that you are getting by degrees to care a little for me?"

"A little!" — she had begun to speak in jest. Suddenly her face turned very grave, and fixing on him her eyes she said, "I know it is not yet what you want, but all the love I had left in my heart I have given to you."

And Robin spoke the truth. At that moment she had forgotten Jack, and was only thinking of her father.

CHAPTER XXII.

NEARLY a week had gone by since Robin's arrival at Wadpole, during which time, unacknowledged by himself, Mr. Blunt continued to play company.

Always proud to exhibit his possessions, he felt a twofold satisfaction in displaying them to the daughter of his ancient enemy, who on her part entirely disarmed all ill-feeling by her outspoken admiration of everything she saw.

Delighted to have some one to talk to who seemed always pleased to listen to him, Mr. Blunt did not spare Robin his society. Together, the morning was passed in going round the garden, through the greenhouses, over the stables. She had to listen to the individual cost of everything, and the expense entailed by keeping such an establishment in proper order.

For the afternoon there was an invitation to a solemn drive. That over, the evening was taken up by a lengthened-out dinner, after which Mr. Blunt, rendered more than usually gallant by reason of the wine he had taken, volunteered to teach Robin cribbage. It was the only game of cards he cared for, he said, and

as soon as she had learnt it, they would be able to play every evening. Until after the bride had been seen at church — and Sunday had not yet come round — it was not probable that any one would call upon her, and Mr. Blunt decided that to go out walking beyond the grounds would not be considered etiquette, besides which it would be running the risk of chance introductions which might be made a pretext for not coming to the house.

Since the marriage many who before had passed him by, with but a stiff recognition, had stopped to inquire about Christopher; they had expressed an interest in his happiness, and sympathy with the young wife, whose father had died on her wedding day.

Mr. Blunt had been ready with his own version of the tragedy, toned down by him to a respectable occurrence which might happen in any well-connected family. He did not want inquiries made about Mr. Veriker, and he purposely kept back the notice of his death, which Christopher had suggested he should send to the *Times* newspaper.

Even a ramble in the grounds was not viewed by Mr. Blunt with favor.

"I think I'd keep myself pretty much to the house," he said, "at least till after Sunday," and when Robin pleaded the want of air, he proposed another round of the gardens together.

Wearied beyond anything she had ever dreamed of in her life; with no one to speak to but Christopher, never a voluble companion, and this terrible old man calling on her for admiration from morning until night, — alas, poor Robin!

Whom was there to turn to? Not Christopher, a sense of delicacy forbade her speaking to him about his father — besides Christopher was so supremely happy. He loved Wadpole, the quiet country life was suited to his tastes, and now that Robin was there he had nothing left to desire. The utter absence of all refinement in Mr. Blunt, his vulgarity in speech and manner, although at times more distressing to his son than to any other creature, Christopher had become accustomed to, and therefore suffered from no shock such as that felt by Robin. True it was that, filled with anxiety to know what she would think of his father, the first day or so had been very trying; but since then, seeing the old man more attentive than he had ever before known him, and Robin listening, smiling, and good-humored, the good fellow had rejoiced, thinking how well they were get-

ting on. He had said so to Robin, reminding her that he always told her she would find out the way to manage his father.

"I dare say it will be different when I come to know the people round," the poor child thought, trying to administer some comfort to herself; "that Miss Temple we met riding, I feel as if I should like her."

"Christopher," she asked aloud, "what is the name of the Miss Temple we passed yesterday, when we were out driving?"

"Miss Georgy Temple," said Christopher absently. His thoughts were fixed on a proposition he had made that his father should allow him a certain sum a year.

"Do you think she is likely to call upon us soon?"

"Very soon, I should say: the rector has always seemed disposed to be friendly, and through Cameron I got rather to know Miss Georgy."

"Uncle" — she would not call him father; he did not like her saying Mr. Blunt — "says all the people will come next week; do you think so?"

"Most likely, and for that reason I am proposing to run up to London to-morrow with father."

"Oh, do!" The words were out before Robin knew she had said them; the thought of a day alone seemed to lift a ton's weight from off her.

"It is only a matter of business that I should like to see in train to be settled, that makes me wish to go. I was hesitating from the fear that you might be dull perhaps."

Christopher spoke — so Robin thought — as if he was a little hurt by her.

"No; I am sure to find something to do, and it is much better you should go now, than be away next week, you know."

"That is what father said — but I don't know — perhaps it is best, though; when next week came I should be just as unwilling to go as now. I shall never want to leave your side, Robin — if you want to get rid of me you'll have to send me away."

She made a faint smile do duty for words. Why could she not feel like that? she wanted to, instead of which her heart seemed like a feather at the bare possibility of being left for a day free — a whole day without Christopher or his father.

That evening, later, the plan being arranged and the time of departure settled on, Mr. Blunt, when giving orders, said, —

"About you, Robin — what'll you do to-morrow? I suppose you'll want something to take you out?"

"No, I sha'n't; don't order any carriage for me."

She was only too thankful of the reprieve.

"I shall stay at home, I have heaps of things to amuse me here, while you are gone."

Mr. Blunt looked his satisfaction; he felt sure this act of self-denial was made in obedience to his wishes.

"You'll come to the station with us?" Christopher said.

Robin shook her head.

"No, no," said Mr. Blunt decisively, "she's much better at home, as she says, and I sha'n't forget her. You'll see," and as he spoke he looked smilingly at Robin. "I'll bring you back something from London that'll pay you for us being away."

So on the morrow — a heaven-born day, all nature awake and rejoicing — in the morning, to catch the eleven o'clock train, the father and son set off to drive to the station. From the terrace which fronted the house Robin watched them down the avenue, at the end of which Christopher turned and waved good-bye to her, then out through the lodge gates they went and were lost to sight.

Half-way along the road leading to the town, they overtook Miss Georgy Temple riding, walking her horse so as to keep pace with the new squire, who, as they had been told, had returned to Wadpole a couple of days before.

Turning to see what it was coming behind them, the two separated so that the carriage might pass between, and as it did so, Miss Georgy bade them a friendly "Good-morning," adding, "Glad to see you back, Mr. Christopher."

The two Blunts raised their hats, the squire, who had fallen back a pace, affected not to be looking at them.

"I say, Jack, you'll have to know those people." They had again joined company. "You need not make old Blunt a bosom friend, but you can afford to be civil to them in a way."

"I don't see for what reason."

"Well, one reason is the son, he's a very good fellow."

"He's got a beast for a father."

"Never mind; as a makeweight he's got a beauty for a wife — she is indeed: I caught a look at her passing on Thursday, and she's sweetly pretty. Oh yes,

you may grin, my dear fellow, but wait until you see her."

"That won't be just now then: I'm off on Saturday."

"Not really."

"Yes, really; I only came down to say good-bye to you."

"Shall you be gone long?"

Miss Georgy turned her eyes on the squire fixedly.

"That depends," he said looking straight at her, answering her gaze.

"Hum! I'm not generally a bit curious, Jack, but I should like to know what is taking you abroad."

"Should you?" He was smiling meaningly. "Well, I dare say, some day you will see the object I have for going."

"I believe I know; I'm almost certain that I have guessed right."

"I shouldn't wonder."

"Well, shall I tell you what I think?"

"You may."

"Will you tell me if it's true?"

"I don't promise that."

"Isn't the Manor going to have a mistress at last?"

"When the master marries, I suppose it will."

"And isn't the master going away to get married, eh?"

"Let me see, this is the way I am going back. Good-bye, Georgy. Your mother has asked me to dine with you; *à ce soir*. Farewell."

But she would not let go the hand he had given her.

"Haven't I guessed right?" she said. "Tell me."

"Tell you what? I'll tell you this, if you don't take care you'll get hanged for a witch."

"Didn't I say so?" she said triumphantly, but Jack had jumped over the stile, and Georgy, touching up her horse, rode away saying to herself, "So that's what is taking you back, is it? I heard you telling papa it was some business you had left unfinished when you came away." And Jack, looking back after he had gone on some distance, paused for a moment, divided between regret that he had said so much and the wish to say more.

Somehow, he was so full of Robin that day: whichever way his thoughts strayed they always led to her. The soft air, the bright sun, the cloudless sky, had each its influence. He had walked to where a dip in the road led two ways; there were a few trifling matters to be settled with his agent, and he turned his face towards

Wadpole, took a few steps in that direction, and then whirled round.

"I should like to look at the old wood again," he said, "I haven't been there since I came back. It was such a haunt of mine when I was a boy," and he hummed to himself a favorite tune as he went; and thinking still of Robin, her spirit seemed to bear him company on the way.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
SCOTCH FUNERALS.

THE way in which people often talk of the old style of Scotch funerals would lead strangers to conclude that an uniform fashion had prevailed over the whole country. But the fact is that, except that grief was everywhere held to be "dry," the *modus operandi* of the funeral differed widely in different districts. In some country places, about Loch Lomond side, for example, every man who heard of a death made it a point to attend the funeral. When a Sabbath intervened between death and burial, then the proposed time of interment was intimated "in the churchyard between the preachings;" while, if the deceased happened to be a person of some consideration in the locality, the beadle was sent round the houses to warn all and sundry of the time and place of the funeral. In the north end of the island of Arran, at the period of my last visit, not long ago, when a death occurred, a messenger was despatched to every house within seven miles to intimate the death and the time when it was proposed to bury. The messenger was not supposed to invite the people to the funeral, only to warn them of it, invitation being regarded as superfluous. It is quite possible that an excuse for much of the drinking at funerals was found in the circumstance that the coffin had often to be carried a very long distance, thus entailing a good deal of exertion on the part of the attendants. Carriages and hearses were not to be had in country districts, and the coffin had to be borne along the road on "spokes," and thus, where the way was long and the bearers few, the burden was often a heavy one. In other cases where no such excuse for a supply of stimulants existed the example set was followed from the feeling of pride. "Folks liked to be decent like their neighbors."

At Luss the fashion was to serve out
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no liquor at the house from which the funeral "lifted." The primary purpose for which the company was met was recognized as being to get the body to the churchyard and buried there. The graveyard was, however, a long distance from the village, and the burial over, the company adjourned to the neighboring "stage hoose" for refreshments, which, forty years ago, always took the following shape. First a glass of whiskey was handed round, accompanied by loaf bread, oat-cake, and cheese. When that had been discussed, a glass of rum and a farthing "cappit" biscuit for each mourner followed. This again was succeeded by a glass of wine and a sponge, or funeral, biscuit. It was a matter of compulsion, almost, for each person to take off his glass each round, and many persons still living remember with a shudder their experience on such occasions. But even this fashion was mild compared with the generation immediately preceding, when every guest had to swallow three glasses of each of the kinds of drink. The scandals to which this immoderate drinking led can be well enough conceived; and the lairds of Colquhoun, shocked at some stories that came to their ears, offered to provide a hearse at their own expense for all interments, to take away the excuse for so much indulgence; but the proposed innovation was resisted for many years. On one occasion a party was returning after the funeral and subsequent refreshment, and some kind friend had lent them a cart to ride home in. A discussion on some point, whether political or religious I cannot say, arose, the result being that those who adopted the one side of the question refused to ride in the same cart with their opponents, and the weaker side was consequently "disrupted" into the road and had to walk the remainder of the journey. The custom of not supplying drink to the mourners till the burial was completed was one which might have been imitated with advantage elsewhere. On the south bank of the Clyde it did not prevail. Some of the inhabitants of the district through which the Greenock branch of the Caledonian Railway now runs, had their family "lair" or burying-place in the graveyard of a village over the hills nearer Ayrshire. Whether it was usual to give a dram before starting or no, a supply was invariably furnished to help the party on the road. At a funeral which took place quite within living memory the rests had been frequent on the road, as had also been the

applications to the pocket-pistols, and at last the party deployed into the churchyard without the coffin. Of course there was great consternation, followed by a general retracing of steps, and at last they discovered the object of their search lying by the roadside at one of the points where they had halted to rest and refresh.

Fifty years ago, when Bridgeton and Calton were not so closely connected with Glasgow as they are now, while the habit of inviting people to funerals had crept in but the circle to which the invitations were confined was not nearly so circumscribed as has since become the fashion, the great day for interments was Sabbath, and every Sunday the churchyards in Clyne Street and John Street presented a scene of unusual bustle. Of course Sunday was a very convenient day for poor people, as it saved them from losing a day's work, but the practice of delaying burials till Sunday was carried to such a pitch as to create a perfect nuisance in the vicinity of the churchyards, and the authorities interfered and discouraged it to the extent of their power. A big funeral *cortège* was still looked upon as a most desirable thing, and everybody who was asked endeavored to attend. It was quite a common thing for a man to attend three funerals of different persons in no way related to him on the same day; and in fixing the hour for burial care was taken to suit the convenience of those who might have other funerals to assist at on the same day. The daughter of a weaver, who died in Bridgeton half a century ago, told me that there were seventy-two persons invited to her father's funeral, and her mother was exceedingly proud that of this large number only one failed to respond, and he was prevented from coming by his foot being so much suppurated that he could not get on his shoe. The custom in Bridgeton was to give each mourner a glass of wine and a biscuit, and it was often furnished to a large company by families the children of which would next day be crying for bread.

Besides suiting the convenience of mourners who had to attend more than one funeral, there was another reason for having funerals falling on the same day arranged for different hours. Over the coffin, as it was carried to the grave, it was *de rigueur* to have a black velvet pall, called in Scottish parlance a mortcloth. There were no undertakers at the period to whom application could be made for the loan of the necessary covering, but the district had formed itself into a

"Mortcloth Society," the members of which paid a small subscription annually, by means of which the office-bearers were able to keep a decent pall always on hand for the use of the members, which was taken from one funeral to another as it was required.

Everybody knows that there is no service at the grave in Scotland, although the clergyman under whom the deceased "sat" is often, indeed usually, present. The hats of those in attendance may be taken off the moment after they have lowered the coffin into the grave just for an instant, but even this is not always the case. This habit of dispensing with religious exercises had its origin, no doubt, in the Scotch horror of doing anything that might give a color to the charge of following the Roman Catholic fashion of praying for the dead. The reading of a chapter of the Bible and a short prayer in the house before the *cortège* sets out for the churchyard is the sole religious service, and the preliminaries to this are sometimes of a kind to raise the idea that care is taken to disconnect it from the peculiar circumstances of the occasion.

Twenty years ago I was at a funeral in the country, at which the minister and his colleague of the church to which the deceased belonged attended. After the company had assembled, some decanters of wine and a tray with cake were brought in and set upon the table. The daughter of the deceased, herself a clergyman's wife, then suggested that the senior minister should "ask a blessing"! This request served as an excuse for a long prayer appropriate to the circumstances of the occasion which had brought us together, and after it was over cake and wine were handed round. Then a request was made that the junior clergyman should "return thanks," and he readily enough indulged in a prayer, in which he gathered up the fragments suitable to the circumstances which his colleague had omitted, and that was the whole religious service — simply a grace before and after meat.

That terrible scourge, the cholera, which visited the country in 1832, gave a fatal blow to the bacchanalian orgies with which it had been the fashion to celebrate funerals in Port Glasgow. Men were willing enough to pay the last possible mark of respect to the dead, but naturally took every precaution to avoid exposing themselves to unnecessary risk. So, instead of meeting in the house, as had been the custom, they simply gathered in the street before the door, and followed the

hearse to the place of burial. The old Port Glasgow gentleman who is my informant would not enter into particulars anent the proceedings prior to that date; but he made the significant remark that while the new fashion only involved the loss of an hour, under the old system attendance at a funeral meant the loss of a whole day.

I have already referred to what was called the "funeral biscuit," which was seldom eaten by such of the male mourners as had young folks at home. My grandfather, who resided in a small burgh in Renfrewshire, always had one or two of his grandchildren awaiting his return from any burial he attended, who were not often disappointed in seeing the coveted morsel produced from his pocket and having it shared among them. But this biscuit deserves mention for another reason. Right on top of it, in the centre, was placed a piece of dark-colored orange-peel, and it is just possible that its presence was the perpetuation of a symbol used at old heathen rites. Quite within living memory it was also customary to put a black mark on some of the oat-cakes served along with whiskey in public-houses in Rutherglen, near Glasgow. Few, if any, of those who observed this custom in baking the cakes latterly, could have the least notion of what their action implied; but its origin may be traced to the old heathen practice at the feasts of Baal of giving bread with a black mark upon it to those unhappy persons who were selected as victims to be sacrificed. It is possible that the bit of dark orange-peel upon the light sponge biscuit is just a more modified perpetuation of the same superstitious observance as was handed down through the oat-cakes of the Rutherglen publicans. A more prosaic explanation, no doubt, occurred to the man in Ayrshire, when he for the first time attended a funeral where the biscuit with the orange-peel was served. Orange-peel was a new experience to him, and when the tough substance got entangled in his teeth he dislodged it and threw it away, wondering, with an expletive more forcible than reverential, "what induced people to put 'ham rinds' into their biscuits"!

When an invitation is being given verbally to a funeral in Scotland, the person invited usually asks, "When do you lift?" meaning "At what hour is the funeral to take place?" The manner of conveying the coffin from the house to the place of interment, still followed in Eaglesham, a village in the south of Renfrewshire,

abundantly explains this phrase. As can be well enough understood, hearses and coaches are institutions belonging to towns and cities, not to villages. In the latter the coffin is borne to the grave on three poles, which are passed under it, long enough to leave a sufficient portion for two men to grasp on either side. Of course it is impossible to place these "spokes" in position in the house, so a couple of stools are brought out to the street, the coffin is placed upon them, and when the *cortège* is ready to go the spokes are passed under, the coffin is "lifted," and the procession moves off.

Though Eaglesham is not ten miles distant from Glasgow, the old fashion of warning everybody to the funeral is still followed, and as the houses generally are small, the company often enough meets in the church. Even in the sacred edifice, after the performance of short religious exercises, a tray with glasses on it is occasionally brought in, and a supply of liquor served out to all who care to partake of it. In this village it is also the custom for the entire company to wait in the churchyard till the burial has been quite completed, Eaglesham in this respect presenting a favorable contrast to other places, where only one or two of the nearer relatives are left to see the sexton complete his work. The last shovelful of earth having been put in, the chief mourner gets up on a stone, and, taking off his hat, says in a loud voice, "Gentlemen, I thank you for your company," which is the signal to disperse.

I feel persuaded that it is one of the "things not generally known" that "waking" the dead has been practised in one of the northern counties of Scotland from time immemorial, and is still in vogue there. When a death occurs in Glen Urquhart, the survivors in the household are never suffered to be alone with their dead till the day of the funeral. The body is not coffined till the day of interment, for the simple reason that the coffin has to be made by the village joiner after death takes place. A house with a corpse in it becomes for the two or three days and nights that intervene between death and burial the rendezvous of all the neighbors, who sit and tell stories—ghost stories having a decided preference—ostensibly to keep the bereaved family from feeling *eerie*, but really for purposes of entertainment. Such gatherings differ from Irish "wakes" in this particular, that tobacco and pipes are not provided by the relatives of the deceased, each attender bring-

ing his own supply of these luxuries; but whiskey is supplied by the family in whose house the wake is held, and pretty freely dispensed. Such gatherings are favorite resorts of blushing lasses and strapping lads who are courting, and are often the scene of more laughter than tears. The funerals in this locality present an imposing spectacle, often as many as a hundred men, decently clad in black broadcloth, winding in slow procession through the valley, in the rear of the bearers who carry the coffin. But here again we have an illustration of local variations of custom; for though it is the habit to invite all the male inhabitants of the district, the next-door neighbor of the deceased would not go to the funeral without receiving a direct invitation; while over the hills, in the adjoining glen, no invitations are issued, but everybody is expected to attend. Of course where drink is supplied at the wake it is not withheld at the burial, and besides the round served out at the house there is another often at the churchyard. Enough drink and bread and cheese to supply a hundred men is no light weight, and where the *cortège* has to go a few miles to the place of interment, it is usual to send a small pony-cart, bearing the refreshments, after the party. A jar of whiskey invariably forms part of the contents of the cart, whatever may be the more solid portion of the refreshment provided. The people are Free Church to a man, but they are not teetotal; and it is nothing out of the common, after the grave has been filled up, to see an old Free Church elder standing, possibly on a flat tombstone, engaged in asking a blessing on the refreshment about to be partaken, with a bottle of whiskey in the one hand and a glass in the other. A gentleman resident in Glasgow, a native of the district, informed me that on a recent visit to Glen Urquhart he took part in a funeral which was very largely attended, but of all the company assembled round the grave he was the only one who refused to drink the whiskey. One man, however, has become an abstainer, and a member of his family having died, he had no liquor at the funeral, but provided an abundant supply of milk instead. This strict adherence to his temperance principles gave great offence, his neighbors universally ascribing his conduct solely to meanness. For his plea of principle they had nothing but scorn. "Principle had nothing, and could have nothing, to do with it," they asserted. "The minis-

ter had no scruple in taking off his dram, and was *he* going to set himself up as better than the minister?" So widespread was the discontent that it is doubtful if as numerous a party will gather the next time an interment takes place from his house. Indeed, at a funeral which took place in the north of Argyllshire, some time ago, a feeling akin to this was openly expressed. The deceased, if not a member of the minister's family, was at least one of his household, and an extra large company had assembled; the parishioners coming from the remotest corners of the parish out of respect for their clergyman. The hour of interment arrived, the short religious exercises were gone through, and the coffin was lifted by the bearers; but still there was no sign of anything in the shape of refreshment, and, in anything but an agreeable frame of mind, the numerous party ranged themselves in procession and proceeded towards the burial-ground. On the way confidential communications passed between the mourners, which took the form of such ejaculations as "Horrid mean!" "Wish I had never come a step;" and others of a like nature. But in the churchyard disappointment gave place to expectation, in consequence of an invitation to all present to return to the manse for refreshment. In the manse there is little cause to doubt that satisfaction followed upon expectation. What the nature of the refreshment might be was not stated; but a good guess may be hazarded from the fact that few of the mourners reached home that night. A sharp shower of snow fell in the afternoon and evening; and at night the white country roads presented curious spectacles of uncouth figures, clad in black, bobbing up and down, sometimes struggling along for a short distance in zigzag fashion, but in most cases resolving themselves at last into a snoring black heap in the ditch.

Such instances of indecent excess make it a matter of thankfulness that the custom, which is almost universal now in all large towns, of having no drink at funerals, is already followed in some parts of the country, and promises rapidly to obtain general favor and concurrence. But, while this is as it should be, it is to be hoped that the kindly custom which recognizes as an obligation the last mark of respect for the dead will long continue one of the marked characteristics of Scottish rural life.

WILLIAM MCQUEEN.

From Temple Bar.
THE JEWS IN GERMAN LITERATURE; OR,
WHAT GERMAN LITERATURE OWES
THE JEWS.

It was our fortune last summer to spend many months in a beautiful and romantic part of north Germany, that ancient and historic Thuringia which is linked with some of the most moving pages in the world's history — the country of the Minnesinger, of the knight Tannhäuser, of Elizabeth of Hungary, of Luther. Perhaps no other region throughout the vast Vaterland is so rich in associations. Nor are these delightful little cities and summer resorts scattered about the Thüringerwald less interesting in themselves than the legends and memories clinging to each — Weimar, Erfurt, Eisenach, Liebenstein, Ilmenau, Ruhla, — all are full of charm, the first offering the resources of a capital on a small scale, the latter, quiet, delicious retreats in the heart of the pine woods, where invalids may recover their health and all enjoy nature to their hearts' content. Life is still simple and unartificial here. In the towns we can enjoy art, music, and society, without making large sacrifices to fashion. In the country, travel in the true sense of the word is still possible, and Mr. Cook and his legions will not find us out.

Charming as was this life in Thuringia, however, especially that part of it devoted to the forest and holiday-making, there was one drawback to enjoyment. Whilst we found a very great amount of friendliness and sociability in every holiday resort we visited, and all were crowded as soon as the long summer vacation began, there was one class entirely shut off from the prevailing conviviality. In those pleasant, homely, yet comfortable boarding-houses of Thuringian watering-places, were German nobility and German *Gelehrte*, military men and their families, civil *employés*, rich merchants, all, for the time being at least, fraternizing in a manner pleasant to behold. A bow and a smile were sufficient to open an acquaintance, and soon people broke up into little knots, taking their coffee at the same table in the garden, making excursions in company, and doing in fact all that lay in their power to be agreeable one to another. But the Jews had no part in this general cordiality. No one greeted them at table. No one made overtures of friendliness to them. Their children were not invited to play with other children. Their presence was completely ignored,

or if they were alluded to out of hearing, it was with a want of kindness and courtesy, painful in the extreme, and strangely out of keeping with the general holiday mood.

So strong was this hostile feeling that one or two familiar resorts were wholly abandoned by Germans because of the number of Jews there. And unless the tide turns we may most probably learn next season that they are driven out of the Thuringian forest altogether.

Such a state of things seems all the more incomprehensible viewed by the light of another German experience. For, just before the summer holidays began, might be seen in the theatres of these classic Thuringian towns, vast audiences composed of all classes, sitting out the long, somewhat monotonous performance of Lessing's masterpiece, "Nathan the Wise." The very people who would scorn to salute a Jew in a place of holiday resort, who would not permit their children to play with the children of a Jew, who would even avoid a favorite watering-place because it was frequented by Jews, these very people, I say, were listening with rapt attention, with tears and thunders of applause, to a dramatic poem, the hero of which is a Jew!

There is nothing spectacular about "Nathan the Wise," as we all know. As an acted play we doubt if any people but the Germans would sit it out. But for poetry, for beautiful thoughts, for a lofty ideal of human character, "Nathan the Wise" holds a place apart. Neither Goethe nor Schiller have given us a protagonist of such noble type, the sublime philosopher, the good man and rare Christian — who was a Jew!

Little, however, avail the teachings of the great Lessing in Germany just now, and could the magnanimous spirit of his friend Moses Mendelssohn the Jew, portrayed for us in "Nathan the Wise," revisit the earth, he must surely despair of that future for the human race, in which Lessing believed and which he foreshadowed.

There is, indeed, no more painful and interesting problem than the critical position of the Jews in Germany at the present time.

That Germany should be so many-sided in culture and yet so narrow in human sympathies seems incredible; above all, it is incredible to find such hostility shown to citizens of her own whose intellectual and spiritual gifts have added so much lustre to German art and literature.

Nowhere else in Europe do we find a warmer welcome accorded to foreign writers: witness the familiarity of educated Germans with all that is best in English letters; witness the editions of Spanish classics published at Leipzig. It may be said, taking a wide and comprehensive view of other nations, that the land foremost in culture is just now the land of social and intellectual intolerance.

The Jewish element in German literature is indeed apt to be overlooked by ourselves, perhaps because until quite recently we had no special work on the subject in English appealing to popular taste.

A recent writer, however (Dr. Japp on "German Life and Literature"), gives us a remarkable account of this wonderful pair of friends, Moses Mendelssohn the Jew and Lessing the poet, who idealized him in his masterpiece. We must believe that Moses Mendelssohn is portrayed in "Nathan the Wise," but this great work was not only indebted to a Jew for its hero. "There is a beautiful propriety, we might almost say a kind of poetic justice, in the fact that at least indirectly we owe the publication of this play to a Jew," writes Dr. Japp. It was a Hamburg Jew named Wesseling who furnished Lessing with the means of bringing out "Nathan the Wise," one of the noblest poems in the world, and certainly the noblest poetic plea for tolerance ever penned.

It is evident from the story of this friendship of Lessing and Moses Mendelssohn, how deeply the Hebrew Socrates, as he has been called, influenced the poet. The cruel position of the Jews in Germany at that time, as well as the noble character of Moses Mendelssohn, impressed Lessing deeply. Just a hundred years ago Moses Mendelssohn wrote: *—

Even in this so-called tolerant country I nevertheless live so uneasily, so surrounded by true intolerance on all sides, that I must all day long keep my children prisoners at home in our silk-factory! I sometimes walk out with them in the evening. "Papa," asks one, "why do the lads call us names? Why do they throw stones at us? What harm have we done to them?" "Yes," cries another of my children, "they follow us in the streets and insult us with crying, Jews, Jews. Is it as much of a disgrace to be called a Jew as they seem to think?" What answer can I make except

* There are plenty of learned works in German upon the Jewish element in German literature; and the popularity of "Nathan the Wise," and Moses Mendelssohn's work "Phaëdon," is testified by the fact that they are sold for twopence halfpenny!

cast my eyes on the ground and say in my heart, Oh, fellow-men, why must it be thus?

When Lessing asked Moses Mendelssohn to visit him, the latter wrote: "But will your wife like to receive me—a Jew?" Lessing's wife was worthy of the author of "Nathan the Wise," and Moses Mendelssohn was warmly received by her.

A word or two about one of the most spiritual-minded writers Germany possesses. Moses Mendelssohn was born at Dessau in 1729, the year also of Lessing's birth, and was the son of a poor Jewish teacher, by name Mendel. His early life showed an extraordinary passion for learning under circumstances of great difficulty and privation. Whilst yet a mere child his mind was stored with the lyric poetry of the Hebrews and the wisdom of the Talmud; and much to the dissatisfaction of the learned rabbis he studied German. There was, we must admit, if intolerance on the one side, prejudice on the other, as the following story will show:—

In the year 1746 [wrote another Jew] I came to Berlin and found Moses Mendelssohn there, who took a great interest in me, taught me to read and write, and often shared with me his miserable allowance of bread. I was glad to render him any little service I could, and would sometimes procure him a German book. One day a Jewish overseer met me with one of these in my hand, and immediately cried out, "What have you there? A German book?" and immediately dragged me before a magistrate, who ordered me to leave the city.

Elsewhere Moses Mendelssohn speaks of greatly displeasing his own people by German books, the greater part of German Jews at that time recoiling from Christian learning and science.* One of Mendelssohn's earliest efforts was on behalf of a wider culture for the Jews. This venture in print—as might be supposed, a failure—was a weekly publication in Hebrew, called the *Moral Preacher*, devoted to short essays on natural history, notes on the Talmud, etc.

The *Moral Preacher* only reached a second number, but in spite of attempted repression on both sides—Christian bigotry on the one, rabbinical narrowness on the other—Moses Mendelssohn quietly went on his way, mastering French, English, Latin, Greek, music, mathematics, philosophy, and all as much for the general good as for his own. He even

* This point is strongly brought out in those powerful stories "Die Juden von Barnow," by Franzos, just translated into English.

faithfully observed Jewish religious ceremonial, but he would not hold aloof from exoteric culture, and it is as an apostle of exoteric culture that he exercised so great an influence on his own people. Here is Heine's appreciation of Moses Mendelssohn:—

This man, whom his contemporaries so much admired for nobility of soul and intellectual power, was the son of a poor Jewish sexton. Providence had moreover made him a hunchback in order to teach the rabble that men are not to be judged by outward appearance, but by inner worth. As Luther conquered the Papacy, Mendelssohn overthrew the Talmud, and this by a process similar to Luther's. He rejected tradition, and declared the Bible to be the wellspring of religion; and to give effect to his utterances, he translated the important parts of it. So he destroyed Jewish Catholicism, for the Talmud is in fact the Catholicism of the Jews.

Another German writer, with less exaggeration, describes Mendelssohn's aim as that of elevating and spiritualizing Judaism. Dr. Japp's monograph, as interesting as any we have read for many a day, gives these and other interesting details as to the character of Mendelssohn, and the effects he produced both on his own people and the intellectual part of Germany generally.

In 1793 Mendelssohn met by request the famous Protestant preacher, Lavater. The pair discussed theological and religious questions in an open, friendly spirit; and Mendelssohn, ever ready to adore sublimity of character, expressed his great admiration "for the beautiful moral nature of Jesus Christ."

It is interesting to find how profoundly the liberal spirit animating English literature impressed his mind. It is related that when, for the first time, he read the famous dictum of Locke—"I would not have so much as a Jew or a Mahometan excluded from the civil rights of the commonwealth because of his religion"—he burst into tears, and that night could read no more.

As time wore on, Mendelssohn's life was rounded to completeness by a settled income, a congenial wife, a wide appreciation, and two or three close friends—Lessing and Herder above all. His philosophical work, "Phædon," brought him reputation, and, among other honors, his enrolment as a member of the Royal Academy of Berlin.

Worldly prosperity, and favor in high places, were gladly welcomed, because they enabled him to succor his own peo-

ple, badly off indeed, although tolerated in Germany. At Posen, in 1736, two rabbis were killed by a furious mob; and so late as 1777 cruel edicts were issued in Saxony against them, several hundreds of poor Jews being ordered to quit Dresden with their families that year.

Heavens! [wrote Mendelssohn, addressing a letter of intercession to the officials in authority.] Where shall these unhappy creatures go with their innocent wives and helpless children? Where shall they find shelter and protection if the land in which they have their little all drives them out?

We do not learn if these outpourings of Mendelssohn's generous heart had effect, but a few years later the intolerable position of the Jews in Germany was alleviated by the Toleration Act of the emperor Joseph II. Von Dohm's work, also, on the amelioration of the civil condition of the Jews, did much good.

There is no more beautiful literary friendship on record than that of the author of "Nathan the Wise" and the noble Jew who is said to have inspired the poem. When Lessing died, Mendelssohn wrote: "He was the only man with whom for more than thirty years I shared every thought. The death of this dear friend, with whom I might be said to live, has wounded me deeply." For some time after the blow, he could not put pen to paper, and later, in his "Morning Hours," he inserted a touching tribute to his memory. Lessing, years before, in describing his new friend to another, had written thus of Mendelssohn: "He is actually a Jew!" adding: "His honesty and philosophical spirit make me regard him as a second Spinoza." Mendelssohn's life, which had been one of bodily suffering and perpetual intellectual endeavor, ended in 1785. He was in his fifty-seventh year. On the occasion of his death, a Berlin newspaper wrote that this piece of news would bring tears to many eyes. True indeed, for if the Jews had lost their best advocate, the world had lost a lovely spirit. He is described for us as small, weakly, and shy, but possessed of fine black eyes and a commanding brow, and ever full of cheerfulness and animation. His sons, on whose education he bestowed extraordinary care, were distinguished men, and one of these, Abraham, was the father of the great musician.

Mendelssohn's works are more suited to the student than the general reader, but one or two short extracts will be ac-

ceptable, we hope, to all, and will give a good idea of one of the most tolerant and lofty-minded men produced by any sect.

Take the following passage from the "Jerusalem," a work now forgotten:—

The right of proscribing and banishing, which the State at times thinks fit to exercise, is directly contrary to the spirit of religion. Excommunicate, exclude, turn away a brother who wants to join me in my devotions and raise his heart to God with mine! Pass before your mind's eye all those unfortunate beings whom the State or religion has endeavored to amend by anathemas or threats of damnation. Reader, to whatever external church, synagogue, or mosque you may belong, inquire and see whether more true religion is not to be discovered among the crowd of anathematized than among the far greater crowd who anathematized them!

Anathema is either attended with civil consequences, or it is not. If it leads to civil hardship, the injury falls on those magnanimous individuals only who consider such sacrifice due to divine truth. He who has no religion must be out of his senses if he expose himself to this risk for the sake of a supposititious truth. But if the consequences of anathema be merely of a spiritual nature (as some would fain persuade themselves), they weigh upon those only susceptible of such feeling. The irreligious man laughs at anathemas and continues as obdurate as ever.

One more short extract. It seems to be Nathan the Wise who is speaking:—

In accordance with the principles of my religion, I am not to seek to convert any one not born under our laws. This fever of proselytism which some would fain associate with the Jewish religion as an essential part of it, is nevertheless in direct opposition to its spirit. Our rabbis unanimously teach that the written and oral laws, which together form our revealed religion, are binding only upon our own nation. We believe that all other nations of the earth have been directed by God to follow the laws of nature, or to accept the religion of the patriarchs. Those who conduct their lives in harmony with the precepts of this religion or of reason, are called virtuous men of other nations and are the children of Eternal Salvation. Thus, you see, the religion of my fathers does not want to be extended. We are not to send missionaries to both the Indies or to Greenland to proclaim our peculiar doctrines to those remote nations; the latter in particular, who, if we are informed rightly, observe the laws of nature far more strictly, alas! than we do, are in my own estimation a people to be envied.

Suppose there were among my contemporaries a Confucius or a Solon, I could, in perfect consistence with my religious principles, love or admire the great man, and the extravagant notion would never occur to me to convert him. Why should I convert him? As he

does not belong to the congregation of Jacob, my religious laws were not framed for him, whilst in moral doctrine I think we should soon come to an understanding. Do I think that there is any chance of such a man being saved? Most certainly. I believe that he who leads mankind to virtue in this life cannot be damned in that which is to come. These are the reasons which both my religion and philosophy have suggested to me for carefully avoiding religious controversy.

Such were the teachings of a German Jew a hundred years ago, and such were the teachings of one greater than Moses Mendelssohn, who addressed from Corinth, in the year A.D. 58, an epistle to both Jews and Gentiles at Rome.

M. B.-E.

From The Saturday Review.
GREAT PAUL.

THE whole subject of bells and bell-ringers, of chimes and carillons, has been well discussed of late. It is a question whether the general public views the increase of bell-ringing with enthusiasm. There are, say the grumblers, noises enough and to spare in London without the jangling of church bells, but it may be retorted that a noise or two more or less cannot matter much. In the comparative quiet of a Belgian town the constant ringing may become wearisome, the more so as, owing to the system on which the hours and quarters are struck, it is not possible for a stranger to make out what o'clock it is, and every one of whom he inquires gives him a different account. In the silent and deserted streets of such old-world places as Bruges, the chimes seem never to cease, and are a positive annoyance to dyspeptic tourists. Poulinus of Nola becomes an object of loathing rather than of veneration for his famous invention, to any one who has the misfortune to live very near a harsh peal; and it must be allowed that very few are so delicately harmonized as to be quite in tune. Fewer still are rung in correct time, and it may be questioned whether the monotonous repetition of hymn tunes, rung out of time, is a service of praise. Certainly it is the cause of considerable friction, to say the least, in houses not sufficiently remote from the sound. The verse inscribed on the bell of St. Mary's at Oxford should be written in letters of gold, or some other legible character, in every belfry—"Keepe tyme in anye

case." To some minds, too, there is a certain melancholy even in the sound of so-called joy bells. The passing-bell has in London become a thing of the past. Old Chauncey says of it that it is a laudable course that "when any sick person lay drawing on, a bell should toll to give notice to the neighbors that they might pray for the dying party." The passing-bell now denotes that all is over; it was not till Hood's hero was dead that "they ran and told the sexton, and the sexton toll'd the bell." Paul Hentzner, in Queen Elizabeth's reign, reports of the English that "they are vastly fond of great noises that fill the air, such as firing of cannon, beating of drums, and the ringing of bells, so that it is common for a number of them that have got a glass in their heads to get up into some belfry and ring belis for hours together for the sake of exercise." We may be thankful we do not live under such a dispensation; even "a glass in their heads" would not drive modern roughs into the belfry. Bacon seems to have shared the popular belief that "great ringing of bells in populous cities hath chased away thunder;" but Fuller judiciously observes that "abbey steeples, though quilted with bells almost *cap-à-piè*, were not proof against the sword of God's lightning." There were, however, no bells in the great steeple of old St. Paul's. A belfry was attached to the east end of the church, near Paul's Cross and the entrance to Cheapside, and the four bells were hung in it which Henry VIII. lost to Sir Miles Partridge at a game of dice. That Sir Miles lived to be hanged was thought but the natural consequence of his sacrilege; and the whole story may be true, though the inquiring mind may question Henry's right to dispose of the bells, and may also wonder what Sir Miles could want them for. It can hardly be supposed that he hung them elsewhere; perhaps he melted them down; but it would be interesting to know their fate, for amongst them was the great and ancient bell by which the citizens were summoned from time immemorial to assemble in their folkmote. It was upon no more formal summons that they came together to elect Edward or William or Stephen to the crown. The references to it in ancient records are innumerable, and nothing seems to have been able to rouse the citizens more readily than its sound. They immediately rushed through the market-place to their meeting-ground, where, assembled in the open air, they gave their opinions on the

matters submitted to them from the platform, which eventually grew into the pulpit of St. Paul's Cross. Their loud "Ya! ya!" is noticed by contemporary writers. Folkmotes are things of the past in the London that now is; but if the new bell could keep the citizens in town on Sunday, we might hear less of church destruction.

The journey of the great bell cast at Messrs. Taylors' at Loughborough for St. Paul's was safely finished before eight o'clock on Monday morning, but its short passage from the wagon on which it arrived to its place in the belfry took many hours. The resources of modern science make such a task easy, if slow; but the journey by road, even though the motive power employed was a steam-engine, has an old-fashioned air about it. The largest of the old bells of St. Paul's was cast in 1716 by Richard Phelps at Whitechapel, who has inscribed his name and the date on it; but the rate of its progress to the clock tower does not seem to have been noted. It is to be presumed that the new bell will be sounded more often than the old one. A few of us may have heard its hoarse note, but very few. The death of a lord mayor during his year of office has not occurred for more than a hundred years — namely, since William Beckford died in 1770. The last bishop for whom it sounded, although when he died he was no longer incumbent of the see of London, was Bishop Blomfield. The only other occasions on which the great bell is rung are the deaths and funerals of the deans and of members of the royal family. It is usually said — and the mistake is perpetuated by Cunningham — that this bell was cast from the metal of one still older, "Great Tom of Westminster." But "Great Tom" has disappeared. After William III. gave it to Wren for St. Paul's, it was recast, but some visitors trying experiments broke it by striking it with an iron hammer. It was not taken down, however, till Phelps's new bell was ready to hang in its place. The great weight of the bell now finished will severely try the strength of the tower in which it is hung. Until now the chime of St. Paul's contained nothing heavier than five tons; but the new arrival, with its appurtenances, weighs four times as much. The old bell measured six feet ten inches across the mouth, the new one measures upwards of ten feet. It is, in fact, among the great bells of the world, being nearly twice as heavy as the largest at St. Peter's in Rome, which weighs only

about eight tons. The great bell at Moscow has never been hung, and is, in fact, a very useless mass of metal, if indeed it is not cracked; but it is believed to weigh upwards of one hundred and eighty tons. It is mounted on a kind of platform, and serves as a roof to a chapel, being some thirty feet in diameter. The largest bell in actual use is also at Moscow, and weighs, it is said, nearly a hundred and thirty tons. These weights completely overshadow anything else in the world, the nearest being in China, where the great Pekin bell is said to weigh upwards of fifty tons. But in Europe, with the exception of Russia as aforesaid, Great Paul has very few rivals. The bells of Notre Dame in Paris, and those of Vienna and Olmütz only exceeding it in actual weight of metal—that is, if they have been accurately measured at seventeen tons. There is some doubt about the great twenty-four-ton bell lately cast for Cologne. Weight and size, however, are only one way of measuring a bell. Strength of sound is a far better criterion, and that we must look forward to knowing shortly. If it could be heard four or five miles off while on the ground at Loughborough, we may expect to hear it much further when it is properly placed in its steeple on the hill of St. Paul's. It is, however, impossible to avoid a certain feeling of misgiving. We all remember how soon Big Ben, though cast with the choicest art, was cracked; and we cannot help fearing for the stability of the belfry. True, Wren was a builder for all time. He knew how to make even a light and airy-looking structure really strong, and to bind the parts together so that they should all support one another; but not only is twenty tons a tremendous weight to suspend in any tower, but the vibration caused by the ringing of such a mass of metal will be very great.

So far we have not been very fortunate in great bells, and it is much to be hoped that Great Paul will not crack. Bow bells will be wholly eclipsed, in noise at least, if not in sweetness. "The bells of London town" will become once more famous. Some future Whittington may hear them far away in the country, and feel himself stirred to action by religion, perhaps, or by ambition, as in the older case. We trust the citizens will enjoy the sound of their new toy, and that, as it is to be hung within walls, and not in the open part of the tower, it may not be found too loud, now that wood and asphalte have deadened so much of the old din of the Lon-

don streets. If the learned John Drabicius is correctly reported, he spent four hundred pages of a book on the celestial state to prove that the blest will be continually employed in bell-ringing. It may be well, therefore, to accustom our ears to them; but the inhabitants of St. Paul's Churchyard may find their new neighbor rather a nuisance, especially if Great Paul is rung on week-days. A few people still live in St. Paul's Churchyard, and if they do not like bells they are to be pitied. Perhaps something will now be done for Big Ben. Public attention has been directed to the subject. It is a reproach to English bell-founders. If Great Paul survives uncracked for more than a few months, the possibility of making a suitable bell for the clock-tower at Westminster will have been demonstrated.

From The Saturday Review.

THE EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

THE Duke of Edinburgh, who laid the first stone of the new lighthouse on the Eddystone rock in 1879, has now, with all due pomp and circumstance, lit up the lantern for its first burning, and the new beacon has finally superseded the old, which is darkened for good and ever. Smeaton's famous tower is not, however, to be allowed to go to absolute ruin, or to disappear altogether when the rocks underneath it give way. The quaint idea of erecting the upper part of it on the Hoe is to be carried out, and one half of it is thus to form a permanent, if somewhat grotesque, memorial to the genius of the great engineer. Whether this tribute is the most fitting that could be paid, and whether the half-tower will not have a rather ludicrous appearance, it may not be easy to say; but certainly some tribute was due to the memory of the man who showed such marvellous skill and perseverance in erecting the Eddystone lighthouse. Happily, whatever may be thought of the Plymouth memorial, there can be no doubt about the appropriateness of another tribute of an utterly different kind which his memory has just received. Two writers, Mr. E. Price Edwards and Mr. T. Williams, who have recently published a book on the Eddystone lighthouse (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.), are to be congratulated on having produced their work at a very opportune time. In a small volume the former describes the tower which the engineer of the Trinity

Board has planned and raised, while the latter gives an abridgment of Smeaton's narrative; and both description and narrative will not improbably find readers.

These, however, though they will find a good deal to interest them in the book, can hardly fail to be struck at the outset by a curious mistake which the writers have made. They have reversed the natural and obvious order which should have been followed. The historical part of the work should have been first, not second, as for some unaccountable reason it is placed. The error, however, though much affecting literary symmetry, is not a grave one, as all that the reader has to do is to be more logical than the authors, and to begin with the second part of their work, which consists of Mr. Williams's abridgment of Smeaton's narrative. As a general rule, abridgments of famous narratives are to be severely condemned. Such books should be read as written by the authors, and not clipped and mutilated according to the fancies of a latter-day editor. Exceptions to this rule may, however, be made in some cases, and Smeaton's book may perhaps be profitably shortened. He had a marvellous constructive genius, and sometimes he could describe as well as he could design, and write with perspicuity and force; but often his literary work was as loose as his mechanical work was compact, and it must be said that his stately folio is sometimes not a little tedious. Mr. Williams omits Book I., containing the disquisition on lighthouses, the description of the Eddystone rocks, and the history of Winstanley and Rudyerd's lighthouses, and he is right in doing so; for some of the matter is not now of value, and, though the history of the two towers is highly interesting, it has been repeated so often that every one must be acquainted with it. Nobody can want to hear again that marvellous tale about the man who swallowed molten lead. Mr. Williams, while omitting this book, has been careful not to excise too much in other parts of the volume, and has carried his reverence for Smeaton's text so far as to attempt to preserve his quaint capitals and italics. Although he has made the mistake of slightly altering the headings of some of the chapters, the reader need not fear that the original work has been unduly tampered with, and perhaps some who make their first acquaintance with Smeaton in Mr. Williams's abridgment may wish that he had abridged a little more. The great engineer thought it necessary

in writing to give all possible information, stopping even to record the hesitation of a weak-minded mason who was not sure about being able to execute a large amount of granite work, narrating at length what happened at his interviews with the proprietors, and telling of every petty incident connected with the work. Some of this detail is rather wearisome. What is really interesting is his account of the manner in which he thought out the problem that had been placed before him, of the execution of the more difficult parts of the work, and of his own very narrow escape from death when the "Neptune Buss" was carried out to sea. One thing connected with the designing of the lighthouse as described by him is well worthy of notice at the present time. There is no need to speak of his marvellously ingenious idea of *dovetailing* (we use his own italics) the stones, as this has been described again and again; but what he states about the form of his tower should be recalled now that a new lighthouse has been erected. Speaking of the manner in which he planned the Eddystone tower Smeaton says:—

On this occasion, the natural figure of the waist or bole of a large spreading *Oak*, presented itself to my imagination. Let us for a moment consider this tree: suppose at twelve or fifteen feet above its base, it branches out in every direction, and forms a large bushy top, as we often observe. This top, when full of leaves, is subject to a very great impulse from the agitation of violent winds; yet partly by its elasticity, and partly by the natural strength arising from its figure, it resists them all, even for ages, till the gradual decay of the material diminishes the coherence of the parts, and they suffer piecemeal by the violence; but it is very rare that we hear of such a tree being torn up by the roots. Let us now consider its particular figure. Connected with its roots, which lie hid below ground, it rises from the surface thereof with a large swelling base, which at the height of one diameter is generally reduced by an elegant curve, concave to the eye, to a diameter less by at least one-third, and sometimes to half of its original base. From thence its taper diminishing more slowly, its sides by degrees come into a perpendicular, and for some height form a cylinder. . . .

It is farther observable, in the insertions of the boughs of trees into the bole, or of the branches into the boughs (which is generally at an oblique angle), that those insertions are made by a swelling curve, of the same nature as that wherewith the tree rises out of the ground; and that the greatest *Rake* or *Sweep* of this curve, is that which fills up the obtuse angle; while the acute angle is filled up with a much quicker curve, or sweep of a less *Radius*. I immediately rough-turned a piece of wood,

with a small degree of tapering above; and leaving matter enough below, I fitted it to the oblique surface of a block of wood, somewhat resembling the sloping surface of the Edystone Rock; and soon found, that by *reconciling Curves*, I could adapt every part of the base upon the rock to the regularly turned tapering body, and so as to make a figure not ungraceful; and at the same time carrying the idea of great firmness and solidity.

These words have often been quoted, but there is no harm in quoting them again; for, as we have just said, they are well worth attention now. Smeaton seized a happy analogy in nature's work, and designed his form from it. He found that the form which was strongest was also a very graceful form. Now, of course, different ideas prevail, and, as will presently be shown, the tower now erected is certainly not graceful, and not like Smeaton's. Whether it has the strength of his, or anything like the strength, and whether it is calculated to stand the Channel seas for a century and a quarter, is another question. In carrying out the work which he planned so admirably, Smeaton encountered, as is well known, enormous difficulties, but he succeeded in accomplishing it in what must certainly be considered a short space of time when the imperfect appliances of those days are remembered. On August 3, 1756, he laid down the lines of his intended lighthouse upon the surface of the rocks, and his follower cut them in with a pick. On October 1, 1759, the lantern was lighted. Three years was a short space for such work as building the Eddystone lighthouse, with the means which then existed, and Smeaton must have possessed an extraordinary power of making those under him labor zealously and well. His own zeal is best shown by the fact that he nearly lost his life while superintending the building of the lighthouse. In November, 1756, having stayed apparently too long on the rocks after a gale had risen, he and his companions endeavored to get into Plymouth Sound in the "Neptune Buss," but, being blown away to leeward, they could not fetch it, and had to bear up for Fowey. The "Buss" did not get into this place, however, but very nearly grounded on a reef, and afterwards was driven down Channel and beyond the Land's End by the increasing gale. She could not, apparently, beat to windward at all, and Smeaton and those with him might have been blown out into the Atlantic and starved to death had the wind held. Happily it sank and

changed to N.N.W., and they got back to Plymouth in safety. On no subsequent occasion was Smeaton in any great danger, and if at the beginning of his work bad weather troubled him much, it came most opportunely when his work was complete. The year 1759 concluded with what he calls "a series of very stormy weather," and he had therefore early the satisfaction of knowing that his building was perfectly safe. Two years later he saw the few who remained sceptical convinced that it was in no danger. During a tremendous hurricane in 1762, a prophet of evil was heard to say that if the Eddystone lighthouse was still standing, it would stand till the Day of Judgment. The tower took no harm from the gale, and for long it seemed as if the prophet had at last spoken rightly; but there was one thing which even the Eddystone lighthouse could not stand; the failure of its foundations; and the sea having gradually eaten away the rocks on which it stands, it has been necessary in our own time to build a new tower.

Of this a description is, as has been said, given by Mr. E. Price Edwards in the first part of the volume on the Eddystone lighthouses. The necessity for erecting it became apparent as long ago as 1877, when, in consequence of reports from the light-keepers, the tower and rock were carefully examined by some of the Trinity brethren and their engineer. The tower was found to be as strong as ever, but its foundation was undermined. After several surveys it was determined to build the new lighthouse on a rock about forty yards S.S.E. of that on which the old lighthouse stands, and on July 17, 1878, the work was begun. At first very great difficulties were experienced. These, however, were overcome; and in August, 1879, all being ready for the masonry, the first stone was, as has been said, laid by the Duke of Edinburgh; and the work may be held to have been completed on Thursday, when the new lantern was lit. The light which it gives is much stronger than that of the old one—which, however, was very superior to the lantern of 1759. The new tower, as has often been pointed out, is much loftier and larger than Smeaton's. In constructing this nine hundred and eighty-eight tons of stone were used. For the new tower no less than four thousand six hundred and sixty-eight tons have, according to Mr. Price Edwards, been required. Whether anything like a proportionate increase of strength has been obtained may well be

doubted. Mr. Price Edwards gives drawings of the old tower and the new, and it must be said that the modern work fares very badly by comparison with the old. The great beauty of Smeaton's tower has often been spoken of; and when the manner in which he designed it is borne in mind, it is not too much to assume that its beauty is that which belongs to perfect constructive fitness. It looks beautiful partly because of the grace of its outline, but still more because it looks so marvelously stable, so perfectly suited to the position in which it is placed. Now the new tower does not by any means give the same idea of strength that the old one does. It does not seem so firmly planted on the rocks, it looks much more top-heavy, and, being the work of modern engineers, is necessarily extremely ugly. Appearances, however, may of course be utterly deceptive, and the new building may be stronger than the old. It is said that the Trinity House engineer has come to the conclusion that the form chosen by Smeaton was faulty, and that, therefore, he has not followed it. He is possibly right; but this tower with a faulty form has stood the Channel seas for a century and a quarter, and surely it seems a strange thing to rely on hypothetical considerations when there has been a practical test utterly unparalleled for severity and duration. It appears probable, to say the least, that the form which Smeaton adopted was as nearly perfect as any form could be; and that, if it has been much departed from, the "new departure" is not very likely to be an improvement.

From The Saturday Review.

MODERN FIFTH-MONARCHY MEN.*

THERE are some theories whose absurdity is so manifest that the shortest way to refute them is simply to state them. It is of course needful that the listener to the statement should be a rational man, capable of sifting and weighing evidence. Ethnology, history, language, and folk-lore concur in supplying thousandfold evidence that the Englishman John Smith is neither a Jew nor an Ephraimite, but that he is a Teuton. Yet there are several John Smiths who solemnly believe that their ancestors were Hebrews; that the Prince of Wales is

the direct descendant of David and Solomon; that the prosperity of Great Britain is due to the fact that it was colonized by Hebrew fugitives of "the Babylonian desolation of B.C. 580," and not by English warriors nearly a thousand years later. There are certain weekly and monthly publications which find their account in producing arguments to support this ridiculous delusion. They assure their readers that everything that is disjointed and anarchical in human society will be set right as soon as ever the totality of Englishmen accept "the identification" — that is to say, swallow the monstrous hoax that they are the children of Jacob. We understand that there are two rival parties in the Church of Anglo-Israelism, one calling upon us to believe that we are Jews, and the other assuring us that we are the descendants of the ten lost tribes, and that we are therefore not Jews, though we are Israelites. Mr. Glover seems to take a mediatory attitude, and to represent "England" as being both "the remnant of Judah" and also "the Israel of Ephraim," or "the two families under one head." Whether he or Mr. Hine has the better right to take out a patent for this extraordinary politico-ethnological invention of our Semitic origin we cannot tell. Mr. Glover was formerly chaplain to the English consulate at Cologne, where he appears to have occupied his spare time in interviewing the Jewish rabbis of the Rhineland, chiefly with a view of collecting arguments in support of the hypothesis which he had already adopted as "the Truth." Twenty years ago he called upon "the learned rabbi of Kreuznach," and "announced" to him "that England was the remnant of Judah," and that the proof of the fact was to be found in "a stone, a woman, and a flag"! The rabbi behaved very much as any other sane man would have behaved upon hearing such an amazing communication. But we must let Mr. Glover describe his behavior: "The effect produced in his demeanor was very remarkable. At first these words disturbed him, seemed somewhat to distress him, made him abstracted, uneasy, and mooning." After the author had laid all "the coincidences" before the rabbi, he appears to have converted the eminent Jewish divine, not indeed to the Christian faith, but to the Anglo-Israelite faith, which is quite another thing. This was a great comfort to the chaplain, who pathetically informed the rabbi that his own English fellow-countrymen regarded him

* *England the Remnant of Judah and Israel of Ephraim.* By the Rev. F. R. A. Glover, M.A. London: Rivingtons. 1881.

as "mad." Six weeks later, Mr. Glover paid a second visit to this Jewish convert, who exclaimed, either enthusiastically or good-humoredly, "Herr Pastor, nehmen Sie Acht! Ich bin bereit das Panier zu tragen!" "What Panier?" asked Mr. Glover. "The Panier," answered the rabbi, "that floats on the keep of Windsor Castle, which has the blazon on its dexter quartering of the lion of the tribe of Judah." In the same year, 1861, Mr. Glover called upon Rabbi Weilchenfeld of Düsseldorf, and laid before him the "fifteen questions" with which it was his habit, whilst he was an Anglican chaplain, to cross-examine the German rabbis. The rabbi of Düsseldorf was very indignant. He said that such questions could not be answered by any man, but only by God himself. Hereupon the undismayed author observed, "Excuse me, sir, if I tell you that I have something to say on each of them. Allow me then to ask," Mr. Glover continued, "if you, in answer to the third question (Where, Shiloh not having been manifested, floats the standard of the tribe of Judah?) can tell me where the standard of Judah floats this day in power, and has a right to float there?" Mr. Glover tells us that the rabbi made "a significant gesture, implying his inability." Hereupon the questioner triumphantly answered his own question. "It is over the keep of Windsor Castle, in the royal standard of England!" We are not surprised when the author tells us that the rabbi "wished to know how it could have gotten there." That is what we should wish to know—or, at least, it is what we might wish to know if we were Jews. But we are obliged to confess that Mr. Glover's explanation of the process seems to us in 1882, as he tells it seemed to others in 1861, "a farrago of nonsense."

The prophet Jeremiah, according to the Jewish tradition related by Tertullian, Jerome, and Epiphanius, was stoned to death by the people at Tahpanhes in Egypt, and his grave was formerly pointed out near Cairo. A second Jewish tradition, cited by Bleek, represents Jeremiah and Baruch as the captives of Nebuchadnezzar, who, after his conquest of Egypt, is said to have carried the two prophets into Babylon. A host of legends naturally gathered around the person of the great patriotic prophet, and the writer of the Lamentations over fallen Jerusalem came to be regarded as the especial patron saint of the Holy City and the chosen people. Mr. Glover and the Anglo-Is-

raelites have discovered that the prophet Jeremiah was neither stoned to death in Egypt nor died a natural death in Babylon. After the fall of Jerusalem he took ship for Ireland, carrying with him a company of fellow-passengers, a stone, and a flag. The name of the ship is unhappily lost, but the crew consisted of "the remnant of the tribe of Judah," including "some member of the family of David." The captain belonged to the tribe of Dan. Mr. Glover's demonstration of these "facts" is rich in "ifs." The "if" suggestive is followed up by the "then" demonstrative. "If" Jeremiah took some Jewish exiles to Ireland, then, as the author suggests, a member of David's family "might have been" amongst them. "A whispered tradition," he tells us, exists in Ireland, that one of its greatest kings,

Fin McCoyle went to school,
Went to school
With the Prophet Jeremiah.

Mr. Glover is not uncritical. He observes that "this, if it stood alone, would not count for much in the way of evidence." But he adds that "if Jeremiah took the stone to Ireland," and "if it be Jacob's pillow," and if "it were set up by Jeremiah," then "there is sense in the legend." All these and other "ifs" being granted, then "all the marvels related of Tara, its Eastern Princess, its Judge, and mysterious Prince, and the Law, are not only solved, but are necessary events." The Jewish legend in the Second Book of Maccabees (ii. 4-7) represents the prophet Jeremiah, at the command of God, taking the tabernacle, the ark, and the altar of incense, and hiding them in a cave in the mountain on which Moses beheld the glory of the Lord, and then stopping up the mouth of the cave so that the people might not find them. Mr. Glover suggests that "if" Jeremiah took these holy things and hid them, "then" he would never have omitted to take that "other holy thing, the stone of Bethel." The conjecture is quite reasonable; but if the prophet hid three of the holy things in a cave, why did he not hide the fourth holy thing in the same place? If he brought this one holy thing to Ireland, why did he not also place the tabernacle, the ark, and the altar of incense on board the Danite ship in which he sailed to Tara? We are rather surprised that Mr. Glover, while he was so sedulously hunting out "coincidences," did not stumble upon one very remarkable coinci-

dence between the patron saint of Judæa and the patron saint of Ireland. How is it that he failed to discover that Jeremiah and St. Patrick are two names for one person? The prophet Jeremiah, according to a tradition given by Epiphanius, cleared Egypt of reptiles. This is exactly what St. Patrick, according to an equally credible tradition, did for Ireland. It only remains to be shown that Egypt and Ireland, Jeremiah and Patrick, are synonymous words — a philological feat which an Anglo-Israelite scholar would find no great difficulty in executing — and the “identity” of Egypt and Ireland will be as clear and convincing as any other identity which Mr. Glover or Mr. Hine has produced.

But we have further “evidence.” One of the countless legends about St. Patrick asserts that he spent his last days in Glastonbury in the monastery founded by St. Joseph of Arimathea. Here we have what Mr. Glover might consider a powerful hint that St. Patrick was a Jew; and was there not something truly Semitic in his wish to die and be buried amongst his own people? It is true that there is a chronological difficulty. Jeremiah is usually supposed to have died about six centuries before St. Joseph of Arimathea was born, and ten centuries before St. Patrick was born. The Anglo-Israelite method, however, would prove just as effectual for explaining away a chronological difficulty as it does for explaining away ethnological and philological difficulties. It would find a legend or a tradition ready for the purpose. For instance, there is a Jewish legend which states that the prophet Jeremiah returned from Egypt to Jerusalem, and lived there for three hundred years. “If he lived three hundred years after the reputed date of his death,” Mr. Glover might triumphantly suggest, “then it is not unreasonable to suppose that he may have lived a thousand years after that date.” Mr. Glover is an enthusiastic believer in the *vox populi* as uttered in traditions and legends. Thus, in regard to the stone which Jeremiah brought to England, which was formerly at Scone, and which is now in Westminster Abbey, he tells us that the sceptical Toland, the learned Dr. Warner, and other scholars bear witness that “the vulgar” call it “Jacob’s Stone” and “Jacob’s Pillow.” Dr. Warner is even so rash and ignorant as to call this belief “a ridiculous superstition.” “But,” demands our author, “what if The Vulgar be right? What if the learned author be

one of those many who, because they choose to take things for granted in the contrary sense — making themselves infallible — are pleased to utter what they call ‘common sense,’ and for want of due information, speaking unadvisedly with their lips, do damage to the cause of truth and sobriety?” Mr. Glover thinks that the matter ought to be laid before the queen. He is convinced, he tells us, that “if this support of her throne, this very stone, were now cut away from under our sovereign,” the whole British Empire would collapse. It is to be hoped that the Home Rulers will not be converted to Anglo-Irish Israelism. If they once come to believe Mr. Glover’s theory, they will be putting dynamite under “Jacob’s Pillow,” and will with one single spark blow up Westminster Abbey and destroy the British Empire. Mr. Glover would doubtless reply that they cannot do this, because they would thereby render void the entire body of Old Testament prophecy. But what is to prevent them from trying the experiment? The sons of St. Patrick, or Jeremiah, might accept the first article of Mr. Glover’s creed and reject the other articles. They might insist upon piously carrying back “the stone” to Tara in Ireland, where Jeremiah first placed it, and where he intended it should remain. Why should the Saxon be allowed to keep that sacred “Lia-Fail,” the “Stone of Destiny,” the “Palladium of Empire,” the “Jacob’s Pillow,” the “Jewish Foundation Pillar of the Temple,” the “Perpetual Witness”? Fergus the Great of Scotland, as the author himself shows, first stole it from the Irish, upon whom the prophet had bestowed it, and Edward I. of England afterwards carried it into Saxon Middlesex.

Mr. Glover’s chapters upon “the Flag” which Jeremiah took to Ireland are as rich in unadulterated fun as are his chapters upon “the Woman” and “the Stone.” They are constructed upon the same ingenious method. Mr. Glover first assumes that this or that hypothesis is “the Truth” — with a capital T; he next looks about for arguments to prove that it is. The evidence which proves to him that our queen is the direct heiress of King David would make it equally obvious that every family which has a lion rampant upon its coat of arms is of Jewish origin, and that every city which paints or carves a lion rampant upon its “wappen” was founded by a colony of fugitive Hebrews. “How,” demands he, “came that eastern tropical beast, a lion, to be the blazon of a

country lying so far west as Scotland, and in the icy north?" There are no lions in Scotland. The blazoned lion rampant, he goes on to tell us, was carried thither from Ireland by "Fergusius, the son of Ferchardas." Thus it will be seen that "the lion of Scotland was in reality the lion of Ireland; and, as the lion is no more an Irish than a Scottish wild beast, it is evidently an importation to that country from the East." In short, the prophet Jeremiah was as clearly its first introducer as he was the introducer of the "King's Daughter" and of "Jacob's Pillow;" and thus the first lion which the Irish ever saw was the heraldic brute pictured upon the banner which the prophet carried from Asia to Tara. Here, again, we are not without fear that Mr. Glover may be unconsciously playing into the hands of the Irish Home Rulers, and even into the hands of the Papists. Can he be aware that Daniel O'Connell used to call the late Roman Archbishop of Tuam, Dr. MacHale, "the lion of the tribe of Judah"? Can he be aware that the leading English journal accepted the "identity," and that the *Times* headed that prelate's letter with the title "A Roar from St. Jarlaths"?

If Mr. Glover had been a student of English history he would have discovered that an attempt was seriously made in the middle of the seventeenth century to

carry the Anglo-Israelite hypothesis out of the province of mere speculation into that of political fact. The first Anglo-Israelite was the London wine-cooper, Thomas Venner, the leader of the "Fifth-Monarchy men," who plotted successively against Oliver Cromwell and Charles II. Venner resolved that the "identity" of England and Israel should be practically realized. In 1657 he and his followers determined to kill the Protector and proclaim "King Jesus." Secretary Thurloe had a spy amongst the early Anglo-Israelites, detected their programme, and seized their arms and their banner. On the latter was painted "the Lion of the Tribe of Judah," *couchant*, with the motto, "Who will rouse him up?" Again, in 1661, the same fanatical Anglo-Israelites — to whom Cromwell had been "very tender," as Jessop, clerk of the Council, put it, on account of "that appearance of Christ in them," and "often seeking of God" — raised the banner of "the Lion of the Tribe of Judah" against Charles II. The poor mad theorist who thought that he and his fifty followers would conquer England for the Son of David was hanged. As the courtly Dryden in his "Absalom and Achitophel" figured England as Israel, and King Charles as David, perhaps he may also be claimed, like the fanatic Venner, as a precursor of Mr. Glover and Mr. Hine.

AN EASTERN LEGEND. — The most painful thing to endure among the ruins of Palmyra is the want of water. The inhabitants have no other water than that of a hot spring, the water of which has an intense smell of sulphur. It can only be drunk after it has been exposed for twelve hours to the wind in a leather bottle. Yet, however repulsive it might have appeared at first, one gets so accustomed to it that at last the water brought by travellers, even from the "Wild-goat's Well" (Ain el Woul, half-way between Karatarn and Palmyra), appears tasteless. The following legend relates to the sulphurous well of Palmyra, Ain el Ritshen, or the Star Well. Once upon a time a large snake had taken its abode in the well, and was stopping its mouth so that no water could be drawn from it. Solomon, son of David, ordered the animal to leave the place, in order that the people might use the water. The snake replied to the wise king: "Grant me to come out with my whole body, and promise me not to kill me. I have a sun-

spot in the middle of my body, and I shall die if anything touches me on that place." When Solomon had given him the required promise, the snake began to wind itself out; it crawled and crawled, but there was no end to it. Its rings already filled the valley, and there was no appearance of a sun-spot yet. Solomon began to be frightened, and he trembled so much that a ring slipped from his finger at the very moment when the mysterious spot appeared at the mouth of the well; the ring fell on that spot, and the snake was broken in two parts. The hind part of the monster remained in the well, and was putrefied in it, so that it became impossible to drink the water. Solomon purified the spring with sulphur, the putrid smell disappeared, but that of sulphur remains till now. The ashes of the front part of the snake burnt by Solomon, dispersed to all the four winds, became another plague, that of the army of springing insects, *e.g.* locusts, etc.

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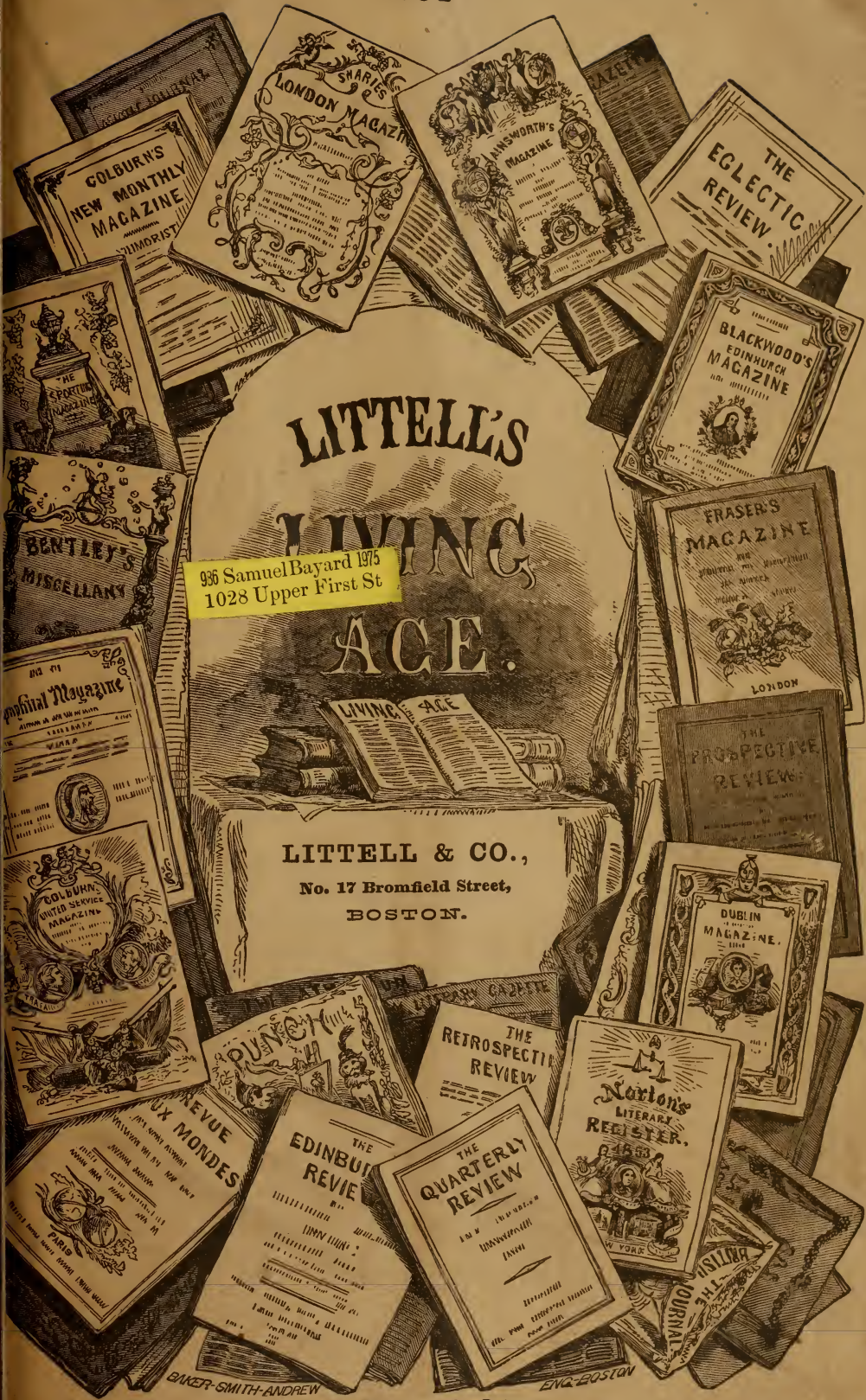
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{ From Beginning,
Vol. CLIII.

CONTENTS.

I. THE BOUNDARIES OF ASTRONOMY, . . .	<i>Contemporary Review</i> , . . .	771
II. LADY JANE. By Mrs. Oliphant. Conclusion, . . .	<i>Good Words</i> , . . .	783
III. THREE MONTHS' HOLIDAY IN NORWAY IN 1881,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> , . . .	789
IV. THE LADIES LINDORES. Part III., . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , . . .	795
V. THE TOWER OF LONDON,	<i>Nineteenth Century</i> , . . .	806
VI. AN ETON BOY,	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> , . . .	813
VII. THE CITY CHURCHES,	<i>Saturday Review</i> , . . .	821
VIII. THE COMMERCIAL SPIRIT IN MODERN EDUCATION,	<i>St. James's Magazine</i> , . . .	823
*** Title and Index to Volume CLIII.		

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"ARREARS."

ARREARS! It would seem there is nought *but*
arrears,
Overdue from the bad, black, and blundering
years,
The dragon-teeth seed-ground of militant hate,
Unwearied as vengeance, relentless as fate.

How freely, how gladly we'd hold forth the
hand,
Ay, sow with our gold the bare wastes of that
land,
If only love-prompted largesse had the power
Our Danaë to win by the aureate shower.

With joy how ungrudging we'd proffer the gift,
If it might but avail the grim shadow to lift
Which broods like a blight, and which clings
like a curse,
And the best spells of hope hath the power to
reverse.

That shadow! Unbanished, unlaid, it still
lurks,
Black hate is its breath, and base deeds are its
works;
With its pestilent presence possession to share
Is a thought beyond hope, the mad dream of
despair.

Arrears! Yes, it may be arrears yet remain
Of justice, of right, though our strength is
a-strain
These long years with the effort, as earnest as
strong,
To slay ancient hate and to right ancient wrong.

Again! A last message of peace, or it seems
The last effort of patience. What thrice-
welcome gleams
Of fair promise will greet us—the sole best
reward
That we seek for our love, that we ask for our
hoard?

Restitution? Not wholly; not ours *all* the
blame,
All the burden of wrong, all the blazon of
shame.
Time will write other verdict on history's page
Than that stigma of faction's unqualified rage.

What matter to-day? For to-day 'tis enough
That the hand is held forth. Must it meet
with rebuff?
Pure pity kills wrath, anger's stilled by regret.
Shall our hands meet in peace? There is time
for it yet.

But the shadow must pass, and the sinister
brood
Who have wrought on a much-burdened peo-
ple's mad mood.
With free help in sore need we would count
but love's gains.
Then what room for the terror whose foot-
prints are stains?

Sure it's welcome you are, call it guerdon or
gift,
If it only avail that foul shadow to lift
From the meadows and mountains of Erin's
green land,
The hate from her heart, and the blood from
her hand!

Punch.

SUMMER.

BY JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

O SWEET and strange, what time gay morning
steals
Over the misty flats, and gently stirs
Bee-laden limes and pendulous abeles,
To brush the dew-bespangled gossamers
From meadow grasses and beneath black
firs,
In limpid streamlets, or translucent lakes
To bathe amid dim heron-haunted brakes!

O sweet and sumptuous at height of noon,
Languid to lie on scented summer lawns
Fanned by faint breezes of the breathless
June;
To watch the timorous and trooping fawns,
Dappled like tenderest clouds in early dawns,
Forth from their ferny covert glide to drink
And cool lithe limbs beside the river's brink!

O strange and sad ere daylight disappears,
To hear the creaking of the homeward wain,
Drawn by its yoke of tardy-pacing steers,
'Neath honeysuckle hedge and tangled lane,
To breathe faint scent of roses on the wane
By cottage doors, and watch the mellowing sky
Fade into saffron hues insensibly.

AGE.

"STEPPING westward," did she say,
At sunset on that long Scotch day?
"Stepping westward," yes, alway,
With staff and scrip,
Wayfaring songs upon my lip,
Stepping, stepping, to the end.

As down the slanting path I wend,
Behold, a breadth of distant sea,
Between the hills on either hand,
Ships bearing from some unknown land
To other land unknown to me.

"Stepping westward," all that be,
Body and soul, by land or sea,
Follow still the westering sun;
That must end which has begun.

W. B. SCOTT.

From The Contemporary Review.

THE BOUNDARIES OF ASTRONOMY.

It is proposed in the following paper to trace some parts of the boundary line which divides the truths which have been established in astronomy from those parts of the science which must be regarded as more or less hypothetical. It will be obvious that only a small part of so wide a subject can be discussed or even alluded to in the limits of a single paper. We intend therefore to select certain prominent questions, and to discuss those questions with such fullness as the circumstances will admit.

It will be desirable to commence with that great doctrine in astronomy which is often regarded as almost universally established. The doctrine to which we refer is known as the law of universal gravitation. It is customary to enunciate this law in the proposition that every particle of matter attracts every other particle with a force which varies directly as the product of the masses and inversely as the square of their distance. It is no doubt convenient to enunciate the great law in this very simple manner. It might seem awkward to have to specify all the qualifications which would be necessary if that enunciation is to assert no more than what we absolutely know. Perhaps many people believe, or think they believe, the law to be true in its general form; yet the assertion that the law of gravitation is *universally* true is an enormous, indeed an infinite, exaggeration of the actual extent of our information.

To make this clear, let us contrast the law of gravitation as generally stated with the proposition which asserts that the earth rotates on its axis. No one who is capable of understanding the evidence on the question can doubt that the earth really does rotate upon its axis. I purposely set aside any difficulties of a quasi-metaphysical character, and speak merely of words in their ordinary acceptance. In stating that the earth rotates upon its axis we assert merely a definite proposition as regards one body, all the facts which the assertion involves are present to our minds, and we know that the assertion must be true. Equally conclusive is

the evidence for the statement that the earth revolves around the sun. Concrete truths of this kind could be multiplied indefinitely. We can make similar assertions with regard to the planets. We can assert that the planets rotate upon their axes, and that the planets revolve around the sun. But the law of gravitation is a proposition of quite a different nature. Let us examine briefly the evidence by which this law has been established.

The science of dynamics is founded upon certain principles known as the laws of motion. The simplest of these principles asserts that a body once set moving in a straight line will continue to move on uniformly forever in the same straight line, unless some force be permitted to act upon that body. For nature as we know it, this law seems to be fully proved. It has been tested in every way that we have been able to devise. All these tests have tended to confirm that law. The law is therefore believed to be true, at all events throughout the regions of space accessible to us, and to our telescopes. Assuming this law and the other principles analogous to it, we can apply them to the case of the revolution of the earth around the sun. As the earth is not moving in a straight line, it must be acted upon by some force. It can be shown that this force must be directed towards the sun. It will further appear that the intensity of this force will vary inversely as the square of the distance between the earth and the sun. The movements of the planets can be made to yield the same conclusions. All these movements can be accounted for on the supposition that each planet is attracted by the sun with a force which varies directly as the product of the masses, and inversely as the square of the distance between the two bodies. When more careful observations are introduced it is seen that the planets exhibit some slight deviations from the movements which they would have were each planet only acted upon by the attraction of the sun. These deviations do not invalidate the principle of attraction. They have been shown to arise from the mutual attractions of the planets themselves.

Each of the planets is thus seen to attract each of the other planets. The intensity of this attraction between any pair of the planets is proportional to the masses of these planets, and varies inversely as the square of the distance between them. We may use similar language with regard to the satellites by which so many of the planets are attended. Each satellite revolves around its primary. The movements of each satellite are mainly due to the preponderating attraction of the primary. Irregularities in the movements of the satellites are well known to astronomers, but these irregularities can be accounted for by the attraction of other bodies of the system. The law of attraction thus seems to prevail among the small bodies of the system as well as among the large bodies. It is true that there are still a few outstanding discrepancies which cannot yet be said to have been completely accounted for by the principle of gravitation. This is probably due to the difficulties of the subject. The calculations which are involved are among the most difficult on which the mind of man has ever been engaged. We may practically assume that the law of gravitation is universal between the sun, the planets, and the satellites; and we may suppose that the few difficulties still outstanding will be finally cleared away, as has been the case with so many other seeming discrepancies. But even when these admissions have been made, are we in a position to assert that the law of gravitation is universal throughout the solar system? We are here confronted with a very celebrated difficulty. Do those erratic objects known as comets acknowledge the law of gravitation? There can be no doubt that in one sense the comets do obey the law of gravitation in a most signal and emphatic manner. A comet usually moves in an orbit of very great eccentricity; and it is one of the most remarkable triumphs of Newton's discovery, that we were by its means able to render account of how the movements of a comet could be produced by the attraction of the sun. As a whole, the comet is very amenable to gravitation, but what are we to say as to the tails of

comets, which certainly do not appear to follow the law of universal attraction? The tails of comets, so far from being attracted towards the sun, seem actually to be repelled from the sun. Nor is even this an adequate statement of the case. The repulsive force by which the tails of the comets are driven from the sun is sometimes a very much more intense force than the attraction of gravitation.

I have no intention to discuss here the vexed question as to the origin of the tails of comets. I do not now inquire whether the repulsion by which the tail is produced be due to the intense radiation from the sun, or to electricity, or to some other agent. It is sufficient for our present purpose to note that, even if the tails of comets do gravitate towards the sun, the attraction is obscured by a more powerful repulsive force.

The solar system is a very small object when viewed in comparison with the dimensions of the sidereal system. The planets form a group nestled up closely around the sun. This little group is separated from its nearest visible neighbors in space by the most appalling distances. A vessel in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean is not more completely isolated from the shores of Europe and America than is our solar system from the stars and other bodies which surround it in space. Our knowledge of gravitation has been most entirely obtained from the study of the bodies in the solar system. Let us inquire what can be ascertained as to the existence of this law in other parts of the universe. Newton knew nothing of the existence of the law of gravitation beyond the confines of the solar system. A little more is known now.

Our actual knowledge of the existence of gravitation in the celestial spaces outside the solar system depends entirely upon those very interesting objects known as binary stars. There are in the heavens many cases of two stars occurring quite close together. A well-known instance is presented in the star Epsilon Lyræ, where two stars are so close together that it is a fair test of good vision to be able to separate them. But there are many cases in which the two stars are

so close together that they cannot be seen separately without the aid of a telescope. We may take, for instance, the very celebrated double star Castor, well known as one of the Twins. Viewed by the unaided eye, the two stars look like a single star, but in a moderately good telescope it is seen that the object is really two separate stars quite close together. The question now comes as to whether the propinquity of the two stars is apparent or real. It might be explained by the supposition that the two stars were indeed close together compared with the distance by which they are separated; or it could be equally explained by supposing that the two stars, though really far apart, yet appeared so nearly in the same line of vision that when projected on the surface of the heavens they seemed close together. It cannot be doubted that in the case of many of the double stars, especially those in which the components appear tolerably distant, the propinquity is only apparent, and arises from the two stars being near the same line of vision. But it is, also, undoubtedly true that in the case of very many of the double stars, especially among those belonging to the class which includes Castor, the two stars are really at about the same distance from us, and, therefore, as compared with that distance, they are really close together.

Among the splendid achievements of Sir W. Herschel, one of the greatest was his discovery of the movements of the binary stars. It was shown by Herschel that in some of the double stars one star of the pair was moving around the other, and that their apparent distances were changing. The discoveries inaugurated by Herschel have been widely extended by other astronomers. One of the more rapidly moving of the double stars lies in the constellation of Coma Berenices. The revolution of one component around the other requires a period of 25.7 years. The two components of this star are exceedingly close together, the greatest distance being about one second of arc. There is very great difficulty in making accurate measurements of a double star of which the components are so close. More reliance may consequently be placed upon

the determination of the orbits of other binary stars of which the components are further apart. Among these we may mention the remarkable binary star ξ Ursæ Majoris. The distance between the two components of this star varies from one second of arc to three seconds. The first recorded measurement of this object was by Sir W. Herschel in 1781, and since that date it has been repeatedly observed. From a comparison of all the measurements which have been made it appears that the periodic time of the revolution of one of these components about the other is about sixty years. This star has thus been followed through more than one entire revolution. The importance of these discoveries became manifest when an attempt was made to explain the movements. It was soon shown that the movements of the stars were such as could be explained if the two stars attracted each other in conformity with the law of gravitation. It would, however, be hardly correct to assert that the discovery of the binary stars proved that the two stars attracted each other with a force which varies inversely as the square of their distance. Even under the most favorable circumstances the observations are very difficult; they cannot be made with the same accuracy as is attained in observing the movements of the planets; they have not even the value which antiquity will often confer on an observation which has not much else in its favor. There are probably many different suppositions which would explain all that has yet been observed as to the motions of the binary stars. Gravitation is but one of those suppositions. Gravitation will no doubt carry with it the prestige acquired by its success in explaining phenomena in the solar system. I do not know that any one has ever seriously put forward any other explanation except gravitation to account for the movements of the binary stars, nor is any one likely to do so while gravitation can continue to render an account of the observed facts; but all this is very different from saying that the discovery of the binary stars has *proved* that the law of gravitation extends to the stellar regions.

Except for what the binary stars tell us, we should know nothing as to the existence or the non-existence of the law of gravitation beyond the confines of the solar system. Does Sirius, for instance, attract the pole-star? We really do not know. Nor can we ever expect to know. If Sirius and the pole-star do attract each other, and if the law of their attraction be the same as the law of attraction in the solar system, it will then be easy to show that the effect of this attraction is so minute that it would be entirely outside the range of our instruments even to detect it. Observation is hopeless on such a matter. If we cannot detect any attraction between a star in one constellation and a star in another, no more can we detect any attraction between our sun and the stars. Such attractions may exist, or they may not exist: we have no means of knowing. Should any one assert that there is absolutely no gravitation between two bodies more than a billion miles apart, we know no facts by which he can be contradicted.

If we know so little about the existence of gravitation in the space accessible to our telescopes, what are we to say of those distant regions of space to which our view can never penetrate? Let a vast sphere be described of such mighty dimensions that it embraces not only all the objects visible to the unaided eye, not only all the objects visible in our most powerful telescopes, but even every object that the most fertile imagination can conceive, what relation must this stupendous sphere bear to the whole of space? The mighty sphere can only be an infinitely small part of space. It must bear to the whole of space a ratio infinitely less than the water in a single dewdrop bears to the water in the Atlantic Ocean. Are we then entitled to assert that every particle in the universe attracts every other particle with a force which is proportional to the product of their masses, and which varies inversely as the square of their distance? We have, indeed, but a slender basis of fact on which to rest a proposition so universal. Let us attempt to enunciate the law of gravitation so as to commit ourselves to no assertion not absolutely proved. The statement would then run somewhat as follows:—

Of the whole contents of space we know nothing except within that infinitely small region which contains the bodies visible in our telescopes. Nor can we assert that gravitation pervades the entire of even this infinitely small region. It is

true that in one very minute part of this infinitely small region the law of gravitation appears to reign supreme. This minute part is of course the solar system. There are also a few binary stars in this infinitely small region whose movements would admit of being explained by gravitation, though as yet they can hardly be held to absolutely prove its existence.

It must then be admitted that when the law of gravitation is spoken of as being universal, we are using language infinitely more general than the facts absolutely warrant. At the present moment we only know that gravitation exists to a very small extent in a certain indefinitely small portion of space. Our knowledge would have to be enormously extended before we can assert that gravitation extended entirely through this very limited region; and even when we have proved this, we should only have made an infinitesimal advance to a proof that gravitation is absolutely universal.

I do not for a moment assert that our ordinary statement of the law of gravitation is untrue. I merely say that it has not been proven, and we may also add that it does not seem as if it ever could be proved. Most people who have considered the matter will probably believe that gravitation is universal. Nor is this belief unnatural. If we set aside comets' tails, and perhaps one or two other slightly doubtful matters, we may assert that we always find the law of gravitation to be true whenever we have an opportunity of testing it. These opportunities are very limited, so that we have but very slender supports for the induction that gravitation is universal. But it must be admitted that an hypothesis which has practically borne every test which can be applied has very strong grounds for our acceptance: such, then, are the claims of the law of gravitation to be admitted to a place among the laws of nature.

The wondrous series of spectroscopic researches by which Mr. Huggins has so vastly extended our knowledge should also be here referred to. Mr. Huggins has shown that many of the substances most abundant on the earth are widely spread through the universe. Take, for instance, the metal iron and the gas hydrogen. We can detect the existence of these elements in objects enormously distant. Both iron and hydrogen exist in many stars, and hydrogen has been shown, in all probability, to be an important constituent of the nebulae. That the rest of the sidereal system should thus be com-

posed of materials known to be to a large extent identical with the materials in the solar system is a presumption in favor of the universality of gravitation.

In what has hitherto been said, we have attempted to give an outline of the facts so far as they are certainly known to us. Into mere speculations we have no desire to enter. We may, however, sketch out a brief chapter in modern sidereal astronomy, which seems to throw a ray of light into the constituents of the vast abyss of space which lies beyond the scope of our telescopes. The ray of light is no doubt but a feeble one, but we must take whatever information we can obtain, even though it may fall far short of that which an intellectual curiosity will desire. The question now before us may be simply stated. Are we entitled to suppose that the part of the universe accessible to our telescopes is fairly typical of the other parts of the universe, or are we to believe that the system we know is altogether exceptional; that there are stars in other parts quite unlike our stars, composed of different materials, acted upon by different laws, of which we have no conception? The presumption is that the materials of which our system is composed are representative of the materials elsewhere. This presumption is strengthened by the very important considerations now to be adduced.

In the first place, let us distinctly understand what is meant by our sidereal system. We have already dwelt on the isolated position of the sun and the attendant planets. The grandest truth in the whole of astronomy is that which asserts that our sun is only a star separated by the most gigantic distances from the other stars around. Our sun, indeed, appears to be but one of the vast host of stars which form the milky way. We need not here enter into the often discussed question as to whether the nebulae are, generally speaking, at distances of the same order as the stars. There seems to be no doubt that some of the nebulae are quite as near to us as some of the stars. At all events, for our present purpose, we may group the milky way, the nebulae, the stars, and the clusters, all into one whole which we call our sidereal system. Is this sidereal system as thus defined an isolated object in space? are its members all so bound together by the law of universal gravitation that each body, whatever be its movements, can only describe a certain path such that it can never depart finally from the system? This is a

question of no small importance. It presents features analogous to certain very interesting problems in biology which the labors of Mr. Wallace have done so much to elucidate. We are told that the fauna and flora of an oceanic island, cut off from the perpetual immigration of new forms, often assumes a very remarkable type. The evolution of life under such circumstances proceeds in a very different manner to the corresponding evolution in an equal area of land which is connected with the great continental masses. Is our sidereal system to be regarded as an oceanic island in space, or is it in such connection with the systems in other parts of space as might lead us to infer that the various systems had a common character?

The evidence seems to show that the stars in our system are probably not permanently associated together, but that in the course of time some stars enter our system and others stars leave it, in such a manner as to suggest that the bodies visible to us are fairly typical of the general contents of the universe. The strongest evidence that can be presented on this subject is met with in the peculiar circumstances of one particular star. The star in question is known as number 1830 of Groombridge's catalogue. It is a small star, not to be seen without the aid of a telescope. This star is endowed with a very large proper motion. It would not be correct to say that its proper motion exceeds that of any other known star, but it certainly has the largest visible proper motion of any star of which the distance is known. The proper motion of 1830 Groombridge amounts to over seven seconds annually. It would take between two and three centuries to move over a distance in the heavens equal to the apparent diameter of the moon. The distance of this star is much greater than might have been anticipated from its very large proper motion. The estimates of the distance present some irregularities, but we shall probably be quite correct in assuming that the distance is not less than two hundred billions of miles. This star is indeed ten times as far from us as α Centauri, which is generally considered to be the sun's nearest neighbor, in our sidereal system. The proper motion and the distance of 1830 Groombridge being both assumed, it is easy to calculate the velocity with which that star must be moving. The velocity is indeed stupendous and worthy of a majestic sun; it is no less than two hundred miles a second. It

would seem that the velocity may even be much larger than this. The proper motion of the star which we see is merely the true proper motion of the star foreshortened by projection on the surface of the heavens. In adopting two hundred miles a second as the velocity of 1830 Groombridge, we therefore make a most moderate assumption, which may and probably does fall considerably short of the truth. But even with this very moderate assumption, it will be easy to show that 1830 Groombridge seems in all probability to be merely travelling through our system, and not permanently attached thereto.

The star sweeps along through our system with this stupendous velocity. Now there can be no doubt that if the star were permanently to retain this velocity, it would in the course of time travel right across our system, and after leaving our system would retreat into the depths of infinite space. Is there any power adequate to recall this star from the voyage to infinity? We know of none, unless it be the attraction of the stars or other bodies of our sidereal system. It therefore becomes a matter of calculation to determine whether the attraction of all the material bodies of our sidereal system could be adequate, even with universal gravitation, to recall a body which seems bent on leaving that system with a velocity of two hundred miles per second. This interesting problem has been discussed by Professor Newcomb, whose calculations we shall here follow. In the first place we require to make some estimate of the dimensions of the sidereal system, in order to see whether it seems likely that this star can ever be recalled. The number of stars may be taken at one hundred millions, which is probably double as many as the number we can see with our best telescopes. The masses of the stars may be taken as on the average five times as great as the mass of the sun. The distribution of the stars is suggested by the constitution of the milky way. One hundred million stars are presumed to be disposed in a flat circular layer of such dimensions that a ray of light would require thirty thousand years to traverse one diameter. Assuming the ordinary law of gravitation, it is now easy to compute the efficiency of such an arrangement in attempting to recall a moving star. The whole question turns on a certain critical velocity of twenty-five miles a second. If a star darted through the system we have just been considering with a velocity less

than twenty-five miles a second, then, after that star had moved for a certain distance, the attractive power of the system would gradually bend the path of the star round, and force the star to return to the system. If, therefore, the velocities of the stars were under no circumstances more than twenty-five miles a second, then, supposing the system to have the character we have described, that system might be always the same. The stars might be in incessant motion, but they must always remain in the vicinity of our present system, and our whole sidereal system might be an isolated object in space, just as our solar system is an isolated object in the extent of the sidereal system. We have, however, seen that for one star at all events the velocity is no less than two hundred miles a second. If this star dash through the system, then the attractions of all the bodies in the system will unite in one grand effort to recall the wanderer. This attraction must, to some extent, be acknowledged; the speed of the wanderer must gradually diminish as he recedes into space; but that speed will never be lessened sufficiently to bring the star back again. As the star retreats further and further, the potency of the attraction will decrease; but, owing to the velocity of the star being over twenty-five miles a second, the attraction can never overcome the velocity; so that the star seems destined to escape. This calculation is of course founded on our assumption as to the total mass of the stars and other bodies which form our sidereal system. That estimate was founded on a liberal, indeed a very liberal interpretation of the evidence which our telescopes have afforded. But it may still fall short of the truth. There may be more than a hundred million stars in our system; their average weight may be more than five times the weight of our sun. But unless the assumption we have made is enormously short of the truth, our inference cannot be challenged. If the stars are sixty-four times as numerous, or if the whole mass of the system be sixty-four times as great as we have supposed, then the critical velocity would be two hundred miles a second instead of twenty-five miles a second. Our estimate of the system would therefore have to be enlarged sixty-four fold, if the attraction of that system is to be adequate to recall 1830 Groombridge. It should also be recollected that our assumption of the velocity of the star is very moderate, so that it is not at all unlikely that a system

at least one hundred times as massive as the system we have supposed would be required if this star was to be recalled. The result of this inquiry is really only to be stated as an alternative: either our sidereal system is not an entirely isolated object, or its bodies must be vastly more numerous or more massive than even our most liberal interpretation of observations would seem to warrant. It seems more reasonable to adopt the first branch of the alternative. If this be so, then we see that 1830 Groombridge, having travelled from an indefinitely great distance on one side of the heavens, is now passing through our system for the first and the only time. After leaving our system this star will retreat again into the depths of space, to a distance which, for anything we can tell, may be practically regarded as infinite. Although we have only used this one star as an illustration, yet it is not to be supposed that the peculiarities which it presents are absolutely unique. It seems more likely that there may be many other stars which are at present passing through our system. In fact, considering that most or all of the stars are actually in motion, it can be shown that in the course of ages, the whole face of the heavens is gradually changing. We are thus led to the conclusion that our system is not an absolutely isolated group of bodies in the abyss of space, but that we are visited by other bodies coming from the remotest regions of space.

The whole range of astronomy presents no speculations which have attracted more attention than the celebrated nebular hypotheses of Herschel and of Laplace. We shall first enunciate these speculations, and then we shall attempt to indicate how far they seem to be warranted by the actual state of scientific knowledge. In one of his most memorable papers, Sir W. Herschel presents us with a summary of his observations on the nebulae arranged in such a manner as to suggest his theory of the gradual transmutation of nebulae into stars. He first shows us that there are regions in the heavens where a faint diffused nebulosity is all that can be detected by the telescope. There are other nebulae in which a nucleus can be just discerned; others again in which the nucleus is easily seen; and still others where the nucleus is a brilliant star-like point. The transition from an object of this kind to a nebulous star is very natural, while the nebulous stars pass into the ordinary stars by a few graduated stages. It is thus possible to enumerate a series

of objects, beginning at one end with the most diffused nebulosity, and ending at the other with an ordinary fixed star or group of stars. Each object in the series differs but slightly from the object just before it and just after it. It seemed to Herschel that he was thus able to view the actual changes by which masses of phosphorescent or glowing vapor became actually condensed down into stars. The condensation of a nebula could be followed in the same manner as we can study the growth of the trees in a forest by comparing the trees of various ages which the forest contains at the same time. In attempting to pronounce upon the positive evidence available in the discussion of Herschel's theory, we encounter a well-known difficulty. To establish this theory, it would be necessary to watch the actual condensation of one single nebula from the primitive gaseous condition down to the stellar points. It may easily be conceived that such a process would require a vast lapse of time, perhaps enormously greater than the period between the invention of the telescope and the present moment. It may at all events be confidently asserted that the condensation of a nebula into a star is a process which has never been witnessed. Whether any stages in that process can be said to have been witnessed is a different matter, on which it is not easy to speak with precision. Drawings of the same nebula made at different dates often exhibit great discrepancies. In comparing these drawings, it must be remembered that a nebula is an object usually devoid of distinct outline, and varying greatly in appearance with different telescopic apertures. Take, for instance, the very splendid nebula in Orion, which is one of the most glorious objects that can be seen in a telescope. There can be no doubt that the drawings made at different times do exhibit most marked differences. Indeed the differences are sometimes so great that it is hard to believe that the same object is depicted. It is well to look also at drawings made of the same object at the same time, but by different observers and with different telescopes. Where we find contemporary drawings at variance—and they are often widely at variance—it seems hard to draw any conclusion from drawings as to the presence or the absence of change in the shape of the nebula.

There are, however, good grounds for believing that nebulae really do undergo

some changes, at least as regards brightness; but whether these changes are such as Herschel's theory would seem to require is quite another question. Perhaps the best authenticated instance is that of the variable nebula in the constellation of Taurus, discovered by Mr. Hind in 1852. At the time of its discovery this object was a small nebula about one minute in diameter, with a central condensation of light. D'Arrest, the distinguished astronomer of Copenhagen, found in 1861 that this nebula had vanished. On the 29th of December, 1861, the nebula was again seen in the powerful refractor at Pulkova, but on December 12, 1863, Mr. Hind failed to detect the nebula with the telescope by which it had been originally discovered. This instrument had, however, only half the aperture of the Pulkova telescope. In 1868, O. Struve, observing at Pulkova, detected another nebulous spot in the vicinity of the place of the missing object, but this has also now vanished. Struve does not, however, consider that the nebula of 1868 is distinct from Hind's nebula, but he says:—

What I see is certainly the variable nebula itself, only in altered brightness and spread over a larger space. Some traces of nebulosity are still to be seen exactly on the spot where Hind and D'Arrest placed the variable nebula. It is a remarkable circumstance that this nebula is in the vicinity of a variable star, which changes somewhat irregularly from the ninth to the twelfth magnitude. At the time of the discovery in 1861, both the star and the nebula were brighter than they have since become.

This is the best-authenticated history of observed change in any nebula. It must be admitted that the changes are such as would not be expected if Herschel's theory were universally true.

Another remarkable occurrence in modern astronomy may be cited as having some bearing on the question as to the actual evidence for or against Herschel's theory. On November 24, 1876, Dr. Schmidt noticed a new star of the third magnitude in the constellation Cygnus. The discoverer was confident that no corresponding object existed on the evening of the 20th of November. The brilliancy of the new star gradually declined until on the 13th of December Mr. Hind found it of the sixth magnitude. The spectrum of this star was carefully studied by many observers, and it exhibited several bright lines, which indicated that the star differed from other stars by the possession of vast masses of glowing gaseous material. This star was observed by Dr. Copeland at the

Earl of Crawford's observatory on September 2, 1877. It was then below the tenth magnitude, and of a decidedly bluish tint. Viewed through the spectroscope, the light of this star was almost completely monochromatic, and appeared to be indistinguishable from that which is often found to come from nebulae. Dr. Copeland thus concludes:—

Bearing in mind the history of this star from the time of its discovery by Schmidt, it would seem certain that we have an instance before us in which a star has changed into a planetary nebula of small angular diameter. At least it may be safely affirmed that no astronomer discovering the object in its present state would, after viewing it through a prism, hesitate to pronounce as to its present nebulous character.

It should, however, be added that Professor Pickering has since found slight traces of a continuous spectrum, but the object has now become so extremely faint that such observations are very difficult. This remarkable history might be adduced if we wished to procure evidence of the conversion of stars into nebulae, but for the nebular theory we require evidence of the conversion of nebulae into stars.

Care must be taken not to exaggerate the inferences to be drawn from the two instances I have quoted—viz., the variable nebula in Taurus and the new star in Cygnus. I think it more likely that both of these are to be regarded as exceptional phenomena. It is certainly true that they are perhaps the most remarkable instances in which changes in nebulae have actually been witnessed; but the probability is that the only reason why they have been witnessed is because they were very exceptional. Those who have observed the nebulae for many years are well assured of the general permanence of their appearance. The nebulae we have referred to are chosen out of thousands. The ordinary nebulae appear just as constant as the ordinary bright stars. Every one expects to see Vega in the constellation Lyra; and with equal confidence every astronomer counts on seeing the celebrated annular nebula when he directs his telescope to the same constellation. This permanence is very probably merely due to the stupendous distances at which these objects are placed. Only gigantic changes could be detected, and for these gigantic periods of time would be required. We are bound to believe that heated bodies radiate their heat; and if so they must contract. This general law, which pervades all nature, so far as we know it, seems to be the real basis—in-

deed, the only basis — on which the nebular theory of Herschel can be maintained. Up to the present, it must be admitted that this theory has received no direct telescopic confirmation.

The nebular theory by which Laplace sought to account for the origin of the solar system seems, from the nature of the case, to be almost incapable of receiving any direct testimony. We shall here enunciate the theory in the language of Professor Newcomb:—

The remarkable uniformity among the directions of the revolutions of the planets being something which could not have been the result of chance, Laplace sought to investigate its probable cause. This cause, he thought, could be nothing else than the atmosphere of the sun, which once extended so far out as to fill all the space now occupied by the planets. He conceives the immense vaporous mass forming the sun and his atmosphere to have had a slow rotation on its axis. The mass, being intensely hot, would slowly cool off, and as it did so would contract towards the centre. As it contracted, its velocity would, in obedience to one of the fundamental laws of mechanics, constantly increase, so that a time would arrive when, at the outer boundary of the mass, the centrifugal force due to the rotation would counterbalance the attractive force of the central mass. Then those outer portions would be left behind as a revolving ring, while the next inner portions would continue to contract, until at their boundary the centrifugal and attractive forces would be again balanced, when a second ring would be left behind; and so on. Thus, instead of a continuous atmosphere, the sun would be surrounded by a series of concentric revolving rings of vapor.

Now, how would these rings of vapor behave? As they cooled off, their denser materials would condense first, and thus the ring would be composed of a mixed mass, partly solid and partly vaporous, the quantity of solid matter constantly increasing and that of vapor diminishing. If the ring were perfectly uniform this condensing process would take place equally all around it, and the ring would thus be broken up into a group of small planets like that which we see between Mars and Jupiter. But we should expect that, in general, some portions of the ring would be much denser than others, and the denser portion would gradually attract the rarer portions around it, until instead of a ring we should have a single mass, composed of a nearly solid centre, surrounded by an immense atmosphere of fiery vapor. This condensation of the ring of vapor around a single point would have produced no change in the amount of rotary motion originally existing in the ring; the planet surrounded by its fiery atmosphere would therefore be in rotation, and would be, in miniature, a reproduction of the case of the

sun surrounded by his atmosphere with which we set out. In the same way that the solar atmosphere formed itself first into rings, and then these rings condensed into planets, so, if the planetary atmosphere were sufficiently extensive, they would form themselves into rings, and these rings would condense into satellites. In the case of Saturn, however, one of the rings was so perfectly uniform that there could be no denser portion to draw the rest of the ring around it, and thus we have the well-known rings of Saturn.

It will thus be seen that one of the principal features in the solar system for which the nebular theory has been invoked is the fact that the planets all revolve round the sun in the same direction. It will therefore be natural to take up first the discussion of this subject, and to inquire how far the common motion of the planets can be claimed in support of Laplace's nebular theory. The value of this argument is very materially influenced by another consideration of a somewhat peculiar character. If it were quite immaterial to the welfare of the planetary system whether all the planets moved the same way, or whether some moved one way and some another, then the nebular hypothesis would be entitled to all the support which could be derived from the circumstances of the case. Take, for instance, the eight principal planets—Mercury, Venus, the Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune. All these planets move in the same way around the sun. The chances against such an occurrence are one hundred and twenty-seven to one. The probability that the system of eight planets has been guided to move in the same direction by some cause may be taken to be one hundred and twenty-seven to one. If we include the two hundred minor planets the probability would be enormously enhanced. The nebular theory seems a reasonable explanation of how this uniformity of movements could arise, and therefore the advocates of the nebular theory may seem entitled to claim all this high degree of probability in their favor. There is, however, quite a different point of view from which the question may be regarded. There are reasons which imperatively demand that the planets (at all events the large planets) shall revolve in uniform directions, which lie quite outside the view taken in the nebular theory. If the big planets did not all revolve in the same direction, the system would have perished long ago, and we should not now be here to discuss the nebular or any other hypothesis.

It is well known that in consequence of the gravitation which pervades the solar system, each of the planets has its movements mainly subordinated to the attraction of the sun. But each of the planets attracts every other planet. In consequence of these attractions, the orbits of the planets are to some extent affected. The mutual actions of the planets present many problems of the highest interest, and, it should be added, of the greatest difficulty. Many of these difficulties have been overcome. It is the great glory of the French mathematicians to have invented the methods by which the nature of the solar system could be studied. The results at which they arrived are not a little remarkable. They have computed how much the planets act and react upon each other, and they have shown that in consequence of these actions the orbit of each planet gradually changes its shape and its position. But the crowning feature of these discoveries is the demonstration that these changes in the orbits of the planets are all periodic. The orbits may fluctuate, but those fluctuations are confined within very narrow limits. In the course of ages the system gradually becomes deformed, but it will gradually return again to its original position, and again depart therefrom. These changes are comparatively so small that our system may be regarded as substantially the same even when its fluctuations have attained their greatest amplitude. These splendid discoveries are founded upon the actual circumstances of the system, as we see that system to be constituted. Take, for instance, the eccentricities of the orbits of the planets around the sun. Those eccentricities can never change much; they are now small quantities, and small quantities those eccentricities must forever remain. The proof of this remarkable theorem partly depends upon the fact that the planets are all revolving around the sun in the same direction. If one of the planets we have named were revolving in an opposite direction to the rest, the mathematical theory would break down. We would have no guarantee that the eccentricities would forever remain small as they are at present. In a similar manner, the planets all move in orbits whose planes are inclined to each other at very small angles. The positions of those planes fluctuate, but these fluctuations are confined within very narrow limits. The proof of this theorem, like the proof of the corresponding theorem about the eccentricities, depends upon

the actual conditions of the planetary system as we find it. If one of the planets were to be stopped, turned round, and started off again in the opposite direction, our guarantee for the preservation of the planes would be gone. It therefore follows that if the system is to be permanently maintained, all the planets must revolve in the same direction.

In this connection it is impossible not to notice the peculiar circumstances presented by the comets. By a sort of convention the planets have adopted, or, at all events, they possess, movements which fulfil the conditions necessary if the planets are to live and let live: but the comets do not obey any of the conditions which are imposed by the planetary convention. The orbits of the comets are not nearly circles. They are sometimes ellipses with a very high degree of eccentricity; they are often so very eccentric that we are unable to distinguish the parts of their orbits which we see from actual parabolas. Nor do the directions in which the comets move exhibit any uniformity; some move round the sun in one direction, some move in the opposite direction. Even the planes which contain the orbits of the comets are totally different from each other. Instead of being inclined at only a very few degrees to their mean position, the planes of the comets hardly follow any common law; they are inclined at all sorts of directions. In no respect do the comets obey those principles which are necessary to prevent constitutional disorder in the planetary system. The consequences of this are obvious, and unfortunate in the highest degree—for the comets. A comet possesses no security for the undisturbed enjoyment of its orbit. Not to mention the risk of actual collision with the planets, there are other ways in which the path of a comet may experience enormously great changes by the disturbances which the planets are capable of producing. How is it that the system has been able to tolerate the vagaries of comets for so many ages? Solely because the comets, though capable of suffering from perturbations, are practically incapable of producing any perturbations on the planets. The efficiency of a body in producing perturbations depends upon the mass of the body. Now all we have hitherto seen with regard to comets tends to show that the masses of comets are extremely small. Attempts have been made to measure the masses of comets. Those attempts have always failed. They have failed because the scales in which

we have attempted to weigh the comets have been too coarse to weigh anything of the almost spiritual texture of a comet. It is unnecessary to go as far as some have done, and to say that the weight of a large comet may be only a few pounds or a few ounces. It might be more reasonable to suppose that the weight of a large comet was thousands of tons, though even thousands of tons would be far too small a weight to admit of being measured by the very coarse balance which is at our disposal.

The enduring stability of the planetary system is thus seen to be compatible with the existence of comets solely because comets fulfil the condition of being almost imponderable in comparison with the mighty masses of the planetary system. The very existence of our planetary system is a proof of the doctrine that the masses of the comets are but small. Indeed, to those who will duly weigh the matter, it will probably appear that this negative evidence as to the mass of the comets is more satisfactory than the results of any of the more direct attempts to place the comets in the weighing-scales. If we restate the circumstances of the solar system, and if we include the comets in our view, it will appear how seriously the existence of the comets affects the validity of the argument in favor of the nebular hypothesis which is derived from the uniformity in the directions of the planetary movements. If we include the whole host of minor planets, we have for the population of the solar system something under three hundred planets, and an enormous multitude of comets. It will probably not be an over-estimate if we suppose that the comets are ten times as numerous as the planets. The case, then, stands thus: the solar system consists of some thousands of different bodies; these bodies move in orbits of the most varied degrees of eccentricity; they have no common direction; their planes are situated in all conceivable positions, save only that each of these planes must pass through the sun. Stated in this way, the present condition of the solar system is surely no argument for the nebular theory. It might rather be said that it is inconceivable on the nebular theory how a system of this form could be constructed at all. Nine-tenths of the bodies in the solar system do not exhibit movements which would suggest that they were produced from a nebula: the remaining tenth do no doubt exhibit movements which seem to admit of explanation by the neb-

ular theory; but, had that tenth not obeyed the group of laws referred to, they would not now be there to tell the tale. The planetary system now lives solely because it was an organism fitted for survival. It is often alleged that the comets are not indigenous to the solar system. It has been supposed that the comets have been imported from other systems. It has also been urged with considerable probability that perhaps many comets may have had their origin in our sun, and have been actually ejected therefrom. I do not now attempt to enter into the discussion of these views, which are at present problematical; let me pass from this part of the subject with the remark that until the nature and origin of comets be better understood, it will be impossible to appraise with accuracy the value of the argument for the nebular hypothesis which has been based on the uniformity of the directions in which the planets revolve around the sun.

There are, however, other circumstances in the solar system which admit of explanation by the nebular theory. It is a remarkable fact that the Earth, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn are all known to rotate upon their axes in the same direction as their revolutions around the sun. The nebular theory offers an explanation of this circumstance. It does not appear that this common rotation of the planets is absolutely necessary for the stability of the system. Should it further be proved that there is no other agency at work which would force the planets to rotate in the same direction, then it must be admitted that the nebular theory receives very substantial support.

There is another way in which we can examine the evidence on behalf of the nebular hypothesis. There are certain actions going on at present in the solar system; and by reasoning backwards from these present actions we are led to believe that in extremely early times the condition of things may have resembled that which is supposed by the nebular hypothesis. Let us begin with the consideration of our sun, which is, as we know, daily radiating off light and heat into space. This heat is poured off in all directions; a small portion of it is intercepted by the earth, but this portion is less than one two-thousand-millionth part of the whole; the planets also, no doubt, each intercept a small portion of the solar radiation; but the great mass of radiated heat from the sun entirely escapes. This heat is supposed not to be restored

to the sun. The sun certainly must receive some heat by the radiation from the stars; but this is quite infinitesimal in comparison with the stupendous radiation from the sun. We therefore conclude that the sun's heat is being squandered with prodigal liberality.* We also know that the store of heat which the sun can possess, though no doubt enormously great, is still limited in amount. It is, indeed, a question of very great interest to decide what are the probable sources by which the sun is able to maintain its present rate of expenditure. The sun must have some source of heat in addition to that which it would possess in virtue of its temperature as an incandescent body. If we suppose the sun to be a vast incandescent body, formed of materials which possess the same specific heat as the materials of which our earth is composed, the sun would then cool at the rate of from 5° to 10° per annum. At this rate the sun could not have lasted for more than a few thousand years before it cooled down. We are therefore compelled to inquire whether the sun may not have some other source of heat to supply its radiation beyond that which arises merely from the temperature.

Of the various sources which have been suggested, it will here only be necessary to mention two. It has been supposed that the heat of the sun may be recruited by the incessant falling of meteoric matter upon the sun's surface. If that matter had been drawn only by the sun's attraction from the remote depths of space, it would fall upon the sun with an enormously great velocity, amounting to about three hundred miles a second. It follows from the principle of the equivalence between heat and mechanical energy that a body entering the sun with this velocity would contribute to the sun a considerable quantity of heat. It is known that small meteoroids abound in the solar system; they are constantly seen in the form of shooting stars when they dash into our atmosphere, and it can hardly be doubted that myriads of such bodies must fall into the sun. It does not, however, seem likely that enough matter of this kind can enter the sun to account for its mighty radiation of heat. It can be shown that the quantity of mat-

ter necessary for this purpose is so large that a mass equal in the aggregate to the mass of the earth would have to fall into the sun every century if the radiation of the sun were to be defrayed from this source. That so large a stream of matter should be perennially drawn into the sun is, to say the least, highly improbable. But it is quite possible to account for the radiation of the sun on strictly scientific principles, even if we discard entirely the contributions due to meteoric matter. As the sun parts with its heat it must contract, in virtue of the general law that all bodies contract when cooling; but in the act of contraction an amount of heat is produced. By this the process of cooling is greatly retarded. It can, indeed, be shown that, if the sun contracts so that his diameter decreases one mile every twenty-five years, the amount of heat necessary to supply his radiation would be amply accounted for. At this rate many thousands of years must elapse before the diminution in the sun's diameter would be large enough to be appreciable by our measurements.

Looking back into the remote ages, we thus see that the sun was larger and larger the further back we project our view. If we go sufficiently far back, we seem to come to a time when the sun, in a more or less completely gaseous state, filled up the whole solar system out to the orbit of Mercury, or earlier still, out to the orbit of the remotest planet. If we admit that the present laws of nature have been acting during the past ages to which we refer, then it does not seem possible to escape the conclusion that the sun was once a nebulous mass of gas such as the nebular theory of Laplace would require.

It will also throw some light upon this retrospective argument for the nebular theory if we briefly consider the probable past history of the earth. It is known that the interior of the earth is hotter than the exterior. It has been suggested that this interior heat may arise from certain chemical actions which are at present going on. If this were universally the case, the argument now to be brought forward could not be entertained. I believe, however, most physicists will agree in thinking that the interior heat of the earth is an indication that the earth is cooling down from some former condition in which it was hotter than it is at present. The surface has cooled already, and the interior is cooling as quickly as the badly conducting materials of the earth will permit. We are thus led to think of the

* A remarkable theory has recently been put forward by Dr. Siemens, according to which the sun's radiant energy is ultimately restored to the sun. Even the possibility of some such theory being true most seriously affects the above arguments in favor of the nebular hypothesis.

earth as having been hotter in past time than at present. The further we look back the greater must the earth's heat have been. We cannot stop till the earth was once red-hot or white-hot, till it was molten or a mass of fiery vapor. Here, again, we are led to a condition of things which would certainly seem to harmonize with the doctrines of the nebular theory.

The verdict of science on the whole subject cannot be expressed better than in the words of Newcomb:—

At the present time we can only say that the nebular hypothesis is indicated by the general tendencies of the laws of nature; that it has not been proved to be inconsistent with any fact; that it is almost a necessary consequence of the only theory by which we can account for the origin and conservation of the sun's heat; but that it rests on the assumption that this conservation is to be explained by the laws of nature as we now see them in operation. Should any one be sceptical as to the sufficiency of these laws to account for the present state of things, science can furnish no evidence strong enough to overthrow his doubts until the sun shall be found growing smaller by actual measurement, or the nebulae be actually seen to condense into stars and systems.

ROBERT S. BALL.

From Good Words.

LADY JANE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XV.

DELIVERANCE.

LADY JANE had been for two months the solitary inhabitant of those two rooms on the second floor. Yet not altogether solitary—Nurse Mordaunt had been allowed to join her, and had been the faithful companion of her captivity. She was a better companion than a younger maid would have been, for she had been a kind of second mother to Lady Jane, and knew all her life and everything that concerned her, besides being a person of great and varied experience who had anecdotes and tales to illustrate every vicissitude of life. Nurse Mordaunt was acquainted even with parallel instances to place beside Lady Jane's own position. She knew every kind of thing that had ever happened "in families," by which familiar expression she meant great families like those to which she had been accustomed all her life. Little families without histo-

ries she knew nothing of. The profound astonishment which overwhelmed Lady Jane when she found herself a prisoner it would be impossible to describe. She felt once more as she had felt when her father insulted her womanly delicacy and sent the blood of shame tingling to her cheeks, shame not so much for herself as for him. Was it possible that her father, the head of so great a house, the descendant of so many noble ancestors, and again her father, the man to whom she had looked up with undoubting confidence and admiration all her life—that at the end he was no true gentleman at all, but only a sham gentleman, the shadow without any substance, the symbol with all meaning gone out of it? Do not suppose that Lady Jane put this deliberately into words. Ah, no! the thoughts we put into words do not sting us like those that glance into our souls like an arrow, darting, wounding before we have time to put up any shield or defence to keep them out. Deeper even than her separation at such a moment from her lover, more bitter than her thoughts of his disappointment, of his rage and misery, was this empoisoned thought: her father, a great peer, a noble gentleman—yet thus suddenly showing himself not noble at all, not true, a tyrant without any understanding even of the creatures whom he could oppress. Lady Jane was sad enough on her own account and on Winton's, it may well be believed; but of this last wound she felt that she never could be healed. Imagine those traditions of her rank in which she had been brought up, her proud yet so earnest and humble sense of its obligations, the martyrdom which in her youth she had been so ready to accept—all come down to this, that she was a prisoner in her father's house, locked up like a naughty child, she who had been trained to be the princess royal, the representative of an ideal race! Ah, if it had but been a revolution, a rebellion, democracy rampant, such an imprisonment as she had once been taught to think likely! but to sink down from the grandeur of that conception to the pettiness and bathos of this! She tried to smile to herself sometimes, in the long days which passed so slowly, at her own ludicrous anticipations, and at the entire futility after all of this suffering to which she was being exposed. But she had not a lively sense of humor, and could not laugh at those young dreams, which after all were the highest of her life. And somehow the sense that the present troubles could produce no

possible result of the kind intended, made her almost more impatient of them than if they had been more dangerous. That her father could think to subdue her by such means, that he could expect to convince her by so miserable an argument, that he could suppose it possible that she would change for this, abandon what she had resolved upon at the expense of all her prejudices and so many of her better feelings, because of being shut up in two rooms for two months, or two years, or any time he might choose to keep her there! If she had not thought her filial duty a sufficient reason, would she be convinced by a lock and key? Lady Jane smiled with high and silent disdain at so extraordinary a mistake. But it was unworthy, it was lowering to her moral dignity to be exposed to so vexatious and petty an ordeal. At a state prison, with the block at the end, she had been prepared to smile serenely, carrying her high faith and constancy through even the death ordeal. But confinement in her own room was laughable, not heroic; it made her blush that she should be exercised in so miserable a way—in a way so impossible to bring about any result.

Nurse Mordaunt was an excellent companion, but after a while she began to droop and pine. She wanted the fresh air; she wanted to see her grandchildren; she wanted, oh, imperiously beyond description! a talk, a gossip, a little human intercourse with some one of her own kind. Lady Jane was a darling—the sweetest of ladies; but it was a different thing talking to that angel and chatting familiarly over things in general with Mrs. Jarvis. Nurse no more than other mortals could be kept continuously on the higher level. She longed to unbend, to be at her ease, to feel herself, as the French say, *chez elle*, in which expression there is almost a more intimate well-being than in that of being at home, which we English think so much superior. Her health suffered, which Lady Jane would not allow that hers did; and, at last, Nurse Mordaunt made such strenuous representations on the subject to the new servant, whose business it was to watch over the prisoners, that she was allowed to go out. She was allowed to go out and the duchess to come in, two proceedings altogether contradictory of the spirit of the confinement, and which were, indeed, a confession of failure, though the duke himself was unaware of it. This made a great change to the prisoner, whose cheeks, though still pale, got a little tinge

of color and hope in consequence. It did more for her than merely to bring her her mother's society, though that was much. It brought her also other news of the outer world—news of Winton more definite than the distant sight of him riding or walking through the square, which he did constantly. Now, at last, she received the budget of letters, of which her mother's hands were full. Lady Jane smiled and cried a little at the entreaties her lover addressed to her to be steadfast—not to give him up. "I wonder what they all think," she said; "is this an argument likely to convince one's reason, mother, or to persuade one for love's sake?" She looked round upon her prison—her pretty chamber furnished with every luxury—and laughed a little. "Is it my head or my heart that is appealed to?" she said. This, perhaps, was too clear-sighted for the angelic point of view from which the world in general expected Lady Jane to view most matters. But, in fact, though she had more poetry in her than her mother, Lady Jane had come into possession of part of her mother's fortune, so to speak—her sense; and that is a quality which will assert itself. Now the duchess, in the excitement of standing by helpless while her daughter suffered, had come to regard the matter more melodramatically than Lady Jane did, to suffer her feelings to get the mastery, and to imagine a hundred sinkings of the heart and depressions of the spirit to which the captive must be liable. She recognized the change instinctively, for it was one which had taken place long ago in herself. She, too, had been brought to see the paltriness of many things that looked imposing, the futility of *les grands moyens*. Lady Jane's development had been slow. At twenty-five she had been less experienced than many a girl of eighteen. But now her eyes were opened. Even her lover, who thought it possible that she might yield under such persuasion, was subject to almost a passing shade of that high but gentle disdain with which she contemplated the vulgar force to which she was subjected; for it was vulgar, alas! though a duke was the originator; and unspeakably weak though it was what the French call *brutal*—everything, in short, that a mode of action destined to affect a sensitive, proud, and clear-seeing soul ought not to be.

The new régime had continued but a short time when Nurse Mordaunt returned one day from her walk with heightened color and great suppressed excitement.

Something, it was evident, was in her mind quite beyond the circle of her usual thoughts; but she talked less, not more, than usual, and left her lady free to read over and over the last letters, and to refresh her heart with all the raptures of her lover's delight in having again found the means of communicating with her after the misery of six weeks of silence and complete separation. Something he said of a speedy end of all difficulties, which Lady Jane took but little thought of, being far more interested in the reunion with himself, which his letters brought about. A speedy end: no doubt an end would come some time; but at present the prisoner was not so sanguine as those outside. She did not know the gallant stand which the ladies were making, or the social state of siege which had been instituted in respect to the duke; and she sighed, but smiled, at Winton's hope. All went on as usual during the long, long evening. It was long, though it was provided with everything calculated to make it bearable — books and the means of writing, writing to *him* — which was far more amusing and absorbing than any other kind of composition. Her fire was bright, her room full of luxurious comfort — a piano in it, and materials for a dozen of those amateur works with which time can be cheated out of its length. But she sighed and wearied, as was natural, notwithstanding the happiness of having her lover's letters, and of having talked with her mother, and of knowing as she did that some time or other this must come to an end. "After all, nurse," she said with a little laugh, as she prepared for bed, "to be in prison is not desirable. I should like to have a run in the woods at Billings, or even a walk in Rotten Row."

"Yes, dear," said nurse, leaning over her, "your ladyship shall do better than that. Oh, yes, my sweet, better days are coming. Don't you let down your dear heart."

"No; that would not do much good," Lady Jane said with a sigh; but she did not remark, which was strange, that nurse was full of a secret, and that a delightful secret, exultingly dwelt upon, and ready to burst out at the least encouragement. Or perhaps she did perceive it but was too tired to draw it forth. And she gave no encouragement to further disclosure, but went to her rest sighing, with a longing to be free, such as since the first days of her imprisonment she had not felt before. And she could not sleep that

night. Lady Jane was not of a restless nature. She did not toss about upon her pillows and make it audible that she was sleepless; and she had much to occupy her thoughts, so many things that were pleasant, as well as much that it hurt her to contemplate. She put the hurtful things away and thought of the sweet, and lay there in the darkness of the winter's night lighted and calmed by sweet thought. When it was nearly morning, at the darkest and chilliest moment of all, there came a rustling and soft movement, which, however, did not alarm her since it came from Nurse Mordaunt's room. Then she perceived dimly in the faint light from an uncurtained window a muffled figure, with which indeed she was very familiar, being no other than that of nurse herself in a dressing-gown and nightcap, with a shawl huddled about her throat and shoulders, stealing round the room. What was nurse doing at this mysterious hour? — but Lady Jane was not afraid. She was rather glad of the incident in the long monotony of the night. She turned her head noiselessly upon her pillow to watch. But the surprise of Lady Jane was great at the further operations of her attendant. Nurse arranged carefully and noiselessly a small screen between the door and the bed, then with great precaution struck a light and began with much fumbling and awkwardness to operate upon the door. What was she doing? The light throwing a glimmer upward from behind the screen revealed her face full of anxiety, bent forward towards the lock of the door, upon which many scratches and ineffectual jars as of tools badly managed soon became audible. The candle threw a portentous waving shadow, over the further wall and roof, of the old woman's muffled figure, and betrayed a succession of dabs and misses at the door which Lady Jane for a long time could not understand. What did it mean? The noise increased as nurse grew nervous over her failure. She hurt her fingers, she pursed her mouth, she contracted her brows; it was work that demanded knowledge and delicate handling, but she had neither. When Lady Jane raised herself noiselessly on her arm, and said in her soft voice, "What are you doing, nurse?" the poor woman dropped the tools with a dull thump on the floor and almost went down after them in her vexation. "Oh, my lady, I can't! I can't do it, I'm that stupid!" She wept so that Lady Jane could scarcely console her, or understand her explanation. At

last it came out by degrees that the tools had been given her, with many injunctions and instructions, to break open the lock of the door. "By whom?" Lady Jane demanded with a deep blush and sparkling eyes. Why she should have felt so keen a flash of indignation at her lover for thinking of such an expedient is inscrutable, but at the moment it seemed to her that she could never forgive Winton for such an expedient. But it was Lady Germaine who was the offender, and Lady Jane was pacified. She bound up nurse's finger and sent her off summarily to bed. Then, it must be allowed, she herself looked upon the tools long and anxiously with shining eyes. It seemed to her that it would be fighting her father with his own weapons. It would be as unworthy of her to get her freedom that way, as it was of him to make a prisoner of her. Would it be so? Lady Jane's heart began to beat, and her brow to throb. Would it be so? The mere idea that she held her freedom in her hand filled her whole being with excitement. She locked them away into a little cabinet which stood near her bed. She was too tremulous, too much excited by the mere possibility to be able to think at all.

That night had been a very exciting one for the duke. Again he had been the centre of a demonstration. It did not seem to him that he could turn anywhere without hearing these words, "half-married," murmuring about. This time it was at the house of the lord chancellor that the *émeute* occurred. A very distinguished lady was the chief guest: not indeed the most distinguished personage in the realm, but yet so near as to draw inspiration from that fountain-head. She said, "We could not believe it," as Mrs. Coningsby had said: but naturally with far more force. "I am afraid you are not of your age, duke."

"There is little that is desirable in the age, madam, that any one should be of it," his Grace replied with dignity. Here he felt himself on safe ground.

"Ah, but we cannot help belonging to it; and it is for persons of rank to show that they can lead it, not to be driven back into antiquity. All that is over," said the gracious lady. The duke bowed to the ground as may be supposed. "Lady Jane I hope will appear at the drawing-room on her marriage," his distinguished monitress said as she passed on. The emphasis was unmistakable. And how that silken company enjoyed it! They

had all gathered as close as possible, and lent their keenest ear. And there was a whisper ran round that this was indeed the way in which royalty should take its place in society. As for the duke, he stumbled out of these gilded halls, more confused and discomfited than ever duke was. He did not sleep much more than Lady Jane did all that long and dark night. What was he to do? Must he *give in*? These words seemed to be written upon the book of fate. Relinquish his prejudices, his principles, all the traditions of his race — retrace his steps, own himself in error, undo what he had done? No! no! no! a thousand times no! But then there seemed to come round him again that rush of velvet feet, that sheen of jewelled brows, the look with which the central figure waved her lily hand — The duke felt his forehead bedewed with drops of anguish. How could he stand out against that? he the most loyal of subjects, and one whose example went so far. If he set himself in opposition, who could be expected to obey? He thought of nothing else all night, and it was the first thing which occurred to him when he woke in the morning. What to do? He was tired of it all, all, and tired of other things too, if he could have been brought to confess it. His heart was sore, and his soul fatigued beyond measure. He had not even his wife to lean the weight of his cares upon, and everything was going wrong. He could now at last feel the sweep of the current moving towards Niagara. It bore him along, it carried him off his feet. Ruin at hand: he would not allow himself even now to believe in it — but in his heart was aware that it was ruin. And this other matter in the foreground occupying the thoughts which had so many other claims upon them! The reader may be very glad that our space is limited, otherwise there is enough to fill a volume of the duke's self-communings and perplexed, distressful thoughts. He got up in the morning still half-dazed, not knowing what to do. But in his heart the duke was aware he was beaten. There was no more fight in him. He swallowed his breakfast dolefully, and sat down in his vast, cheerless library by himself to settle what he was to do, when — But for this we must go back a little in the record of the family affairs.

Lady Jane had begun the day with a sense of underlying excitement, which she covered with her usual calm, but which was not her usual calm. She had the means of escape in her power. She

said nothing to nurse, who, subdued by her failure and crushed by her lady's first flash of indignation, effaced herself as much as possible, and left Lady Jane in the room which looked out upon the square, which was her dressing-room (nominally) and sitting-room, undisturbed. Lady Jane could not forget that the tools were in that little carved cabinet, which, never in the course of its existence, had held anything of such serious meaning before. She could not keep them out of her mind. To use them might be unworthy of her, a condescension, putting herself on the same level as her tyrant; but after all, to think that the means were in her power! Lady Jane was very well aware that, once outside that door, her captivity was over. It was a thing that could not be repeated. Once upon the staircase, in the passage, and all the world was free to her. When you think of that after two months' imprisonment, it is hard to keep the excitement out of your pulses. At last it overcame her so much that she got up, half-stealthily, timidly, and went to the door to examine the lock, and see whether, by the light of nature, she could make out what was to be done. It had been closed not long before to permit of the exit of the maid who carried their meals to the prisoners. The tools were in the cabinet, and in all likelihood Lady Jane would be as maladroit with those poor small white hands of hers as nurse had been. She went to the door and examined the lock closely. All at once something occurred to her which made her heart jump. She took hold of the handle, it turned in her hand. Another moment and she flung it open with a little cry of terror and triumph. Open! and she free, out of her prison. It was but one step, but that step was enough. Her amazement was so great that it turned to something like consternation. She stepped out on to the landing, which was somewhat dark on this February morning; and there she paused. She was a woman born to be a heroine, one of the Quixotic race. She paused a moment, holding her head high, and reflected. This must have been an accident: for once the jailer had made a mistake, had slept upon his post, had turned the key amiss. Was it good enough to take advantage of a mistake, to save herself by the slip of a servant? She hesitated, this spiritual descendant of the great Spanish cavalier, that noblest knight. But then Lady Jane's sense came in. She was aware that now at this moment she was

delivered, that no force in the world could put her again within that door. She gathered the long skirt of her black gown in her hand, and slowly, stately, not like a fugitive, like the princess she was, went down-stairs.

The duke was in his library thinking what to do, and the duchess—in her morning-room, with her heart greatly fluttered by that little royal speech which had been reported to her already—sat with, strange to say, only half a thought of Jane, looking in the face that other dark and gloomy thing, the ruin that was approaching. She had palpable evidence of it before her, and knew that it was now a matter of weeks, perhaps of days, so that though her heart, like an agitated sea after the storm, was still heaving with the other emotion, her thoughts for the moment had abandoned Jane. But the duke's mind was full of his daughter. He would have to *give in*! Look at it how he would, he saw no escape for that. "The women," as Lord Germaine in his slangy way prophesied, "had made it too hot for him," and royalty itself—clearly he could not put his head out of his door, or appear in the society of his peers again, till this was done. But how was it to be done? To make his recantation in the eye of day, in the sight even of his household, was more than he could calmly contemplate. It was no longer what was he to do? but how was he to do it? that was in his mind. He had got up, unable to keep still, and feeling that some step must be taken at once. When——

We had already got this length on a previous page. At this memorable crisis, when all the world seemed to his consciousness to be standing still to see what he would do, the door of the library was pushed slowly open from without. The doors in Grosvenor Square did not squeak and mutter like the wizards in the Old Testament, as our doors so often do, but rolled slowly open, majestically, without sound. This was what happened while the duke stood still, something within him seeming to give way, his heart fluttering as if what he expected was a visitor from the unseen. He stood with his eyes opening wide, his lips apart. Was it a deputation from Mayfair? was it the royal lady herself? was it—— It was something more overwhelming, more miraculous than any of these. It was Lady Jane. The reader is already aware who was coming, but the duke was not aware. He gasped at her with speechless aston-

ishment, as if she had been indeed a visitor from the unseen.

She was very pale after her long incarceration, and the hollow, alas! very visible on her delicate cheek. She was dressed in a long, soft cashmere gown, black, with an air of having fitted her admirably once, but which now was too loose for her, as could be seen. But though she was thin and pale, she held her head high, and there was a sort of smile in the look with which she regarded her father. Hers was indeed the triumph. She was too high-minded, too proud to fly. She came into the room, and closed the door with a sort of indignant stateliness. "I have come to tell you," she said, "that by some accident or misadventure my door was found unlocked this morning, and I have left my prison." She held her head high, and he bowed and crouched before her. But yet had she but known, her own relief and ecstasy of freedom was nothing to her father's. It was as if the load of a whole universe had been taken off his shoulders.

"This is Martin's fault," he said; "the fellow shall be dismissed at once. Jane, you will believe me or not as you please, but I had meant to come myself and open the door to you to-day."

He dropped down into a chair all weak and worn, and held his head in his hands: his nerves now more shattered than her own. It was all he could do to keep himself from bursting like a woman into tears.

"You surely do not imagine that I could doubt what you say? I am glad, very glad, that it was so"—she said, her voice melting. He was her father still, and she was not guiltless towards him. "I wish that I had waited till you came," she said.

"Yes;" he seized eagerly upon this little advantage. "I wish that you had waited till I came: but it was not to be expected. I do not say that it was to be expected." Then he hoisted himself by his hands pressing upon the table, and looked at her. "Bless me," he said, "how thin you are, and how pale!—is this—is this my doing? Gracious! shut up so long, poor girl—I suppose you must hate me, Jane?"

Lady Jane went up to him holding out her hands. "Father, I have sinned against you too. Forgive me!" she cried, too generous not to take upon herself the blame; and so the father and daughter kissed each other, he crying like a child, she like a mother supporting him. Such

a moment had never been in the duke's long life before.

And we are bound to allow that neither the duchess, who was his faithful wife, nor Winton, always ready to appreciate the noble sentiments of Lady Jane, could ever understand the fulness of this reconciliation. It is to be hoped that the reader will comprehend better. They were too resentful and indignant to resume their old relations in a moment as if nothing had happened, which Lady Jane did with perhaps more tenderness than before. But into this question there is no time to enter. When Lady Jane went in softly, as if she had left her mother half an hour before, into the morning-room, the duchess flung away her papers with a great cry, and rushed upon her daughter, clasping her almost fiercely, looking over her shoulder with all the ferocity of a lioness in defence of her offspring. She would have ordered the carriage at once to take Lady Jane away, or even have gone with her on the spot, on foot or in a cab, to a place of safety; but Lady Jane would not hear of any such proceeding. She calmed her mother, as she had soothed her father, and in an hour's time Winton was in that little room, which suddenly was turned into Paradise. He had been carrying about with him all this time a special license ready for use, and as everything can be done at a moment's notice in town, even in February, Lady Jane Altamont, attended by a small but quite sufficient train, and before a whole crowd of excited witnesses, was married next morning at St. George's, Hanover Square, like everybody else of her degree. Needless to say that there was in the *Morning Post* next morning, as well as in most of the other papers, an account of the ceremony, with a delicate hint of difficulties, unnecessary to enter into, which had gone before. This was read by many who understood, and by a great many more who did not understand; but nowhere with greater excitement than in the Rectory House of St. Albans, E. C., where Mrs. Marston took the fashionable paper, poor lady, because in that wilderness she was so out of the way of everything. She rushed in upon her husband in his study (who had just seen it in the *Standard* with feelings which are indescribable) with the broadsheet in her hand. "Listen to this, William," she cried solemnly; "didn't I tell you it was none of our business to meddle; and your fine duke whom you were so anxious to be serviceable to,

and that never said thank you — But I told you what you had to expect," Mrs. Marston cried.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THREE MONTHS' HOLIDAY IN NORWAY IN 1881.

To spend summer in Norway has now become the annual experience of so many Englishmen, that the inaccurate notions still widely entertained concerning that country afford matter for some surprise. The first questions usually asked of a returning traveller, "Was it not terribly cold?" or "Could you get anything to eat?" are sufficient evidence. Be it known, therefore, to all who would fain go to Norway, only debarred perhaps by antiquated accounts of hardships and privations to be endured, that, so far from being a "land beyond the solar road," the sun never leaves it during the summer months; that it is not necessary, like Æneas, to eat one's tables, nor, always, to sleep on the floor. Again, the common assertion that no ladies can travel there, because they would have to "rough it," is disproved by the willingness of those who have actually gone through the ordeal, to repeat their experience. The food question is not so serious after all; one would hardly expect to find French cookery or Swiss hotels in the Arctic regions; but though smoked salmon and very strong cheese are the chief delicacies, persons of less educated tastes can obtain consolation in beef and beer, which are procurable, with white bread and excellent coffee and dairy produce, nearly everywhere in Norway; in fact the most fastidious people could not well be conscious of much privation upon the main routes, where we will leave them for the present to the able guidance of Mr. Murray and Herr Baedeker.

Ours the pleasanter task of revisiting in memory a certain quiet valley of Gamle Norgé, where a party of Englishmen spent their long summer day, unbroken for two months by a single hour of darkness, in full enjoyment of a life, monotonous indeed, but never wearisome, among scenes that must ever possess a strange fascination for those who have once beheld them. Even when sport is made the primary object of an expedition to Norway, there is much to vary the routine of fishing and shooting. The journey to moor or river is often a tour in itself

through some of the grandest northern scenery, and constant interest cannot fail to be excited in the study of a people whose life is moulded by external conditions so entirely different to our own; for there at all events nature cannot be conquered: exacting the most implicit obedience, she yields but little in return, and we have an instance of the result upon national character, when the struggle is not for prosperity, but for bare existence.

It must be confessed however that our party was well satisfied with the single hope of salmon-fishing, and one and all would have scouted the idea of needing any other occupation. We embarked at Hull on board the "Tasso," that famous old vessel, which, although the smallest upon the Wilson Line to Norway, is chosen for the long passage to Trondhjem direct. She has never quite recovered from an operation by which some years ago she was bisected, and then furnished with an enlarged middle portion, containing a "spacious saloon amidships" and new engines. Her maximum speed is about nine knots an hour, but on the present voyage a strike among the stokers, about which intending passengers were kept in the dark, caused the substitution of miserable Swedes from Gothenburg, — landsmen who had never been at sea in their lives, far less as stokers, and were so prostrated by the motion, and the heat in the engine-room, that six knots was our pace for the greater part of the four days taken in reaching Trondhjem. We arrived twenty-four hours late; had there been a gale, the "Tasso" would probably have repeated her old experience of a week in the North Sea; but there was only an uncomfortable swell, and no wind, so we escaped with the minor accidents of running down a brigantine in the Humber as we left the docks, and almost carrying away a small wooden lighthouse upon the pier at Trondhjem, off which the bowsprit scraped the paint, but did no further damage. There was some compensation for the disagreeables of a heavy swell as we steamed along the coast from Molde to Trondhjem, in the glorious breakers thundering on all sides. Little chance indeed would there be here without a pilot; you wonder, looking back, where the channel lay through which the ship passed, and see no way open in the surf ahead. On the left the captain points to a spot where one sea in nine breaks over a sunken rock eight fathoms below the surface; that fishing-smack is dangerously near it; she will not strike,

but woe to her if she is passing over when the ninth wave comes, whose crest would crash her beams like matchwood. More rocks and breakers guard on our right a coast so stern that the dangers which beset the approach seem like mockery on nature's part, for who would covet so barren a land? Yet even this terrible *skjaergaard* as it is called, did not prevent an English line-of-battle ship, the "Dictator," with only a Swedish shoemaker as pilot, from cutting out a Danish frigate at anchor inside, during the great war.

Glad to reach Trondhjem and glad to leave it, for, when you have seen the cathedral and waterfall, it is of all dull places the dulllest, we next have an opportunity of comparing a Norwegian coasting steamer with the "Tasso," and the "Tasso" is unanimously condemned. Perhaps, being "bad sailors," we are prejudiced by having exchanged the North Sea for the calm fjords along which the rest of our journey lies; and we were certainly treated much better on board the "Tasso;" but Captain Kloppestad, of the "Lofoten," is notorious for his hatred of everything English, so that we were not much surprised at the absence on his ship of that civility and kindness which is almost invariably shown towards travellers in Norway. However, it would have taken a great deal to spoil enjoyment of the ever-changing scenery, as each hour brought us nearer to the longed-for fishing, and when at last the time came for transshipment to the local steamer that would convey us to Fosmoen, we felt quite sorry to leave the "Lofoten;" none the less so, because all the luggage was again in evidence. "What a quantity these Englishmen bring!" we heard people whispering; they could not have seen the outfit of another English sportsman, which left the steamer further south in charge of his French cook and two or three flunkies, or ours would never have caused remark; but when you are going to spend two or three months at a place far remote from the main roads, it is absolutely necessary to be provided with a considerable amount of stores, and our Norwegian critics would have thought everything superfluous beyond one square box, to contain, in addition to their wardrobe, butter and cheese for consumption while absent from home.

Of all the irritating delays that have to be put up with, none is more tiresome than the wind-up of the journey on a local steamer; thirty miles, perhaps, would

bring you to the mouth of your river, but a whole day is spent in approaching it, while the vessel appears to be taking a special course, and traversing in an aimless way all the fjords within reach, on purpose not to suit your convenience. At last we are there; "at home" one feels tempted to say, as the familiar faces of last year bid us welcome back again! Up the steep hill we climb from the beach, and then what a glorious vantage-point is gained! Grand indeed and thoroughly characteristic of Norway is the view before us. Save where on the left the river torrent rushes in, the surface of the fjord is smooth as glass. We follow the reflections of many a dark precipice and snow-clad slope, set off by occasional patches of green, until, some twelve miles away, the outlook towards the north-west is blocked by a huge mass of peaked mountains which rise abruptly from the water's edge, forming an island across the mouth of the fjord, whereby nearly twenty miles are added to its length before the open sea can be reached. The sun sets over there; but so near are we to the Arctic circle, that in the height of summer, its rays never leave the topmost peaks. When day and night are thus confounded, one's lease of life seems longer, and sleep almost ceases to be necessary. Witness the native farmers, who work all through the summer from three in the morning to nine at what ought to be night. But who can wonder at their energy, remembering the terrible winter they have to contend with, "when no man can work"? Turn from the fjord and look up the river: though it is the middle of June, the snow has only just left those brown fields, and ice is still thick on the lakes up above. Yet in three months the grass must grow, and the corn, now hardly visible, must ripen, and all be mown and gathered in, ere winter returns to interrupt labor.

But here is the house, whence the occupants have temporarily evicted themselves to make room for us. It is built entirely of wood, after the ordinary type of Norwegian farmhouses, in two stories; roughly-hewn pine logs are laid horizontally, and the interstices well stuffed with dry moss. Along the outside runs a skirting of upright planks, surmounted by a roof of birch-bark, held down with thick turfs, off which a very fair crop of hay seems procurable. Add some small windows, and doorways of a height most dangerous to English heads — scatter steps and stairs promiscuously, furnish with a few wooden tables and chairs,

wooden beds, and crockery of wood, and you have a fair idea of the quarters over which our Union Jack was soon floating.

Right comfortable quarters too we found them; warm on the coldest days, and cool on the hottest. And had we not, moreover, the luxury of iron bedsteads from England—a benefit only to be properly appreciated by those who have experienced what it is to court sleep upon a Norwegian wooden bed, with nothing but a little hay to cover the unbending planks. Dinner was not a great success on the first evening; but afterwards, with the help of our stores, and an occasional sheep from a neighboring farm, we fared sumptuously, though salmon was always the mainstay of our *cuisine*; for there is a capital shop in Trondhjem where all kinds of English comestibles, excellent in quality, can be obtained. It is presided over by Herr Kjeldsberg, her Britannic Majesty's consul, and few are the travelers or sportsmen who have not cause to remember with gratitude his unflinching courtesy and valuable assistance. He has the reputation of being the only man in the world who will change a stranger's cheque without asking questions or needing references—a practice which in itself speaks volumes for his benevolence.

Our interpreter, like many of his class in Norway, was an excellent cook, and we perhaps valued his services most in the latter capacity, as we ourselves possessed sufficient knowledge of the language for all ordinary purposes. He was assisted by the farmer's wife, who owned the house, and kept us supplied with milk and butter from her dairy. It was a comparatively rich farm, where they pastured fourteen cows this summer, for the hay harvest had been good last year, and upon the excellence of the crop depends the number of cattle these poor people keep through the winter, as they never buy or sell fodder, each farmer maintaining as large a stock as his own land can feed. There were more than twenty farms in this little valley, only four miles long; a few had tenant proprietors, but the greater part were rented by their occupiers, who have always to pay down a large sum on taking possession, with a proportionately reduced yearly rent. The landlords do not seem to take much interest in their property; and as for improvements, there is no likelihood of disputes on this head, as things are just where they were five hundred years ago. At the age of sixty it is the custom for a farmer to make over the holding to his son, receiving a sum of

money for his interest, and a promise that the son will house and feed him for the rest of his days. Thus the old couple have a quiet old age secured to them, and the farm is worked by active hands. Whether these arrangements have a legal sanction, we know not; but they certainly form the regular observance of a district in many ways remarkable for its maintenance of ancient customs. One of the most curious is the habit of using patronymics, which has died out in many parts of Norway, but is still retained here, and causes a great deal of confusion in successive generations, especially as it is the rule for the eldest son always to be baptized with his grandfather's Christian name; thus Eric, whose father was Lars, is simply Eric Larsen, and is bound to call his eldest son Lars Ericson. A wife, too, does not adopt her husband's name, but remains with the euphonious title of, let us say, Petrina Jacobsdatter!

Another of the old institutions recalls the Levitical Year of Jubilee; for in every fiftieth year all the farmers in the valley change land with one another, so that in the course of centuries each family gets its turn of possessing the richest portion of the ground. There are, of course, endless customary rights of pasturage, wood-cutting in the forest, and similar privileges enjoyed in common, but the most complicated of all are the various fishing-rights, as one finds when making a contract for the river with a dozen men whose claims of using large nets and small nets, or rods and lines, have all to be considered: and perhaps, at the end of two hours' hard talking, you discover that the farmers do not after all quite know what their boasted rights really are. But all this had been gone through in our case some years ago, and we were now to enjoy the fruit of our labors. For the first few days matters looked bad, as two or three kelts were the only reward of persistent fishing; and it was not until the 20th of June that we caught a fresh-run fish, the season, which usually begins in the first week of that month, being a remarkably late one. But the same deep snow and ice-bound lakes, which at first made the river too cold for the salmon to run up, did us good service afterwards, by maintaining a fine head of water well into August; whereas in most years it becomes too low and clear for sport after the middle of July; and when the fish did enter the river, we found the advantage of having bought off the netting-rights of the proprietors, who otherwise work ter-

rible havoc in the latter part of the season, when the spawning-time is approaching. Fast and furious the fun soon became; our "monster" fish of other years were all thrown into the shade, and each week brought a new claimant for the honor of being the "largest on record" caught at Fosmoen, which finally remained with a splendid salmon of forty-two pounds. Omitting details, memorable though the incidents of each day's sport are to the fisherman, suffice it to say that in six weeks our three rods scored over two thousand pounds weight of salmon, and a considerable quantity of trout — a record that makes us loth to agree with those who assert that Norwegian fishing is a thing of the past, and that to catch salmon one must go to Canada. Our river was a comparatively small one, not more than sixty yards broad, possessing all the characteristics of a mountain stream magnified; and though we were obliged to fish from boats, there were several impassable rapids, which gave us all the excitement usually confined to what are termed casting rivers; indeed, the current was so strong as to make it hard work for two men to keep the boat from drifting down too quickly. We used always to land as soon as a fish was hooked, and many a tussle was there to keep the salmon from going down the rapids — many a breathless scramble in hot pursuit, with eighty yards of white water between the angler and his fish; many a time, too, when the angler had to count himself lucky if he did not lose both fish and tackle. The ladies of our party were very successful in trouting, and occasionally landed salmon in the most approved style; but one of them will not soon forget how, while trout-fishing one day, a large grilse took her fly, ran out the thirty yards of line, and went away down stream with the whole, through somebody's carelessness in not having made it fast to the reel.

The season closed with a rather curious incident. We had engaged a local photographer — *rara avis in terris* — to come and take views of the river, and one of us determined to pose for him in the attitude of fishing a favorite pool. The boat was moored securely to the opposite bank, the rower put out his oars, and, to make the thing look more natural, our friend just let his line drop into the water, when, not a yard from the boat's side, up splashed a huge salmon, out of *malice prepense* surely, for not once in a thousand times will they rise so close. The

plate was spoiled, of course, and in the result of a second, faces wear a gloomy frown, as if the angler had not been wholly successful in punishing that fish for its temerity.

Thus, with varying misfortune and success, the weeks flew past: when we could not or would not fish, there was sketching, botanizing, and exploration of the country around to fill up the time, which never seemed to hang heavily upon our hands. At last, however, the evil day came when the snow upon the hills had all melted, and the dwindling stream warned us that sport was over for this year; so with much reluctance we began preparations for departure. The farmers came to receive their money — a ceremony which involved an almost embarrassing amount of hand-shaking, the good old Norsk way of expressing thanks; they were in high good-humor already, having made a considerable sum of money by the sale of salmon not needed for our consumption. The coasting steamers and a small town some four miles off are their market, and though the price is low, ranging from fourpence to sevenpence a pound, purchasers are always to be found, who seize the opportunity of laying in for the winter a large stock of their favorite smoked salmon. Moreover, there is the satisfaction on one's own part of feeling that the money spent upon procuring sport is not wasted, but gives means of bettering themselves to people in genuine need of assistance.

Now, however, their harvest is over for the present, and with mutual regrets we must say good-bye until another year. There is something very attractive in the simple honesty and good-nature of these folk, and their unaffected pleasure at seeing us, which we are vain enough to believe is not wholly prompted by avarice, though it will be a happy day indeed when the Norwegian mind is disabused of its first axiom that all Englishmen are possessed of illimitable wealth. It is an idea universally accepted, as by no means inconsistent with honesty and good morals, that a fair value is one thing, a fair price for an Englishman to pay is another; taking this for granted, one gets on admirably with the people; otherwise constant disputes and disagreeable encounters will be of daily occurrence, to the complete subversion of enjoyment.

At last everything is ready for the move. The little steam-launch, with which we have penetrated every corner of the fjord upon off-days, starts before us

on a more formidable voyage; but she has already compassed safely the distance from Trondhjem, and we have no fears about her ability to make another run of over three hundred miles to Tromsø.

On Sunday, the 7th of August, we leave our good landlady weeping copiously, and row out, attended by a regular flotilla of baggage-laden boats, to the north-going steamer. The captain kindly saves us a long pull to the nearest stopping-place, by taking us on board off the river's mouth, and soon we are rapidly leaving our little bay. As each well-known point is passed, and river and house and beach lose their distinctness beneath the soft mantle of enshadowing hills, the mysterious spell of Norway comes upon us in all its strength, inspiring a deep affection for the country, its life, and people, which will retain a lasting hold upon our minds, and compel us almost instinctively to turn our steps hither again in future years. One word of caution ere we go north, to anybody who may intend to visit Norway for fishing. Do not go out upon the mere chance of finding sport, for disappointment will be the inevitable result. All salmon-rivers worthy of the name are either preserved by the owners or leased to Englishmen, and it is practically impossible to get leave even for a day; for the men who take rivers in Norway pay a good price and go a long journey with the sole object of fishing hard for a few weeks, so they can scarcely be expected to give up any of this very limited time to strangers. Neither is good trout-fishing to be had, unless you know exactly where to go for it, which information is not to be gotten in guide-books; and we have met friends, who have carried a valuable collection of fishing-tackle, but found no better sport in Norway than those gentlemen who parade in the *Field* their splendid takes of a few dozen trout, averaging four to the pound, in Scotland! The case is very different when the right places are visited, and no trout-fishing in Norway can be called good where the number to be caught is limited or the average weight below a pound. If salmon are your desire, write to Consul Kjeldsberg, who frequently has the disposal of rivers for a single season, when the proprietors are unable to go out; the consul's information is absolutely reliable, and he has a wonderful knack of providing the very thing you want. But, above all things, never expect to have good sport unless a plan of operations has been arranged before leaving England. Everybody, however,

does not go to Norway to fish; but all who love travelling and are fond of the sea, especially when it is not rough, would have shared our enjoyment of the three days' voyage to Tromsø. Smooth water allows one thoroughly to appreciate the grandeur of the scenery, while the deck of the steamer presents a constantly changing picture of life and stir, as in a part of the country where roads are unknown all communication is by sea. The spectacle of the Lofoten Islands is alone well worth the journey from England, and once seen can never be forgotten. From the little land-locked bay of Grytø, where a fish-merchant's brightly painted house, with its gay flag, seems to protest against the sternness of surrounding nature, we look across Vest Fjord to that marvellous barrier against the fury of the western ocean. For a space of sixty miles the imposing front is visible, trending away from the coast to the south-west, but gradually approaching as you sail northwards, until the distinctive character of the group becomes lost in the myriad islands that fringe the mainland. With the noonday sun high in the heavens, the appearance is that of a solid wall of rock, pinnaced by a thousand fantastic peaks, whose jagged summits rise in sharp outline from the uniform purple with which distance clothes their base; but when the evening rays stream through the narrow sounds, throwing into various relief each hillside that they strike, the depth of the island phalanx is manifested, and the sombre coloring transformed by the glorifying presence of a northern sunset. The prospect is deeply impressive, and as we approach more nearly, every detail is seen to be in conformity with the magnificence of the general outline. In two hours the steamer has crossed the Vest Fjord, and stopped beneath one of the grandest peaks of the Lofotens, three thousand feet high, which rises so sheer out of the sea, as barely to leave room for the fishing station of Heningsvaer at its base. Nothing now marks the importance of the place save the number of iron rings let into the rocks, to which hundreds of vessels are made fast during the cod-fishing season in winter. The sea is kept free from ice all the year round by the warmth of the Gulf Stream, and thus employment is given to many thousands of people from the whole coast, who turn to the sea for means of subsistence denied to them by the frozen land.

Soon we are off again, threading our way northwards among the islands, often

through channels so narrow that a stone could be thrown to land on either side. Out of our course, but not far distant, is the famous Maelström, one of the numerous passages between the islands from Vest Fjord to the ocean, where, at half-tide, the water races through the confined space with irresistible force. To visit it, one must embark on board a local steamer, which makes a tour of the whole group of islands, and the cruise would well repay the loss of a few days thus occupied; but for the present we must hasten on to Tromsø, and look forward to some future year for that expedition. There happens to be a famous doctor from Bergen among the passengers, the report of whose journey has preceded him, causing the ship to resemble a floating hospital by the number of patients who come on board for advice. He is evidently bent upon the same errand as ourselves, and hoping to travel *incognito*, for we notice that he has a gun and a curious dog, that may be better than it looks, as these Norwegian "sporting hounds" often are. As a precaution against hydrophobia, the introduction of foreign dogs is now absolutely forbidden by a law; but, at the time of its passing, many Englishmen left their setters in Norway, and these have become the parents of a wonderful race of animals, that should be most valuable, if the price usually asked is a criterion. Our team consisted of three useful quasi-setters, who by no means appreciated the charms of a sea voyage, and frightened the children of Tromsø not a little with their boisterous delight at being on shore again. Tromsø is called, so the guide-books inform us, the "Paris of the North," but they wisely forbear to enlarge upon the points of resemblance. The town lies on a low, green island gently sloping to the sea; the best view is got from the other side of the fjord, when red-roofed houses and the fresh verdure of their surroundings form a pleasant contrast to the almost oppressive monotony of cliffs and peaks. A brisk trade in fish and skins is carried on with Archangel, and the harbor is filled with vessels hailing thence, so that you might think the Russians were already in possession of a port they are supposed to covet eagerly. Hearing that Spitzbergen is only three days' sail distant, and that a match on snow-shoes was decided on the ninth of June, makes one realize how far north Tromsø is; yet there are hotels, and magistrates, and fashionable shops, and people wearing black coats and high hats; so possibly the town has

some claim after all to be the "Paris of the North." But at all events there are no Laps in Paris, while here their brightly trimmed dresses enliven every street corner. They have an encampment and a herd of reindeer in yonder valley across the fjord, whither they come every summer, with the double inducement of finding good pasturage and making profit out of inquisitive tourists. In winter they go back to Sweden, where they appear to have regular settlements, and are even provided with government schools and teachers; indeed, for all their uncouth looks and savage ways, every one of them can read and write their unintelligible Finsk language. We had ample time for thoroughly exploring Tromsø; as the launch, which was to take us to our shooting quarters, had been temporarily disabled by her gallant exertions on the voyage from Fosmoen; and for the three dustiest and hottest days in all the summer we were compelled to wander through the shadeless streets of a hot and dusty town. At last we make a start, and after a few hours' steaming, cross latitude 70°, soon to drop anchor close under the windfalls of our new abode.

There is a weird solitude about the place which at first is rather depressing; no crops will grow here, and there is not a sign of human existence visible, except the low-built farmhouse, looking inexpressibly small and mean amidst so much natural magnificence. Even the grass, upon which, still unmown, the farmer's hopes are centred, seems as if it only grew to make a foreground for the picture of undulating moor and snow-capped peaks that rise ridge behind ridge from the green fringe of the fjord. Multitudes of screaming birds resent this rare intrusion upon their hunting-grounds, wroth at being compelled even for a moment to leave their favorite haunts. High above our heads, almost out of sight in the dazzling blue, circle the mysterious *loms*, which nevertheless find their prey in the waters beneath — for these are the famous northern divers, of a naturalist's ambition the most difficult prize; a flock of wild geese are chattering on the shore over there, whose cunning will outwit the wariest stalker; while angry gulls of all sorts and sizes wheel around, keeping at a respectful distance however, as if knowing themselves to be unlike those sober eider-ducks, which swim about close to us in easy security, protected by stringent laws from harm. But where are the grouse that we have come in quest of?

Three years ago they lay so thick in the birch scrub, not two hundred yards from the beach, that twenty or thirty brace was the day's bag without dogs; and now with three setters ranging over the whole *ffield* we must search high and low to secure enough for food; in fact, our sport is reduced to "shooting for the pot." The prolongation of a severe winter almost into June, though a boon to the fishing interest, had proved fatal here; during the nesting season snow lay thick upon the ground, and the birds were still sitting only a week before the opening day.

So there was nothing left for us but to accept the inevitable, and begin the journey homewards; in a week's time we reached Christiania, where, instead of daylight at ten, we found darkness at seven; gloomy too were we at having to leave the enchanted land — our only consolation to look forward to another year for a renewal of those happy days, with the memory of which we must meanwhile be contented.

E. A. ARNOLD.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE LADIES LINDORES.

CHAPTER IV.

THE explanation which was given to John Erskine on the highroad between Dalrulzian and Lindores, as it is still more important to us than to him, must be here set forth at more length. There are some happy writers whose mission it is to expound the manners and customs of the great. To them it is given to know how duchesses and countesses demean themselves in their *moments perdus*, and they even catch as it flies that airy grace with which the chit-chat of society makes itself look like something of consequence. Gilded *salons* in Belgravia, dainty boudoirs in Mayfair, not to speak of everything that is gorgeous in the rural palaces, which are as so many centres of light throughout England — are the scenery in which they are accustomed to enshrine the subjects of their fancy. And yet, alas! to these writers when they have done all, yet must we add that they fail to satisfy their models. When the elegant foreigner, or what is perhaps more consonant with the tastes of the day, the refined American, ventures to form his opinion of the habits of society from its novels, he is always met with an amused or indignant protestation. As if these sort of people knew anything about society! Lady Ade-

liza says. It is perhaps as well, under these circumstances, to assume a humility, even if we have it not; and indeed the present writer has always been shy of venturing into exalted regions, or laying profane hands upon persons of quality. But when a family of rank comes in our way by necessity, it would be cowardice to recoil from the difficulties of the portraiture. Should we fail to represent in black and white the native grace, the air noble, the exalted sentiments which belong by right to members of the aristocracy, the readers will charitably impute the blame rather to the impression made upon our nerves by a superiority so dazzling than to any defect of good-will. Besides, in the present case, which is a great aid to modesty, the family had been suddenly elevated, and were not born in the purple. Lady Lindores was a commoner by birth, and not of any very exalted lineage — a woman quite within the range of ordinary rules and instincts; and even Lady Edith had been Miss Edith till within a few years. Their honors were still new upon them: they were not themselves much used to these honors any more than their humble chronicler; with which preface we enter with diffidence upon the recent history of the noble house of Lindores.

The late earl had been a man unfortunate in his children. His sons by his first marriage had died one after another, inheriting their mother's delicate health. His second wife had brought him but one son, a likely and healthy boy; but an accident, one of those simplest risks which hundreds are subject to, and escape daily, carried this precious boy off in a moment. His father, who had been entirely devoted to him, died afterwards of a broken heart, people said. The next brother, who was in India with his regiment, died there almost at the same time, and never knew that he had succeeded to the family honors. And thus it was that the Honorable Robert Lindores, a poor gentleman, living on a very straitened income, in a cheap French town, with his wife and daughters, and as little expecting any such elevation as a poor curate expects to be made Archbishop of Canterbury, became Earl of Lindores and the head of the family, without warning or preparation. It does not perhaps require very much preparation to come to such advancement; and the new earl was to the manner born. But Mrs. Lindores, who was a woman full of imagination, with nerves and ideas of her own, received a considerable shock. She had no objection to being a countess; the coro-

net, indeed, was pleasant to her as it is to most people. She liked to look at it on her handkerchiefs: there is no such pretty ornament. But it startled her mind and shook her nerves just at first. And it made a great, a very great, change in the family life. Instead of strolling about as they had done for years, with one maid for the mother and daughters, and a shabby cheap French servant, who was valet and factotum; going to all kinds of places; living as they liked; and though, with many a complaint, getting a great deal of pleasure out of their lives: there was an immediate shaking of themselves together — a calling in of stray habits and fancies, — a jump into their new place, as of an inexperienced and half-alarmed rider, not at all sure how he was to get on with his unaccustomed steed. This at least was the mood of Lady Lindores. The earl knew all about it better than she did. Even to be merely the “honorable” had fluttered her senses a little; and it had never occurred to her that anything further was possible. The family was poor — still poor, even when thus elevated as it were to the throne; but the poverty of the Honorable Robert was very different from that of the right honorable earl. In the one case it was actual poverty, in the other only comparative. To be sure it was, when one had time to think, distressing and troubling not to have money enough to refurnish the Castle (the taste of the late lord had been execrable) and make many improvements which were quite necessary. But that was very different from not having money enough to possess a settled home of your own anywhere, which had been their previous condition. The earl took his measures without a moment's delay. He dismissed the servants who had followed them in their poverty, and engaged others in London, who were more proper to the service of a noble family. They travelled quite humbly, indeed in their old half-Bohemian way, until they reached London, and then all at once cast their slough. The ladies put on their clothes, which they had stopped to procure in Paris, and suddenly blossomed out (though in deep mourning) into the likeness of their rank. It was a thing to make the steadiest heart beat. Young Robin was at Chatham, a lieutenant in a marching regiment — a young nobody, pleased to be noticed even by the townsfolk; and lo! in a moment, this insignificant lieutenant became Lord Rintoul. It was like a transformation scene; he came to meet his people when they

passed through London, and they could scarcely speak to each other when they met in their mutual wonder. “Poor little Rintoul, all the same, poor little beggar!” Robin Lindores said. To think of the poor boy cut off in a moment, whose death had purchased them all these honors, affected the young people with a strange awe, and almost remorseful pain. They felt as if somehow, without knowing it, they had been the cause of that terrible sudden removal of all the hopes that had rested on their little cousin's head. Lady Lindores herself declared that she dared not think of her predecessor, the mother of that poor boy, “the dowager,” alas! poor lady. The dowager was younger than her successor in the family honors, having been a second wife. They were all silent with respectful awe when her name was mentioned; but the earl said pshaw! and thought this superfluous. He was more used to it: he had been born in the purple, and now that he had come, though unexpectedly, to his kingdom, he knew how to fill that exalted place.

The earl was a man of a character which never, up to this time, had been estimated as it deserved. He had been quite an easy-going sort of person in his former estate. In his youth he was said to have been extravagant. Since his marriage — which had been an imprudent marriage, in so far that he might perhaps have got a richer wife had he tried, but which was wise so far that the income upon which they lived chiefly came from that wife — he had let himself go quietly enough upon the current, there being no motive to struggle against it. The very best that they could make of it was simply to “get along;” and get along they did without putting any force upon their inclinations. He was always able to secure his comforts, such as were indispensable; and as he liked the easier routine of a wandering life, he did not object, as he said, to make a sacrifice for the education of his children and their amusement, by living in places where the pleasures were cheap and there was no dignity to keep up. He had in this sense been very complying, both as a husband and a father, and had allowed himself to be guided, as his family thought, by their wishes quite as much, at least, as by his own. He had not in these days been in the least a severe father, or shown marks of a worldly mind. What was the use? The girls were too young as yet to have become valuable instruments of ambition, and he had not learnt to think of them as anything but

children. But when this extraordinary change came in their existence, the easy *dilettante* — whose wants were limited to a few graceful knick-knacks, an elegant little meal, good music, when procurable, and a life undisturbed by vulgar cares — altered his very nature, as his family thought. Hitherto his wife and his girls had done everything for him, aided by the ubiquitous, the handy, the all-accomplished Jean or François, who was half-a-dozen men in one — cook, valet, footman, pattern man-of-all-work. They arranged the rooms in every new place they went to, so that the fact that these rooms were those of a hotel or lodging-house should be masked by familiar prettinesses, carried about with them. They gave a careful supervision to his meals, and arranged everything, so that papa should get the best out of his limited existence and none of its troubles. And as there was nothing against Mr. Lindores — no bad repute, but with an honorable at his name — every English club, every *cercle*, was open to him. He always dressed carefully; now and then he helped a wealthier friend to a bargain in the way of art. He saw a great deal of society. On the whole, perhaps, for a man without ambition, and upon whom neither the fate of his children nor the use of his own life pressed very heavily, he got as much satisfaction out of his existence as most men; and so might have lived and died, no man knowing what was really in him, had not poor young Rintoul broken his neck over that fence, and drawn his father with him into the grave. From the moment when the letter, placed calmly by Mr. Lindores's plate at breakfast, as though it meant nothing particular, had its black seals broken, he was another man. How distinctly they all recollected that scene! — a lofty French room, with bare white walls and long, large windows, the green Persians closed to keep out the sunshine, one long line of light falling across the polished floor, where one of these shutters had got unfastened; the spacious coolness in the midst of heat, which is characteristic of such houses, like the atmosphere in M. Alma Tadema's pictures; the white-covered table with its flowers and pretty arrangements; the girls in their white cool dresses; and François lifting the small silver cover from his master's favorite dish. All the composure and quiet of this interior had been broken in a moment. There had been a sudden stifled cry, and Mr. Lindores, pushing the table from him, disordering the dishes,

over-setting his heavy chair as he sprang to his feet, had finished reading his letter standing upright, trembling with excitement, his face flushed and crimson. "What is it?" they had all cried. "Robin?" Naturally the son who was away was the first thought of the women. For a minute the father had made no reply, and their anxiety was beyond words. Then he put down the letter solemnly, and went to his wife and took her hand. "There is nothing wrong with Robin," he said; "but it comes by trouble to others, if not to us. My dear, you are the Countess of Lindores." It was some minutes before the real meaning of this communication penetrated their astonished minds; and the first proof of understanding which the new Lady Lindores gave was to cover her face and cry out, "Oh, poor boy! oh, poor Jane, poor Jane!" with a pang at her heart. It was not all grief for the other — could any one expect that? — but the poignant state of emotion which this strange terrible good fortune caused her, had a sharpness of anguish in it for the moment. The girls went away hushed and silenced, unable to eat their breakfasts, to find some black ribbons instead of the bright ones they wore. They wept a few tears as they went to their rooms over poor young Rintoul; but they had known very little of the boy, and the strange excitement of the change soon crept into their veins. Lady Caroline and Lady Edith! instead of the humble Miss Lindores. No wonder that it went to their heads.

And from that moment the new earl was a different man. He threw off all his languor, took everything into his own hands. Those little economies which it had been so necessary to insist upon yesterday were now absurd, notwithstanding that the Earls of Lindores were far from rich — comparatively. The family came home rapidly, as has been said; pausing in Paris to get their dresses, to dismiss the faithful servants of their poverty, who would be of no use, the earl decided, in the change of circumstances. He behaved very well, everybody said, to poor Lady Lindores, his brother's young widow, who had thus been left at once widowed and childless. He showed "every consideration;" would not allow her to be hurried; waited her convenience and her pleasure in every way. But, naturally, that poor lady was glad to take refuge with her own family in her desolation; and within a few months, the wandering exile family, familiar with all the

cheap watering-places and centres of genteel emigration on the Continent, were settled in the greatness of their new position, as if they had never known any less elevated circumstances. There was a great deal of excitement in the change; and though it was sad at first, no doubt there was a pleasure in hearing Robin addressed by the name of Rintoul, and accustoming themselves to their ladyships. But yet, when all was over, it was not perhaps to the girls so great an improvement as it appeared on the old life. They were not dull—oh no—but still there was a great deal less to do and to see than there used to be; and though they felt, as their mother said, that girls with so many resources ought to be occupied and happy wherever they went, still the calm of the Castle was very different from the stir and movement to which they had been used.

Up to this time, however, nothing had happened to them except that which was determined by another will than theirs, the inevitable result of other events. But they had not been long settled in their new and elevated life when it became apparent that other changes had happened which were not evoked by any external fate, and which were yet more profoundly to affect their life. That Swiss holiday had been more important to Carry than any one out of the family knew. It had ended in a kind of vague engagement, only half sanctioned, yet only half opposed by her family, and which it was possible, had Mr. Beaufort been rich enough to marry, would not have been opposed at all. Had he possessed income enough or courage enough to make the venture, the result in all likelihood would, years before, have been out of the reach of evil fate; but while it remained only an engagement, Mr. Lindores had refused his official sanction to it. And it had seemed to Carry, in whose mind the first conscious thought after the news of this extraordinary change was to communicate it to Edward, that from that very day her father's aspect had changed towards her. He had met her running out to the post with her letter in the afternoon, and had given a suspicious glance at it, and stopped her, telling her it was not fit she should go out on a day so serious. Not a word had been said for weeks and even months after, but she knew very well that things were not as before. All reference to Beaufort was somehow stopped; even her mother managed to arrest upon her lips all mention of her lover. She was herself too timid to open the subject, and

gradually a chill certainty that he was to be ignored and pushed aside out of her life, came upon the poor girl. How it was that further dangers dawned upon her, it would be hard to tell; but it is certain that she had divined a something—a tightening coil about her helpless feet, a design upon her freedom and happiness—before the family had been long at Lindores. One of the consequences of their great honor and increased stateliness of living was, that the two sisters were partially separated, as they felt, from each other. They no longer occupied the same room as they had done all their lives. They had now what with their foreign habits they called an *appartement*—a suite of rooms set apart for them; and as Edith was full of curiosity and excitement about the new life, and Carry was discouraged and depressed, and felt it odious to her, they fell a little apart without any mutual intention or consciousness. It was in the beginning of their first winter, when the dark days were closing in, that this semi-estrangement first became apparent to the younger sister. She awoke all at once to the consciousness that Carry was pale; that she shut herself up very much, and more than ever devoted herself to her writing; that she composed a great many little poems (for she was the genius of the family), and often had a suspicion of redness about her eyes. This discovery was instantaneous. Edith had never been awakened to any but the most simple troubles of life, and it had not occurred to her to imagine that there was anything beneath the headache which her sister so often took refuge in. But her mind, when it began to act, was rapid and keen. It became apparent to her that she had been losing sight of Carry, and that Carry was not happy. The progress from one step to another of her solicitude for her sister was rapid as lightning. She remembered everything in a moment, though these causes of sorrow had been altogether out of her thoughts before. She remembered that not a word had been said of Mr. Beaufort for months; that Carry had ceased altogether to speculate as to anything that might happen in the future; that all this was as a closed book between them nowadays. As soon as she arrived at this conviction, Edith found herself ready to interfere for good or evil. She went into the room where Carry was writing her little poetries, with something of the effect of a fresh, light wind, carrying refreshment, but also a little disturbance, with her. She stooped

over her sister with a caressing arm round her neck, and plunged at once into the heart of the subject. It was a still, dull afternoon of early winter, and nobody was by. "Carry," she said, all at once — "Carry, it is so long since we have said anything to each other! I wanted to ask you about — Edward!" Upon this, for all answer, Carry fell a-crying, but after a while sobbed forth, "I will never give him up!"

"Give him up!" cried Edith, surprised. She had what her mother called a positive nature, much less romantic, much less sensitive, than her sister. The idea of giving up had never entered her mind. "Give him up! — no, of course not. I never thought of such a thing; but I am afraid it will be harder than ever with papa."

"Oh, Edith, it will be *impossible*," Caroline said. And then the two sisters looked at each other — the one astonished, indignant, full of resistance; the other pale, drooping, without vigor or hope.

"What does impossible mean?" said the younger, not with any affectation or grandiloquence; for probably she had never heard of any heroic utterance on the subject. "You mean very, very hard. So it will be. I have wanted to speak to you since ever we came here. I want to know what he says himself, and if papa has said anything, and what mamma thinks. We don't seem to live together now," she added, with a clouded countenance. "It's always, 'Oh, Lady Caroline has gone out,' or, 'Her ladyship is in the library with my lord.' It seemed very nice at first, but I begin to hate ladyships and lordships with all my heart."

"So do I," said Caroline, with a sigh.

"If you marry a man without a title, couldn't you give it up? Perhaps one wouldn't like that either, now," said the girl candidly. "It was far, *far* nicer, far more natural, in the old days; but perhaps one wouldn't like to go back."

"I suppose not," said Carry drearily. She was not a beautiful girl, as in her romantic position she ought to have been. Her nose was too large; her complexion deficient; her eyes were grey, sweet, and thoughtful, but not brilliant or shining. Her figure had the willowy grace of youth, but nothing more imposing. She had a very sweet, radiant smile when she was happy; this was the chief attraction of her face: but at present she was not happy, and her pale, gentle countenance was not one to catch the general eye.

"But I hope you are going to make a stand, Carry," said the energetic little Edith. "You won't, surely — you can't be so *lâche* as to give in? I would not! — not if it cost me my life!"

"Ah, if it was a question of one's life! but no one wants your life," said Carry, shaking her head. "No one will touch us, or lock us up, or any of these old-fashioned things. If they only would! The poets say 'I could die for you,' as if that was difficult! Oh no, it is far harder, far harder to live."

"Carry! you have been thinking a great deal about it then?"

"What else could I think about? Since the first moment papa looked at me that day — you remember that day? — I knew in a moment what he meant. He gave me just one glance. You know he never said that he would consent."

Edith's youthful countenance gathered a sympathetic cloud. "Papa has been so changed ever since," she said.

"He never would allow that he had consented even before, — and while we were all poor, what did it matter? So long as he does not ask me to —"

"To what?" Edith asked, with a wondering perception of the shudder which ran over her sister's slight figure. "Are you cold, Car?"

"To — marry some one else," cried poor Caroline, with a heavy sigh, — so heavy that it was almost a groan.

Edith sprang to her feet with indignant vehemence. "*That* is not possible; nobody could be so cowardly, so cruel, as that," she said, clasping her hands together. "Carry, you speak as if papa was a bad man; you slander him; it is not true, it is not true!"

"He would not think it cruel," said Caroline, shaking her head sadly. "He would not mean any harm; he would say to himself that it was for my good."

Her despondency quenched the passion and energy of the younger girl. Carry's drooping head and heavy eyes were enough to damp even the liveliest courage. "Are you thinking of — any one in particular," Edith said in hushed and tremulous tones.

Carry put out her hands as if to push some spectre away. "Oh, don't ask me, don't ask me; I don't know; I can't tell you," she cried.

What could Edith say? she was appalled. The fresh, inexperienced heart received a first lesson in the mysterious evils of life. She who had fretted and chafed so at the partial separation that

had arisen between them, she was glad of a pretext to leave her sister. She could scarcely believe this to be possible, and yet so it was. Nor did she wish to run to her mother with her discovery, to appeal to her against Carry's misconception, against the monstrous character of the suggestion altogether, as would have been her first impulse in any other case. No; she was convinced of the reality of it, little as she desired to be convinced. A gleam of painful light seemed to fall across the new tenor of their life. She thought for a moment that she saw the very earth, solid and unyielding, break into dangerous pits and chasms before her feet. The pain of this discovery was twofold — both poignant, yet one worse than the other. To think that her father, whom she had hitherto loved and trusted, not with any excess of devotion, but yet with an honest confidence that he would ask nothing wrong, nothing unreasonable from his children, should thus threaten to become a domestic tyrant, an enemy of truth, was terrible; but still more terrible was the conviction which overwhelmed the girl that Carry, with all her imagination and feeling — Carry, the poet of the family, the first one to have a romance and a lover — would not have strength to resist any attempted coercion. Oh, if it had only been me! Edith said to herself, clenching her hands tight. But then she had no Edward, no romance — she was fancy free: even were it possible to force her into any connection she disliked (which Edith did not think it would be), at all events she could not be made false to another. But Carry — Carry, who was all heart — to force her to deny that heart would be doubly cruel. Little Edith woke out of her careless youth to see this wonderful and great danger at her very side, with all that bewilderment of feeling which attends the first disclosure of the evils in life. She could not believe it, and yet she knew it was true. She remembered tones in her father's voice, lights in his eyes, which she never seemed to have understood before. Was this what they meant? that when his time and opportunity came, he would be a tyrant, a remorseless and unfaltering ruler, suffering no rebellion? Edith trembled a little. Perhaps she, too, might fall under that despotism one day. But she did not feel afraid of herself. Oh, if it had only been me! she said, ungrammatical, as excitement generally is. It would be hard to say what ground she had for her self-confidence. Carry was the genius of the

family, and little Edith only the youngest, the household pet, whom nobody regarded as in a position to make decisions or form opinions for herself. Why was it to her eyes that this sudden insight had been given? It is not usually a happy gift. Blessed are they, we may rather say, who can deceive themselves — whose eyes are made blind, and not more fatally clear, by love. Edith hastened out of doors, out of sight or speech of any one, to try if she could escape from this revelation which had opened upon her, so much against her will. It was a misty, dull day, with a great deal of moisture in the air — moisture which seemed to communicate itself to Edith's eyes, and get into her throat. She hastened down the path which wound through the birches, the poetical "birks of Lindores," to the river lying far below, and already sending a soft sound of running water to soothe her. About half-way down was a great beech-tree, round which a seat had been placed. Here there was a view, not of the wide champaign, like that at Dalrulzian, but of a portion of the highroad, just where it began to mount the hill towards the Castle. On the other side lay the river, visible at the foot of the bank, and running somewhat strong and wild under the cliffs on the opposite side, which threw it into deep shadow. But it was not the river, though so much the more beautiful of the two, it was the highroad which attracted Edith's attention. As she stood looking out upon it, some one passed, riding slowly along, but turning his head to catch the first glimpse of the Castle. His appearance seemed to throw a sudden light upon her thoughts. He was a heavy, large man, upon a powerful black horse, — an apparition big enough to be identified, even at that distance. The ladies had all been very free in their remarks upon this representative of their county neighbors. They had not given him a very encouraging reception, yet he had repeated his visits, too stolid, they had thought, to perceive that he was not wanted. As Edith stood and gazed at him, with the blood curdling about her heart, it flashed upon her that her father had given no countenance to their criticisms. He had told them that Mr. Torrance was one of the richest commoners in Scotland, and Tinto such a house as any one might be proud to possess. She had paid little attention to these words at the time, but they seemed to repeat themselves in the very air now. It was a day of revelation to Edith. She

saw all that it meant, and foresaw all it was coming to, with a gleam of terrible insight. Oh no, no! she moaned to herself in a kind of helpless protest against fate.

CHAPTER V.

MR. TORRANCE of Tinto was the representative of an old county family, but he would not have been the richest commoner in Scotland if he had been no more than this. A variety of other circumstances, however, had combined to bring about this effect, and elevate a man who was no better, at the best that could be said for him, than a rude yeoman-sportsman at soul, into a person of the greatest local importance and almost national notability. The previous Torrance of Tinto, a man of some rough practical power, had allied himself to some degree in business, and to a much greater degree in life, with a great railway contractor—one of the men who, coming from nothing, have made colossal fortunes, and found admittance for their children, if not for themselves, into the foremost ranks of society. Mr. Torrance married this man's daughter, and all the money which the original navy had quarried out of the bowels of the earth, or gathered from its surface, went to increase the lands and the power of Tinto, where this daughter, his only child, a woman with the magnificent ideas of expenditure which enormous wealth so naturally brings along with it, disposed herself to reign like a princess, making her husband's old house the centre of a new palace, fit for a duke at least. The old man, her father, always thrifty and sparing in his own person, would have her stinted in nothing; and perhaps, had she lived long, her husband would have had little enough left him of the huge fortune which she had brought into the family. But fortunately (for the family), after she had alarmed him beyond measure by unbounded expenditure for a few years, and had completed the new house and filled it with costly furniture, in all of which her father encouraged her, the death of both within a year of each other relieved the owner of Tinto of his fears, and left him free to complete the training of his son as he pleased. He made him much such a man as he had himself been, but without the brains, which are not transmitted so easily as money. Patrick Torrance had indeed been sent to Oxford to have the regulation mark stamped upon him as an educated man; but those were days in which so much as this meant was easier than now; and it is not very

hard, even now, as may be seen. He came back more horsey, more doggy than he had been before, if possible,—a man without an intellectual taste or higher instinct, bored to death, as he himself avowed, with the grand house, full of pictures, and statues, and marble, and porcelain, which the taste of his mother had accumulated. Never was such a magnificent place in the quietude of such a homely country. The daughter of the railway man was as extreme in her taste for art as the daughter of one of her father's navvies might have been in dress. There was not a wall, not a passage or staircase, that was not laden with decoration. Great artists had designed the chimney-pieces and cornices. The velvet, the satin, the embroidery, were all the most costly, and, according to the lights of that period, the most correct that money could buy. The old man, whose money had bought all this, went about the gorgeous rooms rubbing his hands with a continual chuckle of satisfaction so long as he lived; and the poor woman who had created the luxurious house swept through in dresses to correspond, with satisfaction not less than if she had been a daughter of the Medici—who, to be sure, made their money in business too. But when that fine Renaissance lady died, and all her friends were scattered, and the place fell back into the possession of the commonplace country laird and his boy, coming in ruddy from the fields or damp from the hill, afraid to tread in their shooting-boots on the luxurious carpets or throw themselves down in the satin chairs, the incongruity of the establishment was manifest to every eye. Mr. Torrance, the father, had been deeply impressed by the cost of everything his wife had bought and planned. He had been horrified and indignant in the first instance; but when it had been proved that he had no power to resist, and that the money must be expended for all these luxuries, he had taken what satisfaction he could from the price. "Do you know what she gave for that?" he would say; "it's all dash'd extravagance. I cannot away with it; but it was her doing, and as she had plenty, she had to please herself." It was in this way that he spoke of his wife. And when she died, the splendid house she had built was shut up,—not from sentiment, but because the set of rooms still remaining, which belonged to the old house of Tinto, was much more in harmony with the habits of the master of the house.

Now that he too was dead, his son followed his example in preferring the old den of the race. But he had more appreciation of the dignity of owning a house such as no one in the country could "hold a candle" to. The fine decorations had not all stood the neglect of twenty years, but still there was enough of magnificence to overawe the district; and Patrick Torrance had enough of his mother's blood in him to enjoy the consciousness of so much luxury and costliness. He lived in the old library, which was low and dingy, and looked out upon the dark bit of shrubbery behind the house and the road that led to the stables; but periodically he threw the grand empty rooms open, and had a great dinner-party or a ball, which excited all the gentry for miles round. It would be vain to say that there was not on these occasions more excitement than was natural solely in view of a great entertainment. While society is constituted as it is, it will not be possible that a great matrimonial prize, such as Mr. Patrick Torrance unquestionably was, should thus be shown, as open to public competition, without a certain excitement. If a great post worth thousands a year could be won by the most attractive and brilliant appearance in a ball-room, what a flutter there would be among the golden youth of society! and the master of Tinto was more valuable than most of the very finest appointments. He was as good as a viceroyship of India without the necessity of expatriation. Consequently it is not to be supposed that the young ladies of the neighborhood could prepare for their appearance in these gilded if somewhat tarnished halls of his without a good deal of agitation, or that the mothers, or even the fathers of possible competitors, could escape some share of the same excitement. Some of the girls, let us do them the justice to say, were as much alarmed lest Pat Torrance, as he was called, should cast his big projecting eyes upon them, as others were anxious for that notice. He was not in himself much adapted to please a maiden's eye. He was very dark, strongly bearded, with large eyes *à fleur de tête* and somewhat bloodshot. His friends maintained that he had "a good figure," and it certainly was tall and strong. His voice was as large as his person and somewhat hoarse—a deep bass, which made a vibration in the air. He was an excellent shot, and hunted indefatigably, though it was beginning to be said, notwithstanding his youth, that Pat was too heavy for distinc-

tion in the hunting-field. With all these qualities he had an eye to his interest, rich though he was; and, though not clever, was said to be very fortunate in his investments, and to keep a careful hand over his money. Now and then he would be lavish, outdoing all that was known in these parts in the way of extravagance; but for the most part he lived as his father had done before him, in the old rooms of the old mansion-house of Tinto, where not a carpet or a curtain had been removed since the time of his grandfather. There was perhaps a touch of humor, somewhat struck out by the contact of the two races, which made the contrast of these two manners of living pleasant to his fancy and to his rude and elementary pride; or perhaps it was mere instinct, and had no meaning in it at all—the habits of the limited and uncultured countryman, diversified by that delight in an occasional "blow out," which is the compensation of the navy for his rude toils. There was no doubt that from the time of his father's death, which occurred when he was about twenty-eight, Pat Torrance had made up his mind to marry. And he had inspected all the marriageable girls in the country with a serious intention which disgusted some and amused others, and filled a few with breathless hope. In the latter class were ladies of very different pretensions indeed, from Miss Webster of Thrums, who was the greatest rider in the country, and never wanting when anything was going on, down to the bold, handsome, black-eyed daughter of the landlord of the Bear at Dunearn, which was the inn Mr. Torrance used when he went into the county town. He was just as likely, people thought, to make such a match as any other; his style of courtship was more in harmony with a bar-room than a drawing-room. This conviction made the balls at Tinto less exciting to the feminine community generally as time went on; but still there is never any telling what caprice may sway a sultan's choice.

And alas! it is a fact that, whether by their own will or by that of their parents, Pat Torrance might have married almost any lady in the county. He was not himself to them, but such a cluster of worldly advantages as scarcely any mortal woman could resist. He was, as we have said, far beyond in value the best of the appointments for which they could not, and their brothers could try. He meant a fine position, a magnificent house, a great fortune. To be sure there was a drawback to this,

which only a few acknowledged. When Mrs. Sempill pointed out to her daughter Agnes, whom he had honored with some passing notice, that in case she married him she would have "everything that heart could desire—at least everything that money could buy,"—Agnes, who was a clever girl, put forth a condition. "I should have just as much as Pat Torrance thought proper of the things that money can buy," the young woman said, with sudden insight. I am afraid, however, that Agnes Sempill would have married him all the same, her family being so poor, if he had put himself at her disposal. But he did not, and she was glad. Indeed he made himself of all the greater importance in the county that he came to no decision, but went on giving his balls three or four times a year, and examining with a critical eye every girl who appeared on the horizon, every new *débutante*. And he was asked everywhere in those days. His importance was fully recognized.

This was the condition in which things were when the new family came to the Castle. Mr. Torrance was one of the first callers, partly because his pride as at once the head of an old family and the richest man in the county, made him eager to assert his position with the new earl as a leader of the local society—a position which not even the chances their daughters might have of sharing it would have prevailed on the other county magnates to permit him,—and partly because of the new candidates for his favor who were to be found in the family of Lindores. Notwithstanding the prevalent idea that Bessie Runciman at the Black Bear in Dunearn, had just as good a chance for the prize as any competitor, nothing could be further from the fact or the intentions of the hero. His determination all along had been to procure himself a wife who should be in harmony, not so much with himself as with the grandeur of his house and what he believed to be his position; and the hunting lady and the publican's daughter had been equally out of the question. For himself, he might have liked either of them well enough; but as a matter of fact, it was not too much refinement, but not refinement enough which this rude squire found among his country neighbors. None of them was fine enough for Tinto. He wanted somebody who would be at home in the grand rooms overloaded with decoration—who would be, if possible, superior to the killing

splendor which made himself feel so small. And no woman yet had impressed Pat as sufficiently magnificent for this purpose. He wanted some one more imposing,—a lady of Tinto who might, as he desired in his heart, receive the Prince of Wales on occasion, or even the queen herself. When he paid his first visit to Lindores, the earl alone received him, and he had no chance of inspecting the daughters of the house; but he had met them as he rode home again, coming back from their drive in the little pony-carriage, of which they had just become possessed. Edith, new to all these delights, was driving her sister; and her bright little face, full of life and smiles, turned curiously upon him as he stood aside on his big black horse to let them pass. But that was not what caught his eye. Beside her was a pale and gentle countenance, unlike anything which had hitherto been presented to his notice. Pat's heart, if he had a heart, or the big pulse that did service for it, gave a bound as he looked. It seemed to him at the first glance that this new face was more aristocratic, more distinguished, for not being pretty. The lilies and roses of the other were familiar to him. Bright eyes and fine complexions were by no means rare in the county. They were to be found everywhere, in the cottages as well as in the castles. He was not impressed by them. The smiles and animation were common things; but Lady Caroline with her gentle paleness, her slim form pliant and bending,—even her nose, which was a little too long, was the impersonation of refinement and rank, and fine superiority. His imagination, if he had an imagination, took fire. He thought he could see her moving about with languid grace through his fine *salons*, far more fine than they, lending them an air of delicacy and importance which they had never possessed before. He felt himself to be "struck" by Lady Caroline as he never had been "struck" till now. That was rank, he said to himself admiringly. To be sure, rank was what he had wanted; he had never realized it before, but now he perceived it as plain as daylight. He had been wiser than he was aware of in his fastidiousness; and now he saw suddenly presented before him the very object of which he had been in search. Lady Caroline Torrance!—that was what it was.

This chance meeting, and the instant conviction that followed, had taken place some time before the interview between the sisters, which we have described.

How it was that the suitor communicated his wishes to the earl, or the earl to poor Carry, it is impossible to tell — or if, indeed, up to this time, any communication had been made on the subject. Most likely there had been no communication; but the proposal, which turned the light into darkness for Carry, was in the air, overshadowing everything. Her father saw it in the dark face of Pat Torrance, and she surmised it in her father's eyes. Before a word had been said she knew her fate, struggling dumbly against it like a creature fascinated and magnetized in the grip of a monster, but without any possibility or hope of escape. There was something more terrible in this silent certainty than there would have been in any conflict. She felt herself sucked in as to a whirlpool, overpowered, — all her forces taken from her in the giddy rush with which the days and hours were carrying her on, irresistible, to that climax. It was this fatal consciousness which made her cry out, "I will never give him up;" which was the cry, not of resolution, but of despair. All that she could do in her sick and failing soul was to grasp at and cling to the weeds on the bank, while the current carried her wildly on, plucking them out of her hands. Edith, who was of so different a nature, stood by appalled, astonished, not knowing how to account for her sister's helplessness. She was positive, as her mother said, not visionary, incapable either of divining what was going to happen or of yielding to it. Why Carry could not simply make up her mind to refuse, to stand fast, to resist whatever powers might be brought to bear upon her, was a thing which Edith could not understand.

And stranger still, Lady Lindores had not even found it out. She disliked Mr. Torrance, and made no secret of her dislike. "If that is your type of a Scotch laird, I cannot say I like the species," she said, eliciting a soft, "Oh, mamma!" from Edith, who remembered very well a statement of an entirely contrary character which her mother had once made. "If young Erskine is a type of a young Scotch laird, I am disposed to fall in love with the class," was what Lady Lindores had then said. Edith remembered it distinctly, but gave her tongue a little malicious bite, and would not recall it to her mother's mind; for was not young Erskine coming back? But Lady Lindores's feeling about Torrance was more than passive. She took care to let him see that he was not a favorite in the house.

She wondered audibly, even after the eyes of Edith had been opened, what that odious man wanted here; and indeed did all but refuse to ask him to a *dîner intime*, at which her husband desired his presence. "Torrance of Tinto," she cried, with a cloud on her face; "why Torrance of Tinto? He has already dined here. Why should we have him again?"

"Why not?" said the earl, with a still deeper shadow on his face. Lady Lindores saw very clearly when her attention was aroused; but she was a high-minded woman, slow to be awakened to suspicion, and scorning to think evil. It seemed to her an evidence of a poor nature to suppose any one else capable of an act you would not have done yourself.

"Why not? I think that jumps at the eyes," she said. It was Lady Lindores's weakness to employ idioms which, being translated idioms, sounded very strange to ordinary ears. This was so far comprehensible because she had lived abroad the greater part of her life, and she thought the polyglot chatter which is so common, especially among the English abroad, vulgar; so she translated her French, and thought it less objectionable. "That jumps at the eyes," she said; "he is not a friend of the house — only a recent acquaintance — and he has dined here already. Why have him again? He is not an attractive person. You cannot care for him, Robert; and he is no favorite with the girls."

"The girls must learn to receive the people I approve of," said the earl, "or we shall quarrel. You must make them aware of that."

"Quarrel! for the sake of Mr. Torrance! That is carrying clanship a great way."

"There is no clanship in it. You ought to know better, my dear. Your English fallacies are quite out of place here. If I had a clan (which I have not — we are purely Norman, not Celtic at all), Pat Torrance could have had as little to do with it as John Smith."

"My dear Robert," said Lady Lindores, for she had not learned to address her husband by his title, "you take it very seriously. I meant your kindness for your own people. But for a kind prejudice, which I admire and respect, for your old neighbors, you never would put up with a being like this Tinto, as they call him, — a rich fox-hunter, with the mind of a ploughman."

"You will oblige me, Mary," said her husband coldly, "by restraining your

opinion—at all events until you have a better right to express it. What do you know of Pat Torrance? I should very much prefer that you did not commit yourself on the subject. You might regret it after."

"Commit myself!—regret it!" Lady Lindores gazed at her husband with consternation. She had absolutely no guide to what he could mean; but as he stood to his point and would not yield, and as one must certainly yield when such a question arises, she found herself unwillingly obliged to give in. She was behind her children in comprehension, strange as it seems to say so. Lady Lindores had not been unfavorable to Beaufort's claims when first he made his suit to Carry; but she had been perhaps a little disappointed in him as the years passed on. He had not shown the energy, the determination, which a man in such circumstances ought to show. He had made no passionate effort to obtain his bride, such as Carry's mother felt her child was worth. And it was a long time now since Lady Lindores had taken any notice of the lingering engagement which her husband had never positively sanctioned, but which had lingered on for a year or two, coming to nothing. She had thought it best not to interfere. Perhaps Mr. Beaufort might think it his duty to release Carry, now that her position was so much changed. The mother did not feel that she could ask him to do so; but if anything had happened to the tardy lover—had he been ill, or died, or proved fickle, she would have felt that Providence was interfering on their behalf. In the mean time, she thought it the best policy to say nothing about it. And it was this reticence which she intended for wisdom, which prevented any explanation between them, and kept her ignorant of what even Edith knew. It did not occur to her to connect her child, so delicate and refined, with the rough and coarse squire, whom she could not tolerate. How her husband could put up with him Lady Lindores could not conceive. He certainly meant something by it, she thought; but what did he mean? Was it some scheme of tactics in respect to the next election? which already, she knew, gave Lord Lindores great concern. Perhaps the earl, who had a devouring ambition, now that he found an opening for it, thought it well to have the richest man in the county under his influence. This was all that she

had yet divined. "Your father insists upon having that Mr. Torrance," she said to the girls. "What he can see in him, I cannot imagine. But that does not look at us. We are not called upon to make martyrs of ourselves for papa's political friends."

Carry looked up eagerly as her mother spoke. "Political!" she said, with a quiver of hopeful eagerness in her voice. "Is that the reason?" This eager tone and broken question would have made Lady Lindores wonder had she not been full of the subject from her own point of view.

"What else?" she said. "You cannot suppose a man like your father can find anything else in Mr. Torrance to attract him. Politics are very entrancing, but, like necessity, they bring you acquaintance with strange bedfellows. Papa thinks, no doubt, that he ought to turn his influence to account."

"Oh, if that is the reason!" said Carry, clasping her hands together, with something like an ecstasy of prayer and thankfulness in her face. Lady Lindores, though she thought the emotion excessive—but then Carry was always visionary—understood that her daughter's delicate soul had been wounded by her father's regard for so unattractive a person. She patted her child upon the cheek tenderly.

"You must not consider yourself responsible for all the things we do in the prosecution of our several parts," she said. "I feel, for my own part, that I take a great deal too much notice of old Gardener. I am getting much too fond of him. This is more innocent, I allow, than your father's fancy for Mr. Torrance; for I don't insist on asking old Gardener to dinner."

"That I never should object to!" cried Carry, kissing her mother with sudden enthusiasm. She was cheered beyond measure by the comparison, and by Lady Lindores's absolute ignorance of any other pretension on the part of Torrance. Perhaps she had been deceiving herself, and attributing to her father intentions that had never entered his mind. Carry was too thankful to think that this might be how it was. But Edith, the clear-sighted, avoided her sister's eye. She made no comment on what her mother said. Edith felt that, however others might be deceived, she *knew*.

From The Nineteenth Century.
THE TOWER OF LONDON.

THE question of the restoration of our ancient buildings has of late years been the cause of a war, which has raged furiously, and of which our great cathedral cities have been the chief theatre. On the one side are ranged the architects, and the majority of the bishops, deans, chapters, and clergy. These are the restorationists. On the other side are the purists, represented by the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, who would allow nothing to be touched. Great is the eagerness, great the enthusiasm, in both armies. The purists indeed are weak in numbers and they lack the heavy artillery of the restorationists. But against these disadvantages they have as a set-off the heroism and the courage of fanaticism; and if occasionally they run a tilt at a windmill, it is impossible not to admire their chivalry and their simple devotion to their cause.

The outside public will probably think that, as in most quarrels, so in this, there is something to be said on both sides. It cannot be denied that many of our national monuments have suffered some wrong at the hands of their restorers, and that in this respect some of the great architects have been the greatest sinners. Indeed, it could hardly be otherwise. A fragment of a wall is to an antiquarian architect what a single fossil bone is to the comparative anatomist. From it he will reason out and reproduce a whole; there being between the processes respectively followed by the architect and the professor, the difference which exists between the immutable laws of nature and the whims of the imagination of man. The most learned arguments of the artist are after all subject to the wayward caprice of the man whose work he is endeavoring to retrace. The professor, on the other hand, is following up his work with a conviction which is born of necessity. Now it is the knowledge of the uncertainty which at best must surround him, which tempts the architect to stray from the strict lines of restoration pure and simple and to begin improving. Here is his danger, and the more fertile his power of invention the greater will that danger be. On the other hand, what numberless beauties that had lain hidden for ages have been revealed by judicious restoration! Can it be said to be an act of vandalism to peel off the plaster which hides the mural painting of the old monks, or to

relieve a Norman clerestory of the bricks which block it up? It is all very well to say that even the uglinesses with which a fine old building has been loaded by the ignorance of a bygone time mark an epoch in its history, and have an interest of their own. The cases are rare indeed, and must have some historic association of special gravity, where the world at large will not prefer to see such blemishes removed, and the original beauty of the building given back.

The aim of this paper, however, is not to take up the cudgels either on the one side or on the other, in this dispute; but to explain the object of certain works of restoration which have been carried on for some years past about the Tower of London, and which it is hoped will shortly be brought to a good end. It must be shown that the works yet remaining to be done are expedient and necessary, and that they will be faithfully and honestly executed, neither inventing nor designing new plans, but following strictly in the old lines, which have happily been preserved in ancient drawings and engravings.

It may almost be said that the history of the Tower of London is the history of England. For eight hundred years as fortress, palace, and prison it has been continuously inhabited. Recent discoveries have shown that Roman buildings of considerable importance stood upon the same site. Tradition and the poets had gone so far as to attribute the existing Tower to Julius Cæsar; * we know that it was erected by William the Conqueror, but it adds to the interest by which the spot is surrounded when we reflect that it was a Roman stronghold for a thousand years or more before the Norman king caused one stone of the great White Tower to be laid upon another.

It was not until eighteen years after the Conquest that William turned his attention to fortifying the river approach to London. He summoned as his architect Gundulf, the weeping monk of Bec in Normandy, a Benedictine of considerable acquirements, whom travel had made familiar not only with the best specimens of architecture in his own country, but even with the more ornate school of the East. He is said to have been a pupil of Lan-

* This is the way
To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected Tower.
SHAKESPEARE, *Richard II.*, Act v. sc. 1.
Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
By many a foul and midnight murder fed.

GRAY.

franc and the friend of Anselm, and it is evident that he had acquired considerable fame as an artist before he was called away from his cloister to become the chief builder to King William. "But," says Hepworth Dixon, "he was chiefly known in the convent as a weeper. No monk at Bec could cry so often and so much as Gundulf. He could weep with those who wept; nay, he could weep with those who sported; for his tears rolled forth from what seemed to be an unfailing source." This melancholy man was made Bishop of Rochester, the cathedral and castle of which city were designed and built by him; and it is in a "fair Register Book of the Acts of the Bishop of Rochester, set down by Edmond of Hadenham," that Stow finds it recorded that "William I., surnamed the Conqueror, builded the Tower of London, to wit, the great white and square tower there, about the year of Christ 1078, appointing Gundulf, the Bishop of Rochester, to be principal surveyor and overseer of that work, who was from that time lodged in the house of Edmere, a burghess of London."

So Gundulf wept and built, and Ralph Flambard, Bishop of Durham, found the money, little wotting that he was taxing and robbing the people to erect a prison for himself. Probably the earliest description of the Tower of London is that quoted by Stow of Fitzstephen, who lived in the twelfth century: "The city of London hath in the east a very great and most strong palatine tower, whose turrets and walls do rise from a deep foundation, the mortar thereof being tempered with the blood of beasts." Perhaps Gundulf pounded up the old red tiles and bricks of the Romans to mix his mortar, and the people, only too ready to surround with new glamor the great threatening tower that was springing up in their midst, accounted for the color in this way.

Gundulf is said to have lived to the age of eighty, and to have seen the completion of the works which he designed about the Tower, including a church dedicated to St. Peter, which stood on the site of the present chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula.

William Rufus actively pushed on the work which had been begun under the auspices of his father: "He challenged the investiture of the prelates; he pillaged and shaved the people with tribute, especially to spend about the Tower of London and the Great Hall at Westminster." There is considerable doubt as to what were the actual additions made to the

Tower of London during the reigns of William Rufus and Henry I. Stow says: "They also caused a castle to be builded under the said tower, to wit, on the south side toward the Thames, and also incastellated the same round about." This castle on the south side toward the Thames has by some been thought to be St. Thomas's Tower; but that cannot be, for St. Thomas's Tower was not built until the reign of Henry III., when the land was reclaimed from the river. More probably this castle was the Hall, or, as it is now called, the Wakefield Tower, in which the crown jewels are kept, and which in its lower masonry shows traces of great antiquity.

Upon the death of Rufus the citizens of London seized Ralph Flambard, whom they hated for his extortions, and Henry, who had reasons enough for conciliating the Commons in the face of the impending struggle for the kingdom with his brother Robert, sent the ex-treasurer to be imprisoned in the Tower, the first of a long roll of political captives. But he led an easy life there, well lodged and well fed, with liberty to buy what luxuries he might wish for over and above what could be procured for the two shillings a day assigned for his maintenance out of the royal exchequer. One fine day, using a trick as old as the time of Ulysses, he sent for a number of kegs of wine, and gave a great feast to his gaolers, who got helplessly drunk. In one of the kegs was concealed a rope, by which the burly bishop let himself down out of window, and although the rope was too short, and he had an awkward drop to brave, Flambard, fat as he was, took no hurt, and made good his escape to France. This happened in the month of February, 1101. Poor Griffin, Prince of Wales, who tried the same adventure in Henry III.'s reign, did not fare so well. He too was a portly man, and he broke his neck.

The first four constables of the tower were Othowerus, Acolinillus, Otto, and Geoffrey Magnaville, Earl of Essex — men of rapacious character and strong grasp, for they took East Smithfield, which belonged to the priory of the Holy Trinity within Aldgate, and held it as a vineyard. No wonder the people looked with terror and dislike upon the frowning walls which harbored knights so bold that even the Church was not safe from their depredations! In the second year of King Stephen the monks came to their own again, but, as will be seen presently, the Tower of London was but an uncomfortable

neighbor to the Church of the Holy Trinity for many a long year.

For a century and a half little or nothing appears to have been done to the Tower; until in the year 1155 "Thomas Becket, being chancellor to Henry the Second, caused the Flemmings to be banished out of England, their castles lately builded to be pulled down, and the Tower of London to be repaired."

Forty years later, about the year 1190, when John was in rebellion against his brother Richard the First, William Longchamp, Bishop of Ely and chancellor of England, "enclosed the Tower and Castle of London with an outward wall of stone, embattelled; and also caused a deep ditch to be cast about the same, thinking to have invironed it with the river of Thames." This ditch was a new blow to the prior and monks of the Holy Trinity, for by the digging of it the church lost half a mark rent by the year, and the poor brethren of St. Katharine lost their mill, which stood "where now is the iron gate of the Tower." Moreover, the garden, which the king had hired of the brethren for six marks a year, "for the most part was wasted and marred by the ditch. Recompense was often promised but never performed, till King Edward, coming after, gave to the brethren five marks and a half for that part which the ditch had devoured; and the other part thereof without he yielded them again, which they hold; and of the said rent of five marks and a half they have a deed, by virtue whereof they are well paid to this day."

If the church suffered loss by the encroachments of the new fortifications, so also did the city, for an equal quantity of land was taken from Tower Hill, besides breaking down the city wall from White Tower to the first gate of the city, called the Postern Gate. "Yet," says Stow, from whom we have been quoting, "I have not read of any quarrel made by the citizens, or recompense demanded by them for that matter; because all was done for good of the cities defence thereby, and to their good likings."

Not so patient were the citizens when Henry the Third began his great works at the Tower: "In the year 1239," writes Matthew Paris, "King Henry the Third fortified the Tower to another end; wherefore the citizens, fearing lest that were done to their detriment, complained; and the king answered that he had not done it to their hurt; but (saith he) I will from henceforth do as my brother doth in build-

ing and fortifying castles, who beareth the name to be wiser than I am."

And he kept his promise, for if he was a weak king he was a mighty builder. Corffe, Conway, Beaumaris, "and many other fine poems in stone," are his work.

But the chief fame of King Henry the Third should rest upon his having been the first deviser of an embankment of the Thames. For to him, and to his master mason, Adam de Lamburn, belongs the honor of having constructed the great wharf reclaimed from the Thames on the south side of the Tower. This was no mean piece of engineering, when the force of the tide at this point is considered, nor was the embankment made good without the exercise of much patience and perseverance. On the night of the festival of St. George, 1240, the tide rolled in heavily, undermining the earthworks, and the watergate and the river wall fell in. The king set to work again, and for a whole year nothing occurred to hinder him, until, on the very anniversary of the former disaster, the surging tide once more swept away gate and wall. That very night a certain priest, a holy and a prudent man, dreamt a dream, in which it was revealed to him that an archbishop, clad in his pontifical robes and carrying a cross in his hand, came to the walls which the king had at that time built near the Tower of London, and surveying them with an angry countenance, struck them sharply and violently with the cross which he carried in his right hand, saying, "Why do ye rebuild these?" and immediately the newly-built walls fell in ruins as though they had been caused to fall by an earthquake. Terrified at the vision, the priest asked of a certain clerk who appeared to be following the archbishop, "Who is this archbishop?" Said he, "The blessed Thomas the martyr, a Londoner by birth, who considering that these walls have been made to the shame and prejudice of the Londoners, has thrown them in ruins, so that they may never be restored." Then said the priest, "Oh, what expense and what labor of craftsmen has he destroyed!" To him answered the clerk, "If poor craftsmen, gaping for pay and being in sore need, have earned victuals for themselves thereby, it may be borne. But since these walls have been built, not for the defence of the kingdom, but for the woe of guiltless citizens, if the blessed Thomas had not cast them down, St. Edward the Confessor and his successor would have destroyed them to the founda-

tion yet more cruelly." Then the priest awoke, and rose and told his vision to all those who were in the house; and in the morning the news spread all over London, that the walls built about the Tower, upon the building of which the king had spent more than twelve thousand marks, had fallen down, and were beyond repair. For the which disaster the citizens of London were but little grieved, for the walls were to them as a thorn in their eye.

This story, which has been preserved by Matthew Paris, and embroidered upon by Mr. Hepworth Dixon in his struggles to be picturesque rather than accurate, serves at any rate to show the great unpopularity of Henry's fortifications. The king, however, was not to be permanently daunted either by expense or by ghostly warnings. He and Adam de Lamburn must have been sorely mortified at the second collapse of their embankment, and for some years nothing more was done to it; but they set bravely to work again, and this time they built so strongly that their masonry has withstood storms and tides and ghosts to this day.

Many other works did Henry the Third about the Tower of London. He restored and strengthened the garner or storehouse and the great White Tower. He built the Water Gate, which was called St. Thomas's Tower, and in which a chapel was dedicated to St. Edward the Confessor, probably to commemorate the priest's dream and to deprecate the further wrath of the saints. He built and fortified the inner ballium with the Lanthorn Tower, which he fitted up for his own habitation, causing his privy chamber to be painted with the story of Antiochus. Nor while directing his chief attention to the fortification of the Tower as a place of arms and safety for the king's person, did Henry neglect the sacred buildings within it. He repaired and beautified the Chapel of St. John inside the White Tower, giving orders for three glass windows, the one towards the north "with a little Mary holding her Child," and two others towards the south representing the Holy Trinity and St. John the Evangelist. The cross and rood were also to be repainted in good colors, and two fair images were to be made and painted "where it could be best and most properly done in the said chapel;" one of them of St. Edward holding a ring and giving it to St. John the Evangelist. Minute instructions were also issued for the restoration of the Church of St.

Peter; the royal stalls were to be painted, and the "little Mary," with her shrine, and the figures of St. Peter, St. Nicholas and St. Katharine newly colored; a new image of the Blessed Virgin was to be made, and one of St. Peter in the robes of an archbishop; there was also to be made and painted, "where it could be better and more decently done," an image of St. Christopher carrying Jesus, two fair tables of the best colors were to be painted with the legends of St. Nicholas and St. Katharine, and "two fair cherubims with hilarious and joyous countenances" were to be placed on the right hand and on the left of the great cross; a carved marble font with marble columns was also to be provided.

Wonderfully minute in details and very curious are the instructions issued by King Henry to the "custodes operationis Turris Londinensis." Among others there is one in which he commands to make "all the leaden gutters of the great Tower, by which the rain water should fall from the top of the said Tower, be continued down to the ground, so that the newly-whitened wall of the said Tower may in no wise perish nor easily give way owing to the water trickling down it:" sound building principles, which were conveyed to his clerks in the doggiest of Latin.

Louder and louder grew the discontent of the good citizens of London as they saw more work being spent upon the Tower. In every addition to its strength they saw a fresh menace directed against their liberties. Moreover, the king's love of bricks and mortar and works of art was an expensive taste, and it was their money that was being swallowed up in the great fortress. The queen, Elinor of Provence, shared her lord's unpopularity, and it was against her that it found a vent. In the year 1263 there were great riots in London, during which the houses of the Jews and the Lombard bankers were attacked and pillaged. Henry was away, but the queen was at the Tower, and was so frightened by the outrages that were taking place in the city that she sought to go to Windsor by boat. As she drew near London Bridge the people cried out, "Drown the witch! Drown the witch!" Not content with abusing her in the most indecent language, they pelted her with rotten eggs and dirt, and had prepared large stones to sink her boat should she attempt to shoot the bridge; so that she was terrified and returned to the Tower.

At the close of Henry the Third's reign

the Tower was a complete and, for the engines of war of those times, impregnable stronghold, presenting a perfect picture of the feudal system.

It was divided into two wards, the inner ward and the outer: the former reserved for the king, the latter open to the people. In the inner ward were the king's palace (Henry, as we have seen, occupied the Lanthorn Tower), the dungeon keep for his prisoners, the treasury, garner, and chapels. In this inner sanctum sat the Court of King's Bench. The outer ward, in which sat the Court of Common Pleas, was nominally in the custody of the citizens, who on stated occasions enforced their rights of access to the king and the courts of law. At such times they met in Barking Church on Tower Hill, whence they sent "six sage men" as a deputation to beg the king, according to custom, to forbid his guards either to close the gates or to keep watch over them while the citizens were coming and going, for that no one should guard the gates of the Tower save only such persons as they might appoint. The king, as a matter of course, granted this request, and for the nonce the citizen guard, newly shaved and sprucely clad in their best, took possession of the gates.

There is one institution which dates from Henry's time to which we may allude. In the year 1235 the emperor Frederick sent to the king, who was his brother-in-law, three leopards, as an emblem of the royal coat of arms of England; and from that time forth until the year 1826, when the wild beasts were removed to the Regent's Park, the menagerie, which was kept in the Lion's Tower, formed a part of the royal appanage of the Tower of London. So the three leopards of King Henry the Third were the foundation of the Royal Zoological Society.

None of Henry's successors emulated the active and artistic interest which he showed in the Tower of London. To him must be ascribed the credit of having finished it as it stood until the close of the last century. Some details, indeed, were afterwards altered; the present Church of St. Peter was built by Edward the First on the site of the older church; about four centuries later Sir Christopher Wren added a large storehouse on the north side, which was burnt down in 1841 and replaced by the present barracks. But although kings and queens held their court here, no changes of importance in the structure took place. The great

fortress remained as the third Henry had left it. How it became the scene of many a royal murder—how Henry the Sixth was killed in the little oratory in the Wakefield Tower—how Richard brought about the death of his nephews—how Henry the Eighth beheaded his wives—how his daughter signed warrants for the burning of heretics and the imprisonment of her sister—how many a captive lingered through a living death within those terrible walls, or perished in the torture-chamber—all these stories, and many others of which the Tower was the scene, are thrice-told tales familiar to every child. In a mere sketch of the history of the stones and mortar they have no place. Sir Christopher Wren is the next prominent figure with which we have to deal. Besides the great storehouse, of which mention has been made, he did much work of restoration about the Tower. But unfortunately he did not enter into the spirit of the place, and the masonry which he introduced, notably in the White Tower, is quite out of harmony with the Norman character of the building.

But it was at the end of the last century that the Tower, long neglected, suffered an irreparable loss by the destruction of the Lanthorn Tower, which was burnt down in the year 1786. This tower, which, as part of the royal habitation, would have been of the greatest interest to the curious in antiquities, was a large round structure surmounted by a small turret. It stood to the west of the Salt Tower, from which it was separated by a gallery dividing the privy gardens, and that the disaster might be the more complete, its very ruins were carted away, and in its place was reared the huge unsightly warehouse which now masks the Tower from the river. During the Crimean war this warehouse was heightened by a story, and a crueller blot on a grand old pile of buildings it is difficult to imagine.

The Georgian epoch was fatal to many of our finest antiquities throughout the country. The prevailing dearth of taste is shown by the ruthless way in which picturesque old manor-houses of the Tudor and even earlier times were swept away by the score to make room for Grecian temples or Italian villas. It was a period in which the people cared no more for the monuments of their country, as old Weever said of his own contemporaries in a previous century, "than for the parynges of their nayles." What wonder if in such an age the glories of the Tower were suffered to decay? It had long

ceased to be a royal palace, and even the old custom of holding a court there before the coronation of the king, who was wont to pass in solemn procession through the city to Westminster, was observed for the last time by King Charles the Second. The genius of ugliness was allowed to do its worst; indignity after indignity was committed, and the finest monumental fabric in Europe was hidden and screened from the waterway as if it had been something to be ashamed of. Had matters gone on thus it is difficult to say what would have been the end: the place would have been at the mercy of storekeepers and paperkeepers, and all considerations of artistic beauty and historic interest would have given way before the urgent necessity for stowing away a few more soldiers' blankets or a packet of dusty old files from some public office.

Happily there were better times to come, and at a critical moment the Tower fell into good hands. The late Lord de Ros, during his official connection with it, showed a warm and discriminating interest in the place, and to him are due in a great measure the thanks of the country for having started a new order of ideas in regard to it. The prince consort also vigorously took up the subject, and under his auspices and fostering care much good work was done in the direction of sound restoration. The authorities showed wisdom in choosing as their adviser Mr. Salvin, who had made a special study of castellated buildings. Under his counsel the Chapel of St. John in the White Tower was restored, and is now perhaps the finest specimen of Norman architecture in the kingdom: there was not much needed here beyond removing the plaster under which the solid old masonry was hidden; no attempt was made at decoration of any sort; only the existing tiles were supplemented by others made to the same pattern, and an altar table of the simplest construction has recently been added to mark the sacred character of the place. The whole beauty of the chapel consists in its wonderful proportion and stern solidity. Various other works of minor importance were undertaken, and the tumble-down buildings and outhouses in which the warders were lodged were replaced by suitable dwellings in the early Tudor style. It is obvious that, for various reasons, operations of this nature can hardly be continuously carried on over a great number of years. For some time there was a lull, during which little was under-

taken beyond what would come under the head of maintenance and repair; but even this little was done in a totally different spirit from that which had hitherto prevailed: the plasterer and whitewasher were called in to make good, not to obliterate; while the functions of the mason and joiner were confined within the strictest limits.

In the year 1876 the work of restoration on a larger scale was of necessity actively renewed. The Church of St. Peter ad Vincula had fallen into decay; a sinking of the pavement by the altar was becoming more and more serious, and it appeared urgent that steps should be taken to prevent that part of the fabric from crumbling away. Here, however, was a case where the mere preservation of the existing order of things would have been indecent. The old church of Edward the First had, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, been choked with tall unsightly pews and a mean gallery of grained wood. The walls and pillars were covered with tablets and votive monuments recording the virtues and excellences of departed nobodies; while of the illustrious dead whose dust lay beneath the flagstones not a record of any kind was to be seen. "I cannot refrain from expressing my disgust," said Lord Macaulay, "at the barbarous stupidity which has transformed this interesting little church into the likeness of a meeting-house in a manufacturing town." Mr. Salvin was again consulted. The pews and the gallery were swept away and replaced by oaken seats; the memorials of the nobodies found an appropriate oblivion in the crypt; while in the chancel, where, owing to the necessary disturbance of the pavement, discoveries of the highest historic interest were made, brass plates were laid, engraved with the armorial bearings of the mighty dead whose bones were carefully gathered into caskets and re-buried there. Of the finding of Queen Anne Boleyn's remains, and of all that took place in regard to these operations, a most interesting account has been written by Mr. Doyne C. Bell in his exhaustive monograph "The Chapel in the Tower."

This plainly was an undertaking not of mere restoration in the sense of keeping together the existing state of things, but also of alteration. The character of the place underwent a complete change. The work of "barbarous stupidity" had to be cleared away, and when nothing but the old shell remained, grave questions arose as to how the interior should be finished;

gravest of all, the question of what record, if any, should be left of the dead whom the chapel contained. The fact that no memorial stone or tablet remained of them was a matter of design. All of them victims of the axe and block, their bodies had been hidden away, hardly receiving the honors of Christian burial; the chief care of their persecutors being that they should be forgotten. In the case of Queen Anne Boleyn the remains were huddled into an old elm box that had been used for holding arrow-heads, and buried with as much haste as might be. Was the studied dishonor with which these remains had been treated an historical fact to be perpetuated to all time? or, on the other hand, was it not desirable that a lasting record of the identifications that had been made should be placed on the spot at the very time when the discoveries took place? The balance inclined in favor of the latter view, and it may be surmised that few persons will regret that the church no longer tallies with the melancholy description in which Macaulay sums up its degradation, "In truth there is no sadder spot on earth than this little cemetery."

The next work of importance which was undertaken was the restoration of the outer line of fortifications on the southern or river side. This involved the repair, or rather the rebuilding, of the Well and Cradle Towers, both of which were in a pitiable condition. The Well Tower, at the eastern end of the outer wall, was surmounted by a crazy upper story of brick, which upon two sides rested upon projecting wooden beams; the Cradle Tower, so far as its upper portion was concerned, had disappeared entirely, the structure having been cut down flush with the wall and asphalted over. What remained of the headless trunk was used as a powder-store. There could be no question as to the propriety of replacing the two towers where they stood. In the existing state of things there was neither picturesque beauty nor interesting association; whereas by what was done, Mr. Salvin as before being the chief adviser, several features of interest were revealed.

Inside the walls the chief and most necessary business has been to pull down. In all directions buildings of the most heterogeneous character had been crowded into every available space, hiding and marring the noble old fortress. Even the White Tower had been defaced by plastering ugly nondescript annexes against it. On the south side of it is the hideous

horse armory, while on the east until lately there stood a calamitous outgrowth, with several grey doors marked with letters of the alphabet, which was occupied in some way as a storehouse. Heavy settlements and cracks showed that this structure must be removed for safety's sake; and so, fortunately, it has disappeared, and on this side at least Gundulf's great tower may be seen in all its grandeur. It was during the sweeping away of this store that the Roman remains to which allusion has been made in the beginning of this paper were discovered. Scarcely less necessary was the destruction of the so-called Irish Barracks, a nest of dirty slums which occupied the space between the inner and outer fortifications on the eastern side. These also are now an evil of the past, and the Salt and Broad Arrow Towers stand out in all their beauty.

But no work at the Tower can be considered to be satisfactory so long as the great warehouse which succeeded the fire of 1788 continues to mask the Tower on the river side. It is so monstrous that it may be doubted whether any civilized country would at this present time suffer such a deformity to remain. But strange things are tolerated even in these days of artistic revival, and it is more reassuring to know that the building has been condemned as unsafe to such a degree that it would cost more to keep it together than to pull it down and replace it by the inner ballium and Lanthorn Tower on the site of which it stands. Alas! the Lanthorn Tower will be but a reproduction, and will make us regret all the more the loss of Henry the Third's apartments, with the paintings of the story of Antiochus! The purists too will cry aloud, saying that the new tower and ballium will be an unreality and a sham, and that it is an anachronism to build castles and walls in these days. All of which will be in a measure true. It is impossible to give back the stones which would have prated of the Wars of the Roses. And no one will pretend that as a work of protection the inner ballium is now a necessity. But is it not defensible on the highest grounds, seeing that the most complete authorities for the restoration are extant, to set up a correct presentment or model of the old fortress as it stood? The warehouse is doomed and must disappear. A building of some sort must take its place, for a portion of the accommodation will be wanted. From an artistic point of view it is clear that it must be such a structure as will give scale to the White Tower

without hiding it. It seems that to put anything else in this place but a true representation of what stood there of old would be an act of stupidity and vandalism.

But we are told that the true vandals are the restorers. So say the anti-restorationists. Here, in the Tower of London is a question for them to debate. Sir Christopher Wren restored the White Tower. In so doing he removed the old Norman windows and substituted for them his own heavy windows with great keystones to the arches. Here was clearly an act of vandalism. Two centuries later, Mr. Salvin, as we have seen, restored St. John's Chapel. In so doing he obliterated in that part of the building Sir Christopher's windows and restored those of Bishop Gundulf. Was Salvin wrong? If so, let us sin with Salvin.

In these days all men have their opinions on matters of art, and most are ready to express them. No workman can hope to escape criticism. But in this work, which will shortly be taken in hand, there is some ground for the expectation that when the veil shall be lifted and the great fortress given back to the river in all its majesty, even the most pedantic of critics will be compelled to admit the beauty of the transformation. The Tower will never again be a royal palace, but its glory is not altogether departed; public interest in the old monuments of the country increases year by year, and there is little danger that these grim grey walls will ever again be allowed to fall into ruin or blotted out by stores and warehouses.

A. B. MITFORD.

From The Fortnightly Review.
AN ETON BOY.

THE letters and diary of an Eton boy, a young lieutenant in the army who died of dysentery in South Africa, came the other day into my hands. They have not been published, but they were printed as a record of him for his family and his friends. He had been with his regiment little more than a year; the letters and diary extend over a space of less than two months. I fell in, by chance, with the slight volume which is his memorial, and his name made me look through the pages; for the name awakened reminiscences of distant Oxford days, when I had known it in another generation. The passing attention which his name at first

drew was presently fixed and charmed by what I read. I have received permission to give to the public some notice of the slight and unpretending record which thus captivated my interest.

Arthur Clynton Baskerville Mynors was born in 1856, of a Herefordshire family. His bringing up was that of an English boy in an English country house. In January, 1870, he went to Eton, and left at election, 1875. "His life here," says the short record of him in the *Eton College Chronicle*, "was always joyous, a fearless, keen boyhood, spent *sans peur et sans reproche*. Many will remember him as fleet of foot and of lasting powers, winning the mile and the steeplechase in 1874, and the walking race in 1875. As master of the beagles in 1875 he showed himself to possess all the qualities of a keen sportsman, with an instinctive knowledge of the craft." After leaving Eton he joined the Oxford militia, and at the beginning of 1878 obtained a commission in the 60th Rifles. He had been just a year with his battalion when it was sent to South Africa. He sailed on the 19th of February, and on the 25th of April he died of dysentery at Fort Pearson, Natal. For these two months we have his letters and diary, written to his father and mother at home. I wish to let him tell his own story as far as possible, and we will begin with his first letter.

"DUBLIN CASTLE," February 20th.

MY DEAR PAPA,—

We were all safe on board last night, and steamed down the Thames, and anchored for the night. The boat is a beautiful one, it goes very smooth as yet; we have passed Dover and Folkestone, and are now off Dungeness. To-night we reached Dartmouth at twelve, and wait till twelve next day. There is an *ouddacious* crowd on board with all the men, and nothing to do. The cabins we sleep in are the most extraordinary, two of us, bed and all, in a place about as big as the dining-room table at home, and when it's rough, as far as I can see, we must tumble out; still, it is rather fun. The skipper is a first-rate fellow, lets us do what we like on board. He expects we shall get to Natal about the 18th or 19th of next month; we are sailing about eleven knots an hour, I wish we were going faster. It is very windy and cold on deck; the band played, which enlivened us a little. We have mess as usual, only at six o'clock. I have fitted all my things on your belt, and they do capitally. Please give my love to mamma and everybody that is staying at Durrant's, especially Aunt Ellen, and thank them all for everything they

have given me. We stop at Madeira, when I will write to you again ; so good-bye till then.

Ever your most affectionate son,

ARTHUR.

The next letter is written four days later.

"DUBLIN CASTLE," *February 24th.*

MY DEAR MAMMA,—

Many thanks for your letters, which I found waiting at Dartmouth, where we arrived after rather a rough voyage. There were no end of people there assembled to see us off, and when we started we were lustily cheered by crowds on the shore; the band played "Should old acquaintance," etc., and we soon lost sight of England. Friday night everybody was ill, as the sea was rough. Saturday, in the Bay of Biscay, it was awful; the waves were mountains high—a grand sight—so much so, that the upper decks were washed over by the sea all day. I was awfully ill; in fact, so was everybody. On Saturday morning at 4 A.M. I was on watch; luckily for me it was much calmer. I found two of the horses had died in the night, and that several hammocks and other things had been washed overboard. I was awfully glad when we got out of the Bay. I'll never go to sea again if I can help it. Sunday was bright and sunny; everybody came up on deck after the bad weather, and we had quite a jolly day, steaming with a strong wind behind at about twelve and a half miles, or knots I should say, an hour. I was on duty that day. We consigned the poor horses to the deep. This morning was lovely, and we had a regular tropical shower, the weather, by-the-bye, getting much warmer. It's most absurd, since we started none of us have shaved; we are (not myself) all growing beards. It is awfully slow, nothing to do but read. The men also have nothing to do. I wish we were at Natal, I do so detest the sea. It keeps very rough all the time, and the ship rolls horribly. The men have an awfully bad time of it; packed so close, they have scarcely room to breathe. All the officers and passengers have dinner, etc., together, down-stairs, in a stuffy place, not so bad to look at, but when it is full of sickly females, and no one in the best of humors, it's perfectly unbearable. Still we live in hopes of getting to Natal soon, where I hope we shall have some better fun. We get to Madeira to-morrow night at ten o'clock, and wait for about three hours for stores and the mails. I sent you a picture of the vessel. I hope you got it safe. I hope you were none the worse for waiting in the cold and seeing me off at Tilbury. I have no more to say, but, with best love to papa and all,

I am ever, dear mamma,

Your affectionate son,

ARTHUR.

Madeira is reached and left; they have a week "awfully hot," during which "I have been learning signalling, which will probably come in useful in the bush."

The line has now been crossed, they are approaching Cape Town.

It has been getting much cooler the last few days, and to-day quite a breeze and rather rough; the ship is getting lighter, and consequently rolls more. We had some pistol practising yesterday, and a nigger entertainment last night, which was great fun. I spend the day mostly in reading, but it is awfully slow, nothing to do. . . . So far, we have had a capital passage, but the trade winds are dead against us now. I wonder how you are all getting on; you will soon begin fishing at Aberdew. Have the hounds had any sport, and how are grandpapa and grandmamma? Please let granny have my letter, and tell her I would write, only one letter answers the purpose as there is so little to say; but I want lots of letters, to hear what is going on at home and at Bosbury. We are all ready to land at Natal; all our weapons are as sharp as needles. I wish we were there. You will hear plenty of news (even if I don't write often, as there may be no way of conveying the letters), as there are three correspondents going up to the front. The *Graphic* correspondent has taken one or two drawings of our men on board ship, so you may see them; I advise you to take it in. I have written very badly, but must make excuse that the sea is rough to-day. Remind Charles about planting the gorse in the cock-shoots, where the trees are bitten off by the rabbits. I don't fancy the mosquitoes in Natal. I believe there are swarms of them there, so I am going to buy a mosquito net at Cape Town. My next letter will probably be from Durban, in a week's time or so.

"For something to do," he copies out, to send with this letter, the verses written by a passenger on the burial of a private soldier who died on board. Then comes Cape Town, "a horrid place, very hot and dirty," but with the Table Mountain to make amends; "the rocks were rather like the Craigie rocks, only much larger and bolder." Then Cape Town is left, and they are in the last stage of their voyage.

On Sunday morning I went to church at the cathedral, rather a fine building for Cape Town. Had to go on board at one o'clock, and we sailed at two o'clock. We passed the Cape of Good Hope about six o'clock in the afternoon. The coast all along looked rugged and bare, very mountainous in the background, and rocks jutting boldly out. Rounding the point, the sea became very rough, and has been ever since. At dinner nothing can stand up, knives, forks, tumblers, bottles, everything sent flying about. There are no end of porpoises and dolphins all along the coast; they come swimming and jumping by the side of the vessel. Rounded Cape D'Agulhas about three in the morning; only saw the lighthouse. Monday was still rough, and we kept in sight of shore

all day. We practised revolver-shooting most of the afternoon. To-day it rained all the morning . . . the country opposite us looks much flatter, and is quite green on the slopes of the hills. We amuse ourselves by looking through our field-glasses at the shore—we are now about three miles from it; enormous great sand-hills along the beach, and woody at the back. We have seen a few houses and some cattle, otherwise the country looks uninhabited. We passed Algoa Bay this morning. . . . I shall be very glad when we have landed, as this is the slowest work I ever went through in my life; we sail along pretty fast, do about two hundred and seventy to three hundred miles in twenty-four hours. Another of the horses is very ill from the rough weather; I expect he will die before he gets on shore. The men and officers are none the worse for the journey, but I expect we shall get very footsore at first. We are in awfully bad training, as we can't get any exercise. How is poor old Martha? Give her my love. I suppose you are just beginning summer; here the winter is beginning. I believe in the winter-time there is no rain at all.

On Friday, the 21st of March, they are at Durban, and in tents; "the country looks beautiful; like Wales, only all the hills are bush." On Saturday they start to relieve Colonel Pearson, surrounded by the Zulus at Fort Ekowe. On Saturday, the 22nd, "went by train twelve miles, encamped, had dinner in dark; slept four hours, up at two o'clock in the dark." Then a diary gives a record of the march.

Sunday morning.—Started at 4 A.M., to march in utter darkness; unpitched camp, packed up and off; marched six miles on awful bad road to Verulam; the hilliest and prettiest country I ever saw; forded two rivers; stopped eight hours at Verulam; bathed, washed my clothes, and started at three o'clock P.M., our baggage drawn by oxen, sixteen to twenty oxen in each wagon. Went to church at Verulam. Niggers awful-looking beasts, tall, strong, and active; wear no clothes at all, except very few round the waist. The battalion bathed in the Umhloti River. No more news about the war. Weather very hot from 9 A.M. till 3 P.M. The march to Victoria was fearful, dreadfully hot; the sun right on our heads; and carrying our ammunition and arms, almost heart-breaking. We got there just in time to see to pitch our tents and tumble into bed for a few hours, and on

Monday morning—Up at 2.20 in the dark, see nothing and find nothing; started, crossed and bathed in the Tongaat, up to our waists crossing, so wet and wretched. One halt for midday in Compensation Flat in the sun, no shade to be found and no rest; waited till 2.30 and marched nine miles, the longest and weariest I ever marched; the men were almost

dead with heat. Had only coffee and tea twice a day, and nothing else, unless we passed a public house or shed, which were few and far between; and then what we bought was awfully dear. Still we scrape along; and at last at seven o'clock we got to our camping-place; put tents up in the dark; had some salt tinned beef and muddy water, and went to bed. Up next morning at 2.30 to a minute; lowered and packed our tents and off at 4 A.M.; crossed and bathed in the Umhali, which, we being pretty dirty from heat, refreshed us much; and then encamped at eight o'clock at the Umvoti River, up to our knees. Very, very hot; we washed some of our clothes, and this time a native who owned a mill was very kind and gave us some beer. We boiled our tinned meat and made soup; started much refreshed, and in much better spirits. The country very hilly and hot; Indian corn up to one's head in the fields. Some plantations of sugar-cane also in the country, which, when picked, was sweet and juicy. The Zulus or niggers here are scarcely human beings; naked and their skins like leather; awful beasts to look at and very hideous. This afternoon we passed Stanger Camp, and halted a mile and a half from the camp. The men just beginning to get into condition again; since they left the ship they had been in very bad training for marching, owing to no exercise on board ship. Next morning we got up at 2.45, and down tents, and crossed a river (shoes and stockings off), and marched by New Gelderland about seven or eight miles by seven o'clock, and encamped by the Monoti River, where alligators and hippopotami are numerous; we bathed notwithstanding. It was hotter than ever; the country beautiful and hilly; no fences; mostly grass about as high as your thigh. We heard yesterday that the column going to relieve Pearson had crossed the Tugela, and was waiting for us before starting. . . . We shall cross the Tugela tomorrow.

Thursday, 27th.—A spy was caught yesterday at Fort Pearson in the camp. No one knows where the Zulu armies are; one day they are seen at one place, another at another; one meal lasts them for three days, and the bush they can creep through like snakes. Being nothing but Zulus (natives) about the country here, they come and watch us; in fact, they know everything that goes on. They are awfully wily; they are never to be caught in an open country, and never will be unless at Undini; the only time they will attack their enemy is before daybreak, and at night when we encamp, and then they won't attack a very big force.

My dear papa and mamma, I send you my diary.

Finding that they have still to wait a day at Fort Pearson, he writes a letter to accompany his diary, and gives an account of the military situation.

We shall cross the river to-morrow or next day, and then we relieve Pearson. They can signal from here to them. Pearson says he is pretty well off, but has nine officers and one hundred and fifty men ill with dysentery. When Pearson is relieved, we by ourselves stay here; the other regiments return and make a depot between Fort Pearson and Ekowe, where Pearson is encamped, and carry stores and provisions there; then we shall march to Undini, the king's kraal. At first it is a pretty clear road to Pearson, but afterwards there is a large bush which we have to get through to get at him. We shall be at Ekowe for about three weeks. We are about four miles from the sea, and the river is about a quarter of a mile across. Everything looks like business. Colonel Hopton, when we march up, remains in command here, and at Fort Tenedos, the other side of the river. I saw him this morning; he asked after everybody at home. It is very jolly getting here, and having a day's rest, and some bread and fresh meat. All in very good spirits. Everything I have, and the rest of us, is washing and drying. My camp equipage is first-rate—everything I want. The Zulus are very fine men, use assegais and rifles of some sort. They treat the wounded fearfully; spear them through and through—at least, their women do. I enclose my diary of the month as I have no time to copy it.

On Friday, the 28th of March, the Tugela is crossed, and the diary recommences.

We crossed the Tugela, being towed across. The men bivouacked and spent an awful night in pouring rain. Colonel Hopton gave me a bed in his tent. Most of the officers stood up in the rain all night. Next day,

Saturday, March 29th—We started for Ekowe and marched about twelve miles. The column was five to six miles long, and we went awfully slow. There we laagered with shelter-trench outside. It would have taken 100,000 Zulus to take it. I and Keith (Turnour) on outpost duty all night (blue funk), and both tired and wet. Luckily no enemy came. Returned to camp tired, after the column had marched off.

Sunday, March 30th.—Started at ten. Much delay caused by wagons crossing a brook. Warm march. Burnt a lot of kraals on the way. Enemy flying in small detachments. Arrived at Amatakula River, one mile from river on Natal side. Great bother about laager being put up, and much confusion. Early to bed. Bright moonlight till twelve.

Monday, March 31st.—Under arms at four, expecting attack early. Enemy moving. Very hot; no wind; no shade. A buck ran into camp this morning and was assailed, after much sport amongst the natives. Rumor of Cetewayo having offered peace; not believed, one word of it. Got into camp about 5.30, where we bivouacked.

Tuesday, April 1st.—Under arms at four. Marched about eight o'clock with great care,

Zulus having been seen by scouts hovering about. This morning the order of advance was—

57th.
The sailors with a Gatling and rocket.
Ourselves.
Our train.

Rear Guard, 99th.
Marines and 91st.

Two Regiments of Natives, protecting our wagons on the flanks. We were drawn up ready to receive the enemy twice, but they retreated. We reached our camping-place about four o'clock; laagered as usual, and made entrenchments round it, only making them nearly double the height. About one hour after we got in, it began to thunder, and the rain came down in torrents, wetting us through. Our feet had been wet for the last two days; in fact, we are never dry. No clothes to change, or anything, as now we have only got with us what we have got on, a mackintosh sheet, and a great-coat. We slept as well as we could. Had the sentries doubled, the enemy being expected to attack us next morning.

Wednesday, April 2nd.—Under arms at four; and just as day was beginning to break, our pickets reported the enemy advancing. Everything was got into readiness; the trenches manned; the pickets recalled. We saw the enemy coming out of a dingle in files, and, opening out, they surrounded us in most splendid skirmishing order. The bravest fellows I ever saw. Our face was attacked first, as they had not had time to get round to the other side. At about 6.20 the first shot was fired, and soon all our men were blazing away; shots whizzing over our heads, the Gatling at the corner pounding it into them. They advanced at the double, creeping in shelter of the grass. We were so strong they could do nothing. Still they advanced within twenty yards, where afterwards some were picked up dead. Our men were awfully frightened and nervous at first, could not even speak, and shivered from funk; so we, the officers, had enough to do to keep the men cool. We repulsed them in about twenty minutes; whilst on our flanks and rear, where the other regiments were, the battle was still going on. Two of our companies were then taken round to relieve the other side, one of which was mine, so we marched under their fire to the rear face, and acted as a support. It was soon all over. We repulsed them on all sides. The native cavalry and native contingent were then let loose to pursue them; which they did, assailing most of the wounded on their way and not doing much damage to the enemy. There ought to have been a great many more killed, but all the men were nervous and excited, and had not been under fire before. We counted and buried four hundred and seventy-six, but a great many were found the same day by our scouts, wounded and hiding in bushes some miles off. We finished at about 7.10, and the rest of the day we were burying them, and our

own five poor fellows, and one officer, Johnson, of the 99th. I think we had thirty wounded. In our regiment one man was killed; he was in my company — shot right through the head; and Colonel Northey badly wounded, the shot entering at the shoulder and lodging itself in his back. It was got out. He is very weak; I only hope he may recover. Three other men in the regiment were wounded. It was a fearful sight — so many of these brave chaps lying about, dead and covered with blood and gore. They must have had a great many more wounded, whom they took away with them. I myself did not quite like the first few shots as they whizzed about over our heads, but found I had such a lot to do to keep the men in order and telling them when to shoot, that I did not mind it a bit.

This was the affair, or "battle," of Ginghilovo; and surely never was such an affair described with a more prepossessing simplicity, modesty, and humanity. The next day, the 3d of April, Ekowe was reached and Pearson relieved. On the 5th of April young Mynors with his battalion marched back to the scene of their recent action, Ginghilovo, where a fort was to be established for a base of operations. And now, with the common mention of bad weather and trying climate, comes the ominous mention of sickness also.

Saturday, April 5th. — We left Ekowe quite empty, having burnt the king's brother's kraal the day before. We halted for two hours, as our line of wagons with Pearson's was so long. It was awfully hot. The country is perfectly lovely; such grass and woods, hills, most beautiful flowers and trees; if only inhabited, it would be one of the most charming countries in the world. The climate is bad. So hot in the day-time and cold at night. Dew like rain. I saw, on our route to-day, after halting in the sun for a couple of hours, six or seven fellows fall out from sunstroke.

Sunday, April 6th. — Poor Colonel Northey died. We had a scare, or rather false alarm, at about 3.30 in the morning. Colonel Pemberton has got dysentery. We began half-rations to-day. Men not in good health.

That night the second instalment of diary is sent off by the courier from Ginghilovo, with a letter of a few lines, written by moonlight: "I hope this will find you all well at home. Here there is nothing but hard work, and very little to eat from morning till night. I am afraid it will be a long affair." The same Sunday night the diary is resumed.

GINGHILOVO. — We came back here in the morning, after leaving Pearson to our right, who was going straight back to the Tugela to recruit his troops. We encamped about three-

quarters of a mile from where we had had our battle. Passing the ground the stench was fearful, owing to natives who had dragged themselves off and died.

Monday, April 7th. — Colonel Pemberton still remains on the sick list; and several of the officers have been suffering more or less from diarrhoea, caused by bad water. In my last letter I said we were on half-rations; but it only lasted for about two days, as we have got some more sent us. In the afternoon we moved up a small hill into a first-rate position, but water bad and a mile off, and even that not likely to last long. We have also on the next hill another laager for the natives and bullocks. It is, of course, a necessity to keep them out of the camp, because they make the place smell so. In the day-time it is awfully hot, the sun having such power; and at night cool, and very heavy dews wet you through if you did not wear a mackintosh. The men begin to improve in spirits, but it will be awfully slow here for a fortnight on the saltiest of pork and hard biscuit, pork unfit to eat.

Wednesday, April 9th. — I was on duty from 3 to 4 A.M. Another scorching hot day. A great deal of long grass has been burnt about the country, of course by the Zulus. Captain Tufnell — who was assuming command of the regiment, as we had no other officers — also very ill. We sit in the shade under the wagons out of the sun. Of course we cannot go much more than a couple of hundred yards from the camp, except in small parties, so we find it rather dull. I got your letter from Mereworth, and was very glad to get it; always like having as much news as possible, as we seldom see a paper. . . . I walked round our new fort this afternoon. It is very strong, so to say, and would keep any Zulu army in the world off.

Thursday, April 10th. — My company was on outpost duty, so I was out all day long, and did not do much but keep a look-out. Most of the troops suffering from dysentery and want of sustenance. We expect a convoy soon, as we have only six days' more provisions. Awfully hot again to-day. The country all round our fort is more or less plain to the N., S., and E., where the king feeds his cattle. To the W. it is very mountainous, very like Scotland, only hills, I should say, higher. We see the Zulu fires at night in the distance. I wish we could get from here, but I believe we have to wait until all the forces are ready to advance. I don't know whether I told you about the native contingent. They are all black like niggers, and awful-looking beasts; have scarcely any clothes on at all. They are armed with rifles, but are very bad shots; the only good they are is after a victory to pursue the enemy, as they are very active; also they do not make bad scouts; they are very sharp-sighted, and can hear very quickly. We must in the end give the Zulus a thrashing, but the hard thing is to find them. We can never attack them, because we don't know where they are, and they will take good care only to attack us when we are in the bush or crossing rivers, and perhaps

at night. When they advance at close quarters, they come like cavalry; but of course any English army can stop them if properly handled.

Now, my dear papa and mamma, I must finish off. I hope this will catch the mail on Tuesday. I hope all the farms, etc., are doing well. With very best love to all, Martha, Jubber, and Pussy,

I am, ever your affectionate son,

ARTHUR.

On the night of Saturday, the 12th of April, poor boy, after being on duty all the previous day, Good Friday, "in the other laager where the niggers live," he was himself seized by sickness. On the 13th he writes home:—

I was taken awfully seedy in the night with diarrhœa, and to-day, Easter Sunday, I was obliged to go on the sick list, as my complaint had turned more to dysentery. The bad water and lowering food and bad climate are enough to kill anybody; still we struggle on, the same for everybody. Our native runners who take the post were yesterday chased on their way to the Tugela, and had to return here. A convoy with provisions has arrived here all safe; so far so good, as long as it lasts. We expect to be here a month or six weeks doing nothing, unless we have to alter the position of our fort owing to the scarcity of water. The nights get colder, and the sun is hotter than any English sun in the day-time. . . . When we left England we were 700 strong, and now we figure about 628, caused mostly by men gone to hospital. Some two or three of our cattle die every night, also a horse or two; consequently, being only just covered with earth for burial, there are numerous unhealthy smells. I tried to get leave with Hutton to go shooting some buck which had been seen, but was refused as not being safe. We got our first English papers on Thursday, and very glad we were to get them. By-the-bye, have you been fishing, and what sport? Please tell me everything. How are grandmamma and grandpapa? I have not heard of or from them. I hope you send them my scribbles; I dare say they are very hard to make out, but having only a blanket and sheet (waterproof) with us, there is very little paper to be got. What I write with now is a pen I bought, which you dip in water and it writes as you see. How is Jubber, and how is Edmund Carew? The Zulus around us amuse themselves by burning grass, I suppose with the idea to starve our cattle. Lord Chelmsford has gone back to Durban. All the troops have arrived safe, the 17th only losing three horses on their journey. The niggers brought us in some sweet potatoes yesterday which are horrible things, still they are of the vegetable description. . . . The colonel is still suffering from dysentery, also Tufnell; so Cramer, the second captain, is in command of us. I should very much like to have the *Hereford Times* forwarded to

me, as it would give me all the county news. We had service this morning for the first time since we left the "Dublin Castle;" every other Sunday we have been marching. We killed an enormous snake the other day, about five or six feet long. Two rhinoceroses have been seen near here feeding; I wish I could get a shot at them, but can't get leave to get out. Has Colonel Price had much sport with the hounds, and how are all the horses, colts, mares, etc.? How does the Cwm get on; I wish I was there; also the ravens, everything? Colonel Northey is a great loss; he was married, too, and his wife a very nice person. Tell grandpapa I find the little book he gave me very useful; also your Bible, which I always carry with me. To-day is Easter Sunday, and a convoy has just been sighted; they say we shall get the mail. I know I am writing great bosh, but have nothing else to do. If you happen to see Mr. Walsh, please thank him for my revolver; I find it very useful, and it shoots first-rate, also remember me to Aunt Ellen, and tell her she does not know how much I am indebted to her. . . . Several fellows have followed my idea of writing a diary and posting it; it seems very lazy and undutiful of me, but it is perhaps better than nothing. I do wish you could be here for a day or two to see the country, and the trees and shrubs that grow wild, just like a flower garden. I should say the grass here is better for feeding than any in England, one could easily mow three or four crops of hay in the year. The only thing, or one of the few things, the Zulus cultivate is Indian corn, what they call mealies; also a few fields of sugar-cane here and there. We are not many miles from the sea, as we can hear it when the wind is the right way, from six to ten miles I dare say.

Monday.—Convoy arrived all safe last night. By the mail poor Keith Turnour heard he had lost his father. I was awfully sorry, as I could not do any work, being still on the sick list. My dysentery still sticks to me with bad pain in my inside, but I feel otherwise well in myself. I slept under a cart last night—quite a luxury, as it keeps the dew off. To-day we are burning the grass round our laager, so that the Zulus cannot set fire to it and attack us at the same time. The men have had fresh meat the last two days, as several bullocks have come up from Tugela. They are killed at eight in the morning, and eaten at once. We got some jam up last night, so we are doing pretty well now. The only thing I wish is that the Zulus would attack us again. It is getting quite slow doing nothing. Captain Tufnell is off the sick list to-day, and takes command of the regiment. How are Uncle Tom and Aunt Conty getting on? Having no end of fun, I'll be bound. Our laager is about twenty miles from Fort Pearson on the Tugela, and sixteen miles from the now abandoned Ekowe, which we can see with our telescopes. We are all becoming very learned cooks, as we cook all our meat, salt meat, etc., make soup and different things of them. The

worst of it is we have very few materials to cook in, mostly provided by the wagon conductors. We made some mealie cakes of Indian corn, which were first-rate at the time, but awfully indigestible afterwards; I'm afraid the fault of the cooking; I wish I had taken lessons from Miles before I left.

Tuesday, April 15th. — The convoy of empty wagons left at six to go to Tugela. Spent a very bad night, suffering from diarrhoea, and felt much weaker to-day; still I hope I shall get over it soon. Some of the fellows got leave to shoot, and they shot five golden plovers, or grey kind of plovers, which are very acceptable to our larder. I felt awfully dull, nothing to do but sit under a cart out of the sun and try to sleep. The scouts went out some six or seven miles to-day and burnt several kraals. Four Zulu women and a boy were brought in yesterday, the most hideous creatures I ever saw, more like wild animals. I am going to post my letter to-night, so as to be certain to catch the mail. I hope you are all well, and love to everybody.

Ever your most affectionate son,

ARTHUR.

P.S. — I was very glad to get a letter from you and papa last night, of March 11th. I am exceedingly sorry to hear of grandmamma's attack. It must indeed have been very serious. I only hope she may recover for some time, and be well when I get home again. I had rather a better night last night, but am still very weak. Sorry to hear "Masquerade" is a roarer. Have not had grandpapa's and Elinor's letters yet: must have missed the mail.

He never got home, and he wrote no more; the cold nights, and heavy dews, and suns "hotter than any English sun," had done their work. On the 24th of April he was sent to the hospital at Fort Pearson, where Colonel Hopton, a Herefordshire neighbor, was in command; the poor boy died on the day following, and in a letter to his father Colonel Hopton relates the end.

Yesterday morning I got a note from an officer of the 60th, Gunning, who appears to have been told by Arthur that he knew me, informing me that he, Arthur, was very ill with dysentery, and that the doctor had sent him to Fort Pearson in hopes that the change of air would do him good, and asking me to meet the convoy on arrival here and get Arthur at once into the hospital. I met the empty convoy of waggons last evening, as they approached our camp, and got the one with Arthur in it over the river (Tugela) as soon as I could, and sent it up to hospital. This morning early I went to see him, having first asked the doctor in charge about him. He at once told me he feared the worst. When I saw him I did not think he would recover. His

servant was with him, who was very attentive to him. We gave him what medical comforts could be got, such as beef-tea and champagne. I stayed with him all the morning, until 2 P.M., and at his request I read and prayed by his stretcher side; he was then quite sensible and followed all I said, and repeated some of the prayers after me. All this time he was very weak, and hardly able to raise himself up, although his servant told me that yesterday he was able to stand and walk. The disease for some days seems to have taken hold of him. He passed nothing but pure blood, and when I first saw him was reduced almost to a skeleton. About 2 P.M., having changed his shirt and made him as comfortable as I could, I left him, telling him I would come back soon. Some time afterwards I got a message from him asking me to go back, which I did, about 5.30 P.M. I found a Captain Cardew, one of the staff-officers, with him. He had just read the fourteenth chapter of St. John to him, which he listened to, and asked Cardew to read slowly, so that he might follow. A doctor was also with him. They told me that the end was approaching. We all stayed with him till about 7 P.M., when he gave a little sigh and passed away; he was not sensible for the last hour, but appeared not to suffer any pain. When I was with him in the morning, I said: "Arthur, I shall write by the post to-night, to tell your mother how ill you are." He said: "Yes, please, colonel, write to mamma." It was at this time that he asked me to read to him and repeated after me the Lord's Prayer.

A little more is added by a friend and brother officer, Lieutenant Hutton, a corporal from whose company had helped the dying boy's servant in his attendance on his master.

The corporal at the boy's request had on several occasions read to him both from the Bible and Prayer-Book, and as the corporal expressed himself to me, he seemed always more peaceful and happy afterwards. His servant Starman was most struck by the heroic and resigned way in which his master bore the pain of his disease shortly before his death. Knowing the end was approaching, and seeing his master inclined to move, Starman got up and was about to smooth his pillow for him, when the boy, with a smile that as he said he will never forget, turned and whispered: "Hush, don't touch me, I am going to heaven;" and so fell asleep.

On the 26th of April, the day after his death, Arthur Mynors was buried under a mimosa-tree, on a grassy slope looking down to the sea over the lovely valley of the Tugela. On the 2nd of May some men of his regiment, the 60th, put a small rough wooden cross over his grave, with this inscription: —

IN MEMORY OF
LIEUT. MYNORS,

3 | 60,

WHO DIED APRIL 25, 1879,

AGED 22 YEARS.

It was a happy nature that, by the banks of the Tugela, passed thus early away — a happy and beautiful nature. His simple letters and diary, which we have been following, show him to us better than any admiring description. They show a nature fresh, wholesome, gay; an English boy with the tastes of his age and bringing up, with a keen love of sport, with a genuine love for the country, a genuine eye for it — Greek in his simplicity and truth of feeling, Greek in his simplicity and truth of touch. We see him full of natural affection, and not ashamed of manifesting it; bred in habits of religion, and not ashamed of retaining them; without a speck of affectation, without a shadow of pretension, unsullied, brave, true, kind, respectful, grateful, uncensorious, uncompaining; in the time to act, cheerfully active; in the time to suffer, cheerfully enduring. So to his friends he seemed, and so their testimony shows him — testimony which by its affectionate warmth proves the character which could inspire it to have been no ordinary one. "I am sure you and anybody who knew him," writes a brother officer, "will be grieved beyond measure to hear of the death of our dear Bunny Mynors, of dysentery. I can't tell you what a loss he is to us, as he was such a favorite with us all. He had endeared himself in his short stay of a year with men and officers alike, more than is given to the lot of most of us." "He had all the qualities," says another, "of a good soldier and a leader of men, combined with a perfect temper, thorough unselfishness, and a genial cheery manner." "The life and soul of the mess," writes the adjutant of his battalion, himself an Etonian, "keen at all sports and games, and a universal favorite wherever we have been quartered — it seems hard to lose him. But when I add that in all professional matters he was most earnest, and so keen to be well up in his work, strict and yet with a perfect manner, a favorite with his men, and, as all admit, the most promising boy Eton has sent to our ranks for many a day — when I add this, I feel that not only we who knew him, but all the battalion, must grieve, and will do so for the loss of one who

promised to be such a credit to his regiment. . . . The old school may well grieve for so fine a character as his who has just been taken from us. I know no finer fellows, or those who do their work so well, as those like Mynors, who never said an unkind word of any one, and consequently no one ever said any word except of praise or love for them." "Such as they," to the same effect says his tutor, Mr. Warre, who has gained and kept the loving regard and trust of so many generations of his Eton pupils, as he gained and kept those of young Mynors; "such as *they* have from others the love that they deserve."

Natures so beautiful are not common; and those who have seen and possessed the bright presence of such a boy, while they mourn their irreparable loss, cannot but think most of his rareness, his uniqueness. For me, a stranger, and speaking not to his friends but to the wide public, I confess that when I have paid my tribute of sympathy to a beautiful character and to a profound sorrow, it is rather to what he has in common with others that my thoughts are drawn, than to what is unique in him. The order of things in which he was brought up, the school system in which he was educated, produce, not indeed many natures so sweet as his, but in all good natures many of his virtues. That school system is a close and narrow one; that order of things is changing, and will surely pass away. Vain are endeavors to keep it fixed forever, impotent are regrets for it; it will pass away. The received ideas which furnished the mind of Arthur Mynors, as they in general furnish the minds of English boys of his class, and which determine his and their intellectual vision, will change. But under the old order of things, and with its received ideas, there were bred great and precious virtues; it is good for us to rest our eyes upon them, to feel their value, to resolve amid all chances and changes to save and nourish them, as saved and nourished they can be. Our slowness of development in England has its excellent uses in enabling indispensable virtues to take root, and to make themselves felt by us to be indispensable. Our French neighbors have moved faster than we; they have more lucidity, in several important respects, than we have; they have fewer illusions. But a modern French schoolboy, Voltairian and emancipated, reading "La Fille Elisa" and "Nana," making it his pastime to play tricks on his chaplain, to mock and flout him and

his teaching — the production of a race of lucid schoolboys of this kind is a dangerous privilege. And in taking leave of the letters and diary of Arthur Mynors, I feel that this natural and charming boy, too, has virtues, he and others like him, which are part of the very tradition and life of England; which have gone to make "the ancient and inbred integrity, piety, good-nature, and good-humor of the English people,"* and which can no more perish than that ideal.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

* Burke.

From The Saturday Review.
THE CITY CHURCHES.

WE called attention about a twelvemonth ago, not at all for the first time, to the design which has been sedulously advocated for some twenty years past — though happily as yet with very partial results — for a wholesale destruction of the City churches. The debate on the subject last Tuesday in the House of Lords seems strikingly to illustrate and confirm the argument we then urged, in connection with an unofficial and ingeniously misleading "census-table" which had been put forward and commended with considerable flourishes of trumpets to the notice of its readers by the *St. James's Gazette*, with the double view apparently of showing how much better the Dissenting chapels in the City were attended than the parish churches, and how little use there was in retaining the latter. We need not repeat here our exposure of the many transparent fallacies deduced from these "remarkable and interesting figures;" but we are afraid from what he said, or rather from what he did not say, the other day, that the Bishop of London is still very far from appreciating the real state of the case. He reminded the House that in 1860 his predecessor in the see, the present Archbishop of Canterbury, got a permissive act passed for the Union of Benefices, under which nine churches had been pulled down, and that as strenuous opposition was offered to the working of the act — we suspect he is mistaken in ascribing it mainly to the Liberation Society — he had himself introduced a compulsory bill in 1872, which passed the House of Lords but broke down in the Commons. The bishop added that the present bill was identical with the un-

fortunate one of 1872, but he did not think it necessary to offer any new arguments in its support. Neither did Earl Onslow, whose estimate of the facts seemed to be exclusively based on the *St. James's Gazette* returns, but who suggested a Royal Commission as a more satisfactory method of dealing with a subject requiring further investigation than a bill. In this view Lord Middleton, who contented himself with repeating the stock arguments on one side and ignoring the answers to them, did not concur, as he wished for no further evidence. The only speech which even attempted to grapple with the question, or threw any fresh light on it, was that of Lord Carnarvon, who, without positively asserting that no legislation was required, pointed out unanswerable objections both to the details and the main principle of the Bishop of London's bill. With minute particulars we need not concern ourselves here. The really important question is whether the fundamental assumption underlying this whole contention for destroying the old City churches and transferring their clergy and endowments to the suburbs can be accepted as correct. We have more than once before now shown conclusively that it cannot, and in doing so have dwelt substantially on the very same arguments urged with so much force on Tuesday by Lord Carnarvon. It is argued that, while the City parishes are numerous, the permanent population is scanty and diminishing, and the church accommodation is out of all proportion to its actual wants. "Within the City proper," according to the *Times*, "it is difficult, not to say impossible, to find worshippers for the churches;" and, "such being the case, what can be more natural than that" the churches should be demolished and the endowments follow the population? It has been proved on former occasions that there is a good deal of exaggeration and inaccuracy in these statements, even as regards Sunday services — which, be it remembered, are the only services taken into account either by bishops or newspaper advocates of the proposed change; but that is by no means the only or the main objection to their proposal from a practical point of view; on the æsthetic aspect of the question we shall have a word to say presently.

It is true that many of the City churches are ill attended on Sundays, though not so ill attended as it suits special pleaders to represent. But it is not true that the only, if indeed the chief, cause for this

scanty attendance is to be found in the sparse population of the City; it is not true that the continued or increasing operation of this cause can be safely reckoned upon; and least of all is it true that Sunday worship is by any means the sole object for which these churches exist and ought to be preserved. It was pointed out by a correspondent of the *St. James's Gazette*, at the time of the publication of the skilfully manipulated census above referred to, that the well-known healthiness of the situation might not improbably lead hereafter to the occupation of many of the thousands of flats and chambers in the City now unfit for dwelling purposes; and Lord Carnarvon reinforced this consideration by observing that "a reduction of the amount of the inhabited house duty would make a vast change in the number of permanent inhabitants in the City, and would consequently largely increase the spiritual wants of the district and the different congregations of the various churches." On this ground alone the folly of pulling down churches, the site of which once lost could never be recovered, is sufficiently obvious. And it is worth remembering, in view of the claptrap often talked on the subject, that even now the number of churches is considerably short of what it was formerly. Of the ninety-eight parish churches within the walls of London before the Great Fire no less than eighty-five were burnt down, and of these only fifty were rebuilt by Wren; the present number therefore represents barely two-thirds of the original complement. Nor are those which remain left empty because no worshippers can be found near, so much as because the convenience of worshippers is for the most part systematically neglected. To cite Lord Carnarvon's words:—

Even as it was, however, the churches were comparatively deserted, not because they were too numerous, but because the necessary services to meet the wants of very large classes were not provided. There was, for instance, a large class of professional men who came into the City in the morning and who left it in the evening, who would be glad to attend daily services if they were performed at certain times of the day. Instead of that course being adopted, however, the custom was only to open the City churches on Sundays, and to keep them closed during the week. There had always been a large attendance at St. Paul's Cathedral on saints' and other days when service was performed in that noble place of worship, and statistics showed that when one of the large City churches in a leading thoroughfare had been thrown open for public worship

during Lent some fifty thousand persons had attended.

We may add that a short midday service held on all week-days throughout the year in a side chapel of St. Paul's, and originally commenced in compliance with the express request of several business men in the City, is largely attended, while the sermons preached under the dome at the same hour during Lent and Advent attract an audience of some thousands. It looks at first sight rather strange that it should have been left to an outsider, who avowedly does not speak as a Churchman, and is indeed careful to inform "the priests of a grand historic Church" to whom he appeals that he has himself "deliberately abandoned the faith they hold," to recall to the minds of prelates and clergy what one might have supposed would to religious believers, or at least to religious Anglicans, be little more than a truism. Yet it was Mr. Kegan Paul who in the *Nineteenth Century* two years ago came forward to remind those who are conducting this crusade against the City churches that religion can hardly be considered, especially by the pastors of a Church which provides daily offices in her Prayer-Book, a mere Sunday luxury, and that there is in truth no spot in the world where an earnest and discreet clergyman would find such great opportunities of usefulness as in the City, "among the young, the active, the intellectual, the sceptical, and the curious—in fact among just those classes the parson hardly ever gets at." But, obvious as is the force of such reasoning, it appears to this day to have entirely escaped the apprehension of those with whom the chief responsibility rests in this matter.

It is perhaps only a mark of characteristic ingenuity in the *Times* to quote, as "no less significant" for its own destructive argument than the alleged paucity of worshippers in City churches, certain statistics concerning the incumbents which had been brought forward by Lord Carnarvon for a precisely opposite purpose. "Significant" undoubtedly these statistics are; the question is what they signify. Lord Carnarvon observes:—

One substantial ground of complaint, however, in connection with these City benefices was the non-residence of the City clergy. According to a return which had been furnished on the motion of the noble marquis behind him, it appeared that of these clergymen 31 resided in the City, 25 in the country, 13 in the suburbs, and that five had no address at all. *It was no wonder that in these circum-*

stances the City churches should be abandoned by their congregations.

We have purposely italicized the last sentence, which contains the speaker's comment on the facts. The *Times'* writer, with these words staring him in the face, proceeds, after giving the previous sentence, to add, as though still quoting Lord Carnarvon, that "if a church does not require a resident incumbent, it has no very strong claims to a separate parochial existence." Be it so; but the very point of Lord Carnarvon's argument, as of Mr. Kegan Paul's before him, is that these deserted churches do "require" what unfortunately they do not possess, or, in other words, that if the incumbents did their duty by residing in their parishes they would find plenty of work ready to their hand. We can illustrate this by a little fact which came to our knowledge the other day. A poor man living in the heart of the City was visited during his last illness by a resident dignitary, who had no parochial cure and had only quite incidentally heard of his existence, but whose ministrations he thankfully accepted; his house was situated at the meeting-point of three City parishes, but he assured his visitor that he did not know by sight the incumbent of any one of them, and that no clergyman had ever come near him, though he had lived there for eleven years, and he had consequently lapsed into a sort of practical heathenism. We quite agree with the *Times* that facts like this are very "significant," but to our mind they signify just the opposite lesson to that embodied in the Bishop of London's bill. It is easy enough to dispose of the suggestion of any possible uses for a church or its minister besides the performance of Sunday service by airily assuming that "the Reformation must have made sad havoc with them." To seek a precise account of "the real intentions of the founders of the City churches" may be a difficult and not perhaps very profitable speculation, and there were, no doubt, some usages of mediæval devotion which nobody would desire to revive at the present day. But still, as we observed some years ago while pleading on architectural and æsthetic grounds for the preservation of Wren's churches, there are many practical purposes, such as making them the religious centres of guilds, confraternities, and the like, for which even those edifices not any longer required for ordinary parochial worship might be utilized. To the importance of preserving them for their historical and architectural interest

the *Times* itself is not blind, and the bill now before the House of Lords provides very inadequately even for this limited security against what Carlyle — who was neither an ecclesiastic nor an "æsthete" — denounced as "a sordid, nasty sinful, piece of barbarism." But it would be a scarcely less sinful piece of stupidity, if not of barbarism, to retain the edifices and make no religious use of them. For the preservation of the churchyards — which is important in an æsthetic and sanitary no less than a religious point of view in the heart of a crowded city — the bill does affect to provide, but it may reasonably be questioned how long sites of such high commercial value would be left intact when the buildings to which they owed their sacredness and their historical interest had disappeared. Nor can we readily appreciate the force of the stereotyped argument, repeated the other day for the hundredth time by Lord Middleton, that "no adequate means exist for meeting the spiritual necessities of the ever-increasing population beyond the City boundaries" except by alienating to their service the endowments of the City churches. Why cannot the suburban settlers do what their forefathers in the City did before them, and what the denizens of all other newly inhabited districts have to do, and provide churches and clergy for themselves? We dispute alike the justice and the expediency of robbing Peter to pay Paul, and if Peter is proved, as in the present case, to have done his work negligently, that is an excellent reason for reforming, not for suppressing, him.

From The St. James's Magazine.

THE COMMERCIAL SPIRIT IN MODERN EDUCATION.

THE extraordinary annual increase of competitive examinations is only a sign of the extent to which the commercial spirit of the times has overshadowed all education. We may rest assured that Bacon toiled for years, a poor law student in Gray's Inn; he regarded his studies not only as for use, but for pleasure and for ornament. His genius had, perhaps, too strong an originality to refuse to bow to any times, yet had Bacon lived now, it is but too probable that his earlier years would have been spent, not in that solid thought which has made him a master of the highest rank, but in the absorption of digests and those other intellectual works

which form the ready-reckoner of the speculator in examination honors. Such leaders of thought as Mr. Emerson have long cried to us that we are training up a generation of library recluses, devoted to the disentombing and reproduction of the ideas of earlier and stronger-thoughted generations; it is certain that to original thought and production (and how much of a nation's character and power is implied in that one word "original"!) accumulated examinations are an absolute bar. The office of education is, we take it, to enable a man to think, to enable him to feel, and to inculcate facts. By the *study* of facts thought is generated, and thought is crowned by feeling, since a man can only be said to know a thing when he feels it. The commercial mind, however, is a trifle narrow, is eminently practical, and it has in educational matters taken of late a definite standpoint, and insisted on limiting both general and professional training to the cultivation of the first division, the accumulation of facts. This is essentially the work that the examination test, as at present applied, performs. It does not, it cannot profess to inquire by what processes the mind has arrived at its facts; it simply assesses the number of facts absorbed, and doles out its rewards in a proportionate ratio. It is as if we should judge a horse by the sleekness of his coat, and take no account of the arsenic administered to obtain that sleekness. These last remarks may seem unduly bitter; but we believe that there are few thinking minds which are not profoundly dissatisfied with the tendency of our modern education to resolve itself into a scheme of continual examination. The idea is a distinctly modern one, the

outcome of the intensely practical character of the commercial mind. If we examine the wisdom of our ancestors, we shall find that, in one form or another, they have always attached importance, not to the passing of an occasional isolated test, but to the training which develops the man, and forms both his intellect and character. This is the secret of the influence which distinguished birth has been able to exercise; it has been very generally felt that the fact of belonging to a well-known family is a satisfactory guarantee of that training which fits a man for big parts. It is recognized by every one that, for the adequate performance of the duties of life, a mere knowledge of certain isolated facts is a very insufficient equipment. A general knowledge of men and affairs, powers of reasoning, and energy to master the various problems which present themselves from day to day — these are the qualities which lead to success. Further, to take a wider view of life than that which is summed up in the word "success," we enter upon a question of unlimited extent as to the color, the wealth of feeling, and imagination with which the possession of a cultivated mind clothes the whole of the possessor's career. To enlarge upon this would be to dilate in platitudes upon matter of general consent; but herein lies the vast difference between the education of olden times in this country — confined though such education unfortunately was, to the favored few — between the State education of France and Germany at the present time, and our own system of submitting in everything to the test of competitive examinations.

THE umbrella trade (according to the *Scientific American*) threatens the existence of the pimento (pepper) plantations of Jamaica. It was shown by an official estimate made at Kingston last autumn, that more than half a million umbrella-sticks were then awaiting export to England and the United States. These sticks were almost without exception pimento, and it is not surprising that owners and lessees of pimento walks are becoming alarmed at the growth of a trade which threatens to uproot,

in a few years, all the young trees. The export returns for the last five years show an average of two thousand bundles of sticks sent out from Jamaica annually, and the returns for the first three-quarters of 1881 show an export of over forty-five hundred bundles, valued at fifteen thousand dollars. Each bundle contains from five to eight hundred sticks, each of which represents a young bearing pimento-tree.

LITTELL'S

LIVING AGE.

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

These publications of the day should from time to time be winnowed, the wheat carefully preserved, and the chaff thrown away."

"Made up of every creature's best."

"Various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged."

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TABLE OF THE PRINCIPAL CONTENTS

OF

THE LIVING AGE, VOLUME CLIII.

THE THIRTY-EIGHTH QUARTERLY VOLUME OF THE FIFTH SERIES.

APRIL, MAY, JUNE, 1882.

EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Rossetti's Poems, 436

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Sir Charles Lyell, 3

Journals of Caroline Fox, 515

Jonathan Swift, 579

BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Mohammedanism and the Ottoman

Turks, 259

WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

Ants, 451

CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

The Last King of Tahiti, 670

British North Borneo, or Sabah, 707

Samothrace and its Gods: a New Ex-
ploration, 730

The Boundaries of Astronomy, 771

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

Italy as it Is, 131

On the Development of the Color-Sense, 349

The Life of James Mill, 387

Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, 643

An Eton Boy, 813

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

The Yellowstone Geysers, 31

Amye Robsart, 67

On the Names of the Greeks, 180

A New Theory of the Sun, 299

A Sketch of the Criminal Law, 323

A Word about America, 546

The Arcady of our Grandfathers, 614

The Tower of London, 806

MODERN REVIEW.

Elizabeth Stuart, Queen of Bohemia, 275

Jane Austen and Charlotte Brontë: a

Contrast, 368

Alfonso la Marmora, 417

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

Destruction of Egyptian Monuments, 64

Pentock, 283, 337

The Bandsman's Story, 426

Across the Yellow Sea, 486

The Ladies Lindores, 556, 609, 795

Sunrise, 573

Moon-rise, 575

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

Life in Old Florence, 538

A Visit to the Queen of Burmah, 627

Charles Lamb and his Friends, 657

CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

Iar Connaught: a Sketch, 116

The State Trials, 195

Talk and Talkers, 243

A Port of the Past: Ostia, 373

Peppiniello, 404

"Poor White Trash," 683

The Convent of Monte Oliveto, near

Siena, 697

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

Russia and the Revolution, 106

Queen Elizabeth at Hatfield, 156, 214

Property *versus* Person — Inequality of

Sentences, 188

James and John Stuart Mill: Traditional

and Personal Memorials, 236

A Little Pilgrim: In the Unseen, 472

Scotch Funerals, 753

Three Months' Holiday in Norway, in

1881, 787

GOOD WORDS.

Lady Jane, 143, 223, 495, 783

TEMPLE BAR.

The Freres, 23, 80

Robin, 36, 171, 207, 270, 742

Jane Austen, 43

Out of the Beaten Track in Madagascar, 296

Emilia: an Episode, 356

A la Mode in 1800, 638

The Jews in German Literature; or, What

German Literature Owes the Jews, 757

ARGOSY.

Prudence Hart, 527

Aunt Mona, 663

SUNDAY MAGAZINE.		PUBLIC OPINION.	
At his Wits' End,	166	The Literature of Tiflis,	572
Barney's Neighbor,	720		
BELGRAVIA.		ATHENÆUM.	
Boar-Hunting in the Ardennes, . .	511	A Norman Priest,	447
SPECTATOR.		CHAMBERS' JOURNAL.	
The "Burden of Sovereignty," . .	125	Odd Notices,	309
Midnight Tea,	127	Amber,	314
The Future of English Humor, . .	253	Ice-making in India,	639
Prophetic Misanthropy,	315	The Pepysian Library,	691
Ralph Waldo Emerson,	567		
The Next World,	634	ALL THE YEAR ROUND.	
In Memoriam — Dr. John Brown, .	694	A Famous Quaker School,	56
SATURDAY REVIEW.		Cecily,	681
Country Lawyers,	312	NATURE.	
The Last Encyclical,	317	On the Whale Fishery of the Basque	
Emerson,	570	Provinces of Spain,	52
Great Paul,	760	American Ants,	60
The Eddystone Lighthouse,	762	Economic Geology of India,	248, 377
Modern Fifth-Monarchy Men,	765	Precious Coral,	255
The City Churches,	821	Art Metal-Work of Japan,	382
ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE.		The Wild Silks of India,	444
The Commercial Spirit in Modern Edu-		JEWISH CHRONICLE.	
cation,	823	Hebrew Translations,	640

INDEX TO VOLUME CLIII.

AUSTEN, Jane	43	FRERES, The	23, 80
Austen, Jane, and Charlotte Brontë, a Contrast,	368	Fox, Caroline, Journals of	515
American Ants,	60	Florence, Old, Life in	538
At his Wits' End,	166	Funerals, Scotch	753
Amber,	314	Fifth-Monarchy Men, Modern	765
Ants,	451	GREEKS, On the Names of the	180
Ardennes, the, Boar-Hunting in	511	Geology, Economic, of India,	248
Arnold, Matthew, on America,	546	German Literature, The Jews in	757
Arcady, The, of our Grandfathers,	614	Great Paul,	760
Antoninus, Marcus Aurelius	643	HUMOR, English, The Future of	253
Aunt Mona,	663	Hong Kong, Slavery in	510
Astronomy, The Boundaries of	771	Hebrew Translations,	640
BASQUE Provinces of Spain, The Whale Fishery of	52	IAR-CONNAUGHT,	116
Bohemia, Elizabeth Stuart, Queen of	275	Italy as it Is,	131
Brontë, Charlotte, and Jane Austen, a Contrast,	368	India, Economic Geology of	248, 377
Bandsman's Story, The	426	Ice-making in India,	639
Boar-Hunting in the Ardennes,	511	JAPAN, Art Metal-Work of	382
Burmah, A Visit to the Queen of	627	Jews, The, in German Literature,	757
Brown, Dr. John—In Memoriam,	694	LYELL, Sir Charles	3
Borneo, British North, or Sabah,	707	Lady Jane,	143, 223, 495, 783
Barney's Neighbor,	720	Lawyers, Country	312
CRIMEA, The Agriculture in	192	Law, Criminal, A Sketch of the	323
Coral, Precious	255	Little Pilgrim, A : In the Unseen	472
Country Lawyers,	312	Ladies Lindores, The	556, 609, 795
Criminal Law, A Sketch of the	323	Lamb, Charles, and his Friends,	657
Color-Sense, the, On the Development of	349	London, Tower of	806
Chinese Embalming,	384	MIDNIGHT Tea,	127
Cecily,	681	Mill, James and John Stuart: Traditional and Personal Memorials,	236
Convent, The, of Monte Oliveto,	697	Mohammedanism and the Ottoman Turks,	259
City Churches, The	821	Madagascar, Out of the Beaten Track in	296
Commercial Spirit in Modern Education,	823	Misanthropy, Prophetic	315
EGYPTIAN Monuments, Destruction of	64	Mill, James, Life of	387
Elizabeth, Queen, at Hatfield,	156, 214	Marmora, la, Alfonso,	417
English Humor, The Future of	253	Moon-rise,	575
Encyclical, The Last	317	Marcus Aurelius Antoninus,	643
Emilia : an Episode,	356	Monte Oliveto, The Convent of	697
Embalming, Chinese	384	NINETEENTH-CENTURY Friendships,	384
Emerson, Ralph Waldo	567, 570	Norman Priest, A	447
Eighteen Hundred, A la Mode in	638	Next World, The	634
Eddystone Lighthouse, The	762	Norway, Three Months' Holiday in	789
Eton Boy, An	813		
Education, Modern, The Commercial Spirit in	823		

VI

INDEX.

ODD Notices,	309	Stuart, Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia,	275
Ostia,	373	Sun, A New Theory of the	299
PROPERTY <i>versus</i> Person — Inequality of Sentences,	188	Silks, The Wild, of India,	444
Pentock,	283, 337	Slavery in Hong Kong,	510
Port of the Past, A.	373	Sunrise,	573
Peppiniello,	404	Swift, Jonathan	579
Prudence Hart,	527	Sabah, or British North Borneo,	707
"Poor White Trash,"	688	Samothrace and its Gods,	730
Paul, Great,	760	Scotch Funerals,	753
QUAKER School, A Famous	56	TEA, Midnight	127
ROBIN,	36, 171, 207, 270, 742	Talk and Talkers,	243
Robsart, Amye	67	Turks, The Ottoman, and Mohammedanism,	259
Russia and the Revolution,	106	Tiflis, The Literature of	572
Rossetti's Poems,	436	Tahiti, The Last King of	670
Rossetti, D. G.	504	WHALE Fishery of the Basque Provinces of Spain,	52
SOVEREIGNTY, The Burden of	125	YELLOWSTONE Geysers, The	31
State Trials, The	195	Yellow Sea, the, Across	486

P O E T R Y.

ADRIFT,	450	Moon, The, and I,	706
Anchor of the Soul, The	706	"No Longer Mourn for me,"	194
"Arrears,"	770	"Not to be Tuneless in Old Age,"	258
Age,	770	Our Latter Days,	642
Bugle Notes of Spring, The	258	Reason Why, The	322
Bluebells,	258	Rain at Midnight,	450
Buttercups,	642	Rossetti, Dante Gabriel	706
Chrysanthemums,	2	Sonnet's Voice, The	2
"Count each Affliction, whether Light or Grave,"	130	Sunset with Clouds,	66
Church by the Sea, The	322	"Sweet Bird, whose Carol on the Winter Thorn,"	66
Cecinit Viator,	386	Sleeper, The	130
Dæmon, The	194	Sunrise,	573
Easter Greeting,	514	Sunshine,	578
"For we the Mighty Mountain Plains have Trod,"	66	Sleepy Hollow,	578
Green, Thomas Hill,	706	Summer,	770
Longfellow and the Children,	194	Tract for the Time, A	2
"Long Time a Child,"	194	"They do but Grope in Learning's Pedant Round,"	66
Little Link, A.	386	Three Tuscan "Rispetti,"	514
Moon-rise,	575	To-day,	642
Morning Lesson, A.	578	Tempora Mutantur,	706
		Year of Deaths, The, April 1881-2,	322

T A L E S.

At his Wits' End,	166	Cecily,	681
Aunt Mona,	663	Emilia: an Episode,	356
Bandsman's Story, The	426	Freres, The	23, 80
Barney's Neighbor,	720		

INDEX.

VII

Lady Jane,	143, 223, 495, 783	Peppiniello,	404
Little Pilgrim, A : In the Unseen,	472	Prudence Hart,	527
Ladies Lindores, The	556, 609, 795		
Pentock,	283, 337	Robin,	36, 171, 207, 270, 742

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